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For the INTERIOR JOURNAL.

Aunt Myra's Visit to the Louisville Exposition.

Well Lucy Ann I've just got home, and am mightily pleased with my visits. Who'd a thought it! Two weeks ago if anybody had a told me I'd go to the Expedition in Louzville, I'd a thought they had gone stark crazy, but you know "circumstances alters cases," and I got a letter from sister Hanner's daughter, a living there, saying that I could go down and git back home agin for just the same money as 'twould take to go on, in common times, so I borryed ten dollars from brother Jacob and set out for the Expedition right off.

I had a mighty ridiculous time a riding in the cars, and I hadn't been on long when a mighty purlite little fellow come in and handed round a basket of apples. I never took none cause I seed everybody shake their heads, so I thought they must be mean, sour things, or he would not be so purlite to persons he never set his mortal eyes on before.

Well, when I got to Loolsville Mandy Jane, (sister Hanner's daughter) was a waiten for me at the depo. "Aunt," sez she, "we are so glad you've come. This is your first visit to our city and we earnestly hope that you will be favorably impressed," but there, I can't remember no more she sed, and it anybody could a understood her 'twould a bin a speller's blessin, for I purtest I couldn't.

The way them city gals spin out their words and make their talk sound big, was astonishing to me at first, but after I'd been there a spell, I could talk as flugently as the most of 'em. But I must go on with the Expedition. We went there that night, (evening Mandy said I must say), and of all the gorgingly beautiful places! Well I never! 'Twould take a week to tell you all I seed. There was a pond right in the floor with a fountin in the middle, and flowers all a growing round the edge, and there was a cave right in the house (grotto Mandy Jane called it, but 'twas a cave *shore's you's alive*), and the water was a dripping down the sides just as clear and pretty as if it was running out the hills at Rockcastle. There poring down by the cave was a sta "*statuem*" they called it, though I never seed no cat or rat neither, but there was some 'tend like squirrels and frogs a settin on the outside of the cave. The water looked mighty beautiful a tumblin down there and making another little pond by the cave, and there were some shore nuff geese and ducks a swimming about in the water, I know they was alive, for they hollered quack, quack, so loud that I got away from there in a hurry.

Well, we walked on a while and seed a heap of pretty things, and presently we come to some more water where three little boats was a running a mighty race. I tell you they just scooted after each other. I was mighty afraid they'd have a smash up like Christmas Columbus on the Missippi ocean, but they seemed to know what they was about and just kept on like mad. The littlest one had "Loolsville Expedition Packup" on it, and it beat the two big ones all holler. When we left that we went around and looked at all the machinery. Laws! if you just could a seed 'em a weaving and spinning and the mervy knows what all. After a while we went up in the gallery and everything there was as pretty as a picture, but the entertainest thing I seed was a little mill, made by a Dutchman. It looked just like a real house built on a cliff, and there were little figgers a walken about just like shore nuff people. One man would carry some grain and empty it in a hopper and then turn round and go back to git some more, and one was driving a wagin with some wood and another main in it. One was a hammering on a house, and one was pushing a wheelbarrow with a sack on it. A woman was a walken along with a pitcher in her hand (I seed water a coming outen a rock, so I guess she was going to git a drink). Another man was riding in a canoe, on real water, and one was reading a book, (his Bible I reckon) and he would raise up his hand and bring it down on the book just like grand-pap used to do, but la! sakes, I couldn't begin to tell what all was going on at that little mill, so I guess I'll tell about something else. Once when we was standen by what I thought was a picture, all of sudding a little train a cars went running along, a ship commenced rocking on the ocean and a gulloon went rising up as easy and natral as could be, all in the frame.

I seed a great big bone they called the thigh bone of Master Don, but shore's you live, no master nor nigger neither ever had such a bone as that. Whew! 'Twas amost as big as I am. Well the likes of nice carpets and curtains and grate and furniture of all kinds I never did see. A bedstead there had a little something on the head-board sorter like a clock, and that—O souls a mercy! I don't know how 'twas fixed, but there was some ribbon a dangling down and that shook to keep the off the flies. Then the likes of handsome carriages and pianies, and eligent mirrurs, (lookings glasses I call 'em). O! you just oughter seed 'em! and the fine jewelry and, and—O everything!

