The Interior Journal.

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

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The Water Mill.

Listen to the water mill,
Through the live long day,
How the clicking of its wheels
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the Autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves,
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind
As a spell is cast,
The mill cannot grind
With the water that has passed.

Autumn winds recall no more
Leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap
Corn once ripened.
And the ruffled stream flows on
Tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again
To the water mill.
Truly quoth the proverb old,
With a meaning vast—
The mill cannot grind
With the water that has passed.

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden moments flying by,
Youth is passing, too.
Learn to make the most of life,
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last,
The mill cannot grind
With the water that has passed.

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill:
Wait not till the morrow's sun
Beams upon thy way—
All that thou canst call thine own
Lies in thy way to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not always last—
Thou mill can not grind
With the water that has passed.

Oh! the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh! the good that might have been,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we might once have cared
By a single word,
Thought concerned but never evil,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thy heart,
And hold it fast—
The mill cannot grind
With the water that has passed.

A Steam Juryman.

The other day a summons, commanding Thatcher Magoin to present himself for service in the jury box, was returned to the Commissioner of Jurors with the information that it had been served upon the wrong party. The Commissioner said to the bearer:

"That settles it as far as you are concerned, but Magoin must come here and show cause why he should not be a juror."

"He can't," was the reply, "he's too busy. If he did come he would make things hot for you. Besides, you would have to send a derrick and truck to bring him. He turns the scales at 5,000 pounds."

The Commissioner was incredulous; worse, he made remarks not complimentary to the speaker's condition with respect to sobriety. Then the summoned man explained:

"I am telling you facts, Mr. Commissioner," he said. "Thatcher Magoin is a steam engine, and is located at the foot of Fletcher street. I am Nicholas Morris, stevedore. Years ago I was employed by a man named Thatcher Magoin. I named my engine on pier 19, East River, after him. When the Directory man came to the dock to get names he saw the name of Thatcher Magoin on the engine, and thinking that he was the boss, put it on the book. You'll see it on page 949."

This, we believe, is the first time that a steam engine has been called to do political duty. There appears to be no reason, however, why a well conducted or well constructed piece of machinery, with a phonographic metric attachment, should not be able to hear and weigh evidence quite as efficiently as the average jury.—[Scientific American.

One of the fashionable sins of the day is lying. Lying, in fact, has got to be almost a trade. Fashionable women send word to the caller at the door that they are not in, and know that they lie when they do so. A good many professing Christians in this city and neighborhood have recently failed for about ten cents on the dollar, stating that they could pay no more, when they could, and they lied in stating they couldn't. We know of a young man, a clerk in a large dry goods house in this city, who was discharged because he would not misrepresent about a piece of cloth, and his employer who wanted him to lie is a deacon in the church. It is astonishing how many liars and hypocrites creep into the church. They should be sifted out.—[Ex.

A good joke is told on a young married lady of the Seventh Ward, who was returning home with her husband, on Friday evening, in a crowded street car, from "Our Boarding House." The lady occupied a seat, while her husband hung to a strap near by. Shortly after the car started the lady pulled her husband by the sleeve and said sweetly, "You may sit down here, dear," pointing to her lap. Imagine her feelings when she discovered that she had addressed the invitation to a Bridgeport gentleman who had taken her husband's place while the latter was depositing their fares in the box.—[Wheeling (W. V.) Intelligencer.

