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WHOLE NUMBER 207.

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ROBERT BLAIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STANFORD, KY. Practices in all the courts of the 8th Judicial District.

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JOHN C. COOPER, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND GENERAL COLLECTOR, Lancaster Street, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky. 204-4

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THE CELEBRATED "BUFALO" STEAM GRIND MILLS! I have renovated from bottom to top the above well known and celebrated Steam Mills, situated in Lincoln County, about one mile from Stanford on the Louisville Pike. The accomplished Millwright William S. Foster, of Madison county did the work, and he has pronounced them "as good as any on the continent." All the old machinery and fixtures have been taken out and new put in—steam, new heavy Mill, Boiling Chucks, etc. are in the best order, so that now I can make as good Flour and Meal as any Mill. 173-4

Mr. E. LAYTON AT GIBSON'S CHEAP STORE AT MONTICELLO, FOR CHEAP GOODS. He Sells below Granger Prices. 184-4

HENRY HUSSING, Late of Louisville. Fashionable Boot and Shoe Maker, Main St., 1 door below Presbyterian Church, STANFORD, KY. Women's Ready-Made Work on Hand. Prices Low—Call and Inspect my Work. 184-4

WHEAT & CHENEY, Successors to Terry, Wheat & Cheney. WHOLESALE GROCERS, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Agents for Frankfort Cotton Mills, No. 231 Main St., bet. Sixth & Seventh, Opposite Louisville Hotel, LOUISVILLE, KY. John L. Wheat, J. J. Cheney, 183-4

READ THIS. E. A. TERHUNE, CABINET MAKER AND UNDERTAKER, Would respectfully inform the citizens of Stanford and vicinity, that he has opened a shop and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at cheap reasonable rates. Undertaking a specialty. Keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of Cases and Caskets. Plans, cheap Coffins made to order on short notice. He keeps A NEAT HEARSE, and is prepared to attend Funerals at all hours. Shop on West Side, above Commercial Hotel. 184-4

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Knoxville Branch of the L. and N. Railroad, has met with fewer accidents than any other part of the road. The management of the same, has been all that the most exacting manager could require. Trains have been on time, and no serious accident has yet been reported.

We certainly have names enough of eminent men and things, in our own country, to select from, when we wish to name a city, town, county, State, territory, or anything else, without going over to Germany, France, England, or elsewhere, to find one. Why call a town out West, Bismarck?

MR. JAS. PARTON, who married his step-daughter recently, of which we made mention last week, went over to New York, and married her the second time. When a fellow sets his heart on a "gal," you had as well try to stop the roof of the ocean, as to prevent the consummation of the marriage. There is talent on both sides of the "Parton house."

We learn that a prospecting party of engineers and capitalists, passed over the C. S. R. R., recently, with a view to ascertaining the character and extent of mineral deposits, water power, &c. We heard that their impressions were favorable, and that they would so report. It is to be hoped that all the people along the line, will aid such parties all they can.

The Jetties on the Mississippi river now under construction by Captain Eads, is a system of deepening the channel so that large vessels can ply that great stream with ease. The system is said to be a success, and, although a few millions of dollars will be required to complete the great work, it will be money well spent, because it will return to the people who pay it, many fold.

Is the picture of a State dinner party in Washington City, recently, among other noted guests, appeared the face of Ben Butler. Whether by accident or intention, the only bunch of spoons on the table appears immediately in front of the Ben. Perhaps some wag of an Artist, desiring to represent that gentleman to the life, placed the spoons where they would not be overlooked.

The truth travels slowly from Spain to this country. Don Carlos, the leader of the insurgent forces in that country, was reputed successful, recently, and a few days thereafter, the reverse of that report was received. Alfonso gave his subjects a hearty congratulation upon the promise of a speedy return to peace. With all our heart we desire to see his hopes realized.

HOWEVER much the people of the South may have been inclined to forget the Fourth of July, owing to the treatment they have received from the people of the North; there is one day in the year which all of us look to, with feelings of patriotic love and veneration. The 22d of February, the anniversary of the birth of our beloved Washington, will be remembered and his memory grow greener with every return thereof.

PINCHBACK, the Louisiana negro, who has been trying to sneak into the U. S. Senate "under the canvass," wrote a letter recently, and said that it sometimes occurred in the South, where slavery was abolished, that a young Southern gentleman would waive his claim to supremacy in society, and meet a nigger in combat, on equal terms, when a quarrel arose between the two. That's a lie, and "Pinch" knew it at the time he uttered it.

