

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1882.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 58.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Published Tuesdays and Fridays.  
\$3.50 PER ANNUM.

"PRAISE THE LORD."

DAYTON, Ohio, July 2nd, 1882.

Dear Father: Dayton was the home of my boyhood from 9 to 17. In 1839 my father took charge of the first Presbyterian church, a quaint old structure as I first remember it with a very high pulpit, reached by winding stairs, a clerk's desk beneath it, where the veteran tutor raised led in Old Hundred, Dundee, Antioch and other then fashionable tunes, long, common and short metre. A gallery around three sides of the church, half doubled the seating capacity. It was a favorite resort of the boys who had the privilege of sitting where they liked, for they could, free from observation, defend themselves from a long or dry sermon, by curling up and sleeping it out. One of the Elders sat up stairs to preserve quiet. The dear old church was ready to be taken down before I got large enough to claim a right to sit up there and sleep or read a book instead of listening; which was a very good thing for me, I dare say; and I am glad Mother kept me strictly at the "apron string" in these earlier years, for I went to the devil very rapidly after I got away from parental restraint. At last the old church went the way of all old churches—the congregation, grown wealthy, and ashamed to get behind other congregations, and so a new structure, they considered quite grand, replaced the old one. Twice since that time, as Dayton grew, and perhaps pride grew, has the plainer building given way to one more suited to the tastes of the worshippers, until No. 4, though on the same spot, no more resembles No. 1 than Dayton of '82 resembles Dayton of '35. *Tempora Mutantur.*

How well do I remember that trip from Lancaster, in old Garrard, to a city, though cities never seen before. The greenest of green of 9, was I, Garrard and Rockcastle the boundaries of my world, when all this new life burst upon me. Our route lay through Lexington and Maysville. Judge George Robertson, afterwards Appellate Judge, entertained us at the former place, which at that early day was built, under the hill, every thing beyond the rail road track being counted suburban. The Judge's house was on the brow of the hill overlooking the railway. I see my first train now, drawn by a little, puffy, fuzzy locomotive, that would hardly be called a "dummy" now, creeping over the old fashioned flat rails, 10 or 12 miles an hour, with large hickory split scrub brooms in front of the wheels, sweeping the track and acting as cowcatchers. A wonderful, wonderful sight that train was to me.

At Maysville, we embarked on the steam-packet "Swiftsure"—a fifth-rate steamer of to-day, but a floating palace of beauty and elegance in those earlier times.

From Cincinnati to Dayton, we traveled by canal packet, drawn by three horses hitched tandem fashion. That 60 mile voyage on the "raging canal!" Can I ever forget it! What luxurious feasts three times a day; how delicious the *delecta pars minuta* of the dreamy day and night it took to make the passage; how grand the thoughtful mind of our Captain with care of freight and passengers upon him; how full of dignity the steersman as with the lever of the rudder between his legs he looked keenly ahead, and by a skillful turn of the tiller kept us off the bank. And then the cry of "bridge" that set us all to ducking our heads to escape collision, and the wonderful operation of meeting and passing another boat in the narrow channel, by one cable being slackened, allowed to sink and the other boat scraping over it—the passengers cheering and waving hands and handkerchiefs in friendly greeting. At night how romantic to be hung upon a narrow shelf in one of three tiers of them, strung along the length of the boat. Occasionally child or adult would fall out in the night, varying the monotony of undisturbed repose. As I recall all this I can only live it over in imagination with Joe Gargery "what larks!" The old canal still exists and once a year bristling freight bring in a shadow of dividends, but the graceful packets with green venetian, carved prow, elegant upholstery and gliding are things of the past. Railways from every quarter of the compass dash in all hours of the day, replacing the three steeds of my boyhood that arrived at the dock in a brisk trot, flanks lathered with foam, driver's whip crackling, steersman's tin horn heralding the arrival of the graceful packet that "walked the waters like a thing of life." Are we any better now than then? Is it really better to go far than slow? I leave the answer for wiser heads than mine. The Dayton of '36 was a sleepy city of 8,000 with very little future before it, apparently. But the boom came long after I left it, and the Dayton of '82 is the briskest city of 40,000 on the continent. The roar of passing vehicles on the streets from earliest dawn till late at night is almost as

