

# THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VII.—NUMBER 21.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 331.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, 10 cts.  
A liberal deduction for each subsequent insertion.  
Regular advertisers will find our rates to be moderate as those of any other respectable paper.  
"Business Notices," 10 cents per line. Advertising lines in Local Advertisements, 10 cents per line.  
Announcements of Marriages, Births and Deaths inserted free of cost.  
Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, &c., will, however, be charged at the rate of 10 cents per line, instead of 15 cents, as heretofore.

OUR JOB OFFICE IS COMPLETE  
In every particular, and our Job Printer is unsurpassed the West in the State.  
Prices to suit the times.

ROCKCASTLE SPRINGS  
NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS.  
TERMS: \$30 per Month; \$5 per Week.  
Regular Steam Leaves: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.  
T. C. EVARTS, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL!  
STANFORD, KY.  
W. F. RAMSEY, Proprietor.

HUFFMAN HOUSE.  
[Late Miller House.]  
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.

LIVELY STABLE AND BAR  
John J. Huffman, Proprietor.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,  
STANFORD, KY.

THOS. RICHARDS, Proprietor.

CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS  
NOW OPEN.

TERMS: \$14 PER WEEK,  
OR  
\$45 PER MONTH.

Stanford Female College.

W. CRAIG.

J. L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,  
CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE,  
508 N. MAIN ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. S. HUGHES

McALPIN, POLK & CO.,  
108 PEARL & 119 3rd STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS  
NOTIONS AND  
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I. S. TEVIE, Manager.

Stanford Female College.

W. CRAIG.

J. L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,  
CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE,  
508 N. MAIN ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. S. HUGHES

McALPIN, POLK & CO.,  
108 PEARL & 119 3rd STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS  
NOTIONS AND  
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I. S. TEVIE, Manager.

Stanford Female College.

W. CRAIG.

J. L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,  
CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE,  
508 N. MAIN ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. S. HUGHES

McALPIN, POLK & CO.,  
108 PEARL & 119 3rd STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS  
NOTIONS AND  
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I. S. TEVIE, Manager.

Stanford Female College.

W. CRAIG.

J. L. SEASONGOOD & CO.,  
CLOTH AND CLOTHING HOUSE,  
508 N. MAIN ST.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. S. HUGHES

McALPIN, POLK & CO.,  
108 PEARL & 119 3rd STS.,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS  
NOTIONS AND  
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I. S. TEVIE, Manager.

## A Frontier Bulldozer.

When I applied for the position of city editor of the daily *Sculper*, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age, and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me.

"The proprietor is not hard to suit, I said to the foreman that evening, as I began business.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he engaged me at once," I replied.

The foreman laughed.

"That's because he thinks you won't last more than a day or two. They never do."

"Who?"

"The editors—get cleaned out, you know; knocked in the head; shot to pieces—busted. Some of 'em leave the first day; others hang on for a week or more, then we carry 'em out to that hill you see over there and plant 'em. There's a row of local editors over there, and all died within their boots on."

Truly this was not very encouraging, but I did not believe half of it.

"It's a fact," declared the foreman. "This town ain't like other places; then this is a high pressure newspaper. If you wish to be popular you must pitch in to the people like blazes. Those fellows over on the hill were popular."

"And that's why they got killed, I suppose?" I said.

"I reckon so; at any rate, they are dead. Joe Hodges killed them."

"Joe Hodges?"

"Yes."

"Who is he, pray?"

"The town bully; the masher of the village; a genuine, double-back-action rough. Better not say any thing about Joe, or he'll wait in here and mash you into a jelly in no time. Very particular is Joe about newspaper notices!"

"Then he shall have none in this paper," I said, determinedly.

"Oh, but that won't do!" exclaimed the foreman. "Joe is that sort of a fellow that won't be slighted—nothing he hates so as neglect; and then he's mixed up in every row—you'll have to mention him. In fact, Joe Hodges is on the fight worse than any man I ever knew."

"Copy!" yelled out one of the compositors.

The foreman cleaned the hook and rushed into the composing room.

"I'll fix Joe Hodges," I said to myself when the man had gone; "the first blow is the best, so here goes."

I seized my pencil and wrote a little notice comparing Joe Hodges with a mule, and saying, that according to all accounts, he was a drunken rascal, unfit for human association.

The notice was put up in type at once, and appeared in the paper the next morning along with the other locals, and that afternoon Joe Hodges called.

"I was busy writing when he came in. I looked up and a hurried glance told me who he was.

