

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON.

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HOW OLD?

"How old is Mary Anderson? That people call her green? Is she, like good Victoria, One hundred and thirteen?"
"Oh, no, my son, about as old As I was at her age. But people never grow who go Fly-acting on the stage."
"And the 'big preacher,' Harrison, Is he as youthful as?"
"And does he wear short jackets now Like me and Cousin Ben?"
"Oh, no, my son, although his age I wish I had to see; I heard him preach in Louisville In eighteen forty-six."
"And the 'old violinist,' then, The youngest ever alive?"
"Great Scott! he played with Ole Bull In eighteen twenty-five." [Life.]

POLITICAL.

Mr. Tilden and Gov. Cleveland.

It can be stated with absolute authority that Mr. Tilden's interest in Gov. Cleveland's success is and has been earnest and outspoken. Mr. Tilden's letter of declination was made public after an assurance from the Governor that he was in hearty and entire sympathy with the overwhelming desire of the party that Mr. Tilden should accept the nomination. That letter, by the way, was prepared many weeks before being finally given to the public. Mr. Tilden only waited for a proper opportunity to make his decision known. He left his intimate friends in no doubt that under no circumstances would he feel himself able to undertake the responsibilities of the campaign and the subsequent achievement of reform in the administration of the Federal Government—for no one doubts that his election would be certain if he survived until the close of the campaign. But when his decision became generally known as Washington he was received vigorously and constantly by many leaders of the party to reconsider it. He steadfastly reiterated his purpose—his first intention being to address the letter to the State Democratic Convention. Circumstances—and after the assurance of Gov. Cleveland referred to—led him to address the letter to Chairman Manning at the time it was issued and Gov. Cleveland's control of the State delegation was thereafter assured.

Since—and even before—the nomination Mr. Tilden's expressions of esteem for Gov. Cleveland and appreciation of his high-minded and able administration, which so closely he followed the lines of Mr. Tilden's own administration of the same office, have been unstinted. Gov. Cleveland's friends feel that his candidacy represents in the largest measure and more conspicuously, perhaps, than would have been the case with any other candidate, that "achievement of reform in the administration of the Federal Government," which the party had as its chief issue when Mr. Tilden was its candidate. As the choice of the party when Mr. Tilden could not be placed at the head of the ticket, as the first democratic Governor of New York after Mr. Tilden, he also may be considered to represent the issue of that "best homage of freemen—the pledge of our devotion to the principles and the cause now inseparable in the history of this Republic from the labor and the name of Samuel J. Tilden."—[New York Herald.]

The September elections will be watched with much interest, as showing indicating the direction of the political wind. Arkansas is to choose State officers and a Legislature on the first of that month. Vermont will choose State officers, a Legislature and Congressmen on the 21st and Maine a governor, a Legislature and Congressmen on the 8th. In October Ohio, West Virginia and Georgia hold State elections and on November 4th the Presidential election occurs.

Andrew Jackson was twice elected President of the United States and that, too, in spite of attacks upon his personal character as malignant as any that were ever made upon the characters of Aaron Burr. The American people have a wholesome repugnance to scandal mongers who venture beyond the official record to assail public men.—[Brooklyn Eagle.]

WITHOUT A MORAL.—A Flock of Ducks which had observed a Man standing on the shore of the Pond, got into a dispute as to whether he carried a gun or a cane. To settle the matter they all swam near him, and of a sudden he raised the Disputed object to his Shoulder and slam-banged among them. It was a Double-Barreled Shot Gun, and not a Cane.

MORAL: But as he was a Stanford sportsman he didn't hit a blessed bird. Therefore, no moral can be drawn from this above.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00, sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

Manchester, Ky., Aug. 8th.

The young people of Clay County have a moonlight picnic at Judge Burchell's to-night.

—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Redd and Miss Jael Redd, of Crab Orchard, Ky., are visiting friends and relatives in this county. Miss Jewett Taylor, of Frankfort, is visiting Mrs. Gilbert Garrard.

—Our August elections are over and returns give Hall a majority of 248. Col. D. Y. Lyle, Independent, received a majority over Ward of about 541. Col. Lyle is a resident of this county. Robt. Clarke, rep., received a majority over Keith, dem., of nearly 300. Geo. W. Baker, dem., is elected by 550 majority over Capt. Holman, rep., to fill out unexpired term of County Attorney. The race between M. G. Horton, dem., and Dr. I. S. Manning, rep., was in favor of the latter by but 6 votes. There will be no contest. This is the race in which Hon. John D. White has taken such a leading part. Horton applied to Judge Finley for a certificate, but because he did not come at the day appointed by Judge Finley for examination the Judge refused to grant him a certificate. Any way, Horton put himself before the people and the County Clerk failing to put his name on the poll books at Otter Creek precinct, Gilbert Garrard, who was a friend to Horton, placed his name on the book. Hon. John D. White coolly walked up and took a pen and scratched Horton's name out. Whereupon Garrard refused to allow any vote to be taken until Horton's name was polled as a candidate. After waiting about two hours the officers of the election who were equally divided pro and con, agreed to let Garrard poll Horton's name as acting deputy Clerk of the County Court, which he was. The action of John D. White is condemned by all fair-minded men of Clay County as being both presumptuous and overbearing.

