4

MARKETS.

Stanford.

The retail prices for provisions, &c., are as follows:

Bacon, shoulders	7@8c	Bacon, sides	9½c
Bacon, hams	12½@13½c	Lard	12½@15c
Wheat, choice	$1.00	Rye	75c
Flour,	$6.50	Meal	70c
Butter	20@25c	Eggs	10c
Brown Sugar	10@11c	White Sugar	11@12½c
Coffee	18@25c	Molasses	75c@$1.00
Salt, 7 bu. barrel	$2.00	Vinegar	40c
Irish Potatoes	$1@1.50	Corn, per barrel	$5.75
Coal, on car	19c	Coal, delivered	20c

Louisville.

Bacon, shoulders	7c	Bacon, clear sides	9c
Lard	12½c	Butter	15@30c
Eggs	12c	Coffee	19@30c
Flour, per bbl	$4@7	Wheat, red	$1.04
Wheat, white	$1.06c	Corn	52c
Hay	$13@20	Salt	$1.25
White Sugar	9@11c	Brown Sugar	8@10c

Cincinnati.

Bacon, shoulders	6½c	Bacon, clear sides	9½c
Lard	11c	Flour, per bbl	$4@7.75
Wheat, red	$1.05@1.06c	Wheat, white	$1.11@1.13
Rye	$1.20	Corn	52c
Oats	41c	Butter	15@25c
Eggs	12½c	Coffee	18@22c
Hay	$18@20	Salt	$1.35
White Sugar	9@11c	Brown Sugar	7@10c

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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. The Woman's Missionary Society meets here on the 1st Sunday in each month, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. T. T. Daviess, President.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Baxter, 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. Jos. Bailes on First and Third Lord's days. Sunday School at 9:15. Jos. Severance, Superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. I. S. McElroy, pastor. Sunday School at 9:00. John W. Scott, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting on Wednesday nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, NORTH.—No Pastor. Preaching on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night.

NEW MILLINERY STORE.

I HAVE JUST OPENED A FULL LINE OF the latest and handsomest styles in

SPRING & SUMMER MILLINERY,

Next door to Dr. Leo T. Huffman's office, and invite the Ladies to call and examine. I will also continue the Dress-Making business.

478-3m Miss NELLE HUGHES.

MILLINERY!

Mrs. M. E. DAVIESS,

Near the Depot, having just returned from the city with

An Elegant Line of Millinery Goods

—AND—

THE LATEST NOVELTIES,

Invites the ladies to call and look at her goods, believing that from her long experience in the business, she will be able to give satisfaction.

478-4t

SPRING & SUMMER

MILLINERY.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FULL STOCK of fashionable Millinery, which I offer to the public at the lowest prices. I have procured the services of a Cincinnati Milliner, who thoroughly understands the business, and I will be better prepared than ever to

GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

A Dress-Making Department is connected with my establishment.

478-4t Mrs. KATE DUDDEREAR.

Excelsior Art Rooms

EDWARD H. FOX, Propr.,

North-East Corner of Main and Third Streets,

DANVILLE, - - KENTUCKY

Having recently refitted my rooms with all of the modern improvements, I now have the

Finest Gallery in Central Kentucky!

When you visit Danville, don't fail to call and see me. Respectfully,

461-tf EDWARD H. FOX, Photographer Ky. Geological Survey

FURNITURE!
FURNITURE!
FURNITURE!

—IN ADDITION TO MY STOCK OF—

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS!

I have just opened in the "Arcade" Store-room of the St. Asaph Hotel,

A NEW AND FULL LINE

—OF HANDSOME—

DRESSING AND CHAMBER SUITES,

BUREAUS, WARDROBES,

MARBLE-TOP AND OTHER TABLES,

MATTRESSES,

CHAIRS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—And, in fact, everything usually kept in—

A First-Class Furniture Store,

—All of which—

I HAVE MARKED DOWN AS LOW

As similar goods can be bought by retail in the cities. Call and examine them, and you will be convinced of this fact.

