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Cor. Main and Eighth Streets,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
LOCATED IN THE CENTER OF THE largest Wholesale Houses and Tobacco Warehouses. Furnished and fitted new throughout, in the best style.
FARE $2 00 per Day.
ALEXANDER & CO., Prop'rs.

CHAS. H. HATCHER. DAVID BELL. Formerly of Danville, Ky.
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Refitted and Refurnished.
Fare $2 50 per Day.
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CARPENTER HOUSE,
Corner Main and Somerset Streets,
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HAVING LEASED THIS CENTRALly located Hotel, the undersigned is determined to afford to travelers and boarders FIRST CLASS entertainment at reasonable rates.
1-9m E. M. CARPENTER.

GARVIN HOUSE,
(LATE WARREN HOUSE,)
Stanford, Kentucky.
HAVING LEASED THIS POPULAR Hotel, for a term of years, which is situated on court square, and having refitted the same in good style, I am prepared to entertain all who call on me. The traveling public will find this House a convenient stopping place.
An Excellent Stable
convenient to the house.
At the Bar.
Pure liquors, cigars, tobacco, &c.
1tf DAVID GARVIN, Proprietor.

ALE! ALE!

A. GENSLE,
DEALER IN
A. TEMPLETON'S
OLD
CREAM ALE!
Wholesale and Retail.
BY DEALING WITH HIM PERSONS CAN GET THE BEST ALE FOR LESS MONEY, THAN BY SENDING TO LOUISVILLE OR CINCINNATI.
Send on your Orders.

EATING SALOON.
IN CONJUNCTION WITH OUR ALE Saloon we have an Eating Saloon, where meals can be procured at all hours of the day and night, and cheaper than elsewhere. I have constantly on hand all the market affords.
1y A. GENSLE.

FROM HUSTONVILLE.

Correspondence Interior Journal:

Our little village, usually the perfection of quietude, was disturbed from its slumbers, a few days ago, by the announcement that several of our young men were about to take their departure from among us and try their fortunes in the far west. We have heard it whispered that a considerable sized idea was prevalent among these young men, that a sojourn in the West or South would effectually heal a broken, bleeding, bruised and mangled heart—hence the stampede. A representative of THE INTERIOR JOURNAL should have been present to note the departure of these "fallen braves," who, with bowed heads and weeping hearts, refused to be comforted. One of our heroes sought relief in the metropolis hoping a sight of the magnificent elephant, the Galt, and the crowded thoroughfares of the Fall's City, would effect a cure. Poor boy, you are not the first victim to the shrine of beauty. Take courage, my lad, e'en though 'tis the second time your susceptible heart has been cruelly pierced by the barbed arrors of cupid. This same lovely angel with auburn tresses, melting grey eyes and sylph like form—

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the dew,"

has "dashed" into "midnights darkest gloom" the "sunniest" hopes of scores before you. Only a few days ago, three of your comrades made a hasty departure from the scenes of their happy childhood, to roam 'mid the frontier wilds—and one of the trio robed in a costume much more appropriate for a *bridegroom* than a *"corn cutter."*—And still another victim has only recently returned from the "sunny" south, to find his handsome wardrobe useless: while another in his confusion, left his *briaes* uncut!

The condition of things is indeed deplorable—the wreck of human happiness complete. We do not desire to vail the death blow, but are compelled to intimate to our unfortunate friends, in the most delicate manner possible, that they have no consolation in the thought that she will relent, for no accusing voice comes from the depths of your idols cruel heart; but like Alexander the Great, she views the field and weeps—

Is there not, in THE INTERIOR JOURNAL office a bold, brave heart who will bow unceasingly at the shrine of our lovely Queen and stop this flow of tears?

