The Interior Journal.

W. P. WALTON,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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The Interior Journal.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

	1 Week	2 Weeks	3 Weeks	1 Month	2 Months	3 Months	4 Months	5 Months	6 Months	1 Year
One	$1 00	$1 50	$2 00	$2 50	$3	$4	$5	$6	$8	$12
Two	1 25	2 50	3 00	4 00	5	6	8	10	12	18
Three	2 00	3 50	4 50	5 00	6	8	11	14	17	24
Four	3 00	5 00	6 00	7 00	8	10	14	18	22	30
Five	3 50	5 50	7 00	8 00	10	12	16	20	25	36
Col.	4 00	6 00	7 50	8 50	12	14	18	22	30	40
Col.	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	18	25	30	35	45	60
Col.	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	35	40	50	60	80	120

KANSAS.

PEARLETTE, September 30th, 1881.

Editor Interior Journal:

Having previously written a letter to your paper from this portion of Kansas, and you being considerate enough to give it a place in your columns, some of my friends in Kentucky have requested me to write again. So I now propose to say something of stock-raising in Southwestern Kansas. What Kansas is to the other States of the Union, the Southwest of Kansas is to the State; and Southwestern Kansas is the banner stock-raising district of Kansas. Ten years ago this section of country was unknown to a settler, or by any one save the buffalo hunter. It was then known as the "plains" or "great Western desert." But to-day there are cattle and sheep ranches to be found scattered along the streams all the way from Dodge City to the panhandle of Texas; and I may add a great many in the panhandle. It may seem almost incredible to some of your readers when I say that one cattle firm alone claim to own 20,000 head of cattle and work 150 men, who are continually employed. Another firm sold out their cattle and range this season for $151,000. Of course I am only speaking of these as being some of the largest stock men, but there are others who own a few less. Fine grasses, an abundance of pure water, a mild and healthy climate and generally short winters, combine to make Southwest Kansas the finest stock region of the West. Texas cattle men are moving their ranches up nearer to the South line of Kansas, so as to secure more nutritious grasses, a better climate for fattening and a closer market. Also, some from Colorado are moving Eastward in Kansas to escape the mountain storms that sweep down so suddenly on the foot-hills and plains adjoining. As this country was once the favorite grazing ground of the buffalo, so it now is the favorite place for the stock raiser. With the exception of the different kinds of grasses that grow along the streams and low-lands, buffalo grass still holds sway. And this is the most nutritious of any grass, especially for Winter grazing. It is a short, wiry grass, contains an unusually large percentage of saccharine matter, cures naturally on the ground, and retains nearly all its nutritive qualities—as much so as if cut for hay. It cannot, however, be cut for hay, on account of its diminutive length. Over 100,000 head of cattle were wintered in Southwestern Kansas during last Winter without either food or shelter other than that provided by nature, and yet did well, notwithstanding the Winter was an unusually severe one. Stock-raising in Southwestern Kansas does pay, for by judicious management the capital invested can be doubled every three years. With a capital of $2,000 or $3,000 one can make a start with either cattle or sheep. The cost of caring for and wintering is comparatively small. Prairie hay can be contracted, cut and stacked for from $2 50 to $3 per ton. A careful consideration of these facts show that nature could not have been more wise in her provision for the stock-raiser. I do not mean to say that one could not make a start in the stock business unless he has as much as two or three thousand dollars, for one can begin with a much smaller capital. More depends on the industry, economy and perseverance of the man, and his willingness to endure hardships if necessary for the first year or two, than the amount of capital invested. Success cannot be assured to every one. Some fail from mismanagement; others from causes beyond their control. I do not advise any married man with family to come here, for, as I said before, life grows very monotonous here for woman, for she cannot become interested in stock business as much as the other sex. But perhaps some may say I must be interested in this business, or I never would have written so much about stock-raising; but how can I help it, when it is all I hear talked about? As I said, I do not advise a married man with family to come here, for we have no schools, no churches, nor society. I can advise a single man with even a small capital to come here, but it will require plenty of grit, hard work and rigid economy to get a start. To those without any means, and who would have to depend on their employment, I say you can always find work at good wages. But for fear this article has already reached too great a length, I will close for this time. I must wish THE INTERIOR JOURNAL success; it is always a welcome visitor to our Western home. Very respectfully, MRS. K. B. HUTCHISON.