The name "Hertzogavia," which has appeared so often in the papers of late, in connection with the foreign war, is pronounced as if spelt Hertzog-va-nah. A noted thorn of Lexington, Maj. B. G. Thomas, asked the Turf Field and Fore editor, to claim it as a name for one of his racing filles which way come this spring. The name is too long nor can we see the beauty or euphony of it. If he would leave off the first three syllables, the name would be pretty.

We believe the Radicals would make a State out of the Canibal Islands if they were a part of our territory even though there was not an American in the group, provided the State would add to the list of Radical Senators. They are likely to make a State out of New Mexico, where the majority of the people are Mexicans, and the balance a mixture of all nations, kindreds, tongues and tribes, and who are no more fit to rule a State, than a New Zealand Chief is to rule America.

Do You Mean To Propose?

You mean very often—to all very well! You're a very fine man and a very big soul! You're a very good heart and a very true soul! But now the point—do you mean to propose?

The house is besieged by rich and by poor. Who knock all the day long at transomance's door? They turn up their eyes and they turn out their tongue.

MR. THOMAS LACK was drowned in the South Fork, in this county, on the 2d of January, and his body was found last Friday, and Coroner Lester held an inquest over the body last Saturday. It appears that Lack was a rail road hand, and had delicious trenens when drowned.—[Somerset Reporter.

THE Virginia wheat crop is looking remarkably well.

DIPHTHERIA is very prevalent in certain parts of North Carolina.

CHARLOTTE CUNNINGHAM, died in Boston, on the 18th inst. She was over 59 years old.

THREE thousand people were arrested in Philadelphia last month, on various charges.

OF the jury that is trying Babcock, six are Republicans, five Democrats, and one undecided.

A MAN in New Orleans, c/winded a prominent lawyer, because, during Court, he called him a perjurer.

TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED original measures have been introduced in the House during the present session.

MISS D. WHITE, an actress, hanged Davis B. Smith, a policeman of Louisville, for \$10,000 damages for libel.

THE meetings of Moody and Sankey, are still largely attended. One night last week, over 3,000 ladies remained to be prayed for.

FOUR children in Georgia, have been poisoned by eating red-stick candy. One of them died from the effects, but the others are improving.

THE city tax of Charleston, S. C., has been reduced from two and a half per cent. to two per cent.—a saving of about \$130,000 to the tax-payers.

THE Senate of Maine, has passed a bill abolishing the death penalty in that State, and substituting in its stead, imprisonment and hard labor for life.

THE slum from the mines along the Sacramento River has so filled the bed of the river that the largest vessels have already discontinued their trips to Sacramento.

AN old woman over 98 years of age, walked from Sheffield to Covington, Georgia, a distance of four miles, to let the boys know that she was still on hand.

BONDS of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, are quoted in New York papers at 91 cents—an advance of 9 cents on the dollar within the last two months.

TWO hundred and fifty-four men applied in writing to Ex-Gov. Walker, Congressman from Virginia, for places, in and around Congress. All but three were disappointed.

THE ladies of Chicago must have enormous feet. A fellow in the Missouri Legislature has introduced a bill to allow proprietors of places of public amusement, to charge storage for the feet of Chicago women.

A BOX containing a full set of counterfeiter's tools, was unearched, recently, near Little Rock, Arkansas, by a contractor on the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railway. The box is very new decayed, and must have been hidden five or six years.

FOR Victoria Woodhull's special "benefit," the City Council of Montgomery, Alabama, ordained that it should be unlawful for any one to lecture in that city, advocating free-love doctrines, or encouraging sexual-cohabitation, without lawful marriage.

STATE NEWS.

THE coal business is very dull in the mining regions.

STOCK of every kind is scarcer in this part of the State than we have known it before in a long time.—[Mountain Echo.

TWO negroes, a mother and child, were badly burned a few days ago, by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, at Mr. Robert McElroy's, in this county.—[Lebanon Times and Kentuckian.

ON Monday night about 12 o'clock, some very mean persons set fire to, and burned 12 stacks of hemp belonging to Col. Richard West, removed and destroyed several of his gates, and built a fence across the turnpike near his residence.—[Glasgow Times.

MR. THOMAS LACK was drowned in the South Fork, in this county, on the 2d of January, and his body was found last Friday, and Coroner Lester held an inquest over the body last Saturday. It appears that Lack was a rail road hand, and had delicious trenens when drowned.—[Somerset Reporter.