We are two lonely sentrys, left on the field without hope of rescue, with a reserve consisting of a timid druggist and a "spreading chesnut tree man," how stand off and cast wistful eyes, but fear to enlist and be numbered with the vanquished legions. Their is a few old wounded soldiers on parole, among whom will be found our handsome young landlord, and B.—and P.— from the country, but we gaurentee an open field and an incvitable flight to any who are desirous of laying seige to the affections of our invincible goddess—our "queen of hearts.

R. & C.

Moderate Drinkers.

A moderate drinker always tell me, "I can give up when I please." So you can. But when you say so, you don't "please" and you never intend to "please." It depends more on the temperament than on strengh of mind whether, if a man drinks, he becomes a drunkard. You take a cold phlegmatic man, and he is not likely to become a drunkard. He may be a good man, a good father, a good husband, a good Christian, for all I know; but he is not warm-hearted, impulsive, quick and generous. His hand falls on you cold and clammy. Give him a drink and he feels "very comfurable." Give him little more, and he feels "very comfur-ruable." Give him another, and he will go to bed "very comfur-able, and he will get up next morning feeling "very comfur-able." You can't get him beyond the point of feeling "very comfur-able." It may effect his vital organs in the end, but there is no evidence of his intemperance. Take the other extreme, for I am dealing in extreme cases. Take a young man nervous, full of fire, full of poetry, and full of music, a young man who can sing a song or tell a story; noble-hearted and always ripe for some mischief. Give that man a glass of drink, and what is its effect? He feels it in every fiber of his system. It weakens the power of his will. It warps his judgment slightly. It stimulates his mental power to undue activity-slightly. That man is changed—slightly. As he keeps on drinking, and mingling in the outer circles of the world every circle becomes narrower, narrower, narrower. He says, "I will give it up when it is injuring me." It is false! false! When you find it is injuring you then is the time you do not give it up; you are like the soldier who called to his comrades within the ramparts, "I've got a prisoner." "Bring him in," said they. "He won't come," said he. "Then come in without him," said they. "He won't let me," said he. You think you know and can guard against all danger. You are like the pilot who said he knew every rock in the channel. He steered clear of them for a while, but finally the ship struck. "That's one of em, captain," said he.—*John B. Gough.*

ITEMS FOR LADIES.

FASHION NOTES.

Modistes have devised ingenious as well as simple plan for lengthening street suits so as to wear them *en train* for evening. Make the skirt just to escape the floor, sew front and side widths to the belt, but not the back widths—the latter must be faced at the top and a draw-string entered. When the dress is to be worn in the street, draw the string and tie round the waist. For house or evening wear, unfasten the string and allow the fullness to fall.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Gros d Afrique, or in other words, *velours* is to be quite fashionable for dress trimming, in combination with fringes and lace,

Kilt plaiting, very deep, is the favorite style for lower skirts.

SACQUES.

Sacques elaborately braided in soutache gilt and colored braids are considered indispensable to a lady's toilet.

THE HAIR.

Coiffures a la Grecque have superceded braids, puffs, and curled cascades.

COLLARS.

Elizabethean ruffs are much in vogue; some of lace, India mull, swiss &c. To some they are far more becoming than the older styles of collars.

CORSAGES.

Corsages are extremely *de collete*, but the bareness is generally relieved by snowy clouds of tulle, valenciennes or *gauze d' chambray.*

EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery is always *recherche*, and is worn upon all articles of dress. *Broidere en relief* upon silks or cashmeres is one of the *nouveiates* of this season!

NECK TIES.

Neck ties for ladies are in every conceivable color and style. Tea-rose with *groupe a la jardinere* in white brocade or the most delicate shade of buff, called *en camien* are the favorite, and newest colors.

INFANT DRESSES.

Infant dresses are made so as to dispense with, as much as possible, sacques. High necked and long sleeved are much more comfortable, and really more dressy when tastily trimmed.

CLOAKS.

Cloaks are mostly in white for children, and have two capes with a hood. Braiding, embroidery or fringe are most used for the trimming.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Dolly Varden" polonaises are very much in favor and consist simply in Gabrielle cut over dresses quite *bouffant* in the back breadths and open in front sometimes displaying vest fronts.

