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W. P. WALTON.

GEO. O. BARNES.

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

SHARJEHAPUR, INDIA, Oct. 27, '85.

DEAR INTERIOR:—As I wrote our poly-syllabic, new address, an amused thought crossed my mind as to what the types would make out of it; and after that what marvels of pronunciation, as it passed the lips of your various readers.

I may as well remark once for all, that Anglo-Indians have invented a very accurate system of writing the Roman-Hindustani, but it requires a little training to use it. Those who have acquired the requisite knowledge never need make a mistake in pronunciation, but if I should use it in my letters, without a "glossary," it would simply result in a certain mispronunciation of nine words out of ten. Whereas, if I write them as they ought to be pronounced by the uninitiated, an old Indian would hardly recognize familiar names under their phonetic garb. So I have adopted a mixed system, that will suit everybody or—nobody. But let us return to Lucknow, and the Methodist conference. The latter lasted from Wednesday the 14th to Sunday the 18th—five days of very profitable fellowship, on Methodist lines, which we shall not soon forget. Our Chairman, Dr. Thoburn—is one of the clearest thinkers and readiest speakers I ever heard. It is a blessing for India, that such men give their valuable lives for her. The good and great man is a sad cripple just now, having been thrown from his pony, at Simla, fracturing a muscle, that has been slow to reunite and has kept him on crutches for 5 long months. I wish I could have been used to show him Jesus as a Healer, but it was not to be. He will physic away on the other line, till he is spirit-taught, on a better. At present, he thinks with so many that the dear Father jerked him off his pony, tore the quivering muscle in two, for his good; and hence, being of a clear headed, logical turn of mind, he did—what so few do, but what all of that way of thinking ought to do—he never asked the LORD to heal him from the time of the accident, but quietly waited for the blessing the discipline was sent to bestow. Now that is logical and right. If God sends affliction for our good, what right have we to try and get rid of the good thing? What right to meddle with the processes of Infinite Wisdom, surely if a good and wise Father sees best to afflict me, it is the height of presumption in me to attempt to be rid of the "blessing in disguise." Also logic and theology "go to the dogs," before a pronounced colic, and "common sense" runs for a doctor, on the double quick, or faith obeys James 5:14; in either case acting on the simple fact, that "an enemy hath done this," and it is to be fought, with faith or physic, as a foe to our comfort and peace.

What "peaceable fruits" may be gathered "afterwards," through the dear LORD'S love, bringing "good out of evil," the "oil of joy from mourning," or "praise from the spirit of heaviness," is quite another thing. His LOVE, can turn all things to gold, by its subtle alchemy. But that is ever sends, what he constantly provides for our getting rid of, I utterly deny; because he can blot out sweet and bitter waters from the same fountain of blessing. So our good brother Thoburn could not consistently ask the LORD to heal him, as he felt that the LORD knew what was best for him, and he don't wish to meddle with wholesome discipline in the LORD'S house. And he is the more hopefully set in this logical imposture, because, the dear LORD, who "can not deny Himself" has made his sick room a very Bethel to his soul, and really brought unspeakable blessing out of the trial. And so he taught us all, who didn't know better, that it was one of the LORD'S ways, to tear one of his best children out of his saddle, dash him violently to the ground, rupture a muscle that would take months to reunite; and lay an active servant aside from the work he loved, for many weary months. For one I don't believe my dear LORD capable of such demoniacal actions. It is as unlike Jesus as possible, though precisely like the devil. And if one should say—"yes! the devil did it but the LORD sent him to do it;" then again I demur. The "ministers of His who do His pleasure" are not devils. When He "runs out" of holy angels to obey His behests, I believe He will try devils the last of all as his agents. Indeed, I am sure that he will never be brought so low as to employ them. Their master, the devil, sends them on his hateful errands, while the loving God sends His beautiful "ministers of grace" to circumvent their malice and deliver their victims from pain and misery.