A Lawyer Poet not a Poet Laureate

Who is willing to argue himself unknown by admitting that he does not know, personally, or by reputation, Hon. Joseph E. Hays, Att'y, at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, of Jamestown, Kentucky? Mr. Hays is all sorts of a man. By which we mean to say, he knows more than a little of many things, and, of course, is not to be considered a "Jack at all trades," if the usual sequence, "Good at nothing" is to be affixed to the description. The dry maxims of law have not furnished his only mental food, for he has occasionally sought the "roughness" of political fodder to aid digestion. But man cannot live by bread alone. No more can he vegetate on law and politics. Mr. Hays, knowing this, has often strayed into the green pastures of poesy, and, on his return, brought with him a few succulent herbs, the like unto which we subjoin below. All poems and fragmentary verses are read with greater interest if we only know their history, or the occasion of their being written. Wherefore, we give a little history of the metrical version of a judgment at law by the Bard of Russell. About fifty years ago, a Mr. Dibsell, of Wayne county, sold and conveyed a tract of land, his wife failing to unite in the deed for the purpose of relinquishing dower. After the lapse of time, Tuttle and others became the owners of the land. The old gentleman died. His wife survived, and employed Turk Richardson, Esq., an attorney at law to file her suit against the parties in possession for the recovery of dower and rents. In his petition, Richardson described the land generally, as the same mentioned in the deposition of W. Mullens, the boundary of which began at the big road, running along the foot of Buster's hill, and included the land now occupied by H. G. McConoghy, deceased, and concluded with the averment that the widow Dibrell had been in peaceable and adverse possession of the same for fifty years, wherefore she prayed recovery. Some little Courthouse trouble grew out of these allegations, which hypertechnical counsel, on the opposite side, styled both indefinite and incongruous. Finally, Hays stepped in to favor the widow's rights, and soon the "wrong was made right and the dark was made light." A little flattered over his success, he proposed to the Court that he would draft the judgment in rhyme, if the Court would permit it to be so recorded. The Court consented, but on seeing the manuscript of the judgment as written, reneged, on the ground, not well taken, as we think, that the execution would have to follow the judgment, and, as his Clerk, Ike Shepperd, was not even a married man, much less a poet, the judgment could not be enforced. But here it is, perpetuated by the INTERIOR JOURNAL, if not by the records of the Wayne Circuit Court:

LUVINA DIBRELL, Pl'ff.
against } Equity.
JOHN W. TUTTLE & others, Def'ts.

The parties agree in order to see,
Their rights in the case above stated,
To leave to the Court and abide his report
Their complaints in the papers related.
Then the Court took the case and proceeded with grace
To render herein his opinion,
For the plaintiff he finds for his mind so inclines,
To favor a righteous dominion.
So the Court it decides as herein it presides,
That the plaintiff shall herein recover,
In dollars and cents for her damage and rents,
The sum of two hundred not over.
Above the said sum which in dollars must come,
The plaintiff in costs is entitled,
Which soon she may draw as provided by law,
To be taxed by the Clerk so enlightened.
The sum aforesaid with interest must be paid,
From the 10th day of April not later
In the year of our Lord in a christian record,
One thousand eight hundred and eighty.
Now the case being done without frolic or fun,
From the docket is now to be stricken,
No more to annoy, to disturb or destroy,
The peace of my friend Turk Richardson.

Two courses are always open to the defeated candidate. One is to sulk. The other is to pocket his chagrin like a man, and do such good work for the people that they will be sorry they did not elect him. Defeated candidates would choose the latter course much oftener than they do, were it not for what they call proper sense of dignity, but what is really a childish resentment, born of wounded vanity. "The people had the chance to secure *my* services in this office; they have preferred this other man, every way less worthy; very well; I wish them joy of him, and I wash my hands of the whole business. We shall see how they will get along without *me*." This feeling may be natural, but it is petty and childish. A man should be ashamed to yield to it.—[New York Sun.

WHAT HE HAD TO SAY.—"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, "is there any thing you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening," if that would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.—[Hawkeye.

Selling a Vote for Love.