Deep down in a dungeon in one of the cities of Italy lies at this hour a wretched prisoner, confined for an attempt upon the life of a former Prince. His cell is below the surface of the water which beats against the outside walls. No light, no sound ever reaches him. Eternal silence and gloom enwrap him. He never sees a human face. His food is sent into him by an arrangement which prevents him from seeing where it comes from or who sends it. There he has lain weary years, buried alive, a punishment worse than death. No doubt death to him would be welcome, but he has no means of invoking it. His punishment is to be compelled to live completely and forever buried from human sight or sound, entirely cut off from all contact with the green earth, the blue sky and everything that makes life worth the living.

A VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT.—Mr. Thomas R. Walton, Jr., business manager of THE INTERIOR (Stanford) JOURNAL, is in the city with an eye to Fall advertisements. The JOURNAL is one of the best edited and most largely circulated of the weekly press of the State, and is published in a territory where Louisville merchants must make known the inducements they can offer the trade, or sit still and see Cincinnati take it from them. The JOURNAL is the best advertising medium in that section, and its editor and business manager are reliable, enterprising business men. We hope to see in the next issue of the paper evidences of Mr. Walton's visit to our city.—[Courier-Journal.

A Domestic Romance.

"Are you going to give me that $2.50?"

Arthur Ainsleigh turned quickly but quietly from the landscape on which his eyes were fixed—a bit of green meadow fringed with hills, on whose tops the rays of the setting sun were just resting, bringing out the bright tints of the heather, and giving to the whole scene a rich, warm coloring such as one sees in the works of the old masters that gem the galleries of Europe—and looking tenderly but firmly at the beautiful girl who stood by his side.

"No, my darling," he said, taking her small hand gently into his, "I cannot stake you so high as that. Let it be a dollar, sweetheart, and the money is yours."

The girl started back as if stung by a serpent, the sudden movement revealing each graceful outline of her lithe figure and showing the perfect symmetry of her ashes-of-roses polonaise, which had two rows of pleating down the front and was shirred up the back-stretch and pretty well around the lower turn.

Looking at the young man steadily for a moment, she said in low, tremulous tones that showed far more plainly than the ghastly paleness of her face the terrible emotions that were racking her soul: "You are a mean, hateful thing," and, bursting suddenly into a wild, hysterical weeping, she left the room.

They had been married but four months Arthur Ainsleigh and Ethel Quirk, and already the black clouds of domestic discord were showing their forbidding outlines on the edge of the erstwhile rosy horizon, while the jagged bolts of jealousy were lightning up with a lurid glare the empyrean so recently unflecked by a cloud, and the hoarse mutterings of discontent and waning love reverberated in hollow and mournful tones throughout the dome of the ideal palace which these two young hearts had so short a time since built for themselves.

It was a simple matter that had brought about this discord. Ethel wanted five pairs of stockings at 50 cents per pair, while Arthur had decided that two was all she needed.

For nearly an hour not a sound broke the silence that reigned in the boudoir from which Ethel had departed in anger, save the soft ticking of a marble clock. Arthur still sat moodily on the *fauteuil*, absorbed in thought. The door was softly opened and Ethel came in. Arthur did not hear her. Stepping softly across the room she knelt beside him, and, throwing her soft, warm arms around his neck, said in a voice broken with emotion: "I will take the dollar, darling."

Arthur looked up suddenly and saw that Ethel's eyes were suffused with tears. Kissing them gently away, and spitting the salt water out of his mouth while her head was again resting trustfully on his shirt-front, he said: "I knew you would see I was right," and handed her the dollar.

This happened on the 14 of December. On the 15th Arthur spent $16 40 to pay a bill for billiards and drinks that he had "saved-off" for.

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemange always pared his corns in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably ate with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of the tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a bootjack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a codfish home from the village grocery would invariably try to conceal it underneath his cost.