On that all good people would justify God in this matter. But they will not, yet. "Out," according to limits, is the most populated and fertile province in all British India, and Lucknow its capital, is perhaps the most beautiful and well kept civil and military station in the country. I need hardly remind many of your readers of the events in 1857, that have given an interest of romantic horror to the place. Annexed in '56—the "departments" in Oude had scarcely gotten into working order, before the terrible Sepoy mutiny threw all into chaos, worse than the misgovernment of the cruel and sensuous despots who, successively turned this beautiful province into a very pandemonium of misrule. How well do I remember, in '57, with what anxiety we, in Lahore, looked for tidings from the besieged garrison at the "Residency," where Sir Henry Lawrence and his gallant comrades, unrelieved, held at bay for 89 days, a raging foe, more than ten times their number—perhaps 20 to 1. It was a wonder to many, then, and it is a greater wonder, now, to any one who visits the ruins of the "Residency," and sees the ground to be defended, and knows that the feeble force, all told, that did it, was but 927 Europeans and 765 natives; reduced during the siege by the destruction of 230 of the latter. Of the staunch 1,692, but 979 remained when the relief of Havelock found them. That relief, as is well known, was only partial. The numbers of the defenders of the Residency only increased, for the investing thousands still swarmed around them in such overwhelming numbers that they dared not attempt a retreat. For 58 days more the reinforced garrison, on diminished rations, but extended lines, gallantly resisted the enemy. Then the final relief, under Sir Colin Campbell, and the war-worn heroes of the Siege of Lucknow, safely withdrew from their perilous position and marched with Sir Colin to Cawnpore, leaving Lucknow in possession of the rebels till happier times and larger forces brought final pacification to the troubled province.

The ruin of the "Residency," carefully preserved—pitted with marks of shot and shell, roofless and forlorn, is one of the most pathetic spots in this country. Brave Sir Henry Lawrence was slain by a fragment of shell that entered an open window of an upper room in the residency: He was removed to another house in the enclosure and expired on the 4th of July—3 days after being smitten. I keep relics of both places as precious mementoes of one of the noblest of christian men. He lies under a plain slab in the Residency grave yard and his epitaph is of his own wording: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy upon his soul."

When one considers what a handful of brave defenders held, so long, such an exposed position, against such overwhelming odds, admiration grows into amazement that such a defense was possible, under the circumstances. They were burdened, too, with the care of women and children. Happily the underground rooms of the "Residency" furnished a comparatively safe retreat for them, and after the first terror had passed and they became inured to danger, many of these timid women became an unspeakable blessing and comfort in ministering to the sick and wounded.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The annual blizzard, which, according to all remembered precedent, was due on the night of the 19th of November, did not reach us until the 4th inst. It came in force however, and made full amends for its tardiness.

—The Taylor Bros. will be greatly missed from our little village. Intelligent, polite, lively and clever, they had the good will of all classes. Weatherford & Steel, their successors, are introducing a stock of dry goods into their business.

—A petition is in circulation asking for the establishment of a postoffice at Moreland, to the end that our mail may be distributed at that point definitely, instead of being vaguely scattered along the line of the C. S. Don't know how the thing would work, but feel sure it can not confuse our postal matters worse than they are at present.

—The ladies are getting up a supper for the benefit of the Presbyterian church—to be served on the evening of the 18th inst. The ladies of the Christian church propose holding a Bazaar in connection with the festival entertainment. We challenge attention to the spectacle of these female brethren thus "dwelling together in harmony" and hope they will be liberally encouraged.

—The defection of the creamery is bringing the old-fashioned churn into use again, and I begin to think it the only legitimate engine for the manufacture of that popular unctious known as butter. By the way, I had an opportunity of inspecting the tempting products of Mrs. J. E. Carson's dairy last week, and witnessed the perfection of butter making. But my own domestic tyrant is becoming vain of her skill in that line, and I dare not be lavish in my praise of others. Well, I'm not afraid of the Arabs, and will boldly state my opinion that their mode of churning—by sacking the milk in a green dog-skin, slinging it on the back of a camel and depending on the jolting motion of the animal to produce the result—is neither scientific, cleanly nor appetizing.

—As the American people are peculiarly fond of the chronicling of great events, and the commemoration of auspicious days, it may not be amiss to remind them and—through to the INTERIOR JOURNAL—the rest of mankind, that Saturday, Dec. 12th, has the distinction of being the natal day of your present correspondent. He asks that there be no public demonstration, no torch light processions, no eulogistic speeches. A quiet recognition from those he may chance to meet, the cordial clasp of a kindly hand or the mantling smile of a friendly countenance will satisfy his highest aspiration. The past has been for him a long and toilsome, but not a joyless journey. The future—so far as time can measure it—must of necessity be brief; but the great event, the exit from the theatre of life is one for which he simply—waits.

