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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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A Letter from California.

A copy of your excellent paper has found its way into one of the households of the far West. Thinking that a few lines from California would be of interest to an Eastern reader, I have determined to write a small contribution if you think it worth publishing.

California is a far-famed country; therefore I will attempt nothing but common place remarks. Farming is carried on on a grand scale. Farms are called ranches, and some of the largest and most beautiful of the world are in this country. Many ranches comprise from two thousand to fifteen thousand acres of land. The land is plowed in the winter and spring, or as is termed, summer fallowed; it is sown down in grain the next fall, and the rains are all that the farmer hopes for until they come. These are joyfully welcomed, for they insure good crops. On these large ranches the gang plow is used exclusively, with six and eight horse or mule teams. It is nothing new or unusual to see from thirty to sixty-four horses or mules working all in sight of each other. The hired men fare rather rough; at least it would sound so to an Eastern people. They furnish their own bed (which is a pair of blankets), and sleep in the barn. There is always a cook-house, and a Chinaman to cook for the hired men.

No matter what the elegance of the family dwelling, the cook-house and hired men are entirely distinct. When supper is over, the men roll up in their blankets and sleep until the sound of the foreman's voice calls them to harness horses and prepare for breakfast and work. At, or before sunrise, and often earlier, they are plodding up and down the long furrows. When the grain is grown, and just before harvest, the plains for miles, present the appearance of one vast wheat field. There are no fences, but few houses, and most of those are now deserted and look lonely as a miner's cabin, they being used only in plowing and seeding time for cook-houses. Sometimes there will be a barn. Probably the owner will reside in town or elsewhere. At this season of the year, which is the last of January, the country presents any thing but a wintry appearance. The fields are green with growing grain. In our new part of this country, six miles West of Red Bluff, the ranches are small. The fields are dotted here and there with scattering oaks. The soil is so gravelly that three or four years ago it was considered fit for nothing but sheep range. But now these hills and plains of gravel are fast being turned into beautiful homes and homesteads. An enterprising people from the East are the principal settlers, and where miserable cabins stood are now pretty two-story farm houses. The sheep have been crowded to a newer locality, and Red Bank ranks with the prosperous, as a community. The scenery is varied and picturesque. To the East and West are mountain chains with their snow peaks, almost throughout the year. And to the North, Mt. Shasta's snow capped summit is wrapped in eternal snow. The mountains are covered with pine and the foot hills with pine and oak. The game are deer, and once in a while a bear. Flowers are now blooming in the open air. Myrtle and geraniums growing in the yard, and all around the mountain tops are covered with snow. Here is every thing, but unfortunately, it is not all together.

L. S. Red Bluff, Cal.

The magnitude to which the Seed business has grown in this country is an indication of the extension and cultivation of a finer taste for the useful and beautiful, and an evidence that our people are becoming more appreciative and intelligent citizens. We cheerfully hail all who further these most desirable ends. Foremost of all are the great Seedmen of Detroit, Michigan, D. M. Ferry & Co., who by untiring energy and genuine zeal in their business have done more than any other house in the country to spread the knowledge and cultivate the taste for intelligent gardening. Send to them for their Illustrated Seed Annual for 1882—sent free to all who apply—and which none who love the beautiful should be without.

A Texas Love Story.

Twelve years or more ago, back in the States, M. Horan and the girl of his choice were wedded, and for a time lived in the full enjoyment of their bliss. Anon, however, a cloud began to gather in their domestic sky, no greater than a speck at first, but with the fleeting days it increased, until the pent up storm burst and severed them. Horan was no rich man's son, educated, blue-blooded and high-strung, but he was a man for all that, and he loved his wife with a love as warm and true as ever loved the more favored of our kind his chosen mate in life. But the cup of joy was not for him then, and he wandered away, strolling around after a devil-may-care fashion, until the fates brought him to Texas. Here, as elsewhere, he was a sorry dog, until two years ago he obtained employment on the Columbus division of the I. & G. N. Road. Finding himself settled, and yearning for the old days, he put himself in communication with his wife from whom he had strayed ten long years before. The affection of her earlier days she cherished still, nor did she hesitate when he called, but answered quickly; and in August last the two currents of life joined. Horan was placed by the company at Arcola in charge of a section of the road. With his wife he went to his duty and discharged it, winning the confidence thereby of his employers and the respect of his collaborators. Thus their lives sped on peacefully and quietly until last Wednesday, when the husband was taken ill. He paid little heed to the malady until Thursday night, when he became worse, attributable to the fact that his wife was also similarly attacked. Neither of them would take medicine, albeit they grew worse each day. It seemed that they recognized the inevitable, and were prepared for it. At ten o'clock Sunday night Mrs. Horan sank into the slumber from which there is no awakening, and at ten o'clock Monday her husband followed her into the dreamland. A short time previous to his death he arose from his bed, went to her trunk, took out the few trinkets which she owned, placed them upon her person, reclined himself upon his couch beside her, and kissing the cold face, dropped into a gentle, peaceful sleep, from which he never awoke. Two coffins were sent down on the Monday morning train, and it is a fact that at the time they left here one of those for whom they were intended was yet in the land of the living.