When the wife of Gallileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader, he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

A True Cause for Regret.

It makes the heart of every philanthropist sad to see so many worthless patent medicines puffed and advertised for the cure of chronic diseases. Usually the remedy is some vile cathartic compound or alcoholic preparation, combined with buchu, turpentine or other severe diuretic that affords the invalid only temporary relief, but which has no lasting effect, and in truth eventually brings on a complication of diseases arising from a state of worn out and exhausted digestive and urinary organs that nothing but death can relieve. Invalids should trust more to nature for their recovery. A gentle medicinal tonic that stimulates enfeebled digestion and strengthens every part of the system by its soothing and refreshing effect on both mind and body, is nature's truest and best assistant. Such a remedy is Brown's Iron Bitters, a medicine surpassing the sale of all other remedies whenever its merits become known, for it acts in such perfect harmony with the laws of life and health, that all pulmonary, urinary and digestive troubles are prevented and permanently cured by its timely use. It contains no alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth. Physicians and ministers endorse and recommend it.

A Virginia farmer, seeing a New York advertisement of a way to kill potato bugs without poison, sent his dollar and received two small blocks, with instructions to catch the bug and put him on one while the other is to be pressed gently on him until he is quite dead.

New Story About Grant.

It has just leaked out that while General Grant was traveling in Asia he expressed a desire to get a shot at a lion. Not wishing to expose him to any danger, the natives secured a stuffed lion, set it up in a jungle, and then took the illustrious traveler out for a hunt. When the beast was sighted the General was all excitement, and crawling up to a favorable position began to blaze away at the animal with no perceptible effect. After firing about twenty shots he began to get mad, and, taking off his coat, he settled down for a regular siege. Fearing his wrath when he discovered the sell, the attendants endeavored to induce him to give up the attempt to kill the beast, telling him that it bore a charmed life and that he could not possibly injure it. He told them to go to thunder, that he was after blood and was going to have it. After a vain fusilade of half an hour he arose to his feet, gnashing his teeth with rage, threw his suspenders off his shoulders, rolled up his sleeves and grabbed his rifle by the barrel so he could use it as a club. The attendants again begged him to desist, but he politely though forcibly informed them that he would have that cuss or leave his honored remains strewn promiscously all through that jungle, and with a wild cry of "I'll fight it out on this lion if it takes all Summer," he rushed upon the beast and with one well-directed blow laid it over on its side. Then he chased the natives for six miles, but being better acquainted with the country they got away from him in safety.—[Free Press.

How Shot is Made.

A shot-tower is certainly a curious place to the uninitiated visitor, and the process of manufacturing the leaden missiles is most interesting. Of course it is necessary that the shot should fall from a considerable elevation, and the height of many of the towers is over two hundred feet. As pure lead will not make perfect globules, it is necessarily "tempered." This "temper" is prepared by the addition of ingredients, of which arsenic is the main property. It is run into bars convenient for use, and with pig-lead hoisted to the top of the tower. Here are two small rooms, one about twelve feet below the other, and each containing two huge kettles in which the pig-lead and the "temper" are melted. From one or the other of the two kettles in both rooms—as each room has a separate shaft—streams of shot are constantly flowing. At the bottom of each kettle the molten stuff pours into square pans perforated at one side. These perforations are large or small, according to the size of the shot desired, and separate the mass into distinct, delicate, gleaming streams, which in turn, as they come in contact with the atmosphere, separate into perfect globules or shot, which are cooled in their two hundred feet journey and the water into which they fall below.

A TERRIBLE SIGHT.—It was a great blunder to expose the remains of the dead President to the public gaze during an entire day, as was done at the Capitol on Thursday. A moment was too long. It is doubtful if a more painfully distorted, shudderingly emaciated and repulsive visage ever stared from a coffin. There was absolutely nothing about it that could remind the beholders of the man whom they had once seen in health and manly vigor, and every pleasant memory of him must have been rudely swept away the moment one's eyes fell upon the shrunken features and skeleton hands of the body so wantonly exposed to gratify a morbid public curiosity.—[Washington Post.

