INTERIOR JOURNAL
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, IN
STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS:
INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

One Copy, One Year	$2 00
One Copy, Six Months	1 00
Ten Copies, One Year	17 00
Twenty Copies, One Year	30 00

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME III—NUMBER 15. STANFORD, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1874. WHOLE NUMBER 119.

BOOK AND JOB OFFICE.

The facilities of this office for executing BOOK and JOB WORK of every description, in the most perfect style, is unsurpassed by any establishment in Kentucky.

Pamphlets, Posters,
Programmes, Cards,
Letter and Bill Heads,
Envelopes, Bank Checks,

And, in short, anything that type, ink and paper can fabricate, executed with PROMPTNESS and at the MOST SATISFACTORY PRICES.

Louisville and Cincinnati Prices Duplicated.

NOTICE.

All communications, either of an editorial or business character, should be addressed to HILTON & CAMPBELL, Box 19, Stanford, Ky.

All monies remitted us for advertising, subscription or job work must be sent in checks, post-office money order or express or it will be at the parties own risk.

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 to letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and stating reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

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

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, 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 postoffice. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncalled 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 do business. We desire choice advertisements, and will give preference always to liberal 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 a share of the patronage in out of charity; and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. A glance at our paper will convince the real observers of the advantages our columns offer as the best business men in this country are represented in them. We could easily fill our paper with foreign advertisements, sundry humbugs, patent medicines, etc., but are not working on the low principle—inserting stuff in our columns that we would blush to recommend to our readers, at lower rates than we charge home patrons, just to fill up—we charge all alike, foreign and local—and reject all that are not reliable and worthy the attention of our readers. As an inducement to reliable wholesale business houses, we say that the JOURNAL has a larger circulation in four counties of Kentucky than all the other Kentucky newspapers combined.

Advertising Rates given on application.

A DAY AT NIAGARA.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Niagara is one of the finest structures in the known word. I have been visiting this famous watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said it was so with him. He said that the first time he went the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls, that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded, and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principles till they are as meek as missionaries. They are divided into two clans, now the Regulars and now the Privateers, and they employ their time warning the public against each other. The regulars are under the hotel banners and do the legitimate at two dollars an hour, and the Privateers prowl darkly on neutral ground and pick up stragglers at half price. But there are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of a thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not dam the Falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property merely for want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must not do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots on the outside of the door they will be blacked, but the house will not be responsible for their return."

(This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of.

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horses to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts and other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of the employees to charge for commodities or services."

(No inattention of this kind observed.)

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit the people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls."

(More shirking of responsibility—it appears to be the prevailing thing here.)

I always had a high regard for the signers of the Declaration of Independence, but now they do not really seem to amount to much alongside the signers of Niagara Falls. To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; a sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize some parties as might be pic-nicing below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was in vain. A sign confronted me which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thrist but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment:

"All signs fail in a dry time."

Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales, and legends, and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and of his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery; and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the pictuesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements. When I found the shops at Niagara full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawhoo-Wang-wang of the Wack-a-Whack happy? Does the Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the pale face? Speak, sublime relic of by-gone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' it is meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern jawed spider-legged divil! By the piper that played before Moses, I'll ate ye!"

I went away from there.

By-and-by in the neighborhood of the Terrapin Tower, I came upon a gentle daughter of the aborigines, in fringed and beaded buckskin moccasins and leggings, seated on a bench with her pretty wares about her. She had just carved out a wooden chief that had a strong family resemblance to a clothes-pin, and was now boring a hole through his abdomen to put his bow through. I hesitated a moment, and then addressed her:

"Is the heart of the forest maiden heavy? Is the Laughing-Tadpole lonely? Does she mourn over the extinguished council-fires of her race, and the vanished glory of her ancestors? Or does her sad spirit wander afar toward the hunting-grounds whither her brave Gobbler of the Lightnings is gone? Why is my daughter silent? Has she aught against the paleface stranger?"

The maiden said:

"Faix, an' is it Biddy Malone ye dare to be callin' names! Lave this, or I'll shy your lean carcass over the catharact, ye sniveling blagyard!"

I adjourned from there also. "Confound these Indians," I said, "they told me they were tame; but, if appearances should go for any thing, I should say they were all on the war-path."