[Houston Telegram.]

Solidified Stimulus.

The many people who frequently want a drop of something to make them feel right when they are too cold or too hot, or too wet or too dry, or something, will rejoice to hear that foreign chemists have discovered how to solidify wines and spirits. Hereafter a man should be able to carry some crumbs of the precious stuff in his vest pocket instead of going about with a cork protruding from a pocket of his coat, and instead of inviting his boon companions to the nearest bar he can offer them a brace from a neat box no larger than a cigar case. Better yet, it is said that in the process of solidification the liquor loses its smell, so no man after refreshing himself need rack his brain for plausible explanations to make to his wife about the aroma of cloves or coffee that he exhales. Under the new and solid dispensation the cork-screw will not, as heretofore, be the most important portion of a traveler's baggage, and even in Boston the wayfaring man will be able to stimulate in full sight without being arrested. When election day is about due a candidate will not need to keep "open house" at every rum shop in his district; he need only carry a pocketful of neat little boxes of solidified patriotic inspiration and distribute them freely.

WORTH KNOWING.—Every little while we read of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot, or some other part of his person, and lockjaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without fatal consequences following them. It is only to smoke such wound, or any wound or bruise that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke will take the pain out the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound we ever saw.

In North Carolina there are fifty-three cotton-mills in operation, and six others are in progress and nearly completed. There are also four or five woolen-mills in operation in "the old North State."

Proposed Uniform Time Service.

The Signal Service authorities have planned an extension of time service, in this and other Atlantic ports, which promises to have some far-reaching results. Nearly all the vessels engaged in the Atlantic trade regulate their time by the Greenwich standard, which from the vast predominance of the British marine is becoming the conventional standard the world over. To facilitate the testing and regulation of ships' chronometers in our port it is now proposed to set up a time-ball on the high building of the Equitable Insurance Company, to be dropped hourly by Greenwich time. It is also in contemplation to establish a system of standard meridians at even hour-distances from Greenwich, and the distribution of standard time based thereon in all our principal cities.

The meridian five hours (or 75°) from Greenwich passes near Philadelphia. The proposition is (by disregarding the odd minutes) to make Philadelphia time officially five hours later than Greenwich time, and the standard for the Eastern and Middle States. It is reasonably held that to the 12,000,000 people within twelve minutes of the Philadelphia meridian the practical convenience of uniform time will vastly outweigh the theoretical inconvenience of having their time uniformly a few minutes too fast or too slow. The next standard hour line would fall near the meridian of St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans, making the time of the Mississippi Valley exactly one hour later than that of the East. Two other hour lines would cross the country near Denver, Colorado, and near San Francisco, California. This would give four standards for the whole country, instead of the forty now existing.

Kiss Me, Mamma.

"Kiss me, mamma, before I sleep." How simple a boom, and yet how soothing to the little suppliant is that soft gentle kiss. The little head sinks contentedly on the pillow, for all is peace and happiness within. The bright eyes close—the rosy lips part in a sweet smile, for the little heart is revelling in the bright and sunny dream of innocence.

Yes, kiss it, mamma, for that good-night kiss will linger in its memory when the giver lies mouldering in the silent grave. The memory of a gentle mother's kiss has cheered many a lonely wanderer's pilgrimage, and has been the beacon light to illumine his desolate heart, for remember life has many a stormy billow to cross, a rugged path to climb, and we know not what is in store for the little one so sweetly slumbering with no care or sorrow to disturb its peaceful dreams. The parched and fevered lips will become dewy again, as recollection brings to the sufferer's couch a mother's love—a mother's kiss. Then kiss your little ones ere they sleep; there is magic power in that kiss that will endure even to the end of life.

Rev. Chas. F. Deems tells of a young man who is constantly at war with his appetite for liquor, though he never permits himself to take a drop. Neither his father nor grandfather were addicted to its use, but his great grandfather was an habitual drunkard. Thus are the sins of the father visited upon the children unto the third generation. Dr. Deems says of this case of hereditary impulse, "I think it is extraordinary only in the perfect resistance which he has made to his strong inclination."

When a man who was profanely expressing his opinion to one who had sold him some kind of a quadruped, and by way of compliment called it a horse, the jockey replied, "You are commanded to swear not at all." The victim instantly replied, and with a wit which he did not exhibit when examining the quadruped aforementioned, "Sir, I obey the command. I swear not at all, but only at such fellows as you."

The old world newspapers which locate the Hudson river in Arizona and place Philadelphia on the shores of Lake Michigan are at last avenged. The Chicago Tribune begins an editorial upon the land of the Nile by saying that "The worst squeezed lemon in Europe is Egypt."—[Springfield Republican.]

The Albany (N. Y.) Perforated Wrapping Paper Company are making a new article of stationery, consisting of a writing tablet to which is attached a roll case containing a roll of paper, which is drawn out upon the face of the tablet ready for use as fast as wanted.

The Grand Show.

