

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 90.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Published Tuesdays and Fridays

32 PER ANNUM, CASH.

It is understood if we credit that \$1.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

George S. Barnes.

The Indian Witness, published at Calcutta, has this to say of Mr. Barnes in connection with the Lucknow Deshrah meeting:

A notable feature of the recent gathering was the presence of the Rev. G. O. Barnes, the celebrated "Mountain Evangelist" of Kentucky. Mr. Barnes is a man of striking presence, of strong individuality, of superior gifts as a speaker, and of religious views which are so completely out of line with the mass of evangelical teachers that his presence is sure to be quickly recognized wherever he goes. His first little talk was on straight Methodist lines, and delivered in Methodist phraseology. His second was a statement of his experience, in which he told of his conversion and entire sanctification, but added a third blessing, the discovery of the gospel of faith-healing. At the next meeting, or rather after the meeting, he unfolded some of his peculiar views in a brief talk to the unswayed, which startled his hearers not a little. It seemed very much like telling them that they were all right if they only knew it, but no doubt Mr. Barnes would disclaim any such statement. At the next meeting some twenty or thirty persons rose to intimate that they were not satisfied with their experience. They soon received some advice which was very unusual on such occasions, and the leader of the meeting was unkind enough to intimate that discordant doctrine would not be in order in the subsequent services. Mr. Barnes is a thorough Christian, and can exercise the gift of silence without accepting any offense, and so during the rest of the meetings he made no effort to obtrude his peculiar views publicly on the people. He gave one of the addresses in the tent on Thursday evening, and not only spoke with power, but kept within the straight lines of simple gospel.

A TYPE CASTING MACHINE.—Perhaps the most interesting thing about the foundry are the tiny casting machines that pour out an endless stream of type as long as they are at work. "These snug little fellows," said the founder, patting with his hand the odd little mass of machinery before which he stood, "can throw out more type in one day than a man working ten hours a day can count in a month." The metal is kept fluid by a little furnace underneath the machinery and is projected into the mould by a pump. The mould is immovable and at every revolution of the crank is brought to the spout, where it receives a fresh charge of the metal. A spring in front of the mould holds close to it a copper matrix, and the stamp of the letter on the matrix is directly opposite the aperture in the mould which meets the spout of the pump.—[Philadelphia Times.

The latest abbreviation crank hails from Illinois. He registered at a south side hotel thus: "Y & et." It was deciphered to indicate "Wyandot." Oat in Kansas they always write Leavenworth "11 worth," and Wyandotte "Y &." All this is done in the interest of economy—not through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched holes in the paper. John Underwood of Andover, Mass. always signed himself:

"Wood,
J.
Mars."

A SPELL OF WEATHER.—The old wooden school-house at Log Hollow was crowded by people who had come to take a part in the spelling-match. Finally it came to a blacksmith's turn to stand up. The word "weather" was given to him.

"W-e-a-t-h-e-r, weather," he said. And as he sat down, the oldest inhabitant, who was doing on one of the back benches, started in time to remark it was the worst spell of weather he had ever known, with an experience that extended back some seventy odd years.—[San.

The Palmer House, Chicago, has been issuing a ticket to regular boarders, which they are required to show at the dining-room. They also rent on European plan. Some of their patrons have been working in couples—a scheme to beat the hotel, which has just been broken up. Two friends register—one as a regular boarder; the other simply rents a room. One gets a ticket, uses it, then loans it to his friend. So on ad infinitum.

A remarkable lecture of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Vansickle was the presence of six brothers and sisters of the aged groom who were at the original wedding fifty years ago. Such an unbroken family record is rarely met with.—[Newton (N. J.) Register.

The hedgehog is the favorite food of the gypsies, and those who have eaten of it cooked by them in their travelling caravans in England say it is excellent. Hedgehogs are nicest in the fall months, and are said to be more delicious than in the summer.

Stonewall Jackson.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should prepare for the worst. He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right." Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much that he desired to tell her about but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." Then added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind till the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks—" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward and slightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Was ever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?—[Detroit Free Press.