471-1yr R. H. WEAREN.

THE NEWSPAPER

ABLE, NEWSY,

GOOD, CHEAP:

Weekly Courier-Journal.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL, (Henry Watterson, Editor,) is, by circulation and reputation, the acknowledged representative Newspaper of the South. As a reliable and valuable newspaper, it has no superior in this country or in the world. It makes earnest, vigorous war on Protective Tariff Robbery and Mormon Polygamy—two evils that blight the prosperity and morality of the United States. It is able, bright and newsy, contains the strongest editorials, the most complete summary of the news of the world, the best telegraphic and general correspondence, full turf and stock reports, market reports, fashion reports, Talmage's sermons, splendid original serial stories and novelettes, poetry, department for children, answers to correspondents, etc., etc.; in a word, everything to make it a delight to the family circle, and invaluable to the man of business, the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer.

Specimen copies and full descriptive premium circulars will be sent free of charge to any one on application. Subscription terms, postage free, are: for Daily, $12; Sunday, $2; Weekly, with premiums, $2; without premium, $1.50.

Any one sending four yearly subscribers and six dollars, will be entitled to an extra copy of the Weekly Courier-Journal one year, free to any address. Address

W. N. HALDEMAN, President Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.

MORE BLOOD!

I HAVE OPENED A FIRST-CLASS BUTCHER Shop under the store of McAlister & Lyle, and am prepared to furnish choice meats at the Lowest Market Prices. I will keep Fowls of all kinds, fresh Fish, Butter, Eggs, &c. I will pay cash for Hides. Thankful for past patronage, I solicit a liberal share in the future.

470-3m M. F. ELKIN.

Scotch Salve!

Its positive cure for Harness Galls, Halter Burs, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, and is the best Liniment for old Sores, Scratches, Cracked and Grease Heel, Thrush and Distemper. If used at once on a cut, will prevent a callus. Trial box, 25 cents; full size, 75 cents. For sale by Chenault & Penny. Also cure Fistula. F. D. ALBRIGHT.

Very Desirable House and Lot in Stanford For Rent.

This property is situated on Main Street. The House contains 7 rooms, a cook room and cellar. On the Lot there is a good cottage, a good stable, well, vineyard, &c. Apply to

472-tf J. N. CRAIG, Stanford, Ky.

MCREAMER!

I will stand this thoroughbred horse at my farm, near Turnersville the present season at

$10 to Insure a Colt.

Also my Jack, Monroe, at $8.

465-2m GEO. W. ALFORD.

Thoroughbred Jersey Cattle.

I HAVE RECENTLY GONE INTO THE Jersey Cattle business, and have a number of them now for sale. I am prepared to furnish stock registered or unregistered, as desired. Call on or address

RANDALL LITSEY,

(473-3m) Litsey Avenue, Harrodsburg, Ky

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

I WILL DELIVER ICE EVERY MORNING to regular customers in Stanford, at

ONE CENT PER POUND.

Reduced rates will be given those who take over fifty pounds daily. Accounts due at the close of each month, or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

Stanford, Ky., April 28, 1881.-(tf

—TRY THE—

NEW YORK OBSERVER

THIS YEAR.

The Largest and Best Family Paper

—IN THE WORLD—

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPY—FREE.

NEW YORK OBSERVER,

37 Park Row, New York.

COMMERCIAL (OR BUSINESS) COLLEGE of Kentucky University, LEXINGTON, KY.

The best, cheapest, most successful and known College of its specialty in the South. Young men and boys can acquire a complete and Practical Business Education at this College in one or three months, at a total cost, including Tuition, Books, Stationery, Board in a good family and all expenses for about $75. Near 400 of our graduates in Business. 100 graduates this year from station agents. Collegiate Course for one or two years, given to our students at the other Colleges of our University, if desired.

Students received daily. Regular Fall Opening Sept. 12th. For Catalogue, Circulars, and College Bank Money, address the President,

WILBER R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

The Summer session of this College is now open to receive students.