Many street suits lie on the ground some inches; the appearance is more stylish than neat or comfortable.

Black silk aprons, ornamented with colored embroidery are a novelty in market.

Parting the hair on the side is the latest freak in fashionable society.

Fichus are more than ever popular.

Ladies on the promenade wear a belt of leather around the waist, to which is fastened a clasp which holds an umbrella of brown, purple, or blue silk on one side so that a lady may carry an umbrella without being obliged to take her hand out of her muff.

The handsomest style of pocket-books for ladies are of sealskin with gilt top, clasp and chan.

Ornaments of vienna gilt are sold in great quantities this season and make very handsome as well as costly presents.

The latest style of dance cards used at balls and parties are in the shape of a book, bound in an imitation of Russia leather, with a small gilt pencil attached to one side by a narrow red ribbon.

The fur of the silver fox is used to trim every description of street costumes this season, but the contrast is much handsomer on black velvet.

Plain questions from one who has a quick eye for the picturesque—or appropriate:

Why, if a woman has a neck like a skeleton, must she tell the world so? why if fate has made her grow stouter than it is permitted to be, must she squeeze and fold her fat into a tight low dress because it is the fashion? Why must she draw a hard line around her shoulders, that seems to cut her in two, and wear sleeves which are mere straps to keep her gown on, without caring, without knowing, whether her arms are models? Why must she wear trimmings of great O's and X's and vandykes on her skirt, so that at a litle distance the first thing about her that strikes the eye is the trimming? Why, if very tall, must she take the arm of a very little man, and make herself and him look absurd? Why will she draw attention to her want of color by wearing red or arsenic green? Why, with red hair, is her dress pink? Why, when in a very pale dress does she lean against the wall which the barbarity of American ignorance has papered with white? Why, with black hair, does she carry a heavy burden of jet flowers, combs, and impossibly thick plaits that make her head look like an elephant's on an antelope's body? Why will she trust to the very moderate gifts nature has endowed her with to fight against the most abnormal disadvantages? Why—why—but enough: these are only some of the insane mistakes that many girls commit—girls with artistic taste and capacities, in every direction except dress, whose eyes you may see shine with pleasure at a sunset or a beautiful flower—which nevertheless they steadily refuse to take a hint from.

Very few women know what style of dress suits them best, or what colors; even those who study the art study it wrongly. One may often see a woman who has the makings of a dignified goddess *se poser en coquette*, or a little creature attempt to be stately who can only be simple. The best grace is perfect naturalness. Our manners form themselves, but we must form our setting of them. Nature can do much, but not everything.

An ordinary low neck dress with short sleeves looks worse in black than any other color, because the hard line round the bust and arms is too great a contrast to the skin.

A low neck always lessens the height, and a dark dress made thus lessens it still more, and strikes the artistic eye as cutting the body in pieces.

A fair person dressed in a low dark dress, standing against a light background some way off, the effect will be that of an empty dress hung up, the face, neck and arms being scarcely discernable. On the other hand, against a dark background the head and bust will be thrown up sharply, and the whole dress and body will disappear. This effect, often enough seen, is execrably bad. If you must wear a low black dress, let it be cut square, giving the height of the shoulders, and have plenty of white or pale gauze or thin black net to soften the harsh lines between the skin and the dress. White gauze or lace softens down the blackness of the dress at the edge of the bodice, and thin black stuff has an equally good effect, as it shades the whiteness of the skin into the dark color of the gown. *Only these conditions* does the sudden contrast enhance, as some persons suppose, the fairness of the complexion.

TRIMMINGS.

This is an age of trimming and display, and there is little use in preaching against it; what one has another will strive to get, and he or she is the truest benefactor who best adapts skill and industry to the production of that which supplies the largest general want.