"Don't Embarrass the Governor."

Last Thursday Wallace's circus visited Columbia and with it was Mr. C. C. Worrall, a graduate of an Indiana college, who recently abandoned the profession of law for a branch of business yielding quicker returns and larger profits. Mr. Worrall had an old gambling device containing three small cups and an India-rubber ball. Whoever thought he could pick out the cup that had the ball under it was at once accommodated, provided he was willing to back his judgment with a reasonable sum of money. Gentlemen from the rural districts of Adair backed their judgment liberally, and Counselor Worrall harvested shekels galore. Mr. Tom Epperson's bad guessing cost him \$50, and Mr. Armstrong Hill saw \$35 depart from him and his administrators and assignees forever. There were many more of the same kind, whose names can not be had, but in the aggregate Mr. Worrall took in quite a handsome sum.

The unfeeling authorities of Columbia arrested Mr. Worrall and on Saturday he had a trial. The jury found him guilty and fined him \$500. They stated that they could not fine him any less but that they would sign a petition to Gov. Knott, who happened to be in town, for a pardon.

"Don't embarrass the Governor," said Mr. Worrall, with that easy grace which renders him so irresistible in his profession. "He has said that he will not pardon a gambler and I shall not ask him to break his word on my account. I have the money here and will just pay the fine."

So Mr. Worrall laid down \$500 and an additional sum for costs, compromised with Mr. Epperson, who had sued to recover the money, and quietly left town, after volunteering the information that he was still somewhat ahead of the game and that his visit to Columbia had been reasonably profitable, much better than practicing law, at all at events.—[Lebanon Standard.]

He Experimented.

He was a bashful wooer, but there was a certain manliness about him which indicated that he only needed encouragement to let himself out. She saw this and she resolved on a policy of encouragement.

"Do you believe these stories in the funny papers," she asked, "about the willingness of young ladies to be kissed?"

"I—I really can't say," he replied. "They may be true." Then gathering courage, he added: "I hope they are true," and drew closer to her.

"It seems to me," she said "that there is only one way in which a young man can discover whether they are true or not."

"And what way is that?" he asked.

There was a brief pause. Then with a faraway look in her eyes, she answered: "By experiment when he has an opportunity."

He Experimented.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Just now there seems to be a fancy among fashionable people to use owl-stuffed owls—as ornaments to set on the top of book cases or other suitable places. Common owls stuffed sell at \$3 to \$5 apiece. White owls are worth from \$15 to \$20. I have been cleared out of owls entirely, the demand has been so large of late, and I have several unfilled orders from Chicago still on hand.—[Ex.]

TRY IT YOURSELF.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article yourself. McRoberts & Stagg, the Druggists, have a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

GEO. O. BARNES IN FRANCE.

'PRAISE THE LORD'

25 AVENUE DE LA GRANDE ARMEE, PARIS, July 26, 1884.

Dear Interior

I. I have to observe concerning the French language; that there is less connection in it, between spelling and pronunciation, than in any tongue, living or dead, with which I have any acquaintance. Such a prodigious waste of letters, and such reserve in using what are left, strikes a foreigner with surprise not unmingled with indignation, when he attempts to fit in his own system of orthoepy and finds that it is utterly unintelligible to a Frenchman, however logical and correct in itself. Of course it becomes one to speak modestly, in whose beloved native tongue, such anomalies in pronunciation are found as in tough, cough, plough, though, through, hough and dough. I acknowledge that these are enough to drive the average foreigner wild, but they furnish no excuse for a Frenchman pronouncing *tout le monde*—"toole-maw," nor using *hommes* to say "om" and thousands of other things in orthography and orthoepy that these examples cannot "hold a candle to," in point of inconsistency. The blank amazement that comes over one when you request a native of this country to spell some word that you are inquisitive about, beggars description. How would you feel dear reader, if upon asking a friend in Paris, to spell the unassuming little word given above—"om," he should, instead of saying "o-m" like a sane man answer you something like this "arak o m ay ay?"

2. I like French manners exceedingly, though I am too old to imitate them. The way they pull off their hats, and speak courteously, and make you feel that they take the warmest personal interest in you, is very attractive to one who has only known the average habits of England and America, in this respect. I wish had electricity enough left in me to commence life over again and be thoroughly unforgetfully polite. It is a good and scriptural habit, I always envied my old friend Rutherford, of Paris, Ky., his rarely beautiful manners. Just imagine a whole country full of men as courteous as he and you have La Belle France, without much exaggeration. "Be pitiful, be courteous" is a bible injunction little attended to in this selfish age. But what a lubricator genuine politeness is! Everybody is "Monsieur" in France.