—FIVE—

HANDSOME RESIDENCES

For Sale Privately.

Having determined to commence manufacturing clothing, I will offer for sale Five Handsome Residences in Stanford, privately. They are located as follows:

First Three Residences from corner of Main and Somerset Streets, occupied respectively by Judge Dunnis, F. J. Anthony and Garrard Elkin; one now occupied by A. Owsley, and one occupied by J. J. McKinney.

Any one wishing to buy a nice home will find that now is the time. Address me, care J. & L. Sauerbrun & Co., Cincinnati; or J. N. Craig, Stanford, Ky.

472-tf W. CRAIG.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

WITH A FULL CORPS OF TEACHERS

this Institution will open

ITS TWELFTH 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, $20; Intermediate $30; Preparatory, $40, and Collegiate, $50.

For full particulars, as to Board, &c., address

MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Principal, Stanford, Lincoln Co., Ky.

CRAB ORCHARD SPRINGS, Ky.

FIVE HOURS' QUICK TRAVEL BY RAIL from Louisville or Cincinnati, with

Hotel Appointments Complete,

—Are again open for—

Visitors Seeking Health, Pleasure and Comfort.

At reasonable charges. The curative qualities of these waters and baths, as attested by the entire medical talent of the South, are too well known to need further comment.

RATES OF BOARD

Per day	$ 2 00
Commercial rates, per day	2 00

Excursion rates from Friday supper, including Ball Supper and Monday breakfast: 6 00
For the months of May and June, per week: 10 00
" " " " July and August, per week, according to size and location of room, length of stay, &c. $12 to $15 00

Nurses and children occupying seats at the second table will be charged half price. For pamphlets, address ISAAC SHELBY, Prop'r,

469-tf Crab Orchard, Ky.

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, June 10, 1881

JOHN'S WIFE.

Whatever possessed brother John to go up to the city and marry that little yellow-haired, blue-eyed bit of a school girl when he could have just had his pick of girls nearer home, was something I never could understand. There was Lida Handecombe, just dead in love with him, as anybody could see, and the best bread-maker in the whole country, besides taking prizes at the State Fair for pickles and jellies, and ever so much better looking, too, than Myrs. No yellow hands over her eyes; she just combed her hair back off her face and did it up in a hard knot that staid. She sent John a birthday cake and knit him a comforter, and everybody thought it would be a match, but John said he didn't like her eyes; they were handsome eyes to my idea, and could look you through and through; they were that clear and bright, but did you ever know a man to take advice? "Marry that ferret," said John, "and never have any peace of my life; well, I guess not!" and with that off he goes to town and telegraphs back, "expect me and my wife!" Dear! such a shock as it gave me, and our spring cleaning not done, and the minister coming to board with us while his wife went home on a visit—it was a trial, you may be sure!

And when she did come it was more like having a wax doll in the way than anything else, with her big wondering eyes and childish ways and silly questions, and hanging on John's arm, and leaning over John's chair, with two little insignificant feet in the rung at the back, and her clothes! Such faltals, just like a doll's rigging, and I just set my foot down that if she was to live with us, she must conform to our ways. I hadn't been forty years in this world for nothing. If she wanted to wear fine white laces and ruffled aprons, she had to wash and iron them herself. I wouldn't be her slave. And such silly questions as she asked, they just made me sick?"

"Were there any dear little yellow chicks?"

Dear little yellow chicks, indeed! they were dear enough, before we raised them and got their heads off, and had them ready for market, and if that silly child didn't sit down and cry because they were killed; said she had named every one of them and watched them grow up. And she our John's wife! bah!

Then she did the silliest thing of all; went and bought a book called, "What I Know About Farming," and used to sit out under a tree, studying it by the hour, and one night when she went down to the bars to meet John I heard her ask:

"John! why don't you get a washing machine, and a wringer, and save your own flesh and blood? Look at the blisters on my hands?"