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampums and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-Chiefs, Squaws and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devour-crod-mountains—you, Bully-Boy-with-a-Lilac-Eye—the paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your proud nation. Poker and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soul-less usurper. Trading for forty-rod whisky to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagyard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrowned him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brick-bats, bread-baskets, and moccasins, a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty times, chasing a chip, and gaining on it, each round trip a half a mile, reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes, in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Dont hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place, and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at the people on the shore for help. The judge fined me but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying any way—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I can not tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said:

"It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead-work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from?"

I shall not be able to finish my regards about Niagara Falls until I get better.

People who used to read the newspapers away back in 1860 may remember that in those days there was a man by the name of Hannibal Hamlin, who was elected Vice President on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln. He is not dead, but having been in the the United States Senate for some years, he has been lost sight of. Now that he wants to succeed himself as Senator from Maine, his name has stealthily crept back into the public prints, and it is possible that several brief allusions may be made to him in the course of the Senatorial campaign. His most formidable rival is Israel Washburn, Jr., who, it will be seen, has an immense advantage of name. Few men have heard of Hamlin; what man has not heard of Washburn? A Washburn with any other first name than Israel would do as well, too, the average voter is content if but one name be Washburn.—*Courier-Journal.*

BISHOP WILLIAMS, in addressing the Episcopal Convention at Hartford the other day, spoke of Bishop Cummins' withdrawal as one of the "things more painful to record than deaths."

THE WHISTLE.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart who stood,
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood?
I wish that that Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said;
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side, and would here take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good nature secures,"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, "and the charm
Would so work that not even Modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm."
She smiled—and she laid her fine arm on his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss;
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it, would give me a kiss."

And the maiden laughed out in her innocent glee:
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make;
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

THAT REMINDS ME.

New apples are a dollar and ten cents a quart. Ten cents for the apples and a dollar for the doctor.

A Michigan manufacturer has 18,000 broom-handles ready for shipment. This ought to set husbands thinking about coming home earlier.

There is a hotel in Oshkosh that has the reputation of not having a single bedbug in it. The fact is they are all married and have large families.

Opposition to cider will hardly go down with a true female temperance crusader, for she not only puts it in mince pies, but takes her pills in side her.

Bobbs complains that his wife is an inflationist. She blows him up every day, and makes him circulate until he actually feels that he is beyond redemption.

A Minnesota clergyman has sued thirty-five members of his church, who refuse to pay pew rent because he alluded to them in one of his sermons as "empty heads."

One of our fashionable youths donned his first silk hat and cigar Saturday evening. He got along well enough with the cigar, but he had to give up the hat—it made him sick at the stomach.

We hear of men confessing upon their death-beds to crimes of murder, abduction and incendiarism, but whoever heard of a dying man confessing to stealing papers? Nobody! Death cannot scare that man.

We are pained to notice that papers taking our items and appropriating them as their own, seek to palliate the theft by publishing a column of religious miscellany. This may look well enough in the eyes of Heaven, but it does not satisfy us.—*Danbury News.*

A painter carried a bill to a lawyer for payment. The lawyer after examining it, said: "Do you expect any painters will go to heaven, if they make such charges as these?" "I never heard of but one that went," said the painter, "and he behaved so bad that they determined to turn him out, but there being no lawyer present to draw up a writ of ejectment he remained."

Gentility and politeness in an editor are admirable traits, *vide* the reference by an Iowa editor to his village rival. He calls him "a squirming squirt, a chicken-hearted youth, a diabolical jackassry, ape, hog, mullen stock (!), dog-fennel, tumble-bug, and toiling caterpillar!" Mr. "Dog-fennel" responded by saying that his assailant was all this and more too; that he was the "but-cut of original sin, the quintessence of double-distilled nastiness, a foul bubble floating on the surface of a cess-pool, a dirty, mangy dog, and a foul disgrace to his own fleas."

THE INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was: "Killed by a compositor?" The circumstances were as follow: He loved madly, passionately. His fair one smiled, and all was going well. His suit was safe, but in an evil moment he conceived the dangerous idea of clinching it, so to speak with a poem. He wrote the poem in a moment of heavenly inspiration, and sent it to the village weekly. It began thus:

Mad Mary Jane Pilkington Filer,
White-skirted marvel of duty;
The wide world can never beguile her.
My gold-headed, blue-belted beauty.