One of the curious incidents apropos of the intense interest which some of our ladies felt in this municipal contest came to the surface this morning. A young lady, who felt her power over the man whom she had promised to wed, exacted from him a promise to vote for Augustus Schell for Mayor when she knew that his convictions were in favor of another candidate. Having made this compliance a test of his affection for her, he was obedient to her command, and cast his vote for the now defeated man. As the result proved, his single vote was of no avail to poor Schell, but it elected himself to a longer life of single comfort and its economies than he had before proposed to himself. This morning the young lady received the following note:—

"MY DEAR MISS L.:—You made a surrender of my honest sense of duty a test of my affection for you, and you triumphed, or at least you supposed you did. This morning my cast-off manhood has returned to me, begged of my conscience a re-instatement, and it has been accepted. Now the same sentiment demands a restoration of my self respect, and I can only find it in a complete relinquishment from my engagement to a woman whose beauty is superior to her justice and to her womanliness. If I am severe, pray forgive me. If you can appreciate all that I have suffered in consequence of the late violation of my sense of duty—a violation which you demanded of me—you will pardon and release me without hesitation. Your estimate of honor and my own are at too marked variance to enable us to be happy together. Respectfully and faithfully your friend, C. F. BLANK.

The young lady just fetched me the above letter, and permitted me to copy it because she considered its words an insult and an outrage, and she is almost raving mad with a blind anger. She says that a meanness and narrowness of spirit prompted its words, but I—well, I am much older than the recipient of the letter, and years make a vast difference in one's opinions, you know. Of course we are to have an unpleasant social sensation, because the parties are both well known, and their engagement has been officially made public. There does not seem to be a chink in his letter through which a retraction can creep; but men are such peculiar creatures, if pity makes the slightest demands upon them, that I refuse to predict the result of a meeting between them.—[New York letter in the Chicago Times.

A Singular Method of Courting.

Among the Turkomans of Central Asia, who may fitly be styled the Comanches of the East, the ancient and much-discussed usage of "marriage by capture" takes the form of a very singular game, which is universally popular with the tribes of the Lower Oxus. It is known by the curious application of "kok-burl," (green wolf) a name which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. The mode of playing is as follows: When a Turkoman belle finds herself embarrassed by a crowd of rival suitors, her father settles the matter by assembling them all in a convenient place on the open steppe. He then brings out his daughter, arrayed in the pomp of Turkoman "full dress," and sitting upon a swift horse places in her hand the carcass of a lamb or kid, well greased from head to tail, with which she instantly gallops away. The young gentlemen follow her at full speed, and endeavor to snatch the prize from her hands, any one who can succeed in doing so being thereby entitled to consider himself "the happy man." It sometimes happens, of course, that when the cavalier who is the subject of the young lady's secret preference comes within arm's length she will hold the kid in such a way that he can easily wrest it from her; but should a less favored suitor overtake her she grasps it with all her strength, and the ill-starred lover gets nothing but a good roll in the sand for his pains. When all is over the father regales the whole company with a sumptuous feast of rice and mutton suet, for which he afterwards "sends in the bill" to his future son-in-law, who is often any thing but flattered by this expensive compliment.

Corruption in our National affairs has the same effect on the Government that a severe cough or cold has upon the human system. Political reform in the former and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the latter case will remedy the evils. All the Druggist's sell it for 25 cents a bottle.

"Who made you?" was asked of a little girl. "God made me that length," indicating with her two hands the ordinary size of a new-born infant; "and I growed the rest my self."

A Plea for Women who are not Handsome.