Messrs McAlister & Miller called our attention to their new Standard trimmings of which they have a great variety. *Demorest's* says: Quite a boon has been conferred upon American people by the introduction of these trimmings which are at once cheap, durable, varied and most effective. As a finish for under clothing, the styles are endless. All the horrors of tucking, puffing, and ruffling are done away with, and at a cost which hardly covers the labor alone as formerly employed, while the result is almost infiinitely more perfect and elaborate. Try the Standard trimmings.

Critical Periods of Human Life.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all the functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a standstill. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which if crossed in safety leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds and then flows beyond without a boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, "the turn of life" has a turn either into prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has nearly set in.

THE red bronze seen in some chandelier work is produced by dipping the work in nitric acid, in which old rusty nails or iron must have been put. The work is afterward dressed with Venetian red and stale bear, and well brushed; wiping the mixture off from the most prominent parts. The operation seems simple, but it requires no mean skill to secure good results and tasteful effects.

Lord Byron.

In L'Estrange's "Life of Rev. W. Harness" we find these anecdotes of Lord Byron: At a time when Coleridge was in great embarrassment, Rogers when calling on Byron, chanced to mention it. He immediately went to his writing-desk, and brought back a check for a hundred pounds, and insisted on its being forwarded to Coleridge. "I did not like taking it," said Rogers, who told me the story, "for I knew he was in want of it himself." His servants he treated with a gentle consideration for their feelings which I have seldom witnessed in any other, and they were devoted to him. At Newstead there was an old man who had been butler for his mother; and I have seen Byron, as the old man waited behind his chair at dinner, pour out a glass of wine and pass it to him when he thought we were too much engaged in conversation to observe what he was doing. The transaction was a thing of custom; and both parties seemed to flatter themselves that it was clandestinly effected. A hideous old woman, who had been brought in to nurse him when he was unwell at one of his lodgings, and whom few would care to retain about them longer than their services were required, was carried with him, in improved attire, to his chambers in the Albany, and was seen, after his marriage, in black silk, at his house in Piccadily. She had done him a service, and he could not forget it. Of his attachment to his friends, no one can read "Moore's Life" and entertain a doubt. He required a great deal from them—not more, perhaps, than he from the abundance of his life, freely and fully gave, but more than they had to give in return. The ardor of his nature must have been in a normal state of disappointment. He imagined higher qualities in them than they possessed, and must very often have found his expectations sadly balked by the dullness of talk, the perversity of taste, or want of enthusiasm which he encountered on a better, or rather longer, acquaintance. But notwithstanding, I have never yet heard any body complain that Byron had once approved to entertain a regard for him, and had afterward capriously cast him off.

Years after they had parted for the last time, Lady Byron went with Mrs. Jameson to see Thorwaldson's statue of her husband, which was at Sir Richard Westmacott's studio. After looking at it in silence for a few moments, the tears came into her eyes, and she said to her companion, "It is very beautiful, but not so beautiful as my dear Byron." However interrupted by changes of caprice or irritability, the general course of her husband's conduct must have been gentle and tender, or it never would, after so long a cessation of intercourse, have left such kindly impressions behind it. I have, indeed, reason to believe that these feelings of affectionate remembrance lingered in the heart of Lady Byron to the last. Not a fortnight before her death I dined in company with an old lady who was at the time on a visit to her. On this lady's returning home, and mentioning whom she had met, Lady Byron evinced great curiosity to learn what subjects we had talked about, and what I heard of them, "because I had been such a friend of her husband's." This instance of fond remembrance, after an interval of more than forty years, in a woman of no very sensitive nature—a woman of more intellect than feeling—conveys to my mind no slight argument in defense of Byron's conduct as a husband.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Economy is Wealth.

There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as proper economy in the management of house affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continued leakage in his kitchen or parlor, it runs away, he knows not how, and when the demon Waste cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that has provided no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life, to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life; and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits is the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy, it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. —*Scientific American.*

WHEN you see an old man amiable, contented, mild, equal and good-humored, be sure that in his youth he was just, generous and forbearing. In his end he does not lament the past or dread anything in the future. He is like the evening of a fine day.