—The good people of this section are grumbling about being ignored in the columns of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and friends from a distance are telegraphing to learn whether famine, pestilence or the sword is in the ascendant here. Should this paragraph be so fortunate as to obtain a place it may assure all enquirers that there is no reason to fear any such disturbance in the harmony of the universe as would be produced by the loss of such a Pleiad as the West End of Lincoln. Indifferent alike to riots and revolutions, dynamite and dynamiters, panics and prices "our flag is still there." We must confess however that we are having rather a sickly season. Typhoid fever and pneumonia prevail to a considerable extent. Among the sufferers we mention Miss De Pauw, who was compelled to dismiss her school and go home, Mr. D. Taylor, who is lying at J. R. Napier's, and Mr. John Cabell, reported very low at his home. There are several other cases of sickness, the condition of which has not been ascertained. Gen. M. Givens is improving steadily and gives promise of an early resumption of business.

Vice President Hendricks' will is a model of conciseness. It was probated a few days ago and is as follows: "I, Thomas A. Hendricks, of Marion county, Ind., do make this my last will and testament, hereby revoking any and all wills by me at any time heretofore made. I give, bequeath and devise to my beloved wife, Eliza C. Hendricks, all my personal and real property of every description whatever and wherever located. Also, all my rights, claims, choses in action, in fee simple, to have the same, to her and her heirs forever.

In witness where I have hereunto set my hand and if agreeable to her, I desire that she shall be made the executrix thereof.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Signed and delivered in our presence, and attested by us in the presence of the testator and in the presence of each other, at his request, August 8, 1868.

WINSTON S. PIERCE,
J. H. MCKERNAN.

"Did he pop the question last night?" eagerly asked the mother as the daughter came down late to breakfast. "No, not quite." "What did he say?" "Way, he squeezed my hand twice, and said that he believed I'd made some man an excellent wife if the fellow had sense enough to take me no farther away than you couldn't visit me more than once in twenty years."—(Philadelphia Chronicle Herald.)

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster

—The Garrard county jail is without an occupant.

—A drove of 650 turkeys passed through town Thursday. They belonged to Danville parties who had bought them for 5 cts. per pound on foot.

—A Mikado German, a burlesque broom drill, an old folks concert and a Christmas tree are among the good things promised for the approaching holidays.

—Georgia B., daughter of Mrs. Dolly Brown, died Saturday evening of brain trouble, in her third year. Interment in Lancaster cemetery Sunday morning.

—Mr. John W. Walker an estimable citizen of Upper Garrard, died at his residence near Point Leavelle Sunday morning of consumption, aged 84 years. His remains were interred at the Point Lick cemetery Monday.

—The dancing club gave an impromptu hop at the old Masonic Hall last Friday evening. Music was furnished by Baughman's Orchestra from Danville. Quite a good crowd attended and the affair is said to have been very enjoyable to those present.

—Mr. D. N. Jones, who for some time past has been clerking for W. O. Rigney, left Monday for Kirksville, where he will accept a position with J. B. Walker & Bros. Col. W. O. Bradley has gone to Hot Springs to be treated for throat trouble. Mr. John Woodcock has returned from a deer hunt in Tennessee.

—An aged man from the country went to the postoffice the other day for his mail. When the accommodating deputy postmaster told him there was none, he asked if there wasn't another postoffice in town; said he heard there was one near the depot. He was informed it was very likely there was and the last seen of him he was looking for that other office.

Some days ago two of our boys, George Campbell and William Peterman, were walking in the woods when they came across an owl fast asleep on a limb of a tree. They decided to capture it alive if possible and so George cautiously climbed the tree and succeeded in doing so. But the tree was a hard one to get down from and George was afraid that he might injure his prize in the descent, and so decided to tie it and pitch it down to Peterman who was waiting below. He searched his pockets in vain for a string. Finally his eyes rested on a nice watch chain that he wore, and concluding that it would answer the purpose, he took it off and tied the owl's legs with it, and then pitched the owl down toward his waiting partner. But his owlship after one or two downward flops righted himself and rising in the air sailed majestically away while George gazed in helpless dismay after his departing jewelry. George returned to the Institution a sadder and a wiser boy and for the present he uses a leather strap for a watch chain.—[Ky. Deaf Mute.

—Burglars blew open the safe of Bental & Co., bankers, at Freedom, Pa., and got off with \$12,000.

—Howard Davis, the most active participant in the murderous assault upon Mr. Altschuler, the Courier-Journal reporter, failed to appear for trial and his bond of \$300 was declared forfeited. A bench warrant for his arrest was issued, with bond in the sum of \$1,000. The trial of his three associate hoodlums was continued to Dec. 15, and their bond raised to \$200.—[Louisville Times.

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Excitement in Texas.
Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Texas, by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head, everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, and by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two boxes of the Discovery he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds. Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at Penny & McAllister.

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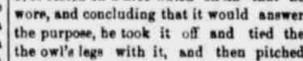
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