A short, heavy-set, swarthy, low-browed rascal, with black hair and eyes, and red shirt—that was Joe Hodges.

"Take a seat," said I, and went on writing.

In a half-drunken way he floundered into a chair.

"What is your name?" said I, glancing at him.

"Joe Hodges."

I dashed it down on a broad piece of blank paper on the table.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two," with a surprised look.

"I dashed that down in the same way. I wrote 'birth place'—"

"Missouri," with still more surprise. I put it down, and then reached for a heavy revolver, which I cocked and laid on the table.

"Are you married?" I asked with a quiet look at the astonished man.

"No," he replied, staring wildly.

"What is your business?"

"A blacksmith."

I made a record of the fact, and then looked up to ask another question, when I saw that the bully had risen and stood glaring at me, with his hand on the door.

"What in the thunder are you writing?" he yelled, his face almost purple.

"An obituary," I answered.

"Whose?"

"Yours."

He may have had urgent business down on the street; I don't know. At any rate, he suddenly withdrew from my presence, and never bothered me any more.—[Newspaper Reporter.]

If a person is struck by lightning place him flat on his back, open the clothes at the pit of the stomach and dash a pail of the coldest water on the bare stomach. An old physician says that it will save life if done within fifteen or twenty minutes.

## The Horrors of Railroad Traveling.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY,  
July 15th, 1878.

Railroads are great institutions—entirely independent of the Solar-system, and yet, subject to as many changes as the moon. They have gained in wealth and power until they are almost a controlling influence in this great American republic. They are managed and mis-managed by Presidents, Superintendents and Directors—many of whom, though vulgar fractions of this grand republic attain princely wealth and influence. The conductors and ticket agents play conspicuous parts in the daily management of trains; and one is not likely to forget all he sees and hears about the depots. The American people are a hurrying, busy people, not apt to "kick" if beat out of their money, so long as the means bears a facial feature of fairness. But after the time of the average American and such a "squal" goes up as leaves no doubt of his indignation. Arrive at the depot half an hour "ahead" of train time, in order to learn something of the changes, connections, &c., on the road—you find others already there for the same purpose, and more coming. But the agent has not yet arrived—all wait and wish until out of patience, then the remarks and exclamations of the crowd cease to be edifying. At last, within ten minutes of train time, he is seen coming—a murmur of gratification rises from the crowd as the agent steps in—stately, dignified, and perfumed—with the air of a conquering hero. Poor martyr, must serve the eager, anxious public a few minutes (?)—must tear himself from the pleasant social circle a long ten minutes, and he that wants information as to time, changes and connection of trains cannot get it, for the agent is too busy taking in change and handing out tickets. You may wait, hoping the crowd will soon be satisfied and you get an answer—but "still they come," you barely have time to get your ticket. You see the conductor step on the platform, and approach him for the information you filled to get from the agent, he is in close conversation with a gushing lady who holds her superfluous skirts on one arm while she familiarly taps him with a fan held in the other hand; he does not heed you at all, so "snap" is he, or "will see you directly." "All aboard," you get on, feeling a little uncertainty about where you are going, and when you will get there. Ask the conductor again as you hand him the ticket, and as he passes on, he mutters something in an indistinct tone. But praise the Lord! "where there's a way there's a way," and there is a way to reach him—watch for him and as he returns through the car, beckon him aside and moisten his thick-bearded, nectar-loving lips with a draught of old Kentucky Bourbon, then part them with a rich Havana, and in a very conciliatory way he will go down into his pockets and bring out the "time card" and kindly inform you that "this train does not make connection"—you will have to "lay over" thirteen hours at Nashville for a North bound train, which North-bound train does not meet "the South-bound train at Lebanon Junction, you will have to stop over there twenty-two hours." You catch your breath. Twenty-two hours at Lebanon Junction! The place the good Lord turned his face from when the Railroad approached.

Then you settle down on the cushion bespangled cushion and try to become reconciled—while you resolve that God made the rivers, but the Devil made the railroads, and you would not get a copper if they were actually torn up, provided, however, that it was done behind you. When you reach the place where you are condemned to "lay over" and hear the conductor approach the landlord with, "how does the new change suit you?" "How is the bar running now?" "Full house every night, eh?" and see him drink from the landlord's free bottle and dine at his free table—if you are of a very suspicious nature, you are likely to conclude that the conductors have, either directly or indirectly, something to do with the changes of "time," or that they labor to make the landlord rich so.

SHORTFELLOW.