And the next thing it was the talk of the neighborhood that we Elliotts, who had set our faces against moden improvements, had given out before that little pale-faced thing, and not only got a wringer and washer in our kitchen, but several hundred dollars' worth of farm machinery at work. John said he could afford it, but I spoke my mind and told her what I thought about it after he went out to his work. She looked up kind of frightened and pretended she was going to cry, and then spoke up quick like and said:

"Sister Janet, it's a triumph of mind over matter. You can wash now and not be at all tired out and sick and nervous and—and—John can afford it."

Perhaps if I had known that she had paid for it all, and it hadn't cost John a cent, I might have been more forgiving, but I just straightened up and said:

"Mrs. Elliott you may go on and ruin your husband with your boarding school ideas, but as for me I'll never touch the things. I can work, thank goodness, while I've good my health. I wasn't brought up in idleness."

She never took it to heart a bit; the next thing I knew it was a little parlor organ she had, singing and playing as if that was all there was in life.

And that silly old minister—men never do have a bit of sense, but you expect more of a preacher of the gospel—but he just sat and talked to her as if she was a companion for him, and they talked about the fields, and stai'd down where John was working, and all around 'em souls a perishing for want of bread of life; such a sinful waste of time I never saw!

"Janet, do you love the hills?" she asked one day when I was scouring the knives outside the door. She had offered to do them for me, but law, her white hands were not so fit for anything so useful.

"Love the hills! Well, I'd like to know what there is to love about them. I guess if you climbed them a spell you wouldn't love 'em much."

"They are so high and grand," she said, looking up at them; "they seem so near the cool, far-off Heaven! I love to climb to the top and drink in the sweet, fresh air; it does me good here—here."

She laid here hand on her heart, and stood looking off with a strange expression on her face, and I thought maybe she was homesick and told her to go in and cut some carpet-rags, and sew 'em together, and would you believe it, she up and refused.

"No! she said, "I cannot cut any carpet-rags. I hate them!"

I never saw her so excited before.

"A fine temper you have," was all the answer I made her, but I never felt so insulted in all my life.

For a week or two I didn't see much of her; she was either out with John "sketching," as she called it, dabbling away at some bits of pasteboard with a lead pencil; or up in her room, where I never went. She came down, singing away, with a large package in her hand, and soon John came up with the ponies, and they drove off to town together, laughing like two children. I hope none of the neighbors noticed them. Anyway, they never saw him conduct himself in that way with me.

When they came home she was all tired out, and they had a big roll of stuff they dumped down in the entry.

"It's something for you, Janet," she said, laughing hysterical-like, "it's carpet rags."

I unrolled it, and there were twenty yards of bright ingrain carpet;

"Myra," said I, "this is wicked extravagance," for I knew her money was all paid out.

"But it isn't," she said, laughing; "I earned it myself by drawing and painting those bits of sketches. I sold them all, and can sell all I can do. That was my way of cutting carpet rags."

Well, we put the carpet down, and it did look pretty—though I didn't say so. It isn't my way to spoil anybody with flattery, and I saw John's wife was getting the upper hand too fast. The neighbors were beginning to notice her, and that foolish old minister, when his wife came back, had been over there; and she led the singing in the church, and pretended she had got religion, and all the time she never scrubbed a floor, or washed a dish, or put her hand to the churn.

"John can afford to keep hired help," she said to me one day, "and I'm not very strong, and my mother died of consumption." Then she began to cry like a baby, and John came in and looked at me as if it was my doing.

I must say she could succeed in doing all sorts of useless things—raising flowers in every nook and corner, making pets of all the animals, and painting or playing on the organ. She was real ornamental, and I suppose some folks thought she was pretty. John did for one. I don't know that she made me much work, either. She did her own washing as long as John would let her, and kept her room neat enough, though it was mostly littered up with flowers, and birds, and her sketches, and at first she sung from morning till night, and she did have a real lovely voice, I'll allow that, but after awhile she didn't sing and didn't talk much, and then John began taking her meals up to her. The first time I saw him getting a tray ready, I said:

"It's a good thing you were brought up to be handy, John, seeing you've got an invalid wife."

