

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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

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### COL. ROCHESTER'S PERORATION.

The following are the concluding sentences of argument of C. H. Rochester, R. R. Com'r., before joint committee of Senate and House of Representatives of Kentucky, on the 28th instant:

"Let us briefly review the Railroad question in its bearing upon the State, R. R. progress, &c."

The great Cincinnati Southern is reaching out for new extensions. Knoxville gained, the way is clear to the sea coast. The Kentucky Central is striking towards the Cumberland Mountains and beyond, to the same point; while by the recent completion of the Big Sandy, Kentucky has been indissolubly linked to her old mother, Virginia; and her progress is still onward to Memphis, to connect beyond the Mississippi with the great R. R. system of Arkansas, Texas and California, and at no distant day, with Mexico. While the L. & N., scorning any "pent up Utica," stretches out her arms far and wide, conveying trade and travel to the commercial metropolis of the State, and sending in return the products of her diversified industries.

New roads are projected and will be speedily built, unless hampered and throttled by oppressive and fatal restrictions. Large amounts of capital are held ready for investment in Railroads, but capital being cautious and chary, will await the result of Kentucky legislation. Should it be restrictive and unfriendly, the investments will not be made, and the construction of new enterprises cease. When I contemplate the hidden and undeveloped wealth of Kentucky now lying as a fettered giant, I will not believe that any thing will be done to retard her development. The mountains of Kentucky have been but partially flanked by Railroads. We must no longer be content to linger upon the outskirts, but must go in a direct line through the very heart of these mountains. Until this is done, we have but entered the outer door leading to a great prosperity. This done, and who can estimate the magnitude of the gain to our people? Then indeed will the mountains and little hills clap their hands. The valleys catching the glad note will echo the joyful acclaim, and when upon these timbered mountains their sturdy oaks, huge poplars and majestic pines—the growth of centuries—shall succumb to the woodman's axe, and lie prostrate, ready for utilization, thus bringing enormous wealth to the owners, then will these same mountains assume a different role, and be clothed in different attire. Their more beautiful as well as more valuable, these mountain regions will be come the home of the hardy, plodding and thrifty immigrant—the Swiss, the German, the Swede, the Dane, will flock to it, and though dismantled of its forests, will speedily become vine-clad and fruit-covered; the apple, the peach, pear and grape, flourish in astonishing perfection, far better than in Central or Southern Kentucky. With R. R. facilities these can be carried to the most profitable markets—New York, Chicago and many other points, bringing a return enriching those engaged in their culture. Meanwhile the coal and iron will send forth perpetual contributions aggregating a larger amount in profit than is made in the whole blue grass section. Should the legislature be liberal in its conduct, then all will be well. The bill reported by you may have much to do in shaping the character of legislation. Were I in your position—a legislator—as such I could desire no better posthumous fame than would attach to having contributed to develop her resources, thus enriching and adding glory to my native State. I can not but believe, gentlemen of the joint committee, that you will feel as I do upon this great question.

Thanking you for attentions you have given to my crude words, and for the courtesy granted, as asked in the beginning of these remarks, I am now ready to respond to any questions you may desire to ask.

Mr. Horace Seville, of Altoona, Pa., writes: "My wife and I are upward of seventy years of age. Of late we both have begun to feel the infirmities of old age. Nothing seems to revive, exhilarate, and strengthen us, as does Brown's Iron Bitters. We would not do without it for ten times its cost."

### Why an Arkansas Storekeeper Did Not Take Two Mutilated Coins.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock Store, and taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter, and then, after regarding the silver for a few moments, said:

"Mister, I want to buy some goods to make a dress."

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five cent piece has notches filed in it, and this fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. Can't take them."

"Abused," said the old man. "Abused," and he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it tenderly. "And you won't take it on account of the holes? Heaven grant that I did not have to offer it to you. Years ago, when my first child was a little girl, I punched a hole in this coin and strung it around her neck. It was her constant plaything. At night when she went to bed we'd take it off, but early in the morning she would call for her watch. When our John—you didn't know John, did you? No! Well, he used to come to town a good deal."

"Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, but desiring to show appreciation of the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it. He and his sister Mary—that was the girl's name—used to play in the yard, and compare their watches to see if they were right. Sometimes John wouldn't like it, because Mary's watch was bigger than his, but she would explain that she was bigger than him, and ought to have a bigger watch. The children grew up, but as they had always lived in the woods they were not ashamed to wear their watches. When a young man came to see Mary once she forgetfully looked at her 50 cents. 'What are you doing?' asked the young man, and when she told him she was looking at her watch, he took it as a hint, and went home. After this she did not wear her watch in company. Well, Mary and the young man married. John went off in the army and got killed. Mary's husband died, and about two years ago Mary was taken sick. When her mother and I reached her house she was dying. Calling me to her bed, she said: 'Papa, leave over—I learned over, and taking something from under her pillow, she put it around my neck and said: 'Papa, take care of my watch.' The old man looked at the merchant. The eyes of both men were moist. 'Do you see that boy out there on the wagon?' he said. 'Well, that is Mary's child. I wouldn't part with this money, but my old wife, who always loved me, died this morning, and I have come to buy her a shroud.' When the old man went out he carried a bundle in one hand and the 'watches' in the other.—Little Rock Gazette.

There is apparently no apparatus so liable to be interfered with, by what we may call natural causes as the electric telegraph. Fish gnaw, and mollusc overweigh the submarine conductors of the submarine wires; while there is at least one instance of a frolicsome whale entangling himself in a deep sea cable, to its utter disorganization. It is stated that within the three years ending 1878 there have been sixty serious interruptions to telegraphic communication in Sumatra by elephants. In one instance, these sagacious animals, most likely fearing snares, destroyed a considerable portion of the line, hiding away the wires and insulators in a cave. Monkeys of all tribes and sizes, too, in that favored island, used the poles and wires as gymnasia, occasionally breaking them and carrying off the insulators, while the numerous tigers, bears, and buffaloes, on the track, render the watching and repair of the line a duty of great danger. In Australia, where there are no wild animals to injure the wires, which are carried great distances overland, they are said to be frequently cut down by the scarcely less wild aborigines, who manufacture from them rings, armlets, and other varieties of barbaric ornament.

A boy who had been watching through the keyhole the antics of a couple of lovers, ran down into the kitchen to announce his discovery to his mother. "Oh, it's such fun!" he exclaimed. "What's such fun?" gravely asked the old lady. "Why to see sister Mollie and Mr. Pippa play lunatic asylum."

### The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy locks on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but these are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further, and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You can not walk into a midnight where she can not see you, you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

The Breckinridge News reminds the republicans that they have something to do in the way of rewarding the "true blue" members of their party in the South, the negroes, and need not waste so much sympathy on the down-trodden "Union" democrats of this State. That paper says: "It does not seem to us that if unshaken loyalty to party, unswerving fidelity to his conception of party principles unquestioning obedience to party edicts, count for anything, the negro is the pink of republican perfection. If loyalty to party be worthy of reward, who is so worthy of republican promotion as the negro? Yet who ever heard of Kentucky white republicans electing any negro to office, or even voting for him when he becomes a candidate of his own volition? Then why is he proscribed and despised by his white brethren? Simply because he is a negro, and for no other reason. Said a republican to us the other day: 'Do you suppose I'd vote for a d—d nigger? I'd see him in hell first!'"

A young minister is sometimes complimented because of his success in some extemporaneous effort called out by peculiar emergencies, and this induces him to intermit his studies and careful preparation, in part at least, and to trust in a good degree to the impulse of the occasion for words and ideas. Only one result can follow. He will gradually deteriorate, and his preaching will rapidly become less instructive and less acceptable even to those who flattered him in the beginning because of his ability to speak without study or much preparation. This is not imaginary; its reality is confirmed by living examples.

On the thirty-ninth anniversary of her birth Patri celebrated with a dinner party. She will be sorry for this. True, thirty-nine is not such a very great age for a prima-donna; but twenty years hence the papers will be referring to this dinner party as proof that she is forty-five, or, allowing a margin of five years for faintness of memory, that she has turned half a century.

A jailer says that that there is a class of women who are fascinated by any feebledish cruelty to one of their sex, and who become infatuated with the criminal. The number of persons who have a morbid admiration for notorious criminals he finds to be very large, and he would make it difficult for them to get into a jail to gratify their prurient tastes.