On the night before his execution, French prisoner of rank sent for the celebrated M. Vilette, and informed him that he was greatly troubled by the state of his health. The physician examined him and prescribed for him and the medicine was taken as gravely as though the invalid expected to live for years.

It is said that money makes the mare go, but it seems ten thousand wasn't enough to make the little California mare go—to amount to anything.—[Glasgow Times.]

## "Under Fire"

The first time that a soldier goes into action he fancies the shot that he hears whizzing through the air is aimed at him. But if he is not hit at first, he soon acquires a sort of fatalistic feeling that he never will be. The eve of a battle might be supposed to be a solemn moment. I have been at several, and I never perceived the vestige of solemnity, nor—so far as I could perceive—did it strike any one that the next day he might be killed. The thoughts of every one were concentrated first on supper, and then on finding a comparatively comfortable place in which to sleep. During a battle all not immediately engaged are simply bored. It ever a hand-to-hand fight takes place, it is due to some bungler being in command on one side or the other. Most of the regiments engaged do not see the enemy. Attacking in column and bayonet charges are things of the past. Shells and bullets are fired in position or up on troops advancing. The victory is decided by artillery and breach-loader firing. Those who can concentrate the heaviest fire upon particular strategic points win. So mechanical is the whole affair that it is an admitted axiom that if one-third of the best regiment in the world can be put *hors de combat*, the remainder will execute a strategic maneuver to the rear.—[Labourer in London Truth.]

Eternity.

"Eternity has no gray hairs!" The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought!

The ever-present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain compassing the life of God—the Golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors, they are but the sunshine of an hour; its places, they are but as the gilded sepulchre, its possessions, they are the toys of changing fortune; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no foot-prints of decay. Its day will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbid the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail—they are fresh from the throne. Its glory will never wane, for there is the ever-present God, His harmonies will never cease—exhaustless love supplies the song.—[Spurgeon.]

When a Shaker dies and is buried Elder Evans plants a tree over him, and that tree, as it gradually absorbs the deceased Shaker, puts on drab leaves and bears apples, pears or peaches, as the case may be, characterized by a sort of neutral flavor which is recognized as peculiarly Shakerian. The ingenious elder has now a large orchard full of dead brothers and sisters, under whose shade he walks on summer afternoons, and whose fruit he tastes on winter evenings. Occasionally a sister preserves her original tartness when transformed into apples, and it is said that one young Shakeress who died four years ago is extensively sold in the shape of canned peaches of unusual sweetness.

The largest number of live cattle ever shipped from New York at any one time were taken on the 26th, in the National Line steamer France for London. There were nearly 600 animals. The Holland, of the same line, which sailed on June 5th, carried 443 head, the freight charges on them being nearly \$14,000. The exportation of live cattle is rapidly increasing, one firm alone having shipped 8,000 head since February 1st. This increase is due to the greater value placed on live beef in Europe than upon that taken out in refrigerators, it being worth 4 cents more per pound in England.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Seeing considerable about this disease in the different poultry and agricultural journals, I give you a very simple cure, which was communicated to me by a lady friend. We have tried it and found it "to work to a charm." It is simply a piece of salt bacon or shoulder nailed to a stump or board and placed where the fowls can pick at it. Old wormy stuff that is not fit to eat is just as good as any, and a large piece can be bought at almost any country store for a mere song. Try it.—[Hayseed, Jefferson, La., in Son of the Soil.]

"Mr. President," said a Buffalo Alderman, "I make der motion as der new jail be build on der same spot as der old jail what no der standing; dat saves der money for der land, and I makes der motion as der old jail shall be pulled down till der new jail be build, so ve vill not be widout der jail."

The annoyance occasioned by the continued crying of the baby at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

## Clock in Trinity's Tower.

The clock in Trinity tower, New York City, is the heaviest in America. It might seem that in its construction an effort had been made to ascertain how much metal could possibly be planted in a clock. The frame stands nine feet long, five feet high, and three feet in width. The main wheel is thirty inches in diameter. There are three wheels in the time train, and three each in the strike and the chime. The winding wheels are formed of solid castings, thirty inches in diameter and two inches thick and are driven by a "pinion, a jack, or another wheel, pinion and crank, and it takes 850 turns of this crank to wind up each weight. It requires 700 feet of three-inch rope to wind the clock. The pendulum is eighteen feet long and oscillates twenty-five times a minute. The dials are eight feet in diameter, although they look little more than half that size from Broadway. The three weights are about eight hundred, twelve hundred, and fifteen hundred pounds respectively. A large box is placed at the bottom of the well that holds about a bale of cotton waste, so that if a cord should break the cotton would check the concussion.