He didn't say anything then, but a few days after he came to me and said:

"Janet, get a girl as soon as you can, and let Aunt Betsy come over and stay with Myrs, she is nervous and low-spirited, and needs company."

Well, I suppose you've guessed the upshot of it all; a little daughter was born to John, and it seemed to me that a miracle was worked in the house. Perhaps I had never loved John's wife—she was so different in her ways from me—but when I heard that baby cry I felt thrilled to my very soul, and I just threw my work apron over my head and cried for the first time in years.

Myra didn't get strong, and the days went on and still she didn't get up, and I felt as if it was my duty to go and tell her that she mustn't favor herself that way, that she couldn't lie abed and let strangers take care of her child, and that she'd never get strong till she got out, but I made up my mind to speak in a gentler sort of way. I had been thinking it over, and about concluded to let Myra live her own way and not try to make her over, especially since John seemed satisfied with her, and I went up stairs and opened the door softly and stepped inside. John was standing at one window looking out at the sunset—it was all red and gold and the room was in a flame. He turned as I came in, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. I never saw John cry before since he was a grown man.

"What is it?" I whispered, going up close to him.

He made a motion with the back of his head towards the bed. I went over there. Aunt Betsy was in a rocker by the side of it reading the Bible. Myra was looking at the sunset, then at her baby's sleeping face. I'm not dull to see things, and I saw there what made my heart turn cold—it was the valley of the shadow of death!

That all happened these years ago. There is a simple rustic cross up in the graveyard with "Myra" carved on it, and little Myra and I go up there every Sunday and carry flowers to decorate it, and the dear child sits in my lap and puts her blessed little arms about my neck and whispers, "Aunty, talk about my mamma in heaven," and I tell how patient and gentle she was, and how she sung and played, and how she shall do the very same thing some day—for I know now that flowers are as necessary to God's creation as the wood and grain, and the least little thing that makes sunshine in the world is of great value in the dark places, and I feel sure, when I look up to the hills she loved, that Myra has reached far-off heaven before me. Perhaps she will intercede for me there.

WHAT THEY WANT IN COLORADO.—We want girls—girls who can get themselves up in good shape to go to a dance. The boys are getting tired of receiving invitations with a request that they "bring ladies." They are like oranges and apples—scarce. We want girls who will go to church and to Bible class on Sunday, and that kind who can draw a congregation of the other sex, and who will take a buggy ride after the lesson is over. This will help the livery business, and will also hasten the sale of residence lots, for buggies are the vehicles in which homes are first thought of by many. We want girls that can wait on the table, who can smile us into an appetite when stomach bitters are impotent, and who will make the boarders regular at meals. We want girls for sweethearts, so that when we get an arm shot off, or are kicked by a mule, or are thrown by a bucking horse and are laid away for repairs, we may hear a gentle voice and see the glitter of a crystal tear spoken and dropped in unconscious sympathy.—[Durango Record.

A young woman of Springfield, Mass., was determined to circumvent a young man whom she suspected of a desire to escort her home from the Baptist Church sociable. The entertainment was held in the basement, and she laid a plan to gain the audience-room above by means of the back stairs and to escape thence to the back street while her would-be cavalier was preparing to pounce upon her at the basement door. All went well until a false step in the darkness sent her splashing into the baptistery, which had remained open since the previous Sunday. It is rumored that she has changed her views upon the subject of immersion and will join another denomination.

The following amusing wail is from the reminiscences of an ancient real estate lawyer of Boston: "And here I take occasion to remark that invariably, if a woman owns a large landed estate, she is sure to keep getting married, from time to time, as often as death affords an opportunity, thus making great embarrassment in tracing titles."

A gentleman was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife: "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the dry rejoinder.

A Texas Mother-in-Law.