The True Ideal of Success.

Nothing can be more unphilosophical than many of the ideas entertained of success in this life. A lad has spent the day in playing marbles, and finds at night that he has a pocket full. He counts the day a success. On the morrow he loses them all, and at night he sadly counts the day a failure. We are ready to smile at his ideal of success, and count it false, for two reasons: First, because the gain of a pocketfull of marble has too small a financial a value, but second, and chiefly, because it demands too little of the boy to play it.

We, however, tolerate children in playing marbles because they are children, but we would feel shocked at seeing men playing marbles as being a game too far below their capabilities. It is for this reason that thoughtful men have looked with regret upon the importance which in the last few years has been attached to base-ball, which has been dignified as the "National Game." Every city has had its club of amateur players, and these clubs have made professional tours over the country to display their skill, and when they have returned to their patron city, having had a successful tour, they have been awarded almost as great triumphal honors as Rome use to give to her most successful armies. It has been objected to this game that it is attended with too much expense, that it is too violent to answer as a recreation, that it fosters betting, etc., but really the great objection lies back of all these, and this is it: It takes too little of a man to play it. It is almost wholly a game of agility, and the most agile players are surpassed in the quality by the brutish ape. We repeat it takes too little of a man to play, it. So, too, when two men engage in a pugilistic contest, pounding and bruising each other almost out of human shape, the nation taking note of the contest almost as they would a battle between two armies, all the disgusting mangling and bruising could be endured, if it were a contest in which the utmost capabilities of one man were matched against the capabilities of another. But then this is not so. It is simply a contest between muscle and powers of endurance, a contest in which a stupid bull-dog is superior to either of them. It don't take much of a man to be a successful pugilist. If these be false ideas of success, what is the true ideal of it? We answer that he is the most successful man in this life who converts this world most fully into his being physical, mental and moral, and he the most unsuccessful man who does this the least.

To Housekeepers.

Do you use syrups or molasseseseses? Have you got colds, asthma, coughs, pain in the breast, wheeziness, and all that sort of thing? If you use the first, and have the second, listen here, while we a tale unfold. At Madison, Indiana, there is a firm of scoundrels who make three fourths of all the syrups used in this country. They make all grades, and by whatever name known, from "Silver Crops" all the way down to "plantation molasses"—out of starch and sulphuric acid, with some other compounds. This horrible life-destroying stuff is manufactured in immense quantities and shipped to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New York, and all the great centres of grocery supplies, and thus ultimately finds its way into every neighborhood. The writer of this has found the following simple test sure and unfailing. By it every housekeeper can satisfy himself of the purity or fraud of the molasses or syrups on which his children delight to feed. Take a half cup of tea, made from green or gunpowder leaf, put a tablespoonful of the molasses or syrup into the tea; mix well. If pure, the molasses will give the tea a light-green hue; if impure, or sulphuric trash, the tea will instantly become bluish black, something near the color of bluish writing fluid. Everybody ought to know this. To feed the little one on sulphuric acid is to invite all sorts of misfortunes into your homes. Lexington has this sulphuric molasses for sale. We have tested it. Whether or not there is any pure in the city, we are unable to say, but if not, we hope our grocers will see to it that they get no more of this poisonous stuff.—*Caucasian.*

FILIAL PIETY.—Ancient history records a beautiful incident, illustrating the power and unselfishness of filial love. In the seige of a certain city, two young men within its walls, had rendered great service to the general, through which it finally fell into his hands. In return, he ordered their lives to be spared, and gave them permission to take with them out of the city as much treasure as they could carry. They accordingly both appeared at the gate, one carrying his mother on his back, and the other his father; showing by the act how much more precious they were in their eyes than any amount of jewels or gold.

A CORRESPONDENT says he cures the worst cases of foot-root in sheep or cattle by applying once a minute for ten minutes a mixture made of a tablespoonful of pulverized blue vitrol in half a pint kerosene oil.