DURING the darkness of Sunday night the sheep-fold of Mr. N. P. Berry, near this city, was invaded by a few of the pets of the Legislature, and wards of the State, known in the dark ages of the State history as sheep-killing dogs, and twenty out of thirty-five of his fine flock of Southdowns were killed.—[Lex. Press.

THE snow has vanished, the butterflies is again abroad, and the spring birds sing their happy songs all day. P. S. Some more snow, and not so much butterfly and song as there was two or three days ago. We will not write them up again until we are confident that they are in business on a permanent basis.—[Vanceburg Kentuckian.

MR. B. FERTECK, of Indiana, has made, recently, discoveries of silver in Whitley county, that will bring to him a store of abundant wealth. Mr. Fertek has been a great traveler and relates numerous adventures with Indians while prospecting hitherto in the far West. A St. Louis party furishes this item, and I promise hereafter full particulars of the discovery of the silver ore.—[Courier-Journal.

LAST Friday night, a few worthless dogs attacked and killed eleven sheep out of a flock of fourteen in the north-western portion of this county. The remaining three are badly torn and lacerated in places, and it is more than probable that they will all die. The sheep were very fine and valuable, and the property of Mr. Joseph Sams, a very worthy and industrious citizen and farmer.—[Frankfort Yeoman.

WE learn that a dejected tramp, who was tired of life, lately called at McClannahan & Mitchell's drug store and called for a deadly poison with which to close his unhappy career. They put him up a prescription and he was shortly after seen moving in a vigorous manner in the direction of an unpretentious little building situated in the northeast corner of a certain lumber yard, it was thought the "poison" had taken effect.—[Franklin Patriot.

JOHN R. DOWNS, of Nelson county, Ky., like James Parton, married in his own family, and like James Parton he is petitioning the Legislature to make the transaction legal. The cases are very similar. Down married his step-daughter. Parton's action has been the subject of newspaper comment all over the country, but strange to relate, Down's was never heard of until it came to light in the Legislature last night. How nice a thing it is to be great! The Legislature adjourned without taking any action on the case.—[Louisville Ledger.

ON Tuesday morning last Mr. Nelson Thomasson, living five miles from town, on the Frankfort pike, went into the yard adjoining his residence, and shot himself in the left side with a shotgun, and died from the effects of the wound at 5 o'clock the following morning. Before his death he admitted that it was his own work, but gave no reason for it. Mr. Thomasson was a bachelor, aged thirty-six years, and though at times petulant and melancholy, never exhibited any signs of insanity, and none of his friends had cause to suspect the mischief.—[Georgetown Times.

A SINGULAR story was told me a day or two since, and strange as it may seem, it was told on good authority. There is a married couple living near here, in Larue county, who, during their engagement, exchanged rings. The bride elect took off her ring at one time, and was never able to find it afterwards. As its disappearance was very mysterious, she came to the conclusion that it must have been carried away by the rats, as the latter were very numerous on the premises. After the lady and gentleman had been married about two years, they

decided to clear the place of the pests, hence a thorough search was instituted, when "lo and behold," a rat was found with the identical gold ring around its neck. Its head was as large as a full grown rat's, but its body was very small. It is supposed that an old rat had taken the ring and carried it to her nest to adorn the neck of her darling, the latter's head growing too rapidly to ever lose it off.—[New Haven Item, in Nelson Record.

MR. S. C. STOCKDALE, of this county, informs us that he has a dwarf pear tree on his place that is remarkable in one respect—that of the variety of the pears it bears. He informs us the tree grows straight up and shows no signs of having been grafted—but it bears five separate and distinct varieties of pears—and all will come to perfection on the same limb. The first ripening in April, the second in May, the third in June, the fourth in July, and the fifth variety never ripened but dried up and are still to be seen hanging on the tree. Who can beat it?—[Flemingsburg Democrat.

WHAT strange things do happen sometimes. A short time ago we published the fact of some thief having stolen our wheelbarrow and last week we again called attention to the fact, at the same time reminding the thief that the grand jury would be in session this week, and if the wheelbarrow was not returned the matter would be investigated. Strange to say, when we walked out of our front door early Monday morning the first thing to meet our view was that same wheelbarrow turned bottom upwards on the pavement—the thief having taken the timely advice we gave him, and during the night brought it home.—[Flemingsburg Democrat.