Beauty gets plenty of praise. Poets sing of it, romancers furnish it in abundance to their heroines, dramatists use it as the motive of their most stirring plays, painters and sculptors delight to portray it—all the world worships it; and yet there is much to be said about the noble qualities of ugly women. There is often more charm in the vitality, energy, unselfishness and gayety of an ugly woman, than in a half dozen tall, queenly beauties, who have to be on the watch all the time to pose well and make their points effective. There have been men in the world who thought it a fine thing to say that "an ugly woman has no place in the economy of nature." But if the records of the world were intelligibly written it would be found that ugly little women have been the heroines, the helpmeets of heroes. It is the function of beauty to get men into trouble. Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Mary Queen of Scots, and hundreds of others, wherever they came they brought calamity. Beauty and anguish have walked hand in hand the downward slope to death, and whenever the poet dreams of fair women he is sure to dream something doleful. If he were to dream of ugly little women it would be full of brightness, loyalty, devotion, sincerity, fortitude, and all those other lovable female qualities that make some one happy. Tall Beauty is epic; Little Ugly is lyric, homelike. Just think what a deep-seated compliment is involved in calling irregularity of features homeliness. It means that she is not for the ball room, but for the home, for the friendships that cluster around the hearth, for the merry little sociable, the picnic or the off-hand game, or the darkened sick room, where she brings rest and comfort. "Pretty is as pretty does" is an old maxim, whose truth is only half appreciated. For in the plainness of feature and insignificance of person of homely women there is often found an earnestness, a whole-souled sweetness and sympathetic expression that win love far quicker than mere beauty. The world could far more easily afford to lose its supplies of beauty than to give up its precious stores of ugly women. The beauties wait to be loved; the others delight in loving.—[Baltimore Saturday Night.

A certain little girl up town lived with two aunts, one married, with a whole lot of children, and lots of worry and trouble, and the other single and having quite a comfortable time teaching school. The child had contrasted the respective situations, but was not old enough to understand the difference in the position of her two relatives. One day she threw her doll aside and assumed an attitude of profound thought which was interrupted at last by the question: "Well, Julia, what are you thinking about?" When the child let loose a ten-acre lot full of crude philosophy by answering, "I was thinkin' whever, when I growed up, I'd teat school or have a baby."

A Jamaica (L. J.) tombstone has an inscription as follows—"Here lies the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died on the 22d day of September, 1737, aged eighty. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled on this Island, where, in the great earthquake in 1772, he was swallowed up, and by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock, was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat, and thus miraculously preserved. He afterward lived in great reputation, and died universally lamented."

SUPERFICIAL EDUCATION.—There is no marble-paved road to learning, and probably never will be. With all our boasted improvements, during the past forty years, in the arts, sciences, text-books for schools, etc., our country is full of shallow, superficial scholars. The prevailing custom seems to be for pupils in our schools to evade any study that requires much mental effort, or make them *think* or meditate, and teachers and parents are too willing to allow it.—[Jay Shepard.

The *Medical Record* describes a new cure for consumption. The points are, first, to clear the lungs by deep, forcible breathing; second, to establish perfect digestion by eating good, well-cooked food; third, to promote a healing of the tubercles by eating salts of lime; fourth, to take plenty of out-door exercise and sleep in apartments with the windows open, summer and winter.

A little girl said to a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?" "Why, yes, my child; why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there, he won't stay long."

"Resolutions of Respect."

Now-a-days when a man shuffles off this mortal coil, before he is well settled in his earthen couch, somebody rushes into the newspaper offices with a lot of gush bearing the above title, which the editor is expected to publish and believe.

To read these stereotyped resolutions, beginning, "Whereas, It has pleased our Divine Master to remove from our midst," etc., followed by—"Therefore, be it resolved that in the death of Mr. Snaggletooth society has lost a valued member, his family a kind and indulgent husband and father," and so on, *ad infinitum*, one would believe that a veritable saint had been carried off by disease, yet the individual in question is usually a very ordinary individual. During life he has never been guilty of exciting any special admiration in the mind af any body; sometimes it happens that he was heartily detested; yet it is all the same.

This senseless and ridiculous custom is usually the reverse of what it is intended to be; for, from its very untruthfulness, it becomes a mockery of the dead. We have read some of these same resolutions which were sufficiently startling to have made the corpse rise from the grave and say, 'You lie!"

The old adage of "speak nothing but good of the dead" is well enough; but it doesn't follow that some body must dash into print about a remarkable quality the deceased never possessed.

One instance we recollect was a man who never entered God's house, who swore fearfully, and was disliked by his neighbors; yet he was described as an "Israelite in whom was no guile, and whom to know was but to love."