Bridal Tours Denounced.

Looking at the custom from an æsthetic and sentimental point of view, nothing can be more repulsive. An American marriage is in theory, a lovematch, and it is generally so in practice. Now two persons in love want to see much as possible of each other, and as little as possible of other people. It is true that we find exceptions; there are individuals whose diseased vanity desires to give publicity to every act of their life. But these vulgarians are, happily, rare in any class. An instinct of seclusion and modesty is the general rule. Yet this absurd custom forces a newly married couple either to put an unnatural restraint on their legitimate affection, or make themselves ridiculous before the public. All this, however, it may be suggested, is matter of taste. But what follows is not a questionable point of taste or comfort; it is a matter of downright fact, as certain as it could be mathematically demonstrated. The consummation of marriage is, with one exception, the most critical period, physically, of woman's life. After the moral and physical excitement which attends it, her system demands absolute rest, repose, quiet, regular and good living, a supporting and restorative way of life. If these can be secured for some weeks, so much the better, but at any rate they are necessary for some days. Not only her health for the rest of her mortal existence but the health and strength of her offspring may be, and often are, materially affected by the want of proper care at this time. Instead of which the bridal tour piles on additional excitement and fatigue, makes regularity of life impossible—in short involves the exact reverse of all that the rules of health and physiology require. All peril of being thought effeminate. I will go further and say that for the man, too, at this time, repose and calm, though not so necessary, are highly desirable. It constantly happens in the case of both sexes, that a slight indisposition, which, passed unnoticed in the hurry of preparation, is aggravated to a serious and even fatal extent by the excitement and exposure and neglect consequent on the wedding tour. No man, for instance, would think of postponing his marriage on account of a slight cold. If he staid quietly at home, afterward, and took care of himself, it would pass away like other slight colds; he goes on a bridal tour in the depth of winter and the malady develops into a chronic pulmonary complaint. Nor would a young woman put off her marriage because she felt a little extra lassitude and want of appetite, with an occasional headache, which, however, may be premonitory symptoms of typhoid fever. If you take typhoid in time, there is nothing specially dangerous about it; care and patience only are necessary, and it runs its course. But neglected at first, it is almost inevitably fatal. Last year two cases came under my observation, the one of a bride, the other of a bridegroom, dying of typhoid fever just after a wedding trip, which had caused the early symptoms to be misunderstood and neglected. And I have known things worse than death to happen—insanity, temporary or permanent, brought on by extra fatigue and excitement of the wedding journey.—*Carl Benson in N. Y. Times.*

IN a recent lecture in London by Dr. William B. Carpenter on "Epidemic delusions, with special reference to Spiritualism, which has taken such hold on millions of persons in America and in England; he had paid much attention to this subject during the last twenty years, and had known many persons of very great ability and of great discrimination believe in it. He accounted for this belief by the previous possession of their minds by this dominant idea—the expectation they have been led to form, either by their own earnest desire for communication with the dead, or by a contagious influence to which some minds are especially subject. To him the notion that departed spirits could come and lift a table in the air, was most strongly repugnant to common sense. Perhaps he might be told he has no faith. He had faith unlimited in the law of gravitation, and therefore he could not believe gravitation was suspended to allow Mr. Home to fly in the air. Dr. Carpenter then noticed many investigations that had been made, and which had exposed the trickery of the performances.

A "LATE discovery" by the medical journals that ten drops of kerosene oil taken each night internally, will cure consumption, reminds some of the "oldest inhabitants" that 25 years ago the crude petroleum from the wells of Allen, Barren and other counties in this State, always had the post honor in the Kentucky farmer's materia medica; and that it cured all the ills of flesh, both brute and human. As medical science, so-called, was introduced, the "American or rock oil" had to give way—it cured the people so rapidly that it incurred the displeasure of the medical fraternity, and now, after a quarter of a century, they begin to revive the good old practice.—*Kentucky Paper.*

THE Republican Convention of Pennsylvania meets April 10th.