It was a pretty poetic flower as it stood, but the compositorial Goth laid his typographical hands upon it, and when it appeared "skirted" was spelled with an "h," and "belted" had two "l's" in it and an "i." And so they laid him tearfully away among the daisies, and rendered a verdict as above.

THE TRADE PALACE,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
$15,000 Worth of Dry Goods at
GREAT BARGAINS!
Now is the time to purchase Goods at
BOTTOM PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL!

A Large Stock of Domestic Dry Goods Offered at the following Low Prices.

Calico, standard brands, per yard, 8½ and 10; heavy brown cotton, yard wide, 10; bleach cotton, yard wide, 10c., fine brown cotton, yard wide, 10c.; Hope bleach cotton, yard wide, 12c.; Lonsdale bleach cotton, best, yard wide, 15c.; Fruit of Loom, best, yard wide, 15c.; Wamsutta bleach cotton, best, yard wide, 19c.; New York Mills bleach cotton, best, y'rd wide, 19c.; Lonsdale cambric cotton, best, yard wide, 20c.; heavy bed ticking 12½ to 25 and 30c. per yard; heavy ten-quarter bleach sheeting 35 to 37½c. per yard; heavy five-quarter bleach pillow cotton 18 and 20c per yard; heavy paper cambric 10c per yard; heavy brown drilling 15c per yard; spool thread, Clark's and Coat's, best 200 yards at 75c per dozen, or three for 20 cents. All other staple goods in same proportion.

Fancy Dry Goods.

$5,000 worth of dress goods regardless of cost; black and fancy alpacas at 37½c worth 60; black and fancy alpacas at 50c worth 75; fancy grenadines at 10c worth 25; fancy grenadines at 25c worth 50; fancy grenadines at 50c worth 75. Poplins at 12½c—cost 25—worth 40; piquas 15 to 50c worth double the money. Black gros grain silk $1 90 worth $2 50 and $2 75. Scotch ginghams 12½ to 25c. Table damask, fancy colors, at $1 worth $1 50. Oil cloth, yard and a half wide, for tables, best 75c per yard. Corsets 75c a pair.

Notions, Hosiery and White Goods.

Ladies' white hose $1 per dozen. Ladies' kid gloves 75c. Ladies' handkerchiefs 10c each or three for 25. Napkins 75c per dozen.

A full stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps, and queensware, at low prices.

Agency Stanford Woolen Mills—20,000 yards of Jeans; 5,000 yards Linsey and Flannels; 5,000 pounds yarn; 100 pairs of Blankets, all weight, offered in exchange for wool.

WANTED!

20,000 pounds of wool for which the highest market price in cash or goods will be paid.

The above stock having been purchased strictly for money, can be sold for cash at such low prices. You are invited to call and save money. No trouble to show goods.

A Prophecy of John C. Calhoun.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

The following prophecy, which has been nearly literally fulfilled, is from an address of the Southern delegates in Congress to their constituents in 1849, Hon. John C. Calhoun being the author:

"If emancipation should ever be effected it will be through the agency of the Federal Government, controlled by the dominant power of the Northern States of the Confederacy against the resistance and struggle of the Southern. It can then only be effected by the prostration of the white race; and that would necessarily engender the bitterest feelings of hostility between them and the North. Owing their emancipation to them, they could regard them as friends, guardians and patrons, and center, accordingly, all their sympathy in them. The people of the North would not fail to reciprocate, and to favor them instead of the whites. Under the influence of such feelings, and impelled by fanaticism and love of power, they would not stop at emancipation. Another step would be taken to raise them to a political and social equality with their former owners by giving them the right of voting and holding public offices under the Federal Government.

"We see the first step toward it in the bill already alluded to—to vest the few blacks and slaves with the right to vote on the question of emancipation in this district. But when once raised to an equality they could become the fast political associates of the North, acting and voting with them on all questions, and by this political union between them holding the white race at the South in complete subjection. The blacks and the profligate whites that might unite with them could become the principal recipients of Federal offices and patronage, and would in consequence be raised above the whites in the South in the political and social scale.

"We would, in a word, change conditions with them—a degradation greater than has ever yet fallen to the lot of a free and enlightened people, and one from which we could not escape should emancipation take place (which it certainly will if not prevented), but by fleeing the homes of ourselves and ancestors, and by abandoning our country to our former slaves, to become the permanent abode of disorder, anarchy, and wretchedness."