The thing has become so general that the public is accustomed to read these compilations of white lies without surprise and even to accept them, knowing the whole thing to be a gaudily-dressed not-so.

In some instances, of course, it is due a deceased person, but not often.

The custom is a nuisance and a bore and one that should be done away with; yet, if it must exist, do adopt some form other than the one that is now and has been in use since the days of Adam.—[Elizabethtown News.

NEGRO LOGIC.—Old Pompey came down to the village the other day with a big brass watch key prominently displayed from a shoe-string chain.

"Whar's your watch, Uncle Pomp?" asked a young nigger.

"Dun got none."

"You ain't?"

"No, chile."

"Den what fo' you kerry dat yere watch-key roun' so conspicuous?"

Old Pompey chuckled.

"Look here, chile," he said, "youse ain't no logican—got no head for de scientific side of matters. Do youse s'poze dat if I come down here a-totin' of a stable door dat it would be any sign dat I owned a hoss? De two cases am prezactly parallelogram; sah."

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A GENTLEMAN.—"What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside, to bear good fortune meekly, to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as a gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty."—[Thackeray.

Each inhabitant in the United States pays $2 02 for the support of the public schools, and $1 29 for military purposes. These two items of expenditure in other countries in the world are as follows: Prussia, 51 cents and $2 29; Austria, 34 cents and $1 39; France, 29 cents and $4 50; Italy, 13 cents and $1 57; England and Wales, 66 cents and $3 86; Switzerland, 88 cents and $1.

Many persons spend hours at this season roaming forest and field in search of "beautiful views," but to the journalistic vision there is no sight so refreshing and beautiful as a stream of conscience-stricken delinquent subscribers pouring into the business manager's office to liquidate.—[Sam Gaines' New Era.

A swarm of bees took possession of the chimney of a Middlefield (Conn.) Methodist church during the Summer, and when a fire was kindled in the stove on a recent Sunday the floor of the church basement literally flowed with honey.

A little three-year-old girl in repeating her prayer to her mother every night, insists on praying to be made a "good Epislopalian Wepublitan."

A Virtuous Man.

The following graceful and eloquent sketch of a virtuous old man is from the Southern novel, "Abraham Page":

"It is a fine sight to see an old man whose heart still beats with generous emotion; whose cares have not made him selfish; whose vicissitudes have but made his charity more gentle and universal.

"I once knew such a man, and he stands alone in my memory. By honest industry he had raised himself above the thousand evils of want, and he was revered by the all the country around for his wisdom, learning and humble piety. No excesses had wasted his power, and though age had somewhat unstrung the high tension of his organization, his gray hairs crowned a body still erect and energetic, and covered a brain still teeming with cheerful thought. I often saw him look with a smile of tenderest love upon the truthful wife of his youth, now wrinkled, to whom many years before, when he first clasped her in his warm embrace, he had made vows of love he had never broken.

"Standing with her, and surrounded by the amiable and intelligent children with whom they had been blessed, he could look to heaven and say with the deepest gratitude and love, "Behold me and those thou hast given me."

"The old man is dead now, and his old wife has joined him, and it seems to me he had reached a grandeur of human dignity the greatest worldly honors would but lessen."

Mysterious Jim.

One day he called at a livery stable on the North Side, and motioning the proprietor to follow him, led the way into a remote stall, and, in a mysterious manner, whispered in his ear:

"*I hear you want to sell that roan mare!*"

The horse-dealer grasped "Mysterious Jim" by the arm leered at him with his eyes in a tragic manner, and said:

"Sh—! follow me!"

Up the ladder, over the piles of hay, into a corner of the attic he went, and there, griping "Mysterious Jim's" shoulder, he uttered in a hoarse whisper:

"*I've sold her.*"—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A caustic Frenchman was annoyed by an impertinent fellow, who ridiculed him by imitating his imperfect manner of speaking the English language. After patiently listening to him for some time, the Frenchman coolly replied, "My fine friend, you vud do vell to stop now, for if Samson had made no better use of de jaw-bone of an ass dan you do, he would never have killed so many Vilistians!"

