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W. P. WALTON.



DAN E. O'SULLIVAN.

Considering the opportunities for educational advancement that the subject of this sketch has had, his rise in his chosen profession of journalism is phenomenal and highly creditable to his energy and perseverance. He was born at Bowling Green, Ky., Sept. 23, 1858, and left school at the age of 13. At 15 he entered the wholesale grocery store of H. C. Hines & Co., remaining five years, and although he was on duty 16 hours a day he managed to read a great many standard books during spare moments and to study closely the news and political features of the newspapers. He also learned shorthand and can write it very accurately. His first newspaper work was on the Bowling Green Postgraph, then edited by Eliza H. Porter, since made postmaster of his town, and to him he feels much indebted for giving him an opportunity. When that paper was sold to Gov. Underwood and merged into the Intelligencer he took a place in the business department, remaining with it until it was purchased by the Post. The Governor got him a position on the Post under managing editor E. Emmet G. Logan, who gave him every opportunity for advancement. When Mr. Logan became managing editor of the Courier-Journal, Mr. O'Sullivan succeeded practically to his position, having charge of the new features and doing editorial paragraphs. Three months later Mr. Logan offered him the Kentucky news column of the Courier-Journal, which he accepted and held most creditably for 15 months, when Mr. Watterson gave him some special local work to do. Shortly afterwards he was made city editor and a few months later, when but 23 years of age, he was given the managing editorship, Mr. Logan having accepted a similar position on a Cincinnati paper. He held the latter position on that paper daily two years, resigning in September 1884. His best piece of work was reporting the correct result of the primaries of the entire State in the Knott and Jones contest the next morning after county meetings were held. The difficulty attending this may be understood when it is known that fully fifty counties had a railroad or telegraph line in their borders. Many of the special messengers rode forty miles to railroad stations, one in eastern Kentucky riding a relay of horses seventy miles. He planned and carried out the whole thing and Mr. Haldean footed the large bill without a murmur. During the Cleveland campaign he did special work for the N. Y. World in Ohio and afterwards held an editorial position on the same paper. After several months he returned to Louisville for personal reasons and was given the managing editorship of the Commercial, which he held until recently. He is at present the Legislative correspondent of the Louisville Post and also the Kentucky representative of several New York, Philadelphia and Chicago papers. He gives Mr. Watterson full credit for much of his success and continued advancement and looks upon him as his best and truest friend. His journalistic career has been marvelous for one of his age and he is of the right stuff to continue his upward course. Mr. O'Sullivan is whole hearted and fancy free, but the girls who look upon handsome features portrayed above will wonder why some damsel has not laid siege to his heart and made him a Benedictus natus solens.

Mr. O'Sullivan is a ready, graceful and pleasing writer and finds time occasionally to toy with the muse. He has written a number of poems, and the current number of the Chicago Current contains a very ingenious one by him.

THE GIDDY CREATURES.—"We are selling a great many false bangs," said a hair-dresser.

"For ladies?" inquired the reporter.

"No, for young men, Bangs are all the rage now and every young man must have one. Many of them are bald, or their hair is too thin on the forehead, so they call on us to help them. We make a bang that can not be distinguished from the genuine article. It is fastened on with wires and when neatly combed looks very nice.—[N. Y. Sun.]

GEO. O. BARNES.

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

ALLAHABAD, N. W. P. INDIA, Feb. 8, '86.
DEAR INTERIOR:—We came here straight from Delhi. Or as straight as the congested condition of the East India Railway permitted. Such wild confusion and crush of impatient travelers—each intent on securing for himself or party a modicum of comfortable accommodation, I never remember to have seen, though perfectly familiar with the often overcrowded union depots of Manchester and the monster stations of Ephraim. Travel is complicated in India by the needful custom of carrying one's bedding along, which is generally rolled up into a couplet and untidy package most inconvenient to handle and most unsightly to behold.

Then the number of parcels that somehow roll up upon a party the size of ours is something appalling in the aggregate. Mr. Peter Magnus' portmanteau and traveling bag, brown paper parcel and leather hat box were nothing to the average Indian traveler's smaller impedimenta.

