

LETTER FROM BRO. BARNES.

God is Love and Nothing Else. Praise The Lord.

SANIBEL ISLAND, FLORIDA. PALM BEACH, DEC. 17, '89.

DEAR INTERIOR:—"In the 7th month, on the 17th day of the month," is a propitious day for even a slightly superstitious person to take a "fresh start."

I resume these interrupted jottings of life, public and domestic, after a seven months' silence, glad thus to get within touch again of the sympathetic circle of readers, who have patiently followed our wanderings "to these many years."

I trust my friends appreciate the reasons for not continuing the series thro' the summer. Had incessant shiftings of base allowed the leisure, I could not have written without embarrassment, during a lecture tour, over familiar ground, where most of my notices would necessarily have been of a personal character.

And in that sort of literary finess, that manages to please everybody, and steer clear of offensive remark, I am sadly unfurnished. I am in no sense of the term "a newspaper man," and would be a poor caterer to the hungry public in its demands for its daily pabulum of gossip news.

And, indeed, I was far too busy to attempt continuous correspondence. As for "occasional," I regret to say it isn't in me. Once "out of harness"—it must be unrestricted liberty, till I get in again. I didn't learn till past 50 how to keep a diary. I have begun more than a score and fozled out invariably; till I learned that there was but one way and that was, never to skip, for any reason, a single day. Then you get along like the cab horse in Pickwick.

"We hitch him in very short, and puts on precious large wheels; so he's 27 to 30, you see, sir." I cannot speak for others, but I must "keep my nose to the grindstone," or it is all up with me. Nothing is accomplished. I must, in a "precious existence," have been brought under the benign influence of the board of directors of the "Charitable Grinders" to have acquired this idiosyncrasy.

I spent a very lonely summer and I'm glad it is over. I have been so continuously with my family in the last ten years that it went hard with me to catch only transient glimpses of the dear faces, as I ran up upon them, very semi-occasionally, in the course of my tour. My experience was chequered, of course. Many kindnesses—written deeply in my heart, and inscribed, I trust, in the Book of Remembrance above—came to me in those memorable 5 months. And many meannesses—that I am, diligently, trying to forget, and that I pray may be "buried in the ocean of Divine forgetfulness"—oppressed me also. I didn't get what I wanted, quite. Nor what I expected. But I had fair success, all things considered. Praise the Lord. Unvarying Love only comes from Him.

I couldn't help enjoying Sam Jones, a wee bit, who can command his \$150 per diem; and thought, once and again, how a few days of such munificent pay would supply the need I felt so sorely.

And this gives me a chance to notice the day I enjoyed so much at Deering Camp Ground, whither I had gone to hear the famous evangelist. I am glad I saw him; heard him; had some talk with him. I think I learned—what I wanted to find out—"wherein the secret" of his undoubted "strength" lies. He is a sure enough Samson. Philistines, of every grade, have found that out. The camp of Israel knows it well. I want it distinctly understood, I am a "Sam Jones man." I'll tell you why. But let me give a connected narrative. I was the guest of a good sister, who keeps a good hotel in the "Blue-grass," and goes to camp meetings regularly for a couple of weeks, yearly, to repair the ravages of "tavern" life and get a fresh supply of "religion," for daily use, where that precious commodity is so sorely tested. Many things have been said against the camp meeting, as conducted on "business principles," in recent years. Grant all that is alleged against the institution, and still I think it a good one. "Souls are saved. That no one can deny. And souls are very precious. But the thing that impresses me favorably with the modern camp meeting is this: Here, jaded, soul-weary people find a quiet Elm of rest, where beside "12 wells and under 70 palm trees" they can, for one fortnight, at least, in all the year round, reside in a quiet cottage; lead unharrassed lives; get their trattered religion mended up; and, for a brief season, beat peace with all the world. And there are so many that need just this little helpful rest, who would, else, "go over the dam."

"One of these good 'philanthropists' was one day riding along the road—he was a doctor, with his saddlebags full of drugs—and he spied a contest between a boy and a mule that is quite common. The boy was beaten and cussin' and the mule, with his ears backed and fore feet planted, wouldn't go.

"The doctor rode up. 'My boy, you are trying the wrong way to get that mule along. Speak to him kindly. Pat his neck gently. Be patient with him, and he'll go right along.'

"Suppose you try it on him," the lad said. 'I'd like to see you get him to go that way.'

"Sam" came in on a special car, paid for by himself, to keep his appointment, and landed "on time." I like a "minute man." I was sitting in front of my sister friend's cottage, as he passed, with a loose-jointed, easy swing of a walk, en route to the pulpit.

She knows him well, and he her. "Just a minute, Brother Jones. Let me introduce my friend, the evangelist, George O. Barnes."

"I grasped my hand cordially. I his: 'I have long wanted to see you, Bro. Barnes.' "And I the same, Bro. Jones." "A good many of us are Barnesites," my worthy sister said.

He looked over his shoulder, as he passed on, and threw back this comment: "They are good if they are good!" This set me to thinking. It was a clue to this wonderful man's ministry. He don't believe in goodness that is not good.

And therein I differ with him. I believe in "goodness" that is "bad"—that it be a paradox. And I think the Lord is on my side. But I cannot stop to preach a sermon on it. I must stick to Jones.

He had the manliness and courage to ask me to go with him into the pulpit. But I declined, as I wanted to hear and not be heard.

He preached a beautiful sermon; plain, practical pointed, funny at times, but always impressive.

His dog story was good. I am only sorry that no one can fairly report S. J. He loses more in reporting than any man I know. I am afraid this