The following letter, written by General Garfield to Judge Paine, of Cleveland, in 1871, is solemnly significant now: "Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid charge to the jury at the close of the Galentine case. The whole country owes you a debt of gratitude for brushing away the wicked absurdity which has lately been palmed off on the country as law on the subject of insanity. If the thing had gone much further all that a man would need to secure immunity from murder would be to tear his hair and rave a little and then kill his man. I hope you will print your opinion in pamphlet form and send it broadcast to all the Judges in the land."

A LUMBER FAMINE.—Now the papers are talking about a lumber famine. Good gracious! have we got to go through that horror too? Have we got to sit idly by and suffer, with no sixteen-foot board to fill an empty stomach, no bunch of shingles to cool our parched tongue, no cedar posts to fill a want long felt, and no bundles of lath to press to our fevered lips? This is too much. We could stand the famine in box cars, but to cut off our supply of lumber, just as we have got a new bottle of stomach bitters for an appetizer, is piling the agony on too thick.—[Peck's Sun.

A blushing bear: The Boston *Post* tells of an Idaho girl who was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover when a grizzly bear came along, and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom and just leaned back and enjoyed it heartily and murmured "tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over his shame.

There is a man in California who has a snake in his stomach, and is obliged to drink large quantities of whisky to keep the reptile stupefied, as it causes him great pain when it is lively. Of course he refuses to have the snake removed, and his envious temperance neighbors are anxious to know how he captured it.

In Chicago last week the demand for mourning goods was so great that the sales of prints, crepes, etc., was nearly 2,000,000 yards. One lithographing house sold in four days 80,000 portraits of Garfield and had orders for as many more.

Wm. Arnold married Mary Alderny in Peoria recently. William has a good thing. The Aldernys stand at the head of the list for perfection of form, good milkers and breeders.—[State Journal.

The Difference.

Whoever steals a mule in Kentucky, and the theft is proven on him, is sure to be sent to the penitentiary for a number of years. The punishment is great and ought to be inflicted. Our penal code is written in barbaric style and executed in Draconic order. Whoso kills a fellow man is almost sure to be acquitted. There may be a few postponements of trial—possibly a change of venue, but the inevitable acquittal comes surely. What a desecration of justice is this! What a fearful comment upon the sordid avarice of the age! Is principle measured by gold? Then Christ was wrong when he scourged the money-changers out of the temple of the living God. There is but a single pulsation of heart between any one of us and eternity, and the ruffian who stills that in death violates the laws of heaven and of man. Not all the wealth of the Indies can return life, and not all the mules in the world (it grates horribly on the sensibilities to write such a shocking idea) can impart consolation and joy to the soul of the bereaved ones that are so sorely, so cruelly bereft of a parent, a husband, a brother, or lover. It would seem that judgment was dethroned and reason had lost her balance when a murderer goes hence from all penalties so easily, and is often received in polite circles and comes dubbed a gentleman. This cannot endure, but how long ere deliverance cometh?—[Owensboro Post.

LAWYERS AND CRIMINALS.—It would be an interesting question for debate in the next Legislature to ascertain how far a lawyer might go while defending a criminal, before becoming accessory after the fact to the crime. The law is particular to point out that all persons, except those of the nearest kin, who give aid or comfort to certain criminals before or after a crime, are accessories before or after the fact, and punishable accordingly. Counsel to criminals, or rather accused persons, is also guaranteed by our constitutions, Federal and State. But does "counsel" mean that, with impunity, an attorney may become accessory? This question will run into the intricacies of what constitutes malpractice, and how counsel may be compelled to divulge criminality without betraying interests of his client. It is a question which must settle at last upon our yeomanry, the noblest of our society, who compose the grand and petit juries, to decide. It is a question wonderfully full of study and, may be, the solution to our regretful state of criminality.—[Richmond Herald.