Our dreams of even second class accommodation from Delhi were rudely dispelled by Will's startling announcement that only by strenuous efforts had he secured for us a corner in a carriage already occupied by a detachment of volunteers. Thither, breathless, we were literally bundled at the last moment, and as the train pulled out of the station found ourselves third class as to social standing and "in the depths" as to comfort and convenience.

The third class car of the Indian railways is constructed entirely for native use. Six latitudinal pens, with small round iron bars dividing, exactly like cages in a menagerie, each pen to hold ten; each place, that one passenger may squat upon, accurately defined by variously colored paints; each settee of hard wood—emphatically—and all the benches cushionless and forlorn. Not without reason are the rates of third-class travel most ridiculously cheap. The maximum of discomfort is appended to the minimum of economical arrangement, that is so increasingly popular with this patient population. We stared hopelessly at each other, crouching around among the mountainous heaps of bedding, bags and bundles that had been piled pell-mell into our particular pen, then said "Praise the LORD" two or three times, cheerily, then had a hearty laugh and afterwards proceeded to make the best of it.

Will, most faithful in traveling resource, and most valuable of "business managers," first, by an ingeniously constructed screen, secured a slight amount of privacy. For our jolly "country's defender" in the other pens were a thought too merry and disreputable to take liberties after their beer and brandy. Then by dint of much hustling and contriving we managed to curl up among our manifold environments and get a little sleep.

When we reached Tundia Junction, where the branch line from Agra strikes the main stem, we were suddenly and most mysteriously but again most emphatically bundled out. The plea was "damaged carriage." Real reason—there were a lot of travellers who had been unceremoniously halted there 24 hours before, and who could be no longer detained. The badgered officials preferred a fresh lot to those whose wrath had become solidified and organized during their unpleasant detention. As for us, unfortunate, half asleep, dazed by the midnight arrival, and helpless, at best, we stowed ourselves away as best we could in the waiting rooms and waited in very dead 9 hours, in the dim hopefulness that the next train might have a spare compartment. Our trust in the LORD, feeble as it was, was honored by what others would call a "lucky hit." Sure enough there was a spare compartment, just the thing we wanted most.

At Allahabad we found our dear brethren Lucas and Forman waiting for us at the dismal hour of 3 A. M. We were sleeping just before the train ran into the station, and had no time to "pull ourselves together;" so we landed in fragmentary condition not to be described. I don't think in all the vicissitudes of travel we ever reached any place in so many pieces. We were simply two carriage loads of broken bits. But the love that waited for us at 3 o'clock in the morning took us as we were and with unexampled patience stowed us away. At the Jamna Mission House we went to bed, and slept late into the morning before being aroused. The dear Lucases entertained the entire troupe from that on, 15 days of an unremitting and affectionate hospitality as they could have rendered their own kith and kin, had they been in our stead.

From the first day of our arrival we had services, and from first to last a most blessed meeting. Dear Henry Forman laid himself out in getting us a hearing and he succeeded. First in a tent and hall—in the first at 4:30 and in the latter at 6:30 P. M., we had the joy of beginning in Allahabad, and afterwards at the Baptist chapel until we took our departure. Brother Dann, in charge of the Baptist flock, treated us most courteously, and his members were our most constant attendants. I shall never forget how kindly they received us. It is a little odd that one of "Spurgeon's boys" should turn up as a worshiper of my gospel. You remember that Lambourne and Gillespie, in East London, were among our

staunchest friends there, though the great man himself gave us the cold shoulder. And now another of his pupils in the far Orient takes as kindly to my gospel as those other brethren did. I wish the "old man eloquent" had himself only given me a hearing, instead of judging me unheard. I can't bear to be misunderstood by so good a man as the wonderful preacher of Surrey. But "we shall know each other better when the mists have rolled away." "Swing low, sweet chariot," and drive them to the murky depths they came from!