"Aunt" sez Mandy to me, "you must git a peep at our next President." "What is that," sez I. "Why Horris Greeley to be sure," sez she. Well we went on around awhile when all of a sudding Mandy pulls my sleeve and sez "Look Aunt, there is Horris Greeley, the—" (more big words, I've forgotten) and la! souls, 'twan't nothing but a fat, good looking gentleman with a big crowd around him, and looking as happy as a June bug. But la! the funniest thing I seed was a big fat man a playing a fiddle almost as big as he was, and the way he nodded his head and sawed away at his fiddle was enuff to make one of them marble figgers laugh. He minded me of a frog dressed up in shore nuff clothes in one of the children pictur books.

Well its twelve o'clock, so I guess we had better go to sleep, though I hain't told you half I seed at the Expedition.

Life in a Printing Office.

Few people are aware of the inside workings of a printing office, nor of the annoyances attendant upon the publication of a newspaper. It is impossible to form anything like a correct idea of the number of men there are in every community, who make it a point about every other time they meet you to tell you of some important fact that ought to be noticed by the paper *pro bono publico*. Generally, however, it turns out that the item referred to has an ax to grind, and the newspaper is to be the free horse on which he expects to ride into public notice and confidence. Or if not that, he is constantly annoyed by a multiplicity of communications, which are always lengthy and contain nothing that anybody cares to see in print or know anything of whatever, except the writer and perhaps one or two other particular individuals, and for whose exclusive benefit it was written, it not for a moment occurring to the writer that communications for a newspaper should be such as would interest thousands of readers. The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small. The proprietor risks a large amount of money for smaller profits and the editors and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any profession, requiring the given amount of intelligence and training. The life has its charms and pleasant associations scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and hours of exhaustion, which, likewise, are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is the charmed circle where the favored members live a life of ease, free from care, is a mistaken one. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, with the same system as a banking establishment.

The Prospective Condition of the Male Sex.

A Troy paper concludes an article on "Woman's Rights" thus:

Truly, there's a good time coming, boys. We shall have our "thirds" in our wives' property, and they will be bound to support us and our children, and pay our debts. There is but one drop of bitter in the prospective cup. It grinds us to confess it, but the humiliating concession must be made—woman will carry the latch-key. She will go out after supper "to see a woman," or to the "post-office," or to serve on a "committee." After mending the stockings and canvassing the character of all the other men in our parish with our clergywoman, who has dropped in, we go to bed. We lie awake between the measles and whooping-cough, and later hear our wife stumbling over the door mat, fumbling about the key-hole, and coming up-stairs *a la* Nebuchadnezzar, and experience the sensation of a corner "grocery entering our chamber. The picture becomes painful, and we drop the curtain."

JAMES GORDEN BENNETT, the late editor of the New York *Herald*, left a large bequest to his wife, but only upon the condition that she remained his widow. This condition will be set aside by the courts. It has been judicially decided over and over again that all conditions in restraint of marriage are opposed to public policy, and are simply null and void. Mrs. Bennett is much younger than her late husband, and may marry again.

LAND POOR.

I've had another offer, wife—a twenty acres more,
Of high and dry prairie land as level as a floor
I thought I'd wait and see you first, as Lawyer Brady said,
To tell how things will turn out (not a woman is ahead).

And when this lot is paid for, and we have got the deed
I'll say that I am satisfied—its all the land we need,
And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some
And manage in the course of time to have a better home.

WIFE.

There is no use of talking, Charlie—you buy that twenty more,
And we'll go scrimping all our lives, and always be *Land Poor*.
For thirty years we've toiled and saved, denying half our needs,
While all we have to show for it is tax receipts and deeds!

I'd sell the land if it were mine, and have a better home,
With wood, light rooms to front the street, and take life as it come,
If we could live as others live, and have what others do,
We'd live enough right pleasanter, and have a plenty too.

While others have amusements, and luxuries and books,
Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks.
That other farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years
Of clearing up and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

Yes, Charlie, I've thought of it, a hundred times or more,
And wondered if it really paid to always be *Land Poor*,
That had we built a cozy home, look pleasure as it come,
Our children, once so dear to us, had never left our home.

I grieve to think of wasted works, and years and months and days,
While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise.
Men call us rich, but we are poor—would we not freely give
The land with all the fixtures, for a better way to live?

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charlie—you're not a whit to blame,
I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame,
It's just the way we started out our plans too far ahead;
We've worn the cream of life away, to leave too much when dead.

'Tis putting off enjoyment long after we might,
And after all you think of wealth never comes on a day,
Although we've toiled, also our late, when all we have
leave at last,
Our brightest earthly happiness is buried in the past.