REVERSING THE WHEELS.—Experiments lately made at Blackburn with a train made up in imitation of that of the express which ran into the train standing in Blackburn Station, to test the statement of the driver that he reversed his engine as soon as he found the brakes did not check his train, are of some interest, though they elicited that the reversal of an engine of a train running at a high velocity has but a very small effect in reducing the speed. A high speed was attained and the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile before reaching the station, but the train ran through the station at about twenty miles an hour, and had to be stopped by the brakes. Locomotive driving wheels, when running the reverse way, are not effective in stopping a train. The experiment shows how little can be gained by reversing an engine under such circumstances.—[Scientific American.

MATURE REFLECTION.—"My darling, have you thought of the happy Summer that our lives will be when we are joined for better or worse?" "Oh yes, John, I've thought of it." "And have you thought of the bright home that we will build on the foundation of our affection, and which will be painted with the dying flashes of the sun and furnished with the silver and gold that makes the night of the heavens beautiful?" "Oh yes, John, I've thought of it." "Have you thought of the years that will come to us across the sea of time, white-capped but blue with promises of years to come?" "Sure's you're born, John, I've thought of it." "And have you thought—have you—have—?" "Oh yes, John, more than all the rest; and, John, let us name it after you!"—[Brooklyn Eagle.

A STRONG AND HANDY CEMENT.—One of the strongest cements, and very readily made is obtained when equal quantities of gutta percha and shellac are melted together and well stirred. This is best done in an iron capsule placed on a sand bath, and heated either over a gas furnace or on the top of a stove. It is a combination possessing both hardness and toughness, qualities that make it particularly desirable in mending crockery. When this cement is used the articles to be mended should be warmed to about the melting point of the mixture, and then retained in proper position until cool, when they are ready for use.

Set Back 49 Years.

"I was troubled for many years with kidney complaint, gravel, &c; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old, worn-out man all over; could get nothing to help me until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of 30, although I am 72, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—Father.—[Sunday Mercury.

Arthur, like his three last predecessors, is a General. Wonder what the country will do for Presidents when the supply of Generals is exhausted? Will it call some of Kentucky's Colonels to the front?—[South Kentuckian.

Spoony dry goods clerk to smart miss trying on a hat before the mirror: "Don't I wish I was a looking glass?" Smart miss: "Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then." Clerk collapses and is carried out.

Many who long suffered from nervous debility would now be in their graves had they not used Brown's Iron Bitters.

The Crooked Course of Love.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was at a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the Post Office, but the Postmaster's face always bore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She therefore is surprised when from the town of her youth there comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the Postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spanks the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. "Heavens! It is from John!" who proposes in glowing words and begs for a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and out of curiosity communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago banker, with a wife and three sons.

CURIOSITIES OF EARTH.—At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of 63 feet, they come to a bed of chalk which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence and quickly fills the new-made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rain nor drought. What is the most remarkable in this operation is the layer of earth as we descend. At the depth of 14 feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at 25 feet large trees, with the walnuts sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At 28 feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is 12 feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

THE LARGEST LAND OWNER ON THE CONTINENT.—Col. Dan Murphy, of Halleck's Station, Elko county, came to California in 1844, and may be said to have made the country pay him well for his time. He is now probably the largest private land owner on this continent. He has 4,000,000 acres of land in one body in Mexico, 60,000 in Nevada and 23,000 in California. His Mexican grant he bought four years ago for $200,000, or five cents an acre. It is sixty miles long and covers a beautiful country of hill and valley, pine timber and meadow land. It comes within twelve miles of the city of Durango, which is to be a station on the Mexican Central. Mr. Murphy raises wheat on his California land, and cattle on that in Nevada. He got 55,000 sacks last year, and ships 6,000 head of cattle a year right along.—[Reno Gazette.

TO CURE A FELON.—Dr. T. C. Brannon, in the *Therapeutic Gazette*, prescribes the following treatment for this painful malady: Take of soft lye soap and flax-seed meal a sufficient quantity, stirring the meal in slowly with spatula or case knife, manipulating thoroughly, so as to form a salve or poultice. Cornmeal is a good substitute for the flax-seed. Envelop the finger in this, applying snugly, and occasionally pressing it to bring it in closer contact. Renew the poultice every twelve to twenty-four hours. Don't try every prescription you may hear of. Depend on this. It will, if applied in time, abort the disease; if adopted later, it will bring it to a small "head," if too far advanced to be "scattered," when it may be picked almost painlessly.