There was a great Mela going on at the sacred city while we were there. It was a great novelty to the children, and I lived over in seeing them my youth again, and my first attendance at the Hurdwar Mela in 1855, where I saw three millions of people gathered at that fascinating spot. The glamour of a great crowd has long since worn away and I think now more sadly of what they gather in such numbers to do. Our dear Major Mackenzie, who spent a few days with us at Allahabad, put it pointedly when some one asked him if he didn't wish to go down and see the "big mela." "No, a little mela is bad enough," he soberly and thoughtfully replied. But I will remember the time when these melancholy feature of heathen worship, though not forgotten, were in a measure swallowed up by the novelty of unaccustomed sights and sounds, and the intense fascination an immense crowd of people always exercises over one.

Allahabad means "City of God." This is its Mohammedan name, of course, but it was a most sacred city long before Akbar conquered it and built the fort that stands to-day near the junction of the two holy rivers, flying the Union Jack from its flag-staff. It is neither so imposing nor elegantly constructed as that of Agra and Delhi, but its sturdy battlements tell very plainly who its builder was. It was a blessed haven of rest to many a helpless woman and child during the dark days of the Sepoy mutiny. I can not tell you how friendly these old forts look, when I think of how kindly they sheltered friends I loved in those terrible days. They seem to have atoned for all the cruelties of their early history by this later penance of rendering protection to the helpless and forlorn. I feel like caressing the hard walls, whose impenetrable stones once held back murderous hands from taking the dear lives of friends and acquaintances.

The Ganges, with turbid current from the time it issues from the "cow's mouth," under the Gangotree glacier, here receives the clear waters of the blue Jumna, like a proud, stern man mating with a gentle, timid woman. A third, invisible river, the Hindoo legend avers, meets both from beneath, and the point of this triple union is to them unpeakingly sacred.

Hither, at stated intervals, from all parts of India, come pilgrims to bathe in the mingled waters, invested with peculiar power to wash away sin, according to the Shastras.

The tongue of land between the two rivers was covered with temporary booths and laid out in streets of varying length and breadth. Each pundit who explained the utterances of the holy vedas had his triangular flag, with his individual device upon it and planted at the corner of his elevated platform, where he expounded, advised and placed the "mark of the beast" upon the foreheads of devotees, in orthodox paint of the genuine pattern. Here as elsewhere "orthodoxy" is "any doxy," heterodoxy somebody else's doxy, and the teachers are as commendably earnest as they are incommensurably incorrect. But none lack followers. Hindooism abounds in sects, is infested with them, in fact, and the people love to have it so, being "exceedingly zealous" and jealous of the "traditions of their fathers."

One broad avenue, kept as clean as possible by the police, runs down the centre of the extemporized city to the bathing point. In ceaseless streams from early dawn till midday (when special virtue in the waters cease) the worshippers pour to and fro. Men, women and children, the latter, however very often plumed shrieking with terror and cold into the most unpleasantly frigid water, alike test the virtue of the sanctifying streams with every appearance of faith in their efficacy.

A special blessing comes to those who shave the hair of the head, save a diminutive scalp lock, and a feature of the mela is the innumerable shocks of human hair thus taken off and burned as votive offerings. The great avenue is a splendid and continuous bazaar where one can purchase almost anything. The Hindoo has a sharp eye to trade in his religion and tries to make it pay as he goes along. The faqire abound. Some streets are devoted to them. Here every form of devoteism known to India can be seen in an hour. It is a dreadful sight, indeed, to witness what acts of mutilation and distortion a human being can deliberately practice to save his soul. Dwarfs, janas nature in man or beast, born deformities, hideous abortions of humanity, are all at a premium here, and flock to the holy spot for exhibition and worship as flies gather around honey. The lame, halt and blind swarm and line the highways everywhere seeking alms. The place is in this respect a waking hospital and most pitiful to behold. The kind superintendent of police procured us two elephants as a favor to Sister Lucas, whom he knew, and we were out of the crush in a moment and admirably poised to see everything from the

THE BARS ARE DOWN The Carnival of Bargains

Inaugurated at Powers' Dry Goods Store,
CONTINUES FOR 15 DAYS LONGER.

The Lightning of Low Prices Has Struck All Over the Store.

Many things are Less than even the Low Auction Prices of the past two weeks.

—We intend to make room for the Spring Stock, if we have to—
GIVE AWAY THE GOODS.

