

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1885.

NO. 75.

EXTRAORDINARY BLANKET SALE!

Marvelous slaughter of White Blankets. Get ready for cold weather!

394 White Wool Blankets, slightly soiled, received Saturday from New York auction and will be placed on sale at the following unreasonably low prices FOR CASH ONLY. They must go out in a few days: Large white blankets 45c each, 85 per pair, worth \$2 a pair; extra large size white Blankets, heavy weight, 75c each, \$1.50 per pair, worth \$3 a pair; very heavy weight splendid quality 12-4 white Blankets \$1.25 each, 2.25 per pair, worth \$4.50.

This is a chance that may not occur again in a life time for the people of Lincoln County to supply themselves with good, comfortable bed clothing at one half real value. These together with Thousands of other Specialties to be found only at THE GREAT BARGAIN STORE.

S. L. POWERS & CO., Leaders of Popular Low Prices for all the People.
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays
AT
\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."

SAHARANPUR, Oct. 12, '85.

AMERICAN MISSION PREMISES.

DEAR INTERIOR.—We came "down hill"

day before yesterday. It is 57 miles from

Prospect Point to this familiar Mission

Station. About which more anon. Let

me go back and bring up the Himalayas

to date, as we may have taken our final

departure from their glorious heights.

Will promised me to write out an account

of his 16 days trip into the interior,

for the INTERIOR, but the prospect of

getting it grows fainter each day and I shall

have to summarize it for your readers myself.

They made double marches from the first,

and "did" Gungotree in half the usual time.

They started nearly a month before interior

tourists generally make the trip. They

trusted to successful foraging, on the road,

instead of taking extra coolies to carry a

comfortable store of provisions, as is usually

done. These three facts explain most of

their after troubles.

They were almost devoured by mosquitoes

and sand flies during the earlier stages

of their journey.

About the third day they struck the sacred

stream whose source they sought and

travelled up its rugged, tortuous course

for the remainder of the journey.

The 8th day they reached the glacier from

under which the Ganges shoots, at an aperture

called Gaimooke, or "Cow's Mouth."

This glacier fills a valley between precipitous

hill sides, a solemn sea of ice, moving

on an inch or two in an age, after the

grave, stately ways of glaciers, while

under its cool depths flows the impatient

river, fed by thaws in the mountains far

behind, and fretting its way through the

solid, superincumbent mass, until it darts

into the open valley at the "Cow's Mouth,"

glad to quit the gloomy ice bound caverns

and get into the bright sunlight once more.

The piece of exit is simply an arched cavern,

the width of the angry stream. Later

in the season when tourists, who have abundant

leisure, visit it, the glacier is spotted

with recently fallen snow; but when our

travellers saw it, the soil of the rainy season

—which sweeps down clayey deluges upon its

purty from the adjacent mountain steep—

was upon it. It was anything but an

inviting spectacle.

However it was something to have visited

the spot—perhaps the holiest in India

to a good Hindoo.

Will and Henry Forman would have

crossed the mountains to the source of the

corded their moving accidents by flood and

field," I thought I had made a narrow

escape and do not now regret that I will not

have the pleasure of seeing the "Cow's

Mouth."

These adventurous trips lose their charm

to him of three score years. Dear me! to

think that I am nearly that! But for the

failure of the blood to bound at the propo-

sition of a jaunt involving fatigue and risk,

I can scarcely conceive it possible. Praise

the LORD, I am traveling on to Eldorado

though, where lost youth awaits the weary

steps of the feeblest age and never to be

lost again. We "shunted" packing till the

very last moment and left delightful "Pros-

pect Point" in such a whirl of packing up

odds and ends and stowing them away in

impossible parcels, that even regret at leav-

ing our pleasant little mountain home was

quite swamped and swallowed up.

Henry Forman took our little "Jacko"

off to Allahabad; a few days before we left

—a loan only and still to be called "Our

Monkey" when called for, an agreeable

fiction that often takes away the sting of

parting from a favorite pet. When Marie

bid our "little man" good bye she gave him

a parting hug and "rubbed noses" with

him. To which mark of affection the

grateful creature responded by tearing a

strip from her black Spanish lace scarf,

which he proceeded to chew up as a sou-

venir of remembrance. We left him

munching it as we went off to a picnic.

When we came back his place was vacant

and we were quite "in the dumps" to miss

his chattering at meal times, and the crash

of his flying trapeze performances from

spring board to lattice screen. The sound

of rattling knives and forks set him quite

wild, and even when he had more than his

greedy stomach and capacious pouches

could hold he was in deep distress to see

us eating so much that did him no good.

I think I have seen some of the "survivors

of the fittest" with characteristics not

wholly unlike Jacko's in this respect, and

not half so ludicrous.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE]

An Ignoble End.