MR. SAM. SOUTH, JR., one of the officers of the State Prison, furnishes us the following remarkable item: The other day, while one of the stewards of the prison was carrying a shalder of bacon for the convicts, who were then at dinner, he found imbedded in the shoulder next to the bone near the joint, a toy metal cup, evidently one of a set that formerly belonged to some little girl. Now, the question is, how did that toy metal tea cup get into the center of that joint meat? Did it get there by the hog swallowing it? Or was a hole cut there while the hog was still alive, the cup placed in there, to work its way to the bone?—[Frankfort Yeoman.

MR. L. DUFFY, an old gentleman who will be remembered by our citizens as a vender of copper pens and other notions about our streets, died at the residence of his brother-in-law, Wm. H. Cord, in Flemingsburg, a few days since. He was a brother of the celebrated novelist, Miss Eliza Fanny. During his last visit here he was asked—"Uncle Bill, if your sight could be restored just for a minute, what object would you like to see?" "Well," replied the old gentleman, I would wish to see a woman's face, for they always have a kind word for, and I know from the tone of their voices that they sympathize with me in my affliction. And, continued the old gentleman, "When I have a little child upon my knee, stroking its head, listening to its innocent prattle, and reflect 'that of such is the kingdom of heaven,' I wish above all things that I could see their pure, innocent faces as I listen to their sweet voices." Let us hope that in the realms of the Great Hereafter his eyes have opened to gaze upon fatter farms, and that his ears are greeted with sweeter music than ever saluted them here below.—[Paris True Kentuckian.

A NEGRO man by the name of Reuben Fountain, belonging to Midway, made one of the most extraordinary attempts at rape that we have heard of for a long time. A man, by the name of Hanson, and his wife were walking on the railroad, near Midway, on Thursday afternoon, when they were overtaken by the rascally Reuben, who entered into conversation with them. Coming up to some hands working on the road Hanson and his wife stopped to have a chat and Reuben pursued his journey. After talking a while they also started, but had not gone very far when Reuben sprang out of some bushes on the side of the track with pistol in hand, threatening to shoot the man and laying hold of his wife. But Hanson would not spare worth a cent, and made at the sable rascal, the wife of the white man screaming at the top of her voice. The combined noise of the woman and the determined attack of her husband was too much for Reuben's nerve and he retired in hot haste, glad to escape from the combined assault. Reuben was arrested in Midway, and brought to this city for safe keeping. It is probable his life would have been in danger if he had remained in Woodford. He is lodged in our jail.—[Lexington Gazette.

Not Quite Harmonious.

They drove into town Monday behind a cross-eyed mule and a sprained horse. They looked contented, but one member of the party was the head of the house, for she handled the ribbons, and when they halted she hitched the team, while he stood demurely by and took the basket of eggs and her shopping satchel as she handed them out. They disposed of their produce at the grocery, and then entered a dry goods store.

She made a few trifling purchases of thread, pins, needles, and such things, and then called for two knots of yarn.

"That won't be enough, Mary," said the man plucking at her dress. "I guess I know what I'm buying," she retorted. "But it ain't more'n half what you've had before," he persisted. "Wal, that's none o' your business, these socks are going to be for me, and if I want 'em short, you can have 'em to come way up to your neck if you want to."

The old man bowed to the inevitable with a long sigh as his partner turned to the clerk and said: "Two yards of cheap shirting, if you please."

"That ain't enough, Mary," said the old man plucking her dress again. "Yes 'tis." "No, it ain't." "Wal, it's all you'll get," she snapped. "Put it up then, mister," said he, turning to the clerk, "put it up, and we won't have any."

"Who's doing this buyin' I should like to know?" hissed the woman. "You are, Mary, you are," he admitted; "but you can't palm off no short shirts on me." "You act like a fool, John Spinner."

"Mebbe I do, Mary, but I'll be dummed to goh if I'll have a short shir—no, not if you nacked."

"Wal, I say two yards is enough to make any one two shirts," she snapped. "Mebbe that's enough for you, Mary," he said, very quietly. "p'raps you can get along with a collar button and a neck band, but that ain't me—and I don't propose to freeze my legs to save eight cents."

"Git what you want, then!" she shrieked, pushing him over the stool, "git ten yards, git a hull piece—git a dozen pieces if you want 'em, but remember that I'll make you sick for this."