JOSH BILLINGS.

A Lecture Upon "What I Know' About Hotels."

Hotels are houses of refuge—the married man's retreat, the bachelor's paradise. Good landlords are like good step mothers—they know their business and they do it. They knew your wife's father when he was living, and your wife—but they never mention her before your second wife. Hotels are connected in some minds with hash. Hash is made of cast-off victuals, and has done more to nourish the present generation than any other kind of mixed food. A nice little tenderloin steak, a few baked potatoes, a couple of pieces of pie, some doughnuts, a few biscuits, and—hash does very well for breakfast.

Many hotels are kept on the European plan, but the majority of them on none at all. Everybody knows what a hotel room is like—how boiling over with comforts it is, and how it makes people who occupy it think about home. It generally measures about 13 feet 7 inches by 9 feet 4. There are two pegs to hang clothes on—one broken off and the other pulled out. The bell-rope is broken off just six inches beyond reach. There are no curtains, for what good could that be? You couldn't see out. The bureau has three legs, and the looking-glass hangs on one pivot. The bed is made of slats and a very thin mattress. You have to go to bed sideways, and when you get in you go down on the slats like a piece of beefsteak on the bars of a gridiron.

Having used up what he knew about hotels, and there being an hour left, J. B. proceeded to wander about from subject to subject very much in the same manner that a bee flies from flower to flower, and with pretty much the same object in veiw. The following are some of the drops of honey which were thus gathered:

Love is like the measels—you can't have it but once, and the later you have it in life the harder it goes. The difference between a blunder and a mistake is, that when a man puts down a bad umbrella and picks up a good one he makes a mistake; but when he puts down a good one and takes up a bad one he makes a blunder. Whistling is a wind instrument, and is played on by puckering up the lips and blowing through the hole.

Whistling is good to keep the 'frail out. It is the next best thing to a tallow candle for a boy to go down stairs in the dark with.

A man with one idea always reminds me of an old goose trying to hatch out a pavestone.

I put no kind of confidence in the man who is always telling what he would do if he had been there. I always notice those kind of men never get there.

A man who sets out with the determination to be a rascal had better examine himself carefully and see if he isn't better calculated for a fool.

We have often been told that an honest man is the noblest work of God. It is undoubtedly so; but I have thought, from the demand being so limited, that the larger share of the first edition still remained in the author's hands.

The man who can wear tight boots and be humble, and walk about and not indulge in profane liturature, would make a good husband. Tight boots are an insult to any mans understanding. The only thing in their favor is that they make a man forget all his other miseries.

THE following story is told of a Mr. M., of Oxford, who evidently does not object having a hired man do a full day's work:

A short time ago a man went to his place for work. Mr. M. set him to plowing around a forty acre field, after he had plowed faithfully all day till the sun was about half an hour high, he expressed the opinion that it was about time to quit.

"O, no," replied Mr. M., "you can go around six or eight times more just as well as not."

So the hired man plowed around six or eight times and then went to the house, took care of his team, milked nine cows, ate his supper, and found ten o'clock staring him in the face from the old time piece.

Said the hired man to Mrs. M., "Where is Mr. M.?"

The good woman answered, "he has retired. Do you wish to see him?"

He replied that he did. After being conducted to the bed room, he said.

"Mr. M., where is the axe?"

Why," said Mr. M., "what do you want with the axe?"

"Well," said the hired man, "I thought you might like me to split a few cord of wood before breakfast is ready."

IF little Senator Garrett Davis had never done but this one act, he deserves the public gratitude. His resolution in the Senate, inquiring as to the truth of the defalcation of one u. s. grant for $5,000, goverment funds, 20 years ago, made the miserable wretch step around to the Treasury department and pony up that trifling sum. That's what we call choking it out'n the rascal.—*Lexington (Mo.) Caucasian.*