great as its driving neighbor, Cincinnati. A lovely city it is, too. I know none handsomer, for its size. Its streets were laid out with opulence of width, which alone, if decently built up, makes a handsome place. Father was a restless improver of property, and moved very often after he had facked up all the down fences, thoroughly cleaned up the house and tumbled the unsightly back premises into a garden of delight, he was off for new conquests. He moved about once a year in consequence. It is a little singular that three of the houses we lived in 45 years ago are standing to-day, looking as natural as if not touched since then. But most of the old landmarks have perished in the march of progress.

The commons where we boys used to hunt snipe, plover and blackbirds, are now solidly built up. The big pond where we delighted to skate in Winter and fish in Summer, filled up and built over. Market gardens across the beautiful Miami river, turned into an extension of the city. Forests where we hunted squirrels utterly vanished and block after block of houses instead. One bridge of the three of those days, remains intact—timbers perfect, and promises to stand 100 years. But several elegant iron railings and carriage bridges have been added as the city's growth required. As I rode over the wooden bridge of my youth, yesterday, I marked the very spot where in an attempt to evade the payment of toll which none of us had, by climbing up to the top, creeping along the rafters, watching the movement when the toll taker went into the house and then a run for it, one of our number, dear dead friend of my boyhood now, fell from top to bottom and broke an arm. I heard his sharp scream of pain, as if it had been the day before. That was a terrible day of guiltily creeping home after the doctor came and poor Jim was taken into the toll house to have his arm set. You must allow this garrulity of reminiscence for awhile, in my letters. I hope it will not bore my friends to read it. If I had more to write about the meeting there would of course be less of this.

"Patience is having her perfect work" just now. We expect faith to be tried in this first step "around the world." I think we have fully counted the cost and shall not easily be discouraged. The experience of every place differs from that of other places as I have often remarked. The novelty here is that we have the finest place to hold a meeting in we have ever had, but a most beggarly array of empty benches. The afternoon audience average 50 to 75. The night from 300 to 500 at the outside. The papers said 1,000, which is look 2 restored, 10 omitted is the total of returns to Saturday night. PRAISE THE LORD. A sharp transition from Frankfort, is it not? But every thing must have a beginning. "A bad beginning makes a good ending." Both daily papers started out to report sermons, but I think I see signs of letting the thing drop as a failure. Of course they can't be expected to prop up a failure. I don't blame them, a moment. They walk by sight. I think they will see enough ere long to cause them to keep on reporting, even if they stop awhile. For I am not thinking one moment of this meeting being a failure. Only remember we are on entirely new ground. The Ohioans differ as much from Kentuckians as Americans from Englishmen. Give them time. Soul wants are the same the world over, and the gospel I preach is what all need. That need will be recognized sooner or later, and the remedy acknowledged.

Meanwhile, pray for us, dear friends, that "utterance may be given"—and that we may "open our mouths boldly" and preach and sing the gospel as it ought to be preached and sung. Then all will come right. All well and full of holy joy and courage. PRAISE THE LORD. Ever in Jesus. GEO. O. BARNES.

BROTHER GARDNER'S GOLDEN RULES.—Honor your father and your mother, but don't lend dole man any money unless you have good security. Come down liberally to erect churches; but if you have any brick to sell ask de contractor full price. Do yer duty by Orphan Asylums, but don't board any orphans fur less than \$3 a week. Love yer naybur as thyself, but see dat he returns yer shovel, and spade an' rake in good order or make him pay de retail price. Be honest, but don't let a greaser imagine dat you buy a quart box of strawberries expectin' to get ober a pint an' a half. Obey be law, but don't clean out yer alley unless yer naybur does. Be seen often at church, but don't argue dat de preacher knows de size of de world an' de area of heaben any better dan lots of odder folks. Support de cause of education, an' yit remember dat some of our biggest fools am people who have bin stuffed full of it. —[Detroit Free Press.