Our ambition is to lead in LOW PRICES and we don't know how to take a backward step. We have begun the good bargain business and could not stop it if we wanted to. We never heard the art of following—only to be in the advance in cutting down prices. The Auction mill knocked the life out of values for us, and it can stay so. We had to sell Calicoes, good dark comfort styles, at 35c, and they ran all up at that; more than 2,000 yards on hand. All the Satens and fine, fancy styles of Dress Prints that were 7c only brought 5c at auction and they can go out at that figure. Our all-wool filled Dress Goods, worth 15c to 20c, was sacrificed at 10c a yard, and that will be the price until all of the sixteen hundred yards on hand are taken. 50c Corsets at 25c; 75c Jassies. Men's and Boys' Hats and Shoes for everybody away down to auction prices. Clothing cut about half in two in price for the present. Come this week or next and **load up on your own terms.** We are in for a big loss on our stock and will make no effort to protect ourselves for a few weeks to come—all in favor of our customers for the time being.

S. L. POWERS & CO.

BOURNE!

Do you know Bourne, the bald-headed man at the new Drug Store? If not, lose no time in making his acquaintance.

He is polite, accommodating, and sells his goods lower than the lowest. He has just received a new cargo of Paints for the Spring trade, a splendid assortment of Landreth's Seeds in bulk, the Celebrated LeMar's Rock Crystal Spectacles and Eye-Glasses, Druggists' Sundries, Surgical Instruments, Musical Goods, Show Case Articles, and a

A Full Line of Drugs, Patent Medicines and Chemicals.

As for Toilet Articles—well, if you want to marry, go immediately to

BOURNE'S.

Opposite the Myers House, Stanford, Ky.

GRATITUDE!

Editors Atlanta Constitution:—Below we hand you a letter from a grateful heart, which was sent to and published in the Analytine, Texas, Enterprise, with our own knowledge or solicitation, and we desire to give it publicity through your columns.

We Earnestly Entreat Every Suffering Woman who Sees This to Read it Carefully and well.

Moravia Falls, N. C., Nov. 25, 1884.
MR. BOURNE:—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," and a pound of cure is better than a ship load of argument in your columns. I saw some time ago an advertisement of a medicine called Bradfield's Female Regulator and the wonderful results from its use, and as my wife had been a sufferer and an invalid for TWENTY YEARS from prolapsus and congestion of the womb and painful menstruation and the results in every case all that could be desired. With thanks to the Enterprise, which called my attention to it and to the Bradfield Regulator Co., the proprietors of this great boon, I am gratefully yours,
J. W. DAVIS.

P. S.—You can publish this or not, as you see fit, but for the benefit of women, I hope you will.

Any one who doubts the genuineness of the above can write to Mr. Davis, who will give all particulars.

Send for our book containing valuable information for women. It will be mailed free to applicants.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.
For sale by DR. M. L. BOURNE, Stanford, Ky.

MONON ROUTE

Through Coaches and Pullman Sleeping Cars.

—From—
Louisville to Chicago,
Cincinnati to Chicago,
Indianapolis to Chicago

THROUGH TIME TABLE

Via Louisville:
Lvs. Louisville..... 7:45 a.m. 7:40 p.m.
Arr. Lafayette..... 9:30 a.m. 9:30 p.m.
" Chicago..... 11:30 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

Via Cincinnati:
Lvs. Cincinnati..... 7:30 a.m. 7:45 p.m.
Indianapolis..... 12:45 p.m. 11:20 p.m.
Arr. Chicago..... 8:20 p.m. 6:55 a.m.

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Tickets via the Monon Route on sale at all principal ticket offices. For rates, maps and full information, address
W. M. BALDWIN, G. P. A., Chicago.
A. J. O'BRIEN, G. S. A., Louisville.

It is to be noted in the sales of that class of medicine, and has given a new impetus to the sale of the same. It has been the subject of the public and now ranks among the leading medical cases of the album.

W. M. BALDWIN, G. P. A., Chicago.
A. J. O'BRIEN, G. S. A., Louisville.

Valuable Mill Property for Sale

The property known as the Hustonville Flouring Mills will be offered for sale to the highest and best bidder, on

Saturday, April 10th, 1886.