That life is short and full of care, the old is always we know,
We seldom half begin to live before we're doomed to die.
Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day
And never let a single one pass unenjoyed away.

If there were things to carry, I'd leave them now and then,
And have a home that was a home, and not a cage of pen.
I'd sell some land if it were mine, and fit up well the rest,
I've always thought, and think we yet—small farms and
cooked our best.

Fast Trotting in America.

It was thirty-three years ago on the first day of last August that Dutchman trotted three miles on the Beacon Court, near Philidelphia, in 7:32½. Dutchman was ridden by Hiram Woodruff, himself one of the best horsemen the country ever produced, and in his well known work on "The Trotting Horse of America," he said that he believes that Dutchman "could have trotted the three miles in 7:27 or better." However that might have been, from that day until last Saturday, the time remained unequalled in the annals of American horse-racing.

A number of attempts have been made at different times and by the different horses to equal it, and, among others the celebrated trotting mare Flora Temple was set to the task. She made two trials in harness and failed both times—trotting three miles the first time, in 1860, in 7:33¾, and the second time in 7: 43½. She failed as did the rest, on the third mile.

On Saturday, at the Prospect Park course, Mr. Alden Goldsmith's bay mare Huntress was matched against Dutchman's time, and, strange to say, surpassed it by eleven seconds and a quarter, going over the three miles in harness in 7:21½.

The present year has been a memorable one among American horsemen, by reason of the great contests between Longfellow and Harry Bassett. But the feat of Saturday surpasses the exploits of these running horses, and will remain as a matter of record long after the name of Longfellow, for whose misfortunes every one feels a personal interest, has passed from human remembrance.

A Good Custom.

In Herefordshire, England, the traveler may notice, long after every leaf is gone from the trees, solitary apples and pears, which are allowed to remain on the lower branches. This is not because they are more difficult of access than the fruit that has been gathered in, as one is apt to imagine before the reason is explained, but for the purpose of securing them, as far as possible, from the grasp of climbing urchins who might be attempted to appropriate them. But the reader will naturally ask, "What are they allowed to remain for?" The answer, as we received it from an old farmer, is, "That God's birds and the fowls of the air may have their gleaning of the apple harvest; and very few indeed in these parts would be so wicked as to cheat them of their rights."

AT a ladies' temperance meeting, not long since, one of the members remarked that the temperance cause had been a blessing to her: "for," added she, "I slept with a barrel of rum for ten years; but now," she continued, her eyes brightening, "since my husband signed the pledge, I have a man to sleep with!" Then all the spinsters present laid their hands on their hearts and sang—Amen!

IF Adam is accountable for "consequential damages," he will have rough time of it.

Rev. Peter Cartwright.

One of the oldest and most widely known Methodist preachers in America died on the 22d ult., at his home, near Pleasant Plains, Sangamon county, Ill. Peter Cartwright was eighty-seven years old. He was a native of Amherst county, Va., and was born in 1785, two years after the close of the Revolutionary War. While he was still a child his parents removed with him to Kentucky. His early years were spent in that wild frontier land, where the war whoop of the savage often aroused his father and his neighbors to the defence of their lives and homes. Peter was scarcely sixteen years old when he was converted by an itinerant preacher, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal church. The event determined the career of his whole life. He conceived the idea that he had been called to preach the gospel in the wilderness, and almost immediately he entered upon that duty. In his autobiography, published about fifteen years ago, he related many interesting and often amusing incidents of his labors in the backwoods. Like many of the men of his time and section, he had an iron constitution and a strongly marked individuality, and was a bold, courageous, and zealous worker. He feared neither man nor devil, and for his cause was ready at any time to fight both if they stood in his way. His speech was homely, but earnest, and went straight to the hearts of his rough audiences. He was heard to say a few years ago that he had received into the church no fewer than 12,000 persons, and that in his long career he had preached 15,000 sermons.