"Mamma, dear," said a New Haven girl, just in the flush of early womanhood, "I have something to tell you. George has proposed and I have accepted." "My child, I cannot think of your thus disgracing yourself. George is not a suitable match for you. Besides, this would make him as one of the family and he would pay no more board." "Thus will be seen the incompatibility of a boarding-house girl falling in love with one of the boarders." —[New Haven Register.

## A Pathetic Incident.

Frank Moore relates this affecting instance of a dying son's recognition of his mother: In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicsville a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that on reaching Washington, after one of those horrible ambulance rides, and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear the suffering alone.

Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurse would have kept her from seeing her son until morning. One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on the feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist the pleadings of a mother? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? It is my mother. Turn up the gas and let me see mother?"

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace. The gallant fellow, just twenty-one, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years' service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

## Importance of Little Things.

Many years ago the keeper of a light-house off the coast of Florida, accidentally broke a pane of glass while lighting his lamp for the night. It was too late for him to repair it, and as the wind was blowing strongly, he fitted a strip of tin into the sash to prevent the lights from being extinguished. The lamps sent their cheering rays far out to sea, save where the piece of tin threw a dark shadow, widening as it fell upon the distant waters, till it covered many a mile. Vessels passing that way, during the night saw no light where one ought to have been and some were wrecked upon the rocks and precious lives were lost because, while the lamp was burning brightly, it did not shine where it should. So a single fault, or a vicious habit, or an uncontrolled temper, often hinders some of the Christian's light, and souls are lost because they abide in the shadow, and they are not led to the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world:

"Oh, light, divine, so full, so free!  
Oh, world that lies in night!  
Oh, guiding radiance, shine through me,  
Brightly and still more brightly,  
Nor ever let thy rays in vain  
Because I am a sinner's pane."

The marriage of Miss Annie Louise Cary to Mr. Raymond, a retired New York banker, was in thorough good taste. It was a very quiet affair. No witnesses were present except the immediate relatives. After the ceremony the newly-married couple drove into the country for a quiet lunch, and afterwards returned to the house, where they will remain a few days before going to New York. It would have been an easy matter, with their means, to have made the wedding a loud affair; multitudes would have laid their tributes, costly and valuable, at the bride's feet. But there were no wedding presents, no long array of invited guests, no show or parade, and no description of the ladies and what they wore on the occasion. Miss Cary was always a sensible girl, and she made it manifest in the great event of her life.

A subscriber asks how he can get rid of the apple borer. According to a writer on horticultural and agricultural subjects, when borers have once gained possession of a tree the only way to get rid of him is to hunt for them carefully with a knife or wire and destroy them. The eggs of the parent beetle are deposited during the nights in June, and are placed in the bark of the tree at the surface of the ground, or whatever may surround the tree. These eggs hatch in our latitude during September, and it is soon after this the young grub may be easily removed without the use of any thing more than the point of a pen knife. A few minutes spent in this way about the first of October each Fall will keep the tree from this pest. —[Scientific American.

The following clause was found in the will of a Yorkshire rector: "Seeing that my daughter Anne has not availed herself to my advice touching the objectionable practice of going with her arms bare up to the elbows, my will is that, should she continue after my death in this violation of the modesty of her sex, all the goods, chattels, money, lands, and all other things that I have devised to her for the maintenance of her future life shall pass to the eldest son of sister Caroline. Should any one take exception to this as being too severe, I answer that license in the dress of a woman is a mark of depraved mind."

A Washington woman, when her pet pug dog died recently, had the little darling buried in her family lot in the cemetery. We feel sorry for the dog, because the rest of the family will probably be buried in same lot.

