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HILTON & CAMPBELL

TERMS

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NOTICE

All communications, orders of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, box 18, Stanford, Ky.

All notices relating to advertising, subscription or any other matter, should be sent to the post-office money order or express, or it will be at the publisher's own risk.

BY APPOINTMENT

Gen. Clark, Hamiltonville; H. H. Rogers, Crab Orchard; W. C. Clark, Somerset; E. H. Bryant, Gains Sulphur; L. S. Jones, Pine Hill; Thos. McKeith, Mount Vernon; H. J. J. Brown, Mt. Vernon; J. D. Boston, Highland; Geo. F. Campbell, Harrodsburg.

Newspaper Laws

We would call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reason for its not being taken, and a request to do so within the postmaster's responsibility to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the post.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it from the post-office. The law proceeds upon the ground that a subscriber pays for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or receiving and having them stored for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

TO ADVERTISERS

The rates we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as any paper established on a firm basis, with a wide circulation, can be had. We desire choice advertisements, and will give preference always to local patronage. We think business men will get value received when they employ our columns in making known their business to our hundreds of readers; and, therefore, ask no more for patronage than our daily paper would want for a similar money column. We give the same rates to all. A glance at our paper will convince three-fourths of the advertisers our columns offer, as the best business men in the country are represented in them. We would credit all our readers with local advertisements, readers' knowledge, personal attention, etc., but are not working on the low principle—inserting stuff in our columns that we would blush to read. We would not give our columns to any advertiser who would not give us the same in return. We would not give our columns to any advertiser who would not give us the same in return. We would not give our columns to any advertiser who would not give us the same in return.

Advertising Rates given on application.

KENTUCKY SHORT STOPS.

Epizootic, in a fatal form, has appeared in Triable county.

Forty Farmers Granges have been established in Kentucky. Clark county has one.

Elder Samuel Rogers celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Judge Boyd, in Cynthiana, last Thursday.

The colored men of Frankfort instituted a Lodge of Odd Fellows last Monday night. They derive their charter from England—the Manchester Unity.

Jesse Turney, Sr., a wealthy farmer at Millersburg, passed his 78th year on the 28th of last month. He personally conducts all of his farming interests.

The Shelby Grange has already grown to sixty members. The pretty women went in, and all the ugly men followed. Oh, woman, woman, thou art a success!

We heard a farmer Monday complaining that he had hogs, cattle, sheep and camp fire sale, but was compelled to buy his chewing tobacco on credit.—Shelby Crescent.

The work on the E. & P. extension is being pushed with energy. It is now expected that trains will be running through from Louisville to Paducah by the 1st of February next.

Richard Gilmore, a colored man, was found dead on the street in Lebanon on Thursday night the 13th. He was drunk and it is supposed went to sleep on the sidewalk and froze to death.

It is reported that Rev. J. W. McGarvey, the expelled professor, has been tendered the chair of Sacred History in the University of Virginia, and that it is probable that he will accept.

Willis Adams, of Mt. Vernon, has a peacock 30 years old; a turkey gobbler which weighed 31 pounds, the bones of which were pronounced by the pulpit to be those of a sheep; also a web-footed hen.—Echo.

Many saloon-keepers in different parts of the State have not only signed the petition now being circulated for a new liquor license law, but have induced many of their customers to follow their praiseworthy example.

A thirty-eight year old cob pipe is in the possession of the Shelby Sentinel man. It was made of a cob from which the corn was eaten by oxen used in the manufacture of salt in the Mammoth Cave in 1811. The cob was taken from the Cave in 1839, and made into a pipe. This goes to prove conclusively, that cobs did not munch "corn, cob and all," in those days, as they do now.

The latest news from the Cincinnati Southern Railroad is this from a Chattanooga paper: Our fighting editor has had his boots half-soled, and the next man who comes into the office and asks where the Southern Railroad will be located, will have to have his pantaloons half-soled. Some people think an editor ought to perform miracles. We may be able to predict, to a minute, the beginning of the millenium, but the Southern Railroad does not come within the scope of the inspiration of any living prophet.

THE most complete stock of Drugs and Medicines ever brought to this market at E. R. Chenault's.