The organization of Col. John H. McHenry's company of Union Minstrels has been at length perfected and performances will be given in all the principal cities and towns of Kentucky as soon as the gentlemen composing the troupe can change their winter clothing for spring and summer wear. The engagement of Gov. R.T. Jacob as barytone and leader of the mystic circle of sable harmonists secures to this high-toned and exclusive association of first-class talent one of the handsomest and best-dressed of living artists. Col. Mark Mundy, also, the ravishing young tenor, is a great accession. And in Col. William R. Kinney we have, as an actor and singer, a protean of no mean order. We understand that Col. Robert M. Kelly has been induced to take the advance agency for the company. Col. Kelly is a popular gentleman, and his acquaintance with the press, and facility with the pen, especially qualify him for this important and responsible position. We know all these gentlemen, and we can assure the public, and especially the ladies, that the entertainment which they have provided will be of the purest character. Nothing will be said or done which can bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty. The programme will contain selections from the latest comic operas, with songs, ballads and glees of a humorous and sensational description, culled from choice sources. It may be further stated that Col. Will S. Hays is engaged at the present moment, assisted by two pianos and a hand organ, upon the composition of music for those touching lines of Col. McHenry, beginning—

"Adein, democracy, adein."
—Courier-Journal.

A Forty Thousand Ton Blast.

A great blast, which has been preparing for nearly a year at the limestone quarry of the Glendon Iron company, near Easton, Pa., was fired recently, and forty thousand tons of rock were dislodged. Four tunnels, each fifty feet long, were run into the hillside, and at their end two chambers were built at right angles, each eight feet long. Ten tons of powder were used, and when the electric current was sent along the wire, the face of the rock, for a distance of 150 feet and a height of 25 feet, was blown out like a wave, and the rock above this excavation sank into the space with a roar.

Jet, the well known substance used by ladies as a black ornament for personal decoration, is a mineral, and is nothing more nor less than a species of pitch coal, found in detached masses, grained like wool, splitting horizontally, light and moderately hard. It is often confounded with cannel coal, which is much harder than jet, has no grain and splits in all directions. Jet is not easily fused, and requires a moderately strong heat, burning with a fine, greenish-white flame. The value of jet consists in its susceptibility to take a fine polish.

According to the Frankfurt Freeman, the latest style in social circles is as follows: "When one of them sends a card to a young lady requesting her company to a hop or public entertainment, he always places in one corner the significant letters 'B. N. N. H.'—which, being interpreted properly, mean 'Bad night no hack.' The young lady sends her conditional acceptance, with the letters, 'U. B. O.'—unless better offer."

Senator Voorhees, says: I have cured myself of rheumatic gout by a simple remedy—taking lemon juice in warm water twice or three times per day. Consequently, I am able to do what I have not done for years—walk from my lodging to the Capitol and back, a matter of four miles, every day, and outstrip the young fellows who go with me.

CORNS.—To cure corns take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpetre and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn, and apply it to the part affected; bind on and leave for two or three days, and then remove, and the corn will come with it.

Six women have been buried to death in their beds the last month, but all were married, of course. The single ones sit up all night—if they have the least encouragement.

A poet says "into each life some rain must fall." This is particularly the case when some fellow has stolen your umbrella.

An election, like a circus, is generally carried on under canvas.—[Lowell Courier.]

Bro. Barnes and the Devil.

The Louisville Commercial publishes the following: At the close of the sermon, Brother Barnes related how the devil tried to head him off. He had been trusting to the Lord for the restoration of his failing sight and had, to show his faith, put aside his glasses. Miss Marie and he had, at the solicitation of friends, had their pictures taken, and he was trying to see what kind of an expression the artist had given his mug. Not being able to see, he took up a magnifying glass, as if it did not answer the same purpose of eye glasses, and gazed at the picture. This was the work of the devil, and in a day or two afterwards his wife shut the drawer on his finger, causing him to forget for the time everything else, even his religion. On Thursday night, in attempting to get from the stage to the floor, he stepped on a chair, which gave way and precipitated him in such a way that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he would have had the brains dashed out of his pumpkin head. The Lord saved him, however, from such a fate, and Brother Barnes attributes to letting the devil persuade him to use the magnifying glass. He anointed himself for his bruises and says he is now as fresh as a daisy.

"Papa," said little Harry the other evening, "is your father a gun?" "Why, that's a funny question, my boy. Of course, he is not; he's a man." "That's what I thought; but last night when young Mr. June, that you don't like, kissed sister Mary, over the front gate, she told him to be careful or father would hear; and Mr. June said: 'Pshaw, I ain't afraid of that old son of a gun;' and then they both laughed, and he kissed her again. Ain't that funny?" The old gentleman was absorbed in thought, and did not reply.

[Stenboville Herald.]

Mrs. Partington Says.

Mrs. PARTINGTON SAYS.—Don't take any of the quack nostrums, as they are remedial to the human system; but put your trust in Hop Bitters which will cure general dilapidation, ostive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus ultra* of medicines.—[Boston Globe.]

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