## More Bad Hanging.

As even Giteau died by strangulation and without a broken neck it begins to look as if execution by hanging had no certainty in it whatever. In a case like this it is reasonable to suppose that every precaution was taken which experience could suggest, yet the vertebral condition at the autopsy, and the usual scene of torture only failed, we believe, because the strangulation was more than commonly effective, through the rupture of muscles that often protect the respiratory passages. Giteau was alive 14 minutes after he fell, yet he was plunged downward through a trap in accordance with the most approved theories. His body was not heavily enough to snap the ligaments that hold the vertebral bones in position. But the worst of all recent cases of hanging is one reported from the West, in which also the culprit was plunged through a trap, but was so little injured by the accident that he was able to get his hands and feet free and struggle to regain his footing on the scaffold. He was beaten back by the executioner. Such a battle between a hangman and his slightly hanged victim presents a picture that one might suppose would excite the people to reform our method of administering capital punishment.

## Why 1900 Is not a Leap Year.

The year 1900, although it is divisible by four without a remainder, is not a leap year, and it comes about in this way. "Under the Julian period" the solar year was considered to consist of 365 days and a quarter of a day, but as the actual or civil year could not be made to include a quarter of a day, an additional day was inserted in the calendar every fourth year to make up for the four lost quarters, and this is the 29th of February. But the Julian method of intercalation made the year too long by eleven minutes and ten and one-third seconds. This puts the calendar ahead of solar time one day in 129 years; to balance this in the adjustment of the calendar known as the "Gregorian," after Pope Gregory XIII now universally adopted in the Christian countries except Russia, one of the leap years is dropped at the close of every century, except when the figures of the centurial year, leaving out the two ciphers at the end, can be divided by four without a remainder. Thus, 1600 was a leap year, and 2000 will be, but 1800 and 1900 are not.

To-day is the Fourth of July. It is curious how many errors have crept into the public mind, and found their way even into the public prints, touching the origin, history and antecedents of this day. It is not, as so many erroneously suppose, the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Washington. Nor was it the day, as an English newspaper recently stated, on which Abraham Lincoln signed the Declaration of Independence at Faneuil Hall; though there is reason to believe that Mr. Lincoln held it in high esteem. How few people know it was the day on which Lord Cornwallis surrendered Vicksburg, Va., to the united forces of Gen. Grant and Stonewall Jackson? Such is history. Now you see it, and now you do not see it. After a time the very memory that the Stamp Act was repealed, and the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, on the Fourth of July, will have ceased to be! —[Courier-Journal.

A Michigan farmer was awakened about midnight by a loud knocking. He got up and opened the door, when two strangers said they had bought a hog in the next town and were taking it to market, but it had got untied and jumped out of their wagon, and they would take it as a great kindness if Mr. Young would help to catch it. Mr. Young dressed, called up the hired man and went and helped those strangers catch, tie and load that pig into their wagon. Next morning he found the door of his pig-pen broken off and his own pet pig gone, and it gradually permeated his being like a grease spot spreading over a rag carpet, that it was his own hog which he had helped those seductive strangers to get away with.

President Arthur was the recipient yesterday of a brass medal, struck in honor of the devotion of himself and 305 others to a cause whose defeat meant him what he is. The medal is about three inches in diameter, weighs six ounces, is ornamented with a head of U. S. Grant and the name of "Chester A. Arthur," and is encircled with the record of the thirty six ballots taken in the Republican National Convention of 1880. In accepting the gift from the hands of ex-Senator Conkling, who came to Washington to present it, Mr. Arthur simply referred to the brazen beauty of the design. —[Washington Post.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has been quite ill because of close attention to her extensive business as publisher, but is now better. It is a curious feature in Mrs. Leslie's history that she owes her present distinction to the death of two husbands. When the first, the late E. G. Squier, died, she was led by necessity to write for the papers which he formerly edited, and by the death of the latter she became their sole proprietor. She lives in handsome style on Fifth avenue, New York. —[Boston Traveller.

There is a Chinaman in San Francisco with red hair. His countrymen treat him with superstitious respect. At the table he has the best of every thing, and at all ceremonials he takes the precedence.

