

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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NEW SERIES.—NUMBER 304.

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING-OUT SALE AT

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING-OUT**, not a CLEARANCE SALE! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices!** The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Ginghams, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost mark!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once **FOR CASH.**
J. W. HAYDEN.

A Hard Hit

One of the Baptist pastors of this city preached on Sunday last a very pithy and pungent sermon from the text, "Will a man rob God?" The question is answered in the affirmative—as regards some men, judging both by past history and present examples. This was illustrated by an anecdote, very felicitously told. We shall aim only to give the point. It was so sharp it could not well escape the listener. A man asked another, "Are you a believer in the Christian religion?" "O, certainly." "You are a member of some church, then, I suppose?" "Member of the church? No, indeed. Why should I be a member of a church? It is quite unnecessary. The dying thief wasn't a member of a church and he went to heaven." "But of course you've been baptized? You know the command—" "Be baptized?" "O, no. That's another needless ceremony. I'm as safe as the dying thief was, and he never was baptized." "But surely, since you will not join a church or be baptized, you do something in acknowledgement of your faith? You give of your means—you help the cause in some way?" "No, sir. I do nothing of the kind. The dying thief—" "Let me remark, my friend, before you go any further that you seem to be on pretty intimate terms with the dying thief. You seem to derive a great deal of consolation from his career; but mind you, there is one important difference between you and him. He was a dying thief—and you are a living one."—[Michigan Herald.]

Does shaving cause the beard to grow? This is a disputed question among those who should know the most about it. The impression is quite general that it does, but why it should be not clear by any means. The youth who wants a moustache shaves persistently and painfully, too, perhaps, in the fond hope that he is helping the dear things along. If there is any dependence to be placed in the results of the latest investigations into this matter he might as well take the milkmaid's advice to soak his lip with cream and get a cat to lick it.

One of the grandest mankind sights is that when the devoted wife of an erring husband, regardless of what the jeering world may say, goes to the corner grocery with saloon attachment and leads him home by the ear.—[Kentucky State Journal.]

CURE FOR PILES.

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, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the tumor, allaying the intense itching and affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

Roller Skating Partitions

Lying on the right side, "My heart is at your feet"
Lying on the left side, "I have money in bank."
Standing on your nose, "I have no objection to a mother-in-law."
Jumping on your skates, "I'm afraid I can't trust you."
Lying on your back, "Assist me."
"One leg in the air means "Catch me."
Two legs in the air means "mashed."
"One skate in your mouth, 'Crushed again."
Hitting the back of your head with your heel, "I am gone."
Suddenly placing your legs horizontally on the floor like the letter V indicates "I am paralyzed."
Punching your neighbor in the stomach with your left foot, "I am onto your little game."
A backward flip of the heel and sudden cohesion of the knees to the floor indicates "May I skate the next music with you?"—[Norristown Herald.]

THE THEORY OF VACCINATION.—Prof. Tyndall suggests that, just as the soil may be so effectually robbed of some essential ingredient by one abundant crop as to be incapable of producing another, so in the human system a parasitic disease may so completely exhaust the blood of some ingredient necessary to the growth and propagation of the parasite that the production of a second crop is fatal or considerable quantity may be impossible. It would thus appear that protective vaccination, or inoculation is simply the introduction into the blood of weakened and comparatively harmless disease germs to consume the material which might become food for similar germs in a more vigorous and dangerous condition.

"How was Indiana carried?" shrieks an exchange that hasn't got over the election yet. We don't know how they got the rest of the State home, but the delegate we saw at three A. M. had his legs hanging out of the window, his hat hanging on his feet, no overcoat, and was singing "It's a mors, ing by-hic bri light," and it took three men to hold him down. If the hacks held out we can see no reason why there should have been any difficulty in carrying the State.—[Hawkeye.]

Rev. Dr. Burchard said "just before the battle" that the democratic party was made up of "rum, Romanism and rebellion" and now comes Rev. Dr. Fulton, of New York, who says he unqualifiedly agrees with Dr. Burchard. Now, if Bismarck wants to re-entrenched Jerusalem he can drive a double team.—[Memphis Scimitar.]

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rash at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

THE EXTRAORDINARY YOUNG LADY.

Once in a Large City there dwelt a Maiden whose Mother being in Moderate Circumstances was put to great straits to educate her Daughter that she might occupy a Higher Walk in Life. She worked hard, and deprived herself of every Comfort. And how was she rewarded? Strange to say, this Young Lady appreciated her Mother's Sacrifices, and did all she could to lighten her Labors. Upon returning from School she would devote her time to the Kitchen until the hour for her Music Lesson arrived, and then she would make the Piano Howl. She arose early and assisted with the Washing and Ironing, and when her Young Man took her to the Ice Cream Parlor at night she always slipped some Choice Cake into her Pocket for Ma. Finally she and the Young Man were married, and the Best Room in their House was devoted to the Old Lady, who never afterwards did a Lick of Work.

MORAL.—This is not a True Story. It is a Fable.—[Cincinnati Time Star.]

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gas-light with her hand all evening as much as to find that after all she had left her best diamond ring on the wash stand.—[San Francisco Post.]

Falcon on Waterbury Watches.

I have been studying the inner consciousness of a Waterbury watch, trying to see how its subtle processes might be quickened into the semblance of a simulated life. I have learned what a "demoniac horrid grind" it takes to wind one up, and what a feeble effort at time keeping it makes when the winding basis over. It will not start itself, but must be used as a slug shot or thrown up in the air and caught several times before it can be galvanized into organic action. If you have bought one, its silent face will stare you out of countenance with dumb protest at your folly; and however you may come into possession of it, you will soon see that for a brand of the first water it is entitled to the cake.—[Times.]

A ghastly belief was that the hair of the head grew indefinitely after death, it having been found in perfect masses where graves have been opened. Every specimen of this hair that has been carefully examined has proven to be vegetable hair, a form of fungus. The only well-marked changes that take place in the hair after death is the loss of lustre and color. It is one of the most indestructible parts of the body, being found in graves where there were no traces of either bones, teeth or nails.

--OUR--

LADEIS', MISSES'

--AND--

CHILDREN'S

FINE KID AND GOAT

SHOES!

CAN NOT BE EXCELED!

TRY A PAIR

GEO. H. BRUCE & CO

STANFORD, KY.

H. C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

Presents for your Mother-in-law at Bourne's.
Presents for your Granmammy at Bourne's.
Presents for your Gal at Bourne's.
Presents for your Fellow at Bourne's.
Presents for your Friend at Bourne's.
Presents for your Sister, Father, Mother—Everybody, at Bourne's.

Toilet Cases at Bourne's.
Nail Sets at Bourne's.
Odor Cases at Bourne's.
Writing Desks at Bourne's.
Fine Books at Bourne's.

Toilet Sets at Bourne's.
Baby Sets at Bourne's.
Christmas Cards at Bourne's.
Dolls at Bourne's.

Anything you want at Bourne's.

Bourne is the Friend of the Gift-Maker—in fact

Bourne is a nice little man.
Bourne is a dandy.
Bourne sells the nicest goods
And feeds the girl on candy.—[Shakespeare.]

Then go immediately and see BOURNE at the New Drug Store, next door to Higgins, STANFORD, KY.