The waste of food in hotels and restaurants, says the Chicago Times, is something enormous. In London this waste is partially utilized by the Sisters of Mercy, who keep some one constantly in the kitchen to save the scraps as well as the articles that are returned from the dining rooms. These are carefully sorted and put in covered baskets. The soups, chowders and gravies are placed in cans or buckets. At night a covered wagon comes and takes them away. Some of the articles are taken to hospitals and asylums, the others are distributed among those of the sick and poor who are deserving.

Every one has a cure for a sore throat, but simple remedies appear to be most efficacious. Salt and water is used by many as a gargle, but a little alum and honey dissolved in sage tea is better. An application of cloths wrung out of hot water and applied to the neck, changing as often as they begin to cool, has the most potency for removing inflammation of anything we ever tried. It should be kept up for a number of hours; during the evening is the usually most convenient time for applying this remedy.

"Doctor, I have been terribly bitten by—"

"Ah, indeed. Well, you must take the first steamer for Paris, and—"

"But, doctor, it was not a dog that bit me, but a snake."

"Oh, I see. You must take the first canal-boat for Paris, Ky.—[Philadelphia Press.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The ice brigade was out in full force. —Cattle feeders seem to be envious of those who are lucky enough to have no stock.

—The whipping post would be awful bad medicine to take before breakfast these mornings.

—The bachelors who were sold a few days since are anxious to be claimed by the fair purchasers.

—The man who enquired: "Is it cold enough for you?" is thought to be done for—general rejoicing, therefore.

—How is the weather? Thermometers here registered 18° below zero Tuesday morning with downward tendency.

—Dr. Ed Alcorn is spending the winter in New York in order to learn the latest developments of the science of medicine.

—Pleasant McKinney is not thinking of atmospheric equals any more. His baby is capable of supplying all demands in that line.

—The prophets who predicted a mild winter are revising their calculations in order to find where the mistake lies—or the prediction lied. On one point there is great unanimity.

—Give me credit for not having quoted a line from the beautiful snow. The deposition of the article here—varying from 7 inches to 7 feet in favored localities—is too immense to suggest the idea of beautiful—especially when a man's wood pile is five miles from home.

—Will Frye Carpenter, who has been sick for some time, died on Sunday P. M. His malady is described as typhoid dysentery. Mr. C. was one of our prominent citizens, in the prime of life, prosperous, an active officer in the Christian church, and a member of the Masonic order. He was within a few days of having completed his 50th year. A young and estimable wife and three small children survive to mourn his sudden departure.

"I am very tired," said the lady at the head of the boarding-house table the other morning, to the good-natured minister, who sat at the other end. "You should not be," said the parson; "you didn't preach a sermon yesterday." "No," said the lady, almost unconsciously, "but I listened to one." Then followed the oppressive silence, which gave the minister time to reflect that he had come out only second best.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

We close with the trust that when the corroding tooth of time shall harrow us no more and the tangling perplexities of life shall no longer harass the soul, when we all shall gather ourselves together and surrender to the black banner of death, may the comfort of a life well spent and the consciousness of duty performed usher us into grander realities, where the refrain of angels is hushed in the song of eternity.—[Ellijay (Ga.) Courier's New Editor's Salutatory.

"Have you any physicians here?" asked a tourist of a resident of Murphy.

"No we ha'n't," was the savage rejoinder, "and we don't want none, nuther."

"Why not?"

"Kase when any on us 'w'at to die it's fooler to shoot ourselves than to have a fop doctor to bungle the job."—[California Maverick.

Joseph Jefferson ("Rip Van Winkle"), with his family, has gone to his new home on Oregon Island, in New Iberia Parish, Louisiana, where he has purchased lands, built houses and has hundreds of orange trees bearing fruit. It is said that after this season he will retire permanently from the stage and spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of his new home.—[N. Y. Sun.

Congress will probably sit until the second week in August. In the Presidential year it goes home a month earlier, to see about its fences. The general idea that hot weather drives the Congressmen out of Washington is not correct. Many members come from hotter places; many others would go back to hotter ones, if they did not let their constituents cool off.—[Current.

Recent explorers in Alaska came upon a native village containing eleven males, five whom were deaf mutes, while one of the women was wholly deaf. This state of things is accounted for by the steady intermarriage, as no other Indians lived within several days' journey.