## An Extraordinary Engineering Feat.

The Washington Monument is too near to be ever regarded by Washington people as any thing out of the ordinary run of things. Few people here ever stop to think what a feat of engineering has been undertaken in the construction of this monument. "There is no where in the world such mechanical appliances as we have in the monument," said Col. Cassy. "The last course of stone weighed 160 tons. Now this 160 tons was raised vertically a distance of 245 feet, and the course was laid in 15 hours. In other words, two feet of the monument was built in that time. You haven't any idea of the amount of stone and the amount of work required to build the monument. The stone we have laid since the work was resumed, it taken down and spread out, would cover the entire monument lot. At a distance the monument looks small; the yardarms on the derricks on top look like broom splints; but when one gets near them and see how large they are, how wide the structure is, he gets some notion of the work." —[Washington Star.

## Governor Murray's Escape From A Mormon Scandal.

It is not always all glory and fun to be Governor of a territory. Governor Murray, of Utah, had a little trouble lately, but he came out of it all right. It seems that a woman who had been looking for ten years for some one to betray her was at last successful, and as she was a Mormon by profession, and the church desired to stand by her, the leaders concluded to swear the results on the Governor. However, the Mormons were surprised and chagrined on the arrival of the little stranger to find that he was a mulatto. As the woman was white and the Governor is a pronounced Caucasian, the church of Latter-Day Saints seems to be a little bit agitated, and the woman herself feels real out up about it. If there had been an eclipse or something of that kind, it would have been explained, but now she don't know just what to say. —[Nye's Boomerang.

## Unpromising Foreign Crops.

The information which I called to you last week about the unpromising condition of our crops has been verified by the many inquiries I have since made in all quarters. Hay and clover are very heavy, but much of the growth is down, and the weather is decidedly unfavorable to the chance of getting it in good condition. Wheat is thin and poor, having been checked by the Spring frosts and the cold nights which we have been having down to the present time. In the midland districts the farmers have given up all hopes of getting more than half a crop. In the home counties the prospects are better, but the crop everywhere must be light, and the loss to the already sorely tried agricultural community severe. This, of course, will add greatly to the difficulties surrounding the land question. —[World London Special.

The unfortunate animals imported to England from America says the *St. James Gazette*, still continue to suffer untold misery during their passage across the Atlantic. From the United States there were imported, in 1881, to the ports of Barrow in Farness, Bristol, Cardiff, Glasgow, Harlepool, Hull, Liverpool, London, and South Shields, 473 cargoes of animals, consisting of 103,693 cattle, 49,223 sheep, and 1,773 swine, of which 176 cattle, 96 sheep, and 10 swine were landed dead, and 110 cattle, 99 sheep, and 13 swine were so much injured that it was necessary to slaughter them immediately on landing; 3,387 cattle, 947 sheep, and 221 swine were thrown overboard during the voyage.

An application has recently been made for the patent of a machine to prevent young orphan chickens from being lonely. This is an invention which should, and probably will, commend itself to Mr. Bergh. The inventor claims that hundreds of chickens hatched out in the artificial incubators become lonely because they miss the "cluck cluck" of the mother hen, which is the lullaby of all well regulated chickens hatched in the natural way, and many are killed by this loneliness. He has arranged a system of clock work, which produces a noise somewhat similar to that of a hen, which he proposes to attach to the incubator, and on this machine the patent is asked.

Brother Barnes proclaims that it is the devil, and not, as his grandmother said, God, who punishes wicked boys. The great preacher says: "My grandmother is in hell! The mother who bore me; who rocked me to cradle; who reared me, taught me to lie! For that lie I cursed God! My grandmother is in hell for teaching my mother that lie!" —[Courier-Journal.

It has been thought that Noah sailed over America when he started on that forty days go-as-you-please cruise for it is recorded of him that he looked out of the Arkansas land. The report lacks confirmation, and Noah must not be here to publish a card, we must accept the statement with a grain of allowance.

Egg festivals are the latest. Each lady brings an egg with her name written upon it. They are deposited in a basket and before supper they are passed around and each gentleman takes one, and the lady whose name he draws is his partner for supper. —[Bulletin.

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