The Philadelphia Times says: "Repudia-

tor Mahone has thrown up the sponge in

Virginia politics by allowing his chief

organ, the Richmond Whig, to go into the

hands of a receiver, which means its early

discontinuance. The Richmond Whig was

once among the ablest journals of the

country. Under the editorial direction of

Pleasant, it stood second to no newspaper

in the land in editorial ability, and, with

the Ritchies in charge of the Enquirer, the

then proud Old Dominion was potential in

shaping the policy of the two great parties

of the country. After the war the general

depression that prevailed in the South

made hard lines for journalism. The En-

quirer went down under Handy, now of the

News of this city, although one of the

spirited journals of the South, and the

Whig fell an easy prey to Mahone's

purse when he resolved on his repudiation

crusade. The Whig, under Mahone's direc-

tion, became a thoroughly disreputable

journal, bestial in scandals and defamation,

and pandering to the basest partisan prej-

udices. It was a fit organ of its master's

cause in his battle for the naked mas-

terpiece of repudiation of the already thrice

partially repudiated debt of the State, and there is

fitness in its dying with Mahone. In life

they were inseparable, and in death they

should not be parted."

The National bankers are the men who

organize the warfare upon silver; they are

the men who are determined that the Na-

tional debt shall never be paid, but that the

people shall pay them the interest on it

annually forever, and that, in the mean-

time, while producing a shrinkage which

will make the payment of the debt impos-

sible, at the same time they will so enhance

the purchasing power of gold that the in-

terest they may collect will, in purchasing

power, be equal to fifty per cent. more than

it now is, so that four per cent. will readily

be worth as much as six per cent. was ten

years ago. —[Salt Lake Tribune.]

The whole number of men enlisted for

three years in the Union arm during the

was 2,320,272. The losses, including those

who died of disease or in prison, were 279,

376 on the Union side, 133,821 on the Con-

federate.

PROVIDENCE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—The sale of the farm of J. Harlan of

300 acres at \$85 per acre to Everheart

Hundley, mentioned recently in the INTER-

IOR JOURNAL, did not stand, Mr. Harlan

giving Mr. Hundley \$1,000 for his bargain,

and Everheart can now "rest from his la-

hors and let his works follow him" for

some time, on the profit realized in this

transaction.

—There were two brand new married

couples at church here Sunday, Rev.

John M. Bruce and bride and Mr. "El."

Hutchings and bride. Bro. Bruce preach-

ed at 11 A. M., and as several of his old

sweethearts were in the congregation, hand-

kerchiefs frequently wiped away tears as

they thought of the past and what might

have been. This is the neighborhood in

which he was reared from childhood and

there is no telling how much the people

here think of him and his.

—Uncle Church Yeager would be a good

subject for a serial story and his life of good

deeds would fill a volume. He was born

in 1802 and at an early age married the

wife of his bosom, who is 4 years his junior.

Nine children blessed their union and their

grand children number 51, seventeen of

these being the children of his youngest

daughter, as one of her brothers told me

yesterday, and of the 17 about 12 are boys.

Their great grand children number 6.

Every one of his children, grand children

and great grand children, save three, are

Baptists and nearly all of them members

of Providence church. He has lived on

the farm where he now resides for 80 years

and has been quite successful in accumu-

lating the goods of this world. Nearly all

of his children settled around him and

almost all of their large farms adjoin each

other. A stranger can travel miles and

miles in either direction from Providence

church and be in sight of a palatial resi-

dence of one of the Yeagers. It is simply

refreshing and invigorating to spend a few

hours at one of their houses and enjoy

their unbounded hospitality. To be brief,

if one wants to find some of the best peo-

ple in the world, all that has to be done is

to come down this way. "Uncle Church"

and wife are both quite active and enjoying

good health and I hope their happy and

exemplary lives may be protracted many

years.

SRETAW.

According to the Tribune Mr. William

Mahone, as soon as he recovers sufficiently

from his depression of spirits and bruises

of body incident to the late political disas-

ter in Virginia, will write out and present

to the public a statement of the sorrowful

way in which he had been treated by the

voters of his old State. As a matter of

fact the American public is not profoundly

interested in Mr. Mahone and his pitiful

grievances just now, but if he has made up

his mind to prepare such a document we

would suggest that he spend the period

necessary to its preparation in the moun-

tains of Hepidam. The roaring of the

lion and the mourning of the whangdoodle

for its first born would make a delightful

concert for him in his present mood, and

might enable him to impart a peculiarly

dismal color to his jeremiad.—[N. Y.

World.]

Says an exchange: "The sight of a man

five hundred and fifty feet from the ground,

hanging on to a monument by a single

rope, is not a pleasant one to persons with

weak nerves, and yet it is presented every

day by the Washington monument in

Washington, where men are engaged in

placing numerous lightning rods. It will

take a long time probably a couple of months

to complete the work. Though it looks

very dangerous, it is, in fact, a safe occupa-

tion. The history of the monument is that

not one man has been injured. There have

been several accidents, but they have all

been on the ground."

Col. John Peter Richardson's father, two

uncles and one cousin have filled the Gu-

bernatorial chair in South Carolina and

now Col. John Peter is willing to continue

the family proclivity by running for the

Governorship himself, with the further

claim that he is and always has been a

democrat.

Miss Alcott says "she has fallen in love

with a great many pretty girls in her life,

but never once the least bit with a man."

Same here.

PAINT LICK, GARRARD COUNTY.

—The meeting at Walnuts closed yester-

day with 12 or 15 additions.

—Mr. John Parks had a yearling mule

that had been missing for several days. He

finally found him under a straw stack where

he had been smothered to death.

—Charley King and William Stigall,

two little boys about 14 years old, had a