He took a Liberty.

She was a young lady from Duckwater, and had enjoyed her visit to the Base Range metropolis immensely. She was piquant, and one of the well known gallants had done his level best to make it pleasant for her during her stay. The exciting cause of the following was an attempt on his part to snatch a kiss from her pouting lips. Then she arose in all the dignity of offended maidenhood, and said: "See here, mister, jest don't get 'em on too fresh! You've done the handsome thing in circles, ice cream, candy, and selt, but you can't take no liberties. My Jake, out to the creek, he's got a quit claim to the premises, and don't you forget it. You can't squat on this location, and you had better hunt for a quarter section in some other direction, where you can get a better title and gather your own crop." The young man recognized the force of her argument and hunted.

A young man belonging to a family which is equally well known in Richmond and Norfolk, was a short time ago bitten by a pet owl. In a few hours he fell into violent convulsions, and his case became so desperate that he was removed to Pinel Hospital, where it was believed he would be more successfully treated. He had all the attention of skillful physicians and trained nurses, but grew rapidly worse. His case turned into what is properly called hydrophobia. One of the doctors informed us that the young man had every symptom of that most dread malady. Death came to him as a happy release from sufferings most intense.—[Norfolk Virginian.]

Walton, how is this? A gentleman says he was recently in Stanford when a rural couple, just welded into a matrimonial oneness, walked into a saloon and rattled glasses, and then walked out on the sidewalk and proceeded to seal their devotion with a public osculation.—[Glasgow Times.]

We are sorry the tale got out, but it is correctly told. Understand, however, that this is the exception to the rule. Don't all of 'em do that way here.—[Ed.]

India rubber tires on the wheels of carriages are becoming quite common in England. One of these vehicles is silently gliding on a moonlight night, has a very weird effect, and if the horse had India rubber shoes as well, the whole affair would be horribly ghost-like. People who do not hear remarkably well ought also to be enclosed in India rubber to diminish the effect of being run over.

While at Combs' Ferry Station last Monday, we were surprised to see the amount of wheat that is being shipped from that place. Mr. Geo. J. Goodwin informed us that he has purchased 25,000 bushels at about 70 cents, and is still buying. The crop will bring a great deal of money into the county this year.—[Clark County Democrat.]

Embezzlement should be made odious. Breaches of trust should be called stealing, and one who is guilty of it a thief. When more of this class of criminals are sentenced to hard labor in the Penitentiaries, and society looks upon them as it does upon the man who steals a horse, the crime will lessen.—[Cin. Enquirer.]

The annoyance occasioned by the continued crying of the baby at once ceases when the cause is (as it should be) promptly removed by using Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. Price, 25 cents per bottle.

## A Pretextive against the "Shipper" in Bacon.

This maggot is hatched from an egg, deposited by the fly, early in the season, upon the flesh side of the joint of bacon, and rarely upon the sides. We have found the following recipe to be a never-failing preventive: Take ground black pepper, and mix with molasses to the consistency of a thick paste, and thoroughly rub over the flesh side of the joint and hook. From one to two tablespoonful will be sufficient. It is best get unground pepper and grind it to a fine powder at home; as the packages of pepper usually found at the grocery are adulterated in their manufacture. The application should be made early in the Spring, before the fly appears; but if delayed until the egg has been deposited, scrape the joints thoroughly, and expose to the sun till clean, after which apply, and there will be no further trouble. It is not absolutely necessary to mix molasses, as the pepper may be applied after washing or wetting the surface, so as to cause the pepper to adhere. It may then be applied liberally from an ordinary pepper-box.—[Central Baptist.]

The warm weather has for once concentered the Oldest Inhabitant. That exasperating person has never yet been willing to admit that there could be any weather which surpassed the weather of his distant and detestable youth. Whenever any one has remarked within his hearing that it was unprecedentedly hot, he would always say, "Taint nothing to the summer of 1817. I recollect that the thermometer was 90° in the shade for sixteen months that summer, and over fourteen thousand folks were sun-struck; and would then proceed to relate confirmatory anecdotes to that extent that would have made Ananias shudder in his grave could he have heard them. But this time the mendacious Oldest Inhabitant is too hot to lie, and within the last few days he has not once insulted persons who have mentioned that the weather was the hottest on record.—[N. Y. Times.]

