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W. P. WALTON.

Particulars of a Sad Love Affair—A Very Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

(By Perley Poore.)
Mr. Buchanan was regarded almost at the commencement of his congressional career, as a confirmed bachelor, his first and only love affair having had a sad termination. The lady's name was Ann Coleman, and she was the daughter of a proud, wealthy citizen of Lancaster. In 1821 Mr. Buchanan was elected to congress, and the next long session was continued far into July, when he returned home in the Baltimore stage, tired and dusty. After he had washed and changed his clothes, he started out for a short stroll, in his dressing-gown and slippers.

Miss Grace Hutley, sister-in-law to William Jennings, who resided on the corner of South Station street, the terminus of the southwest angle, happening to be sitting in the parlor with all the windows open on account of the heat, noticed that Mr. Buchanan had returned, went to the door, and, passing the compliments of the evening, invited him in, with which he complied, and they seated themselves by a large open window and engaged in conversation. Not more than twenty minutes thereafter an anonymous note was handed in to Miss Coleman, stating that Mr. Buchanan was too tired to call on his affianced, but that he could call on and sit and chat with Miss Hutley.

On perusing the note Miss Coleman was naturally somewhat troubled, and her father insisted upon seeing it. His offended dignity was at once in arms, and within an hour the daughter was placed in the family carriage and on the way to Philadelphia to visit her sister, Mrs. Judge Hemhill. Knowing the unrelenting nature of her father, and probably feeling hurt at the insult thus anonymously conveyed to her, although an intelligent and accomplished young lady, and very much attached to her betrothed lover, she became despondent, and in her despair took her departure and was a year on the day following her reaching Philadelphia. Mr. Buchanan requested permission to attend the funeral as chief mourner, but was rudely refused. Being a man of ardent affection, and entirely devoted to his betrothed, Mr. Buchanan's mind was nearly unimpaired at the sudden calamity which had befallen him, so he remained in Philadelphia, and his friends became impatient, and Judge Franklin persuaded him to return to his family a few days. He never forgot his early love, so sadly terminated.

The Man Next You.

(Philadelphia Press.)
"There is a man whom I know to be a gentleman since once I saw him buy a pair of gloves," said a somewhat cynical observer of human nature. "To most people the girl behind the counter who waits on them is a tool, an instrument of their conveniences. He showed, without any fuss, that he recognized in her a human being at whose hands he desired a service. And it brightened up a dull face to be so treated."
This business of getting into right human relations with other human beings is a large part of the best culture of character. It is a mistake when we touch on any other human life, however lightly and on the surface, without recognizing practically the humanity which is there. We impoverish human relations by this morally external contact of man with man, and we do each other great harm at times by not getting a little nearer.

Now there is in the meanest and blindest something which rises up against this treatment. Men hate to be nothings, or to be tools. They want some recognition of their personality, their individuality. Much of the popular form of religious faith is vital through demand for recognition. The poor man says: Here I am nobody, and despised by those who force the attention of the world upon themselves. But God needs me. I am not a nobody to Him. And the day is coming when the manifestation of His love will lift me out of this neglect and obscurity into recognition and honor. It is remarkable what a part this element plays in the popular notion of the future life.

Silk Rag Carpets.

(New York Herald.)
Down in a dingy, dim and dirty little basement under a rickety old building on the Bowery is carried on an industry whose products are as beautiful as they are fashionable. It is a new freak in fancy work and rather a sensible one.
This new wrinkle is nothing more nor less than a silk rag carpet. Old silk dresses, sashes and ribbons are cut up into little strips, the colors mixed indiscriminately by the gather, and woven into a thick rug like a Turkey carpet. Threads of gold and silver braid are run in to give the mass an occasional glitter here and there. Then with elaborate borders attached they are hung up to act as portieres or window curtains.
This little Bowery cellar is the only place where they are woven. Little do the occupants of fashionable drawing rooms imagine that the pretty fabrics are made by the brawny Missian with spectacles and a black pipe, and that by the aid of two flickering candles set in the dust of the cumbersome loom he blends the colors together, with the eye of an artist.

An Incredible Water.