A tall woman, wearing a sun-bonnet, came into the office of the Chief of Police, and sitting down hard on the end of a bench, wiped her nose, batted her eyes a time or so at the Chief, and asked in a voice that reminded one of sharpening a saw:

"Be you the galoot what locks folks up?"

"I regret to say that I am occasionally obliged to resort to such extreme measures with refractory persons."

"I know all that; but be you the galoot?"

"Yes, madam."

"Why didn't you say so when I asked you?"

"I did."

"You are a liar, and if you don't treat me like a lady, I'll fold you up and sit down on you," and she batted her eyes some more like a terrier.

"What do you want?" asked the official, looking as if he needed reinforcements right away, and plenty of them.

"I want that dirty little whelp what married my darter. I want to talk to him on business, but he evades me. If I could only get a chance to caress him once more!" and she breathed hard and gritted her teeth until the official felt in his pocket for a police whistle.

"What did he do?"

"He told my darter that he would give 320 acres of land, with a gold mine on it, to anybody who would ampertate my jaw with a boot-jack. He said my mouth was like the gate at the fair gounds."

"He meant, I suppose, it was never shut. I don't see how he came to make any such ridiculous comparison as that. Did you ever remonstrate with him?"

"You bet I did. I drawed him across the kitchen table by the hair with one hand, while I basted him with a long-handled skillet, and you should have heerd him calling me 'mother darling' and 'pet,' but Providence was agin me. His har gave way, and he lit out before I could reason with him any more. Just as like as not we will never meet again," and she sighed heavily.

"Be calm, madam; do not excite yourself too much."

"I am calm. I like to talk about these family secrets. It calls up sacred recollections. It makes me think of my darter's fust husband. It was real fun to remonstrate with him. His har didn't give. He was game. He sassed back, but, Lord! what a time they had holding the inquest. That was at Arkansas, before I moved to Galvestion. There was some of his remains in one corner of the yard, and a few more remains hanging on the fence, and there was right peart of him wrapped around the ax-handle. The jury knew me, so they brought in a verdict of justifiable suicide or homicide, or something like that. And now to think of this pesky, little, worthless, spindle-shanked, goggle-eyed whelp getting clear off, excepting a few pounds of har. I want you to find him for me. You can know him by the brands I made on him by the hot skillet. Wanted to ampertate my jaw, the little brassy whelp? Said my mouth was like a gate, he did?"

The official said he would hunt for him and let her know. As she went out, she batted her eyes significantly at the official, and remarked.

"You had better find that prodigal son or thar'll be music at these headquarters."—[Galveston News.

HIS TESTIMONIAL.—Patent-medicine advertisements usually display such monotonous devotion to the making of extravagant claims and the relating of miraculous cures, that it is refreshing to find one of entirely different character. A catarrh doctor in a neighboring city closes a circular, which contains not a single "testimonial," with the following tangential flight of rhetoric: "When I look at that vast field, filled with the pale nations of the dead, and the bending stones covered with moss, I shed a tear and say: Ignorance ushered thousands there. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace. I have one sentiment for catarrhal people living or dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead."—[New York Tribune.

A bachelor too poor to get married, yet too susceptible to let the girls alone, was riding with a lady "all of a Summer's day," and accidently—men's arms, awkward things! are ever in the way—dropped an arm round her waist. No objection was made for a while, and the arm gradually relieved the side of the carriage of the pressure upon it. But of a sudden, whether from a late recognition of the impropriety of the thing, or the sight of another beau coming, never was known, the lady started with volcanic energy, and with a flashing eye, exclaimed, "Mr. B., I can support myself!" "Capital!" was the instant reply. "You are just the girl I have been looking for these five years. Will you marry me?"

Sometimes a little assistance at the right time will enable the system to throw off an attack which might otherwise result in serious sickness. Ayer's Pills should always be kept at hand, and promptly taken for the relief of slight ailments, before they become formidable diseases.