We extract the above from documents preserved by the Southern Historical Society.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL is out in favor of Hon. Jas B. Beck for Governor. It seems as though it were impossible for Mr. Beck to withdraw from public life. Even since his last emphatic refusal of a seat in Congress, the people of Shelby county have instructed for him in the Congressional Convention, and the Clark County *Democrat* declares that Clark county would have done the same thing if there had been any likelihood of Mr. Beck's acceptance, and now comes the proposition of the INTERIOR JOURNAL to make Mr. Beck Governor of Kentucky. A much more improbable event might take place than the elevation of our able Congressman to the gubernatorial chair, where he would have the vantage ground over all competitors for the next Senatorship. But it is of no use speculating as to what Mr. Beck will or will not do. He may be fettered in the gubernatorial race, as he was in the congressional, by promises.—*Lex. Press.*

Nice Demarar Sugar at
GEO. D WEAREN'S.

The Belles of the Bible.

From the B'nai B'rith Journal.

It is an interesting fact, and true to a great extent, that the style of dress and ornaments of the Hebrew ladies of the present day—and in fact the prevailing toilet of all ladies—is much the same as during the time of Solomon. With all the changes and variations of centuries, the gradations of chignons and crinolines, we now find much of the simple grace and easy symmetry of ancient Greece.

The Scriptures narrate a great many things about the style of dress worn in the time of Solomon, and in the law of Moses several directions are given concerning garments worn by the Israelites. In the Book of Judges the girls of that period are described by Deborah as "A prey of divers colors of needle work," while Lemuel says, "Their clothing is of silk and purple." In the frequent intercourse between the Jewish and other nations the ladies tired of their primitive simplicity, sought the fashions of the clever Egyptians, the elegant Phenicians, and luxurious Persians. Even patient Job became impatient at the dresses, and Isaiah denounces the "women of the period," living for nothing but dress and flirtation, with the one desire to "see and be seen."

The tunica worn by the ladies in the time of Solomon was much like the polonaise of to-day, and the belts with fancy clasps are about the same as the leather girdles and silver buckles worn of old. We also find recorded that trains were worn to dresses, and that camels' hair shawls were common. Embroidered mantles, fastened with golden pins, are spoken of. The hair was also oiled, dyed, and put up in coils; little curls were let hang over the forehead; and, strange to say, the girls of Solomon's time, it is stated, used paint.

Vails were worn, and sandals were made of blue and violet-colored leather, with fancy latchets. Solomon, as is related, said to Shulamite, "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter!" Hair nets were worn, and earrings of all forms and much value were very common. Bracelets on the right arm, strings of pearls and heavy gold chains around the neck, rings on the fingers, and other ornaments were all worn by the ancient Hebrew ladies.

A Literary Fraud.

The San Francisco *Open Letter* prints the following unblushing confession: "For some time past a poem entitled 'Binley and '46' has been going the rounds of the press, purporting to have been written by Bret Harte. Of course, the average editor on seeing a poem from Bret Harte, grabbed his shears and cut it out to reprint. It finally reached Frank Leslie's, and was given the benefit of a full page illustration by Matt. Logan. The poem appeared for the first time in the *Open Letter*, and its history is as follows: Some weeks ago one of the editors of the *Open Letter* made the assertion that a poem written in the style of any well-known poet, no matter how absurd, would be copied clear to the Atlantic seabord. This point was disputed, and accordingly, the poem was written in the *Open Letter* office, as a contribution by Bret Harte, and published as such The result was as expected. The papers were sold, and we now take the opportunity of informing them that, as the joke has gone so far, they might as well know all about it. In the first place the complete absurdity of the poem ought to strike anybody. It represents an engineer rushing through the snow blockade without any stoker, and at last freezing to death by the very side of a blazing fire and steam up."

A Couple of Lincoln County Darkies Express their Ideas about Civil Rights.

A sapient-looking darkey, oscillating between twenty and twenty-five summers, overtook an old negro on the street the other day, and wedging him in a fence corner, proceeded to acquaint him with all the gorgeous provisions of the Civil Rights Bill. Young Africa imparted to old Africa a fund of valuable information, thusly:

"Well, Uncle Billy, Summer's Swivel Rights Bill has passed de Senate ob de United States without a murmur."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jess so Uncle Billy. And say Uncle Billy we cullud pussons is gwine to see whose perwisions is in de pot. We are gwine to be allowed to ride free on de railroads, smoke in de ladies' car, and put our feet on de percussions ob de seats when ever we please!"