In the early pioneer days he was naturally met some hard characters, who, instigated by the adversary, would endeavor to bring disgrace upon him. He tells in his autobiography that once a brutal fellow threatened to "whip" him. Peter said, "Well sir, I never like to live in dread. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now." The man continued to bluster, whereupon the fighting preacher, dismounting from his horse, walked up to him and said, "Now, sir, you have to whip me, as you threatened, or stop cursing me, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him." This cowed the bully. An anecdote is also related which illustrates his singular boldness and independence. He was preaching before the Nashville Conference, when the time-serving clergyman whose pulpit he occupied, seeing General Jackson standing in the aisle, leaned over and said in a loud whisper, "General Jackson has come in, General Jackson has come in." "Who is General Jackson?" cried Cartwright in a voice of thunder, "if he don't get his soul converted God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro." This did not convert Old Hickory at the time, but it commanded his respect for his monitor, and he treated him with the greatest consideration ever afterwards.

Mr. Cartwright was first appointed a presiding elder in 1812. He spent eight years in the Old Western Conference, four years in the Kentucky Conference, eight years in the Tennessee Conference, and over forty-five years in the Illinois Conference. He held at different times many of the most important offices in the church, and was delegate to General Conference thirteen times. In 1835 and 1838, in the absence of the Bishop, he was President of the Conference. It is recorded of him that in all the years of his ministry he was never discontinued, located, or superannuated, and was never dismissed for a time for misdemeanors of any kind. In 1856 he published the story of his life in a volume entitled "Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher." The book had a wide circulation and made the old man better known in the East, where he seldom had visited. During the last few years the feebleness of advanced years prostrated him, and it was only a few months ago that his death was prematurely announced.

AN Arkansas local soliloquizes thus: "Some of our exchanges are publishing as a curious item a statement to the effect that a horse in Iowa pulled the plug out of the bughole of a barrel for the purpose of slaking his thirst. We do not see anything extraordinary in the occurrence. Now, if the horse had pulled the barrel out of the bunghole and slaked its thirst with the plug, or if the barrel had pulled the bunghole of the plug and slaked its thirst with the horse, or if the plug had pulled the horse out of the barrel and slaked its thirst with the bunghole, or if the bunghole had pulled the thirst out of the horse and slaked the plug with the barrel, or if the barrel had pulled the horse out of the bunghole and plugged its thirst with a slake, it might be worth while to make some fuss over it."

A MAN, stopping his paper, wrote to the editor; "I think folks ought to spend their munny for payper, an dat diddent and everybody sed he was the inteligentest man in the country and had the smartest family of boir that ever dugged taters."

Earliest Authentic History of Louisville.

Extract from Lexington, Ms., Concordian.

Just a hundred years ago to-day, at 10 minutes past 9 o'clock A. M., by a patent tin bull's-eye frying-pan with Seth Thomas' brass eternals and a cylinder escapement, a lone house might have been seen standing, like a solitary advance-guard of civilization, upon the site of the now proud and beautiful Falls City. It was a one-story, single-room, brownstone front, frame edifice, built of logs, bought ready-made in Chicago, and so located as to command a wide and picturesque view of the prospective Jeffersonville ferry-landing and penitentiary. Its furniture consisted of a barrel of Bourbon county benzine—(first cousin to Blanton's Bourbons)—a fifteen-foot rifle with a grindstone for a flint, a stub-handled gourd, a buckskin hunting-shirt, an assortment of newly-dressed scalps, a dozen lop-eared hounds, a three-legged stool, and Mr. D. Boone—the name being a contraction of the original Kickapoo "boshosin'," a weakness to which its owner was much addicted when he first set himself up in business, so far from home. Shortly after D. B. (—not B. D.—B) hung out his shingle at the romantic Falls of the Ohio, one bright Fall morning, he espied one of G. P. R. James' "solitary horsemen," wending his way down the river on foot. This youth, who from Vermeount, had kum round down to Kaintuck in the carpet-bagging trade, he rounded to just above the humble dwelling of the great pioneer, hauled up his dug-out on the levee at the foot of 3d street, and entered the employ of Mr. Boone, as his boon companion, and first 'prentice at the scalping biz. A few days' reconnoissance in the region there and thereabouts, convinced this shrewd 'Prentice boy, whose name was George D. that the immortal interests, for time and eternity and several other things, of the people whom, in imagination, he already saw flocking thither like sheep to the shearing, required great accuracy in keeping his records and accounts with old D. Boone. He therefore began the publication of the Louisville *Daily Journal*, having borrowed a peck of long primer and short-spelling-book type from the Jeffersonville *De secret* office. This enterprise of the young Vermeonnter startled the slumbering echoes of the Western wilderness, in the vales and caverns where they had rested ever since the Deluge. It stimulated other new-paperial adventurers, among whom most noteworthy, came drifting down the Ohio, that literary piscator, Shad Penn, armed with a quire of fly-paper, a lemon-squeezer, three jugs, and a bell-crown hat full of ancient burgess, with long "f"'s for "s"-es. This shad-frouted kinsman of the venerable humbug, that earned the reputation of a philanthropist by palavering and swindling the Pennsylvania Indians out of their lands, instead of taking them like a hero, by highwayman force and arms, immediately launched upon the tide of the Louisvillian ink-slingery, the *Daily Advertiser*. Both these primitive journals were printed in the back-parlor, of Mr. Boone's degerry. They soon opened a newspaperial warfare of such rancorous vehemence, that the gentle red man, who loved not noisy and angry words, but whose hearts was bent on more peaceful avocation of doing up his neighbor's hair a la mode, in disgust ineffable, moved over the river to Jeffersonville. The sudden departure of so many of Prentice's patrons inflicted serious loss upon his riding slebang. Penn exulted with pen and tounge; but short was his triumph. Prentice, fired to desperate effort, soared to an immortality of ludicrous nastiness, which left his hapless contemporary, panting with baffled hopes and seething envy, immeasurably behind and beneath. * * * *