(Chicago Tribune.)
"Two beers, two ginger ales, and a glass of water," ordered one of five friends who dropped into a restaurant.
The waiter seemed bewildered.
"Do you see, do you see, do you see?"
"Water, water. A glass of water."
"Water?"
"Yes, water, plain water."
He shook his head incredulously and fetched two beers, two ginger ales, and a rye-bread-and-ham sandwich.

Josh Billings: When I see a man with a marked eccentricity, I am ready to make a wager that the eccentricity is about all there is of him.

THIS IDEA OF GOING WEST

By Colorado or New Mexico, for pure air to relieve Consumption, is all a mistake. Any reasonable man would use Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for Consumption in all its first stages. It never fails to give relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections that are considered primary to Consumption. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

THE BROTHERS.

An Entertaining and Instructive Serial Story.

Written Expressly for the Interior Journal.

BY MISS MILDRED LEWIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

Philip watched every mail for the expected letter which was to forever rid him of Henry Graham, but as the days passed and it did not come he grew uneasy. "She can't have got frightened and concluded not to send it or has decided to expose me; she's idiot enough to do either." He said no more to Julia about Henry, but he ground his teeth whenever he came and he saw how happy Julia looked. One morning after a night of fretting and invoking everything pleasant on the head of Miss Castle, the expected letter came. It had been the custom ever since he first came, for Philip to distribute the mail. He knew the letter at a glance and while pretending to be busy sorting the rest of the mail keenly watched Julia.

She opened the letter first in evident wonder, which gave way to a look of bewilderment, then overwhelming comprehension as she forced herself to read it twice to the end, then folded it and as she thought, slipped it into her pocket, but it only lodged in the folds of her dress.

When she rose to leave the table with the others at the close of the meal, the letter slipped from her dress to the carpet and Chatty who had been observing her, put her foot on it, lingered to get some flowers from the table until the others were out of the room then stooped and picked it up.

"Something is wrong and this letter explains it; she won't tell me herself, so I'll find out and see what can be done."
She passed the sitting room, where she supposed the others were and went up stairs, at the top of the steps she met Julia coming down and evidently looking for something. "I have dropped a letter," she said.

"I don't see it," said Chatty, looking at the wall opposite.

Going to her room she locked the door and we blush to tell it, but she read the letter through. Let the motive excuse the act.

"That is it, is it? and she says that he belonged to her, well, Miss Castle, I don't want to be impulsive, but I must say that I don't believe you, a girl with the kind of spirit which you show in this letter is hardly one whom Henry Graham would love, besides I don't believe him at all dishonorable; no man with his countenance could be. How could she have heard so much about Julia and Henry? Philip! the thought came naturally enough to her, for she made him the scapegoat for all misdeeds. His sheet occurred to her, his restlessness since his return, his condescension towards Henry. "Yes it is you, I can see. We will see about this, Mr. Philip; it lies between you and Chatty, instead of Julia, who will be victor, time will tell."

In the midst of her thoughts a rap came on her door and Jim appeared. "Mr. Philip and Miss Julia are going for a drive and want to know if you will go."

"Not this morning, some other time, tell them." At the same time preparing to change her slippers for walking shoes and putting on a hat with a thick veil, then going out she locked her door after her and went down the back stairs.

"Tell mama if she asks for me that I'm out walking Sam went with Julia and Philip, did he not?"

"None, Mr. Philip drove," Jim told her. Chatty hurried to Sam's quarters. "Aunt Tilliths, where is Sam?"

"Here, Miss Chatter, here he is, poor persecuted creature, look up some ole clogs, I can't get Lilla to do nothin but fuss, I ax her ter look fer em, but she's so ill natured she wont do nothin but smoke and crows. Next time I marry I'm goin to get a woman that don't smoke, backer is good fer the stomach of man, so a postle says, but it allus makes a woman ill natured," and Sam came out of a corner with a pair of pants hanging over his arm. "But come in, honey; what has you got that veil on such a hot day and what does yer want?"

"I want to see you on particular business, Sam."

"Ah, dat means yer don't want no woman and white eyed chillun cluded," Sam growled throwing down the pants he held and coming out.

"Sam have you anything in particular to do this morning?" asked Chatty when they were some little distance from the door.

"No honey, nothin very tickular, just to change my habilliments, then sweep the yard and rub up the harness and look arter the garden, nothin very tickular tho."