THE YOUNG ADVOCATE.—A Kentucky paper remarks that the look of intelligence assumed by the young lawyer as he sits in Court should be put a stop to. It is calculated to cause the presiding Judge to lose confidence in himself—to make him believe he doesn't know any thing.

A woman appeared in the Court of Louisville to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." Judge—"I say, what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plaze your honor."

Horace Greely struck the keynote of political and business success, when he said that the darkest day in any man's career is that wherein he fancies there is some easier way of getting a dollar than by earning it.

A clergyman was telling a story of rather incredible dimensions when his little girl made the inquiry, "Father, is that really true, or is it only preaching?"

"Do you drink?" asked a lady of a peddler. He dropped his pack, and remarked, "Vell, I shust lieve drink mit you as any odder mans."

The loss by the yellow fever, thro' the destruction of crops by neglect, stoppage of trade, and minor causes, is estimated at $200,000,000.

Last Sunday a St. Louis minister preached an hour and twenty minutes to prove that people talk too much and think too little.

Closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. This accounts for the many eyes that close in the church on Sunday.

The Republicans can shout "victory" until they are hoarse, but the fact is undeniable that the *next Congress is Democratic!*

A rape case in Robertson county has been compromised with 75 cents, according to the Robertson County *Tribune*.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Beck, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. R. E. Barrow, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's day. Preaching by Eld. W. L. Williams on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School at 9 a.m. Jos. Scrutchfield, Superintendent.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. J. S. Sims, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Prayer Meetings Thursday nights. Sunday School at 9:00 a. m. J. S. Sims, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. J. L. Barnes, Pastor, preaches morning and night on First and Third Sundays. Union Sunday School at 9:30. Jno. W. Rout, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting Wednesday nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—Rev. G. D. Archibald, Pastor, preaches on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

MASONIC.

STANFORD COUNCIL, NO. 33, meets at Masonic Hall on the First Thursday night of each month. A. R. Penny, T. I. G. M.

ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 30, meets at Masonic Hall on the First Monday night of each month. A. R. Penny, H. P.

LINCOLN LODGE, NO. 60, meets at Masonic Hall on the Second Monday night in each month. A. A. Warren, W. M.
J. M. Phelps, Secretary.

ODD FELLOWS.

GOLDEN RULE ENCAMPMENT, NO. 47, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall on First and Third Tuesday nights of each month.
———, Scribe. R. Blain, C. P.

STANFORD LODGE, NO. 156, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Saturday night. S. S. Myers, N. G.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

VALLEY LODGE, NO. 1256, I. O. G. T., meets in Masonic Hall every Friday night.
G. W. Bohnagh, W. C. T.
Richmond Rochester, Secretary.

MUTUAL AID.

LOGAN'S FORT LODGE, NO. 37, I. O. M. A., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday night. T. M. Pennington, P.
Geo. D. Weaver, Secretary.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

HOPE LODGE, NO. 19, K. OF H., meets in Masonic Hall every Wednesday night.
A. A. Warren, R. G. W. Bohnagh, D.

SCHOOLS.

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STANFORD, KY.
WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS
this Institution will open
ITS NINTH SESSION,
—ON THE—
2ND 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 $25 to $50 in the regular Departments. Primary, $25; Intermediate $30; Preparatory, $40, and Collegiate, $50.
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MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Principal,
Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

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CRAB ORCHARD, KY.
The Fourth Annual Session of this First-class School for Young Ladies, will be Commenced Monday, August 5th, 1878.
Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant, Principal, and Teacher of French, Higher Mathematics and Elocution.
Mrs. E. M. Mayes, Music, Vocal and Instrumental.
Miss Mattie E. Coleman, Art and Calisthenics.
Miss Fannie Farlee, Assistant Teacher. Miss Flora N. Wheat, Primary.
Board and Tuition in Literary, $15 per Month, Tuition in Music $5 per Month, Oil Painting, $5 per Month.
Send for Catalogue.
Mrs. S. F. H. TARRANT,
Crab Orchard, Ky.