This property is new, commodiously located at Hustonville, Lincoln county, Ky., in a fine farming region; runs two sets of four bars and one set corn do.; is furnished with ample machinery and the later appliances and is capable of doing large and excellent work. The sale will be positive. Terms made known on day of sale.

W. H. SMITH,
President Hustonville Mill Co.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.

"Blue-Grass Route."

Shortest and Quickest Route from Central Kentucky to all Points North, East, West and Southwest.

—Fast Line Between—

LEXINGTON & CINCINNATI

Schedule in Effect Oct. 11, 1885.

ROUTE-BOUND.	No. 6,	No. 4	No. 12
	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Covington.....	8 10 a.m.	8 10 p.m.	2 00 p.m.
" Paducah.....	9 55 a.m.	9 34 p.m.	2 32 p.m.
" Cynthiana.....	11 02 a.m.	10 28 p.m.	4 27 p.m.
Arr. Paris.....	11 49 a.m.	11 08 p.m.	5 15 p.m.
" Lexington.....	12 47 p.m.	6 13 p.m.
Lvs. Paris.....	11 45 a.m.	11 03 p.m.	5 25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester.....	12 20 p.m.	11 40 p.m.	6 10 p.m.
" Richmond.....	2 03 p.m.	8 05 a.m.	7 25 p.m.
" Lancaster.....	5 13 p.m.
" Bowling Green.....	6 30 p.m.
Lvs. Richmond.....	2 05 p.m.
Arr. Berea.....	3 30 p.m.
" Lexington.....	6 50 a.m.

NORTH-BOUND.

No. 11 No. 3 No. 1

	Ex. Sun.	Daily	Ex. Sun.
Lvs. Lexington.....	8 00 a.m.
" Berea.....	10 22 a.m.
Arr. Richmond.....	11 45 a.m.
Lvs. Rowland.....	7 15 a.m.
Arr. Winchester.....	8 05 a.m.
Arr. Richmond.....	11 00 a.m.
Lvs. Richmond.....	6 05 a.m.	1 25 p.m.
Arr. Winchester.....	7 05 a.m.	2 25 a.m.
Arr. Paris.....	8 05 a.m.	3 25 a.m.
Lvs. Lexington.....	7 25 a.m.	2 40 p.m.
Lvs. Paris.....	8 20 a.m.	3 30 p.m.
" Cynthiana.....	8 55 a.m.	3 58 p.m.
" Lexington.....	9 35 a.m.	4 10 p.m.
Arr. Covington.....	11 30 a.m.	6 00 p.m.	6 45 p.m.

MAYVILLE BRANCH.

NORTH-BOUND. No. 51, Daily Ex. Sun. No. 53, Daily Ex. Sun.

Lvs. Covington.....	2 00 p.m.
" Paris.....	8 20 a.m.	5 25 p.m.
Arr. Millersburg.....	8 47 a.m.	5 48 p.m.
" Johnson.....	10 05 a.m.	6 10 p.m.
" Mayville.....	10 50 a.m.	7 50 p.m.

SOUTH-BOUND.

No. 52, Daily Ex. Sun. No. 54, Daily Ex. Sun.

Lvs. Mayville.....	5 45 a.m.	2 45 p.m.
" Johnson.....	6 27 a.m.	3 28 p.m.
" Millersburg.....	7 48 a.m.	4 47 p.m.
Arr. Paris.....	8 15 a.m.	5 15 p.m.
" Lexington.....	9 10 a.m.	6 10 p.m.
" Covington.....	11 30 a.m.	8 45 p.m.

NOTE.—Trains 3 and 4 are daily between Winchester, Lexington and Covington; other trains are daily except Sunday.

Direct connections made at Winchester with Chesapeake & Ohio for Mt. Sterling, Ashland, Huntington, Charleston, W. Va., and Eastern districts.

Fast Line—Nos. 3 and 4 run via Winchester, Solid Trains, with Pullman Sleeping Cars between Cincinnati and Richmond, Va., via Winchester and Washington, D. C.

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"CHICHESTER'S ENO'S FRUIT"

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Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's" and take no substitute.

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NAME PAID FOR BY MAIL. Send 10¢ for a box.

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Did you Sup-

pose Mustang Liment only good for horses? It is for inflammation of all flesh.