"I want you to run over to Dr. Cligney's and give this note to Henry Graham."

"Yer want me to run yer say?" said Sam with a deeply injured look, "I that yer knowed better than to ax a man of my age to run, but that's allus the way with young folks. I'd walk tho."

Chatty pressed something bright into his hand.

"Thankee honey; I'll walk fast, most run, so I will," and Sam hurried off. Chatty walked slowly in the same direction, until half way to the Dr's. where an

other road turned off, here was a grove of trees. Chatty entered it and sat down on a log to wait.

She had only been there a short time when she heard the sound as if a horse was coming at full speed up the road, she drew behind a bush for concealment, at the same moment a flying figure passed her, the ragged tails of his long coat standing straight out behind him, hat in hand, a cloud of dust in the rear, Sam going home.

Several minutes elapsed and Chatty was beginning to be a little frightened at her own timidity in coming out alone on that rather lonely road and to think that it was probably better to let people attend to their own affairs, when she heard a step coming near and Henry came in sight and bent his steps toward the little grove.

There is something in a good and brave man's face which gives comfort and assurance to the weak and fearful; one look into the face before her gave Chatty renewed courage, whatever was best to be done she felt that his sense would dictate and will promote.

"You wished to see me," said Henry after he had pleasantly greeted her and taken a seat on the log by her side, a little bewildered, but with an undefined feeling that in some way Julia was connected with the proceeding.

For answer Chatty placed the letter in his hands. He glanced at the direction then inquiringly at Chatty.

"Read it," she said with a nod.

He read it through, the merry look leaving his face and one of wonder, indignation and disgust took its place.

"Did she write it, you think?" asked Chatty when he had finished.

"I didn't believe her or any other woman capable of such falsehood," said Henry, "but it seems that she wrote it, her name is there. What could have prompted her to do such a thing is beyond my comprehension. I never tried to make an impression on her virgin heart and was not aware until now of my good fortune in that respect. I wish there was a man in it," said Henry rising with a laugh, "I would like to thrash some one in my present humor."

Chatty thought it highly probable that there was one in it, but wisely kept her thoughts to herself.

"Your sister does not believe it does she? She don't think me capable of being such a puppy?"

"I think it highly probable that she does only does not put it in exactly the light that you do."

"I can't see why she did it," said Henry in a puzzled and embarrassed way, "I will write to her immediately and inquire."

"Wait a moment," said Chatty, "don't you think that I can do this better than you? It will save her feeling in a measure and now that I know you innocent I have no further hesitancy in the matter. Let me write to her and tell her that her secret is not in safe hands, that I will tell you all about it unless she instantly states the matter truly; I will then show you the result and is not perfectly satisfactory you can take whatever step you like."

"You are both kind and thoughtful," said Henry gratefully, "I have no hesitancy in leaving my cause in your hands, sure that it will not suffer."

After a good deal more talk in which Chatty told him she thought it best that he stay away from Julia until after the letter from Covington could be received, that she would send Sam to notify him of the time, they rose to go.

Henry walked with her as far as he deemed it advisable, when they parted he said, "Give your sister my dear love for I do love her as never man loved before, tell her that my every thought is of her or connected with her in some way, everything reminds me of her, if a bird sings I find it calls her name, or has a voice like here, the earth beneath, the sky above, my own soul speaks always of her. I didn't know that love would make a man so silly; I suppose Edward thinks me a sorry specimen for he goes off to himself to get rid of me and my talk."

Julia and Philip had not yet returned from their drive when Chatty reached home. She went to her room, laid off her hat, wrote a terse but comprehensive letter to Miss Castle and dispatched it by Jim. Then changing her walking dress and shoes for a house dress and slippers she took her work and went down stairs to the sitting room where her mother was reclining on a couch reading.

"I thought that you had gone with Philip and Julia," she said, glancing at Chatty.

"No, I didn't feel like going this morning."

"I am glad you did not," said the lady after a short silence, "if Philip intends to propose to Julia it is quite time. I must speak to Julia about that young Graham visiting her so often, I have submitted to it thus far thinking it might hurry Philip, but it's quite time there was a stop put to it."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." For sale by Penny & McAlister.