Senator Mahone still has friends. A resolution offered into the Virginia Senate rebuking Mahone for his continued absence from the sessions of the United States Senate, and requesting him to return to his post of duty, was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 20 to 14.—[Chicago Times.]

Bob Ingersoll has instructed his secretary, who is a short hand writer, to take down accurately what ever he may say on his dying bed, so that there will be no opportunity for any person to put into his mouth utterances contradicting the expressions of his entire life.

ASK YOURSELF.—Does your system need nourishing and strengthening? Are you recovering from some low fever? Do you suffer from dyspepsia or indigestion? Are you troubled with any urinary disorder? Remember, Brown's Iron Bitters will surely cure you. They have cured thousands who were given up to die by reputable physicians.

## GRAND OPENING OF THE -KENTUCKY- ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Main Street, Stanford, Ky., formerly occupied by McRoberts & Stagg,

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Ever offered in this or any other town. This is no bankrupt sale to run off cheap goods. I come to stay and build up a trade by treating every one politely and dealing fairly and squarely with all. No misrepresentation. Every article as represented and satisfaction guaranteed. All I ask is a fair trial.

D. KLASS.

### "Stop My Paper."

We occasionally meet a man in this world who is under the impression that if he "stops his paper" he will thus "get even" with the editor for some supposed injury—maybe it is only a gentle hint for a subscription past due.

Some business men, or rather men in some business, are laboring under the same aberration. Why, don't these blissful fellows know that when a man "cuts" his paper, it causes no commotion with the editor? He is used to it. It is only a proof that his paper is appreciated.

Aside from this the editor is very like an ordinary man. He eats, he drinks, he wears clothes (when he can get them. They may not be the finest but he wears them all the same; he wears a hat, he eats meat and all other "indelicacies" of the season, (sometimes he eats crow.)

No, the editor doesn't go bare-footed, (unless he has to.) Paradoxically speaking, he is a man like any other man.

Has feelings like a man. Likes his friends like any other man, and as a rule is not less charitable than other men.

Now, "stop my paper" man—don't think to hurt our feelings by paying up and quitting. This is a very large world, friend, and there are some very large people in it. If we discover that we can't get along without you, why then we will sell out and quit the business.—[Topeka Commonwealth.]

The custom of "pairing" is not a new one in legislative bodies, and is frequently resorted to. When two legislators of opposite political views find it necessary to be absent from the sessions of the body of which they are members, they agree to absent themselves from the discussions of the house during a specified period. They may be "paired" on some particular question; that is, when both are absent the general result is substantially the same, for one would vote for the measure and the other against it. This is how we have the word "paired."

Some time ago Mrs. Brown, of Allen county, gave birth to twins. Notwithstanding there is but four minutes difference in their ages, yet one was born in 1881 and the other in 1882, one in December and the other in January, one on Sunday and the other on Monday.—[Bowling Green Democrat.]

In Peru, as soon as a death occurs, ashes are strewn on the floor of the room and the door fastened. Next morning the ashes are carefully examined for footprints and the soul of the dead is said to have passed into the body of whatever animal the imagination traces in the ashes.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said: "We fight with your heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment and then said: "Ah, I see, and you have butted all your hair off."

A clincher: At a German hall, Lieutenant—"Did you not tell me that your father has an estate in Silesia?" Young lady—"Yes and two more in Pomerania." Lieutenant—"And can you still doubt my love?"

There are three prominent phases of a young woman's life, all visibly connected. As a baby, she is huggid; as a young woman, she is huggid; as a wife, she is humbugged.

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NOTICE  
I WILL BE IN STANFORD TWO WEEKS of each month, from 1st Monday, and in Lancaster two weeks of each month, from 1st Monday. Office in St. Amph Hotel, over Mattingly & Son's store. (See sign.) 185-1

Important to those Concerned.  
All persons indebted to the estate of John Shanks, dead, by note or account, will please call upon me at once and settle. Otherwise, suit will be brought to the first Court.

Stanford Female College. STANFORD, KY.

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Comprises Everything that is New, From the best of Foreign Makers. They will be cut and made in first-class style. His motto is—"To Excel." Cutting and Reparing neatly and promptly done.

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