STANFORD SEMINARY
Prof. BARNES. Prof. JENNINGS.
The next session of this Institution will begin
ON MONDAY, SEPT. 2, 1878,
And continue forty weeks, with a vacation of one week at Christmas.
The former Principal will continue in charge, but he has associated with himself Prof. Jennings, of Stanford Female College, who will have special charge of classes in the Ancient and Modern Languages.
TERMS:
PER SESSION OF TWENTY WEEKS,
1st Grade, $15; 2nd Grade, $20;
Senior Grade, $25.
TAKE NOTICE.
1st. No pupils received who are in arrears for previous sessions.
2nd. All bills due at the end of two months after matriculation.
3rd. All pupils charged from time of entry until the end of that session.
4th. No deductions for absence except in cases of protracted sickness.
534-tf

The Interior Journal.

THIS IS TO YOU!

Please examine the date on your label, and if it does not call for some future time, you are in arrears for your paper, and would confer a great favor by forwarding us $2. It is a small matter to you, but in the aggregate it is a big thing to us.

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CANDIDATES.

FAYETTE HEWITT,
Of Hardin Co., is a Candidate for the Democratic nomination as AUDITOR of PUBLIC ACCOUNTS August Election, 1879.

D. HOWARD SMITH,
Of Owen County, is a Candidate for re-election as STATE AUDITOR, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election in 1879.

PROF. J. B. THARP,
Of Jessamine Co., is a Candidate FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, subject to the action of the Democratic State Convention.

J. P. NUCKOLS,
Of Barren County, is a candidate FOR AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS, at the August Election, 1879; subject to the action of the Democratic Party.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. W. VARNON. WALLACE F. VARNON.
T. W. & W. E. VARNON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Office in Court Square. 352-ly

S. S. MYERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Office with Judge Philips in the Court-house Square. 365-ly

MAT WALTON. H. C. KAUFFMAN.
WALTON & KAUFFMAN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
LANCASTER, KY.
280

J. S. & R. W. HOCKER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
Office on Lancaster Street. 209-6mos

H. T. HARRIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
156-tf STANFORD, LINCOLN CO., KY

ROBERT BLAIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STANFORD, KY.
Practices in all the courts of the 8th Judicial District. 201-tf

JAMES G. CARTER. SAM. M. BURDETT
CARTER & BURDETT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
MT. VERNON, KY.
Will practice our profession in Rockcastle and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

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
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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 setts 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.
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HUFFMAN HOUSE,
(Late Miller House,)
LANCASTER, KENTUCKY.
I have rented, newly painted, papered and newly furnished this Hotel. Commercial Travelers will find superior accommodations. An excellent
LIVERY STABLE AND BAR
Are connected with the house.
318-tf JOHN J. HUFFMAN, Prop'r.

ST. ASAPH HOTEL,
STANFORD KY.
THOS. RICHARDS, Prop'r.
OPENED TO THE PUBLIC FEB. 22nd, 1878
FARE, $2.00 PER DAY.
CENTRALLY LOCATED.
Special Accommodations Afforded Commercial Travelers.
Baggage Transferred Free of Charge.
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MYERS HOTEL,
STANFORD, KY.
J. B. Owens having this day retired from the business, the undersigned have succeeded to the management of this old and well-known Hotel.
They are determined that it shall be second to no Country Hotel in the State in Hotel are, Appointments or Attention to the comfort of guests.
Baggage will be conveyed to and from the depot free of charge. Special accommodations to Commercial Travelers. The Bar will be always supplied with the choicest brands of Liquors and Cigars. An excellent Livery is attached.
Mr. E. H. Burnside will have the active control and management of the Hotel.
March 19, 1878. E. H. BURNSIDE.
319-tf A. S. MYERS.