"Four yards, mister, if you please, mister—four yards," said he to the clerk; "and just remember," he continued, "if you hear of 'em findin' me with my head busted, friz to death in a snow drift, just remember that you heard her say she'd make me sick."

And grasping the bundle, he followed his better half out the door.

They are easily terrified, these little ones, and the mother who would strengthen the nerves of her children should have her own under absolute control. We have more than once seen a woman into whose hands a child has been given to love and rear, who never even imagined that when she screamed at the sight of a venturesome mouse, or the graceful spinning down of a spider, or a flash of lightning, that she so shocked the nerves of her child and so thrilled them that they were never at peace again. The scream that she utters may leave no visible wound in the body of her little one, but the hurt is none the less severe, and the pain will return again and again to it whenever it sees the small and very likely harmless insect which suggested to its mother the terror which she transferred to her child. We have seen a mother gather her children into bed at midday, and silently lie trembling with dread of a lightning flash, until she has made the young lives of her family a burden to them whenever there is promise of a summer storm. Of course there is danger during an electric disturbance, and a mother may tell her children that the center of the room, with the windows and doors closed, if there be no chimney in the apartment, is a safer place than a door-way or an open casement; but she need not frighten them by manifest timidity. The time of real danger she should make one of very serious use to her little ones by showing them the value of cool self-possession, prompt action, of heroic patience—to teach them how to guard themselves from danger.

For What Men Seed Wives.

It is not to sweep the house, make the bed, darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly, that a man wants a wife! If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him to the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made, send him to inspect the needle work and bed-making, or put a broom in her hand and send him to witness its use. Such things are important and the wise young man quickly look after them, but what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love.

The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for, she will help him to fight; that she will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and whisper words of inspiration. All through life, through storms and through sunshine, conflict and victory; through favorable winds, man needs a woman's love. The hard years for it. A sister's and a mother's love will hardly supply the need. Yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing out a noble idea in marriage, and discharging a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Sixty Quails in Sixty Days. We wonder if there is anything epidemic in the desire to eat thirty quails. Two or three weeks ago we found a story about some one in Indiana accomplishing that most manous of gastronomic operations, and transferred the recital to our columns. Now come two Frenchmen in Louisville, Ky., who have been trying their hands, or stomachs rather, at the same proceeding, and they also have succeeded. We are beginning to lose faith after all in the assertion that the task is difficult; at all events, it is one which has been mastered, apparently, by the indomitable will of the gallie gourmands.

But this is not all. One of the twain, after smacking his lips over quail No. 30, sighed, Alexander-like, for more quails to conquer. Thirty quails had glanced harmlessly from that flinty stomach, and the hero of the astonishing organ felt justified in beginning on quail No. 31. He continued until five birds had been engorged, and then outraged nature rebelled; but with a burst of that gigantic will, which, in Napoleon, surmounted the rocky barriers of the Alps, the intrepid eater hurled himself upon the seventh bird, and, in his own words, "chewed him up, bones and all." Like the old guard at Waterloo, that stomach, "which dies, but never surrenders," without the onslaught of bird after bird, until finally, after the sixth quail it is he's owner quailed off a goblet of wine, and announced that for the last ten meals he had enjoyed his repast. After this, our columns will be rigidly closed to any further stories about the impossibility of eating quails.—[Scientific American

How To Treat Unexpected Guests. When one of "father's" business friends drives into the yard at about half-past eleven, the good wife knows that he will most likely stay to dinner. Father is a great story-teller, and he likes to get hold of a new auditor. How aptly comes a frown of dismay and displeasure in the smooth, fair face of his helpmeet. What can be done? Work is going on according to the day's plan in the kitchen; the dinner was arranged for none but the family; the children are coming home from school and making a clatter; all is bustle and confusion. She feels that the best dishes must be used, and something extra cooked for the impromptu guest. Now, good woman, don't do it! Your fine dinner, with its attendant irritation and "unsettling," will taste no better than what you have prepared. Make no difference in your plans, but set your visitor with a smile and easy greeting at your hospitable board; and he will feel more comfortable and happy than though you gave him a banquet. You save temper and trouble, and gain the enjoyment of giving your friend a real cosy time. A sensible person knows that farmers do not have six courses upon their table daily, and the wholesome, hearty fare, with good nature and hospitable cordiality, will be tinctured with a sweet, domestic sense that is inevitably lost in grand dinners. Smiles and neatness are sauce for homely meals.—[Golden Rule.

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