ITCH cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Salicylic Lotion. This never fails. Sold by Penny & McAlister, Druggists, Stanford; also by M. C. & D. N. Williams, Mt. Vernon.

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS.

Music, Mirth and Love Making.
The following special dispatch was received at this office at a late hour last night:

ROCK CASTLE SPRINGS, June 25.—The Julia Brother's Shreveport Orchestra and the Stanford Gold and Silver Cornet Band have both been engaged to entertain the guests at Rock Castle Springs this season. A very accomplished and brilliant pianist will also favor the assembled multitude with daily concerts. Floating concert and bathing carnival every afternoon, Ball Room, Skating rink and Ten Pin Alley open six nights every week. Balcony tea-tables prohibited after 11 o'clock. Progressive Excursion from 9 to 12:30. Quail and Croquet at all hours. Now will you come?
Sera

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The debate, which has been adjourned for a short time on account of sickness, will re-open Saturday night when our orators will endeavor to ascertain which has been the most detrimental to this State, whiskey or firearms.

—Our town presents a very deserted appearance to-day, as the young folks are all at home endeavoring to get rid of the headaches engendered at the dance Tuesday night and the old folks are in close attendance lecturing on the folly of dissipation and citing their own experiences as proof.

—Mr. M. F. Herring has bought a part of the Gentry farm opposite Dalton and will remove there in a short time. J. M. Martin sold a yoke of cattle to Jas. Light for \$142. N. W. Sampson sold 20 lambs to Dave Prewitt at \$5 per cwt. and Chas. Ware sold a lot of corn to J. F. Kay at \$3 per barrel.

—Mrs. Sue Holmes, a pretty young widow of Crab Orchard, spent a few days with Mrs. C. M. Jones. Mrs. Margaret Pollock is visiting Mrs. P. H. Napier. Misses Nora Lynn and Lee Middleton, of Louisville, are guests of Miss Sallie Murphy. Miss Kate Davis, of Crab Orchard, is visiting Miss Addie Martin. Miss Maggie Hendrick, a pretty and attractive young lady, of Stanford, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Joe J. Martin. Miss Jennie Cosby, of Junction City, is at Mrs. Wall Tucker's. Miss Susie Bourne has gone to Somerset, where she will make her future home. A. T. Martin is threatened with fever. Mrs. Joe Ball is some better and it is hoped by her friends that she will entirely recover.

—Children were born to a mother and daughter at the same time and in the same house in Illinois the other day. The babies were dressed and put in the cradle together. When they were taken up soon after neither mother knew her own child, and to-day they are still wondering which is which.

—The Hazardburg Democrat tells of 23 houses now under process of erection in that town. L. D. Cardwell has 10 of them.

That Dirty Dandruff.

Dandruff is dirty and disagreeable in every way. It soils the clothing continually and is accompanied by a hardly less annoying sensation of itching. The scalp is diseased. There is nothing in the world so thoroughly adapted to this trouble as Parker's Hair Balm. It cleanses and heals the scalp, stops the falling hair and restores its original softness, gloss and color. It is not oily, highly perfumed, or elegant dressing. Very economical as only a small occasional application keeps the hair in perfect condition.

What Parents Fear.

Many persons—especially parents—object to many quack nostrums as likely to engender or encourage a love for strong drink. They are right. Better die of disease than of drunkenness. The use of Parker's Tonic does not involve this danger. It not only builds up the system, curies all ailments of the stomach, liver and kidneys, but it stimulates without intoxicating and absolutely cures the appetite for liquor.

"Rough on Itch" clears out rats and mice. 15c.
"Rough on Corns" for Corns and Bunions. 15c.
Thin people, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, &c. \$1.
"Rough on Toothache" gives instant relief. 15c.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."
"Buchu-palpa," great kidney and urinary cure. Pills, reaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice cleared out by "Rough on Itch." 15c.
"Rough on Coughs," 15c. Liquid, 25c.
For children, slow in development, puny and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."
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My husband (writes a lady) is three times the man since using "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.
If you are falling, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." \$1.
Prevalence of Kidney complaint in America; Buchu-palpa" is a quick, complete cure. \$1.

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.

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, the preparation, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Itching, swelling and itching Piles yield 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 affording a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

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TAYLOR BROTHERS.

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