A SHORT time ago we met a gentleman from Illinois who gave us a piece of information in regard to ascertaining the age of a horse, after he or she has passed the ninth year, which was new to us, and will be, we are sure, to most of our readers. It is this: After the horse is nine years old, a wrinkle comes on the eyelid at the upper corner of the lower lid, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for each year over nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve; if four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine, and you will always get it. So says the gentleman, and he is confident he will never fail. As a good many people have horses over nine, it is easily tried. If true, the horse dentist must give up his trade.—*Exchange.*

THERE is a good deal of excitement in Ireland, just now over, the reported discovery of gold in paying quantities, near the town of Kinsale. If the report shall prove true, we may live to see emigration turning its face again to the country whence it has been pouring in an unbroken stream for so many years.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "Whenever I find a real handsome woman engaged in the wimmin's rights business, then I am going to take my hat under my arm and join the procession."

POLITICAL NOTES.

The Western papers which are claiming New York for Grant, can get a bet that she will give Greeley plump 50,000 majority by calling at the office of the *Troy Times*.

In Cincinnati, a few nights since, a boy was killed for shouting for his favorite for the Presidency. As the affair didn't happen in Kentucky, and the boy wasn't black, there was no arrest and no excitement.

Greeley, when at Cincinnati, said: "Let there be no proscription, but let us all, white or black, unite to build up our country."

The electoral table claimed for Grant and Wilson embraces twenty-three States certain, with two hundred and twenty-four votes.

At Indianapolis, Hon. D. W. Voorhees in his speech introducing him declared that "the speeches made by Mr. Greeley during his present tour are without their equal or parallel in American history."

Of the seven men already nominated for Congress in South Carolina, on both sides, five are negroes. Cain, Rainey, Ransier and Elliott are the colored men put in nomination by the "regular Radicals," while Joseph Quash, ex-plantation hand, is the opposition candidate for Congressman at large.

Why Women are Extravagant.

Somebody once said that the women are so extravagant in dress, and so careless in other respects, that none but rich men can afford to marry; and foolish people have been saying the same thing or something very like it ever since. Every time a man fails in business, people take a mental inventory of his wife's wardrobe, and cry out: "Poor fellow! he was ruined by her extravagance!"

No account is taken of his club expenses, or his unnecessary restaurant bills, or his fast horses, or the vanity which prompted him to buy a bigger or finer house than he needed. Nothing is said of his dress-coats, made by some Monsieur Snip, who charges extra price because he calls himself an "artist tailor." The man may have gambled his money away, or have lost it in reckless stock speculation, for all anybody knows to the contrary; while his wife, believing him to be rich, has dressed and lived only as his circumstances warranted, doing it, too, only for his sake, that he might not be ashamed to introduce her as his wife. Or if she has been as extravagant as he, the fault is his so long as the fact remains that any proper man can lovingly control the course of any proper wife. Women are often extravagant. The fact cannot be denied. But that they are more so than men is by no means true. As a rule, every woman wishes to live within her husband's income, and in nine families out of ten, all the economizing is done by the wife. This constant iteration of the charge against women, however, has secured a kind of passive acceptance for the theory, and nothing is more common now than for young men with salaries of two or three thousand dollars a year to lament their inability to marry, because women are so extravagant. One of these has recently told the public through the newspapers how it takes all his salary of two thousand dollars to support a single man, and looking over his bills of items, and finding that it takes fifty dollars worth of perfumery every year, to keep him sweet, we quite agree with him that he should not marry.—*Hearth and Home.*

An Optical Curiosity.