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to stop at the hotels and set at de head ob de table, and hab de biggist slices ob de chickens and lay around in de parlor and spit on de carpets, and make de white trash hustle demselves and wait on us without grumblin'; and whenever de boss ob de concern shoves a bill at us, we'll hab him sent to Washington and obscured in de plenipotentiary."

"Is dat so, Josiar?"

Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to go to de white schools, and set on de flatform wid de teacher and learn gehography, triggermanometry, gehominy, Latin, Dutch, French, Chocktow, algeebray, rheumatics, de rule of ob thrice and diarrhea."

"Good God! is dat so, Josiar?

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. And say, Uncle Billy, we's gwine to be allowed to be buried in italic coffins with looking glasses on top ob dem, and dey will hab to carry us on a hoearse to de grabe yard and bury us on top ob de white folks, so when de day ob resurrection am arrived, and the angel Gabriel come tootin' along, he'll sing out troo his trumpet, "All ob you cullud gemmen rise fust! And say, Uncle Billy, de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"What' dat you say 'bout pervisions, Josiar?"

"Well, Uncle Billy, as I was gwine on to state, de pervisions ob dat bill—"

"Stop right dare, Josiar. You say dare's pervisions in dat bill?"

"Jess so, Uncle Billy. De pervisions ob de bill—"

"*Stop* right dare, Josiar. Ef dare's pervisions in dat bill, I want a sack ob floar dis berry minuit. Dam de smokin' in de ladies' car, and de gehography and de Latin, and de italic coffins! I want de pervisions, Josiar. Dat's all dere is in de dam bill wut a cent!"

A fellow who was in the habit of getting drunk whenever he went to town, in returning home one day fell from his horse and was as quiet as though dead. A buzzard spied him, flew round and round, and lighting near hopped up and picked his nose, which aroused the fellow a little. The bird stepped up and struck him again. This brought one eye open, and as he realized that the bird though he was dead, he wreathed his lips with drunken scorn, and looking the bird square in the face, said: "You needn't be so darn smart; I am not so dead as you think I am."

ONE-HALF teaspoonful of sulphur and cream of tartar taken in a tablespoonful of molasses every night before retiring will relieve the constipation of the bowels and cure piles.

RAILROAD and STEAMBOAT LINES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE R. R.

KNOXVILLE BRANCH.

STANFORD.

	LEAVE.
Livingston and Richmond Mail, South	2:30 p. m.
Louisville Mail, North	9:01 a. m.
Freight, No. 21, South	4:30 a. m.
" No. 17, "	8:00 p. m.
" No. 18, North	8:15 a. m.
" No. 22, "	6:15 p. m.

RICHMOND JUNCTION.

	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Livingston Mail and Express	2:35 p. m.	2:40 p. m.
Louisville "	8:50 a. m.	9:05 a. m.
Richmond Accommodation	9:45 a. m.	2:45 p. m.
Freight, South	4:45 a. m.	5:15 a. m.
" "	8:15 p. m.	9:45 p. m.
" North	8:20 a. m.	6:35 a. m.
" "	5:30 p. m.	6:00 p. m.
Richmond Freight	5:00 p. m.	6:30 a. m.

ELIZABETHTOWN & PADUCAH R. R.

COMPLETED TO PADUCAH.

ON and after Monday, July 17, trains will run as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Elizabethtown	10:45 a m	6:20 p m
Rockport	2:51 p m	2:15 p m
Owensboro Junction	3:41 p m	1:35 p m
Nortonville	4:48 p m	12:10 p m
Princeton	6:45 p m	10:00 a m
Cumberland river	7:50 p m	8:42 a m
Tennessee river	8:10 p m	8:00 a m
Paducah	10:25 p m	6:00 a m

Passengers leaving Louisville on 4:30 a m train make close connection at Elizabethtown with 10:30 a m train.

D. BROCK, Superintendent.
O. BEADSHEAR, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

Short Line Railroad
FOR
CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

THE QUICKEST, BEST AND ONLY ROUTE running a double daily line Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars from Louisville to Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, and other Eastern cities.

WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only line with which passengers from the South make direct connection at Louisville with through car for New York, avoiding from 12 to 16 hours delay incident to and arriving one train in advance of all other lines. Time from Louisville to New York,

ONLY THIRTY-ONE HOURS.

This line is stone ballasted and entirely free from dust. Being equipped with the celebrated Westinghouse Air-Brake, precludes all possibility of collisions.

The only all rail line between Louisville and Cincinnati making direct connection with all trains for the North and East.

Tickets for sale "via Louisville and the Short Line" at all tickets offices in the South and Southwest.

GEORGE SKINNER, Gen. Sup't.
S. S. PARKER, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

STEEL RAIL! DOUBLE TRACK!!

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The Great Short Line from Cincinnati or Columbus East!

Saving 87 to 110 miles, and arriving on trains in advance at NEW YORK.

Saving 36 miles, and arriving 6½ hours in advance at BALTIMORE.

Saving 77 miles, and arriving 8½ hours in advance at WASHINGTON.

Reaching PHILADELPHIA one train the quickest.

The Great Iron Railway Bridges!

Over the Ohio river, at Parkersburg and Bellaire, are complete. Morning and night lines of Pullman's palace drawing-room and sleeping cars are run on this route from Cincinnati or Columbus to Baltimore and Washington City.

WITHOUT CHANGE.

By this route you avoid all omnibus transfers and ferries.

Tickets for sale at all ticket offices in the south and west. L. M. Cole, general ticket agent, Baltimore, Md. J. L. Wilson, master transportation, Baltimore, Md. W. Prince, general passenger agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

U. S. MAIL LINE STEAMERS FOR
Cincinnati and the East.
TWO BOATS DAILY

Taking close connection at Cincinnati with fast through trains for New York and all eastern cities.

Meals and Staterooms Free.

Fare same as by other lines. Tickets for all points for sale at all general ticket offices in the South, and Cappa's office in Louisville, and on board the Steamers.

For freight, money, pleasure and comfort take this line.

FRANK CARTER, Superintendent.

GO NORTH SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST
VIA THE
Louisville & Great Southern
RAILROAD LINE.

This is the Great Direct and Through Line, and the only All Rail Route to all points in

Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana,
Mississippi, Alabama,
Florida, Georgia,
The Carolinas and Tennessee

TO THE

NORTH, EAST AND WEST.

It makes Quicker Time with Less Change of Cars than any other line.

Pullman Palace Cars

Run via this Line both ways, as follows:

Louisville to New Orleans without change.
Nashville to Memphis without change.
Louisville to Little Rock without change.

NO CHANGE OF CARS

From Louisville to Memphis, Montgomery or Nashville.

From Louisville our Connecting Lines run Pullman Palace Cars through to Eastern Cities Without Change, thus making a Great Through

Continuous all Rail Route East

Avoiding all Ferries and Transfers.

MAMMOTH CAVE

The greatest of Natural Curiosities, is located on this line. Passengers can stop over and visit the Cave, and resume their journey at pleasure.

Great Inducements to Parties Emigrating.

A Monthly Paper will be issued by this line, giving complete information as to connections, time and accommodations. It will also contain original and select reading matter, and will be mailed free of charge one year to any person, by addressing

C. P. ATMORE, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.
Louisville, Ky.

Or apply to G. H. McKinney, Passenger Agent, Stanford, Ky. 101-tf

WHEN YOU GO EAST OR WEST
TAKE THE
OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. R.

THREE HOURS QUICKER!

26 MILES SHORTER!

Than any other line between Louisville and St. Louis. The only line running through to St. Louis under one management and over one road. No danger of being left by running to connecting lines.

Passengers by this line have the advantage of four and a half hours in Louisville and then arrive at destination same time as by rival trains. Don't forget this.

Trains by O. & M. R. R. leave direct from Union Depot on arrival of Southern trains. No hack transfer to make. No change of cars between Louisville and St. Louis or Cincinnati. Direct connections made with principal lines for the East and West.

Tickets for sale and baggage checked at all principal offices in the South. For further particulars apply to

B. T. BAYNON, Gen. Pass. Agt. Cincinnati, O.
F. J. ANTHONY, Ticket Agent, Stanford, Ky.
C. B. CHAPMAN, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.
100-1y