3. French religion is Roman Catholic chiefly, as every one knows. Some think the nation infidel, as to the bulk of it I shouldn't wonder, for the world is going that way fast. But I will say that even if religion is kept up for the women mainly, it is kept up in a profusion of expenditure on the church buildings that one does not find in England or America—costly as are some of our houses of worship. Paris is a city of gorgeous churches. This is a characteristic feature of the beautiful French capital. One goes to one grand temple after another, until after a time the grandeur palls upon you. I made one blunder Notre Dame is the "Westminster Abbey" of France and I ought to have gone to it first. It so happened that I visited it last and it was a disappointment amounting to a shock. You shall find a dozen churches in Paris far more elegant and imposing than Notre Dame. If I had seen it first, however, I should have been satisfied better and the disappointment has unfitted me to do the venerable pile justice. To any one visiting Paris, who may read this, I would give the advice to avoid my blunder. Among the churches that Verdon and I inspected more or less carefully, of course the Magdalen holds the first place for massive grandeur. I shuddered as I walked up and down its beautiful blees to think that one of the most recent events of its chequered history was the total destruction in 1871 of 300 communists, who took shelter in the great building after a desperate combat in the streets, not one escaped the infuriated soldiery. I could hardly realize that the solemn quietude of the place had ever been broken by volleys of musketry, and the deadly bayonet stab of contending combatants. St. Augustine is exquisite for internal beauty. The confessionals at the sides had the names, conspicuously posted, of the several Father Confessors, with the times of their attendance, who ministered in this elegant place. I saw this no where else and took up the notion from the general surroundings, that this is a most aristocratic establishment of very recherche and exclusive character. St. Clothilde is a beautiful church where we had the pleasure of hearing the deep musical chanting of a choir of male voices. One must hear this singing of only men, rolling through vaulted nave and pillared aisles to appreciate the almost weird effect of it. I had never heard anything to equal this choral chant in St. Clothilde. St. Sulpice's is the most massive church interior that I saw in Paris. The perfect prodigiousness of the square pillars that support the lofty roof, surpasses any architecture of the kind in the city. Here too, on the same colossal scale, the enormous oil paintings in the side chapels, perhaps 40 feet by 20, strike the spectator with wonder. Even the Louvre has no such monster works of art as these.

In St. Sulpice we met with a little adventure. As I was taking a brief note in my book while sitting on one of the church chairs, I heard the tramp of feet, the tinkle

of a little bell and the authoritative rap of an official staff on the stone pavement. Looking up I beheld a small procession headed by a man in a cocked hat (quite answering to an English Peedie) who held in his hand a staff with gilt head. Following him was a cleric of some sort, in white garments, with a something in his hand covered by a cloth, that I afterwards guessed to be the consecrated bread. A few others followed in measured marching order. The old fellow with the staff gave me an imperious nod, as he approached, which fortunately I interpreted promptly, by rising and standing respectfully as he passed. Before I caught his eye and nod I was staring wonderingly and keeping my seat, which would have offended the official gravely. I don't know what might have happened had not the good LORD taught me what to do in an instant; for the procession was right upon me when first observed. Perhaps the Peedie would have rapped my thick head, instead of the pavement, to teach me better church manners. The Pantheon is a grand church of impressive proportions, out and in. Put St. Paul's dome on a little smaller scale than the original, on the Royal Exchange, London, and you have the Pantheon to a dot. And that will do for the churches of Paris, will it not? Oh! I must not forget St. Denis, which is far outside the walls of the city, in a suburban town. A wonderful church it is, where the dust of many generations of royalty reposed until the first Revolution and the "Reign of Terror" tore the bodies out of the old crypt, remorselessly and flung them into a common pit, dug near by, in extricable confusion. The leaden wrappings were run into bullets to shoot aristocrats. Afterwards the bones were replaced, but all identity was lost. It is intensely interesting—this old burial place of French kings, and I am glad I went out to see it. The verger read in a monotonous, wooden way, the inscriptions on the various tombs, not giving us time to understand them by personal study; for he thicket us off to the next, when a faint dawn of intelligence was beginning to break as to the last subject. Then the whole thing over again at the next tomb until we were fairly idiotic at the close. I can hear his monotone now. And he charged us a franc apiece for stultifying us. It is a pity the public are not permitted to study these wondrous side aisles and instructive inscriptions at their leisure. Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

Canals.

The Imperial Canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1881 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind in Europe, the canal of Languedoc, or the Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is 148 miles, it has more than 100 locks and about 50 aqueducts and its highest part is no less than 900 feet above the sea, it is navigable for vessels of upward of 100 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland Canal, complete in 1825. It is 124 feet wide at the water surface 31 feet wide at the bottom and has a depth of 20 feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonian canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including 3 lakes. The Suez Canal is 80 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie Canal is 350 1/2 miles long; the Ohio canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 291; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374. The Suez Canal is 28 feet 4 inches deep, 72 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, 329 feet wide at water surface. Length a little short of 100 miles. The Panama Canal is 55 1/2 miles in length.

The Italian laborers in New Jersey eat toads, mud turtles and sheep and chickens when have fallen victims to disease. If they could be taught to eat English sparrows or potato bugs, they might be invited to come West and grow up with the country instead of illustrating as they now do the beauty of protection.

A goat ought to be a first class material for the oleomargarine. There is no better butter than the goat.

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To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchesi's Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Bleed, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

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Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, weakness of the stomach, &c. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Piles, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching and affecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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