Here is a simple little experiment by which we can prove the existance of a blind spot in our eyes. Shut your left eye, and with your right one look steadily at the cross just below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X O

Now move the paper slowly toward the eye, which is fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure, the letter O, will suddenly disappear, but if you bring the paper nearer, it will come again into view. You may not succeed with the experiment on the first trial, but with little patience you cannot hardly fail, and the suddenness with which the black spot vanishes and reappears is very striking. Now, examination has shown that, when it disappears, its image falls exactly on the spot where the optic nerve enters the eye, thus proving that spot to be blind.

LOUIS NAPOLEON tried to send a cipher dispatch of four hundred words the other day, but was prevented from doing so by order of the German police authorities, all of which is doubtless delightful to the great master of political sensationalism. The mystery of a cipher dispatch from his hands must be very vastly comfortable to him after his long obscurity, and the fact that he can still do things which excite the suspicion of great governments must furnish him a rare delight, while the consequent mention of his name in the newspapers cannot fail to bring great joy to his ex-imperial heart.

Can it be True?

On the 21st of August, Mrs. Timothy Bradlee, of Trumbell county, Ohio, gave birth to eight children—three boys and five girls. They are all living, and are healthy, but quite small. Mr. Bradlee was married to Eunice Mowery, who weighed two hundred seventy-three pounds on the day of her marriage. She has given birth to two pairs of twins, and now eight more, making twelve children in six years. Mrs. Bradlee was a triplet, her mother and father both being twins, and her grandmother the mother of five pair of twins.—*Cincinnati Lancet.*

The King of Abyssinia is apparently in a very bad way. He has managed to provoke a war with the Khedive of Egypt, who has sent against him an army much larger than any he can muster. Meantime, while the Egyptians are approaching his borders, a revolt has broken out in his own army, and in a effort to suppress it he has gotten himself pretty thoroughly whipped by the mutineers. He now appeals none to soon, to the great nations of Europe for protection. He is certainly not a man to be envied, if he does wear one of the most ancient of crowns.

THE Chickasaw Indian Legislature has passed a bill memorializing Congress to allot their lands in severalty, and inviting the Choctaws to join in their request. This is regarded as an advance towards opening the Idian Territory to white settlement this winter.

FEW people know, and thousands do not know, that by setting a glass fruit jar on a folded towel, thoroughly soaked in cold water, the fruit can be poured in boiling hot, with no more danger of breaking than with a tin can.

IRASCIBLE old gentleman—What do you call this confounded stuff? Waiter.—It's bean soup, sir. Old Gent.—No matter what it has been; it's hot water and grease now.

THE ex-Empress Carlotta, who was reported a short time ago as at the point of death, is now improving.

First Kentucky School.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Evening Journal* contends that the first school ever taught in Kentucky was opened 1779, at Boonesborough, by Jos. Doniphan, father of Gen. A. W. Doniphan, of Missouri. Joseph Doniphan was a justice of the peace in 1786 and 1787, and his docket for those years are now in possession of his grandson, W. Doniphan Frazee, of Indianapolis. In it are ten or a dozen suits in which George Washington was plaintiff.

AN Irish advertisement reads: "If the gentleman who keeps a shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of the young lady with the ivory handle, he will hear something to her advantage."

BILLINGS says: There ain't enny thing that will kompletely kure lazynes, but I have known a second wife to hurry it sum.

THE jute crop of Bengal has been seriously injured by the storm. A rise in back-hair will probably be the result.

CRYING widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Do You Want a Farm?

600 ACRES
—FOR—
SALE!!

I OFFER FOR SALE, AT A GREAT sacrifice, my farm, situated one and a half miles from Stanford, near the Somerset pike; containing 600 ACRES.

A large frame dwelling, with eight rooms, double porch, double veranda, and spacious halls. The farm is susceptible of division into two or more tracts.

Wood, water and soil can be found on this farm, which is as good as any fair average of land in this county.

Terms Easy.

A distilling site, unsurpassed anywhere, is on the land. A bold stream of clear, cold, never-failing water, and a substantial log house for the distillery is already built. Call on, or address DAVID GARVIN, or H. T. HARRIS, Att'y,
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