No PAIN could come to an end unless the more influential portion of the financial world determined to cheer up and go about its business in the ordinary way. The first step toward a rally, in all respects, is to stop running, and leave off taking distant pigs for cavalry, and the rumberlog cart wheels for artillery.—The Nation.

If you want to increase your business and enlarge your trade, invite patronage through the public print.

VOLUME I
MARRYING A WIDOW

Thirty years old to-day.

Could it be possible that Mark Marks, had jumped from the threshold of matrimony, and landed on the threshold of matrimony? I asked my mother.

She counted her fingers, and Joe, Charley and Henry, Susan, Betsy and Eliza, Hannah, Ellen and Sally, Julia, Marian and Minnie, of her small family; finally I was thirty years old.

I was unmarried, I had been ten years all matrimony, but now, feeling that I was creeping on, I concluded to do an unhealthy thing, to marry a wife. How to do it, to a successful issue, was the consideration I had to give. I had to ponder it.

Possessing no other idea of matrimony, I had no idea of going to a matrimonial office. My mind to do so, I had no idea of going to a matrimonial office. My mind to do so, I had no idea of going to a matrimonial office.

The *Times*, one of the papers I read, contained the following notice:

MATRIMONY.

A young man, well educated, possessing inappreciable talents, habits, etc., desires to form a matrimonial alliance with a young lady, of suitable rank, and of suitable family, to "ANNOUNCE" in the office.

Three days after I saw this, I had received fifty replies. I was generally assured that I was the only person in Podwick ever after conjugal bliss.

I opened the letter, and read the whole days to it, that suited me best. The envelope surrounded me, and I had the indication that the lady had attended a funeral, and the nature of the evidence, enough to give me grief to interfere with my promised consolation, as follows:

"MR. ANXIOUS SELECTION, I desire to correspond with you, perhaps you may not wish to, who, though young, is a widow, three years of age, have a son, I believe, and as to fortune, I leave you to judge. I am, *de vobis*, should you wish me further, please address Haddon."

Her *visite* was a beautiful one, my fancy exactly. But she had Here was an objection, you see, the matter thoroughly, and allowing my prejudices to take their course, I took what I conceived to be the view of it. I reasoned thus:

"She is a widow. Being a widow, application is an argument against my resolution to marry. Because she has been married, and so that she is willing to marry, Matrimony, therefore, must be a state of happiness."

I wrote her a letter, and in a few days received a reply. Other epistles followed; finally, one pleasant afternoon I found myself in East Haddon in the presence of Mrs. Wilsonburg.

It is sufficient to say that the interview was mutually agreeable. The lady was attired in mourning, which so becoming to her complexion, never once thought of Wilsonburg's ceased.

Her politeness was charming, her conversational powers were superior. Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman.

Her figure was natural, not made to order, by supplies of whalebone and, altogether, your humble servant was completely alive to her virtues, if she had any faults, was very blind to them.

I was ready to be married, being enthusiastically smitten right "on the line, if it took all summer;" but decency dictated that we had better not do so in a hurry—folks would talk about it, etc.—and our decision was to wait a few months, and then settle down in Podwick together.

Time passed at a remarkably slow rate through the days and weeks which followed. Christmas came at last, and the day following had been agreed upon for our wedding festivities.

Now, I desire to ask the masterful reader, who has a wife and babies, if his feelings were anything like mine during the day preceding his investment of five or ten dollars in a ministerial hand, "services rendered?" It was the nervous day I had ever experienced, it being the last day of my single life. My nervousness, did not furnish as much service as many which had passed. Yet, convictions on the subject of matrimony were not to be shaken. And I here mark that it is my belief that the man who has been on a matrimonial anxious seat several months, when brought to within a few hours of the consummation devoutly to be wished, has as perfect and clear an idea of his situation as possible for human nature—

"So clear, so shining, so evident, that it will glimmer through blind men's eyes."

The important day and important hour arrived at last, and Mrs. John Wilsonburg and Mark Marks, Esq., of Podwick, were tied together, so to speak, and set adrift in this wide world.

At last we found ourselves engaged in housekeeping, opposite the village green in Podwick.

We had occupied the premises two