PASSENGER BIRDS.—According to a writer in *Nature*, the small migratory birds that are unable to perform the flight of 350 miles across the Mediterranean Sea are carried across on the backs of cranes. In the autumn many flocks of cranes may be seen coming from the north, with the first cold blast from that quarter, flying low, and uttering a peculiar cry, as if of alarm, as they circle over the cultivated plains. Little birds of every species may be seen flying up to them, while the twittering songs of those already comfortably settled upon their backs may be distinctly heard. But for this kind provision of nature, numerous varieties of small birds would become extinct in northern countries, as the cold winters would kill them.

He'd Rattle 'Em.

If I were a baggage-master,
I'd rattle the trunks about;
I'd stand them up in the corner
And I'd tear their bowels out.
I would pu'l the handles out by the roots,
I would kick their corners in,
And strew their stuffing all round the car
And make them lank and thin.
For I could not afford to wear kid gloves,
Nor put soft pads on my feet,
Nor to handle things gently when all my pay
Just kept me in bread and meat.

For the sixth time in the history of the nation, the President of the United States is without a wife to adorn the White House. Jefferson was a widower, Mrs. Andrew Jackson died just before her husband was inaugurated, Martin Van Buren was a widower, John Tyler was a widower for about two years during his term of office, and James Buchanan was a bachelor. Now comes Chester A. Arthur, whose wife has been dead more than a year.

Customer—"I don't know how it is, but my clothes never fit me nicely. Now, you always make my friend, Captain Stollert's, coats to sit beautifully." Tailor—"Yes, sir, but he's got shoulders to hang 'em on! If a gentleman's made like a champagne bottle no tailor can fit him. [Exit customer in dudgeon.]

PROFESSIONAL.

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NOTICE
I WILL BE IN STANFORD TWO WEEKS of each month, from first Monday, and in Lancaster two weeks of each month, from third Monday. Office in St. Asaph Hotel, over Mattingly & Son's store. [See sign.]
462-tf R. C. HORGAN, D. D. S.

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All business entrusted to him promptly and carefully attended to. [484-1yr]

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is a candidate for re-election to the office of JAILER, subject to the action of the Democracy.

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439-tf Stanford, Ky.

How the Sultan Marries.

When the Sultan marries there is no ceremony of marriage at all. At the feast of Ramazan each year he receives from his mother a new wife as a present. Six months before the feast a proclamation calls for all the marriageable girls to meet; and the valide sultana chooses thirty from among them. These then are put through a course of purification and fed only on milk and fruits, and every day smoked with incense. At the beginning of the feast the Sultan's mother chooses the one most to her taste, and orders her trousseau, and after the feast is over and the Sultan retires to his room he finds his new wife standing at the foot of his bed entirely nude. He then retires, and in token of submission, she lifts the bed-clothes and creeps in at the foot of the bed. The other unsuccessful candidates are then offered the privilege of becoming odalisques or returning to their parents. They nearly always prefer entering the Sultan's household, as they know that should they give birth to a child they are at once raised to the rank of sultana.—[Constantinople Letter.

A North Carolina man planned to frighten his wife by a sham attempt at suicide. He was to very gently hang himself, and a friend was to cut him down; but the friend was not prompt, and the plotter was choked to death.

The mountain rose is pretty. The garden rose is pretty, but the prettiest rose of all roses is the beautiful rose-colored blush that springs to the cheek of a beauteous maid and radiates her face.—[Tom Canson.

1881. 1881.

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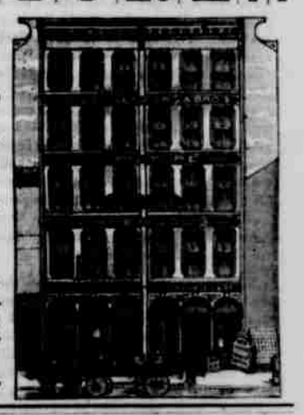

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