"Doctor, that ere rat's lane of yours is fast-rate," said a Yankee to a village apothecary. "Know'd it know'd it!" said the pleased vender of drugs, "don't keep nothing but first-rate doctor's stuff." "And, doctor," said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye." "Another pound!" "Yes, sir; I gin that pound I bought the other day to a nibbling mouse, and it made him dreadful sick—and I'm sure another pound would kill him!"

Four good mothers have given birth to four bad daughters—Truth has produced Lather; Success, pride; Security, danger; Familiarity, contempt. And, on the contrary, four bad mothers have produced as many good daughters, for Astronomy is the offspring of astrology, Chemistry, of alchemy; Freedom, of oppression; Patience, of long-suffering.

In the house of a Devonshire laborer, there were lying in ordinary-sized bed two mothers, two sons, one daughter, one grandmother, one grandson, brother and sister, uncle and nephew—all of whom (eleven) were comprehended in four persons, viz: A mother and her daughter, each with an infant son.

A very excellent soup for summer: Eight potatoes, boiled soft, piece of butter size of two eggs; boil one quart of milk and one quart of water together, and pour boiling hot on the soft potatoes; strain, and then boil half an hour in the milk and water.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "Same reason, sah, dat makes the front of your house all marble and de back gate chiefly slop bar' sah.—[St. Louis Spirit.]

A new enemy to the potato has appeared in West Virginia. It resembles a small grasshopper, and destroys whole patches in a single night by stinging the plants near the ground.

STATISTICS show that the amount of money expended by the people of the United States each year for liquors amounts to five hundred and ninety-six million dollars.

It is feelingly observed by a Daubury man that you may shatter, you may break the bottle if you will, but about it will linger the perfume of the still.

If you are taking cold, grind your nose, throat and breast, drink a glass of hot lemonade, and cover up warm in bed. Morning will see you better.

"Letting the cat out of the bag" originated by a countryman bringing to market a cat and trying to sell it to green-horns for a young pig.

## CANDIDATES.

SMITH R. MERRISON  
Is a Candidate for Marshal of the town of Stanford, Election first Monday in August.

HON. W. M'KEE FOX  
Is a Candidate for Congress, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE M. J. DURHAM  
Is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE E. W. TURNER,  
Of Madison, is a Candidate for Congress in this District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

PHIL. B. THOMPSON, Jr.,  
Of Mowen Co., is a Candidate for CONGRESS in this, the six District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE J. H. DENNIS  
Is a Candidate for Police Judge of Stanford, Election August next.

H. P. YOUNG  
Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, Election August, 1878.

J. J. LANDRAM  
Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, Election August next.

HON. ROBERT BLAIN  
Is a Candidate for County Attorney—election 1st Monday in August, 1878.

PROFESSIONAL.

S. S. MYERS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
STANFORD, KY.  
Office with Judge Phillips in the Court-house Square.

BRECK JONES,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
STANFORD, KY.  
Office on Lancaster Street.

MAT WALTON, H. C. KAUFFMAN,  
WALTON & KAUFFMAN,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
LANCASTER, KY.

J. S. & R. W. ROCKER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.  
Office on Lancaster Street.

H. T. HARRIS,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
STANFORD, KY.  
Office on Lancaster Street.

ROBERT BLAIN,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
STANFORD, KY.  
PRACTICES AT ALL THE COURTS OF THE 9th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

JAMES G. CARTER, SAM. M. BURDETT,  
CARTER & BURDETT,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
MT. VERNON, KY.

Will practice our profession in Kentucky and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

BARBER SHOP!  
Frank Wilmer & Fred H. Rivers  
Offer their professional services to the public. HAIRCUTTING, HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, SHAMPOOING & DYEING done in the best and most fashionable style. Shop in the Commercial Hotel.

LEE F. HUFFMAN,  
SURGEON DENTIST!  
One door below the P. O.  
STANFORD, KY.  
Having received his Mechanical Apparatus, is now prepared to do work in every branch of his business. ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted in the most approved style.

A. F. MERRIMAN,  
DENTAL SURGEON!  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.  
Office South Side of Main Corner of Depot Street. Will remain permanently at his office (until further notice) to attend to those requiring his professional services. Particular attention paid to the preservation and regulation of the natural teeth. Persons from a distance requiring full or partial sets of teeth, can have them inserted in a few hours notice, in the latest and most beautiful style of the art. Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when required. All communications promptly attended to.

SCHOOLS.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS  
This Institution will open  
ITS NINTH SESSION,  
—ON THE—  
END MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER, NEXT.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A  
THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE  
are taught, as well as  
MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAWING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$10 to \$20 in the regular Department. Primary, \$10; Intermediate, \$10; Preparatory, \$1