Napoleon lost in his retreat from Moscow 400,000 men. Of them 125,000 were killed, 132,000 died of hunger and disease and 183,000 were taken prisoners or deserted. Many of them joined him again and the actual loss did not probably exceed 200,000.

Over \$6,000 worth of feathers have been sold from the twenty-one grown ostriches at the Anaheim ostrich farm, Los Angeles, Cal., during the past seven months.

The value of the pig iron produced in this country in 1885 was \$73,000,000, or nearly as much as the combined values of the gold and silver products.

Ordinary pencil marks can be preserved by coating them over with a solution of collodion to which 2 per cent. of stearic has been added.

The Congregationalist church at Wallingford, Conn., has had but five pastors in a continuous period of two hundred years of its life.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Fogg's Ferry will be the attraction at the City Hall the evening of Jan. 21st.

—The remains of Mr. James Middleton, of Kirkville, were interred here Monday.

—The postoffice is now at Capt. Pascock's jewelry store. The new furniture has arrived and is very handsome.

—The half interest of W. L. Withers in the hardware store of Withers & Rice, was bought Tuesday by A. H. Rice for \$910.

—J. V. Barber, of Pulaski, was tried here last Saturday charged with illicit whisky traffic and was held over in a bond of \$200 for his appearance before the U. S. Court at Louisville, to which place he was sent in default of bond.

—Humphrey Best was fined \$50 Tuesday for drawing his pistol on some negroes. He was arrested the same evening and lodged in jail for a breach of the peace. He paid a fine of \$20 and was released, but was shortly afterwards arrested and tried on a peace warrant and was required to give a bond of \$1,000, which he did.

—Rev. W. I. Fowle died Tuesday morning after a lingering illness of consumption. He was in his 30th year and a conscientious Christian. A devoted wife and three children are left to mourn his death. The funeral will occur Friday at 10 A. M. at the Christian church. Rev. John S. Shouse will deliver the funeral sermon assisted by Revs. Goodloe and Walden.

How to Keep Up Fires.

As winter is here and much fuel is wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates, it would be well to try the following, copied from an exchange: "They should be fed with a little coal at the time and often. But servants, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which can not give out heat until it becomes red hot. Hence, for awhile, the room is cold, but when it becomes aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal on the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes, when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal is well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternations of heat and cold above referred to."

Simple integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to poor and rich alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, striving neither to over-sell or under-buy goods or labor, incurring no debts that admit a possible doubt of being promptly met, and luring no one else to do so—in short, carrying out in the daily life the principles of honesty and fairness—is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolent worthy of the name.—[Exr.

The best rules form a young man are to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions and value others that deserve it.—[Sir W. Temple.

The annual loss of gold by attrition, shipwreck, fire, etc., is very small, not quite two tons, or \$280,000.

Texas makes highway robbery punishable by an imprisonment of not less than ten years.

It is estimated that the peanut crop of the South this year will be worth \$5,000,000.

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CANDIDATES.

W. B. WITHERS

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democracy.

E. D. KENNEDY

Is a Candidate for Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

GEORGE S. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. M. JOHNSON

Is a Candidate for Assessor of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

WILLIS C. BARNETT

Is a Candidate for the office of Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to primary election of the Democratic party.

W. T. SAUNDERS

Is a Candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Democracy.

T. M. PENNINGTON

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. B. PAXTON

Is a Candidate for County Attorney, subject to the primary election to occur the first Saturday in March.

JUDGE W. O. HANSFORD

Is a Candidate for County Attorney of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

JUDGE T. W. VARNON

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge, subject to the action of the Democracy.

J. D. SWOPE

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democracy.

GEORGE B. COOPER

Is a Candidate for County Clerk of Lincoln, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES P. BAILEY

Is a Candidate for Circuit Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

T. D. NEWLAND

Is a Candidate for Sheriff of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democracy.

W. L. DAWSON

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln County, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

SAM. M. OWENS

Is a Candidate for Jailer of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

D. R. CARPENTER

Is a Candidate for re-election as County Attorney, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAMES W. ALCORN

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge in the 8th District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

B. C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

O. H. WADDLE

Is a Candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of the 8th Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JOHN S. VAN WINKLE

Is a Candidate for Circuit Judge of the 8th District, subject to the Primary election of the Democratic party to be held the 1st Saturday in March, 1886.

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