A Hunteville, Ala., man has invented a gun that fires 3,000 shots a minute. If Sprague had had that kind of a gun that time instead of an old shot-gun maybe Conkling would now be trying to run hell instead of the Republican party.—[State Journal.

A Philadelphia clergyman assisted a woman to tie on her bonnet, and the verdict of the council who tried him for it was: "It was a brotherly act, but he'd better let 'em tie on their own bonnets after this."

If you desire to make a woman suppemely happy, don't tell her that she is beautiful—her looking-glass is ahead of you there—but that another woman is ugly.—[Breckinridge News.

A very great many very good people when they lost upon want and suffering find it very much more easier to shed tears than to shed dollars.—[Steubenville Herald.

From the Hub.

There is perhaps no topic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.

COAL! COAL!!

I AM SELLING THE BEST RUN-OF-THE-Mines, Pine Hill, Livingston and Lancaster County Coal, (20 pounds to the bu.,) at the following prices:

ON THE CAR 19 Cents.
DELIVERED 20 Cents.

T. T. DAVIESS.

CARRIAGES & BUGGIES.

Having formed a partnership with LESLIE HOLMES, I am better prepared than ever to supply my patrons with all classes of work in my line, of the best material and quality. Carriages, Buggies, &c., made to order, and repairing done in the neatest manner. Give us a call at Dennis' old stand, Stanford, Ky.

WM. DAUGHERTY.

CROOKE'S Santonine Vermifuge

Is the ONLY reliable Worm Killer that is pleasant to take.

Each vial contains eight grains of pure santonine, besides other superior anthelmintics, which are so chemically compounded as to be held in perfect solution.

This preparation is recommended to the Public with the greatest confidence, and we are fully convinced that it will meet with the greatest appreciation by all who desire a safe and reliable worm medicine.

It is a scientific combination of the finest medical principles, so united as to insure the greatest efficacy and best possible results, without being unpleasant to take. It is entirely vegetable, and free from all deleterious or dangerous substances, and it is absolutely certain to bring all kinds of Worms from the human system.

So confident are we of this fact that we have authorized all our agents to refund the money in all cases wherever it fails to give satisfaction.

Put up in neat Tonnes vials, and sold at 25 cents per bottle.

ARTHUR, PETER & CO.
Wholesale Agents, Louisville, Ky.

Sold in Stanford by CHENAULT & PENNY. (457-1y

If you are a sufferer, or imagine yourself bound by ties that prudence would break if you could see your friends, you will find in
Hop Bitters.
If you are young and indiscreet, or old and infirm, and need a stimulant, you will find it in
Hop Bitters.
If you are a miser, you will find it out when your doctor bills come in, unless you use
Hop Bitters.
If you are a temperate man, you will find it very easy to keep your family healthy if you use
Hop Bitters.
If your minister preaches against the use of
Hop Bitters
he means well, but he is ignorant of the fact that his own church is built, and its bills paid, by the use of
Hop Bitters.
If your wife, sister, mother or daughter is suffering from any ailment peculiar to her sex, you will be doing a kind act when you give them a bottle of
Hop Bitters.
If you are troubled with the blues, you will find a cure in
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of intemperance, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any other form of vice, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of opium, tobacco, or narcotics, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of dissipation, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of disease, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of pain, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of nervousness, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of sleeplessness, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you have a friend who is a victim of any form of anything else that makes life a burden, you can do him no better service than to induce him to try the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you are a lawyer, you will find it your interest to recommend the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you are a minister and find your congregation sleepy, you will find it your duty to recommend the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you are a doctor, you will find it your duty to prescribe the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you are a mother, you will find it your duty to see that your children do not use
Hop Bitters.
If you are a young man, you will find it your interest to let
Hop Bitters
alone.
If you are a young lady, you will find it your duty to recommend the use of
Hop Bitters.
If you are a married man, you will find your wife will be happier if you use
Hop Bitters.
If you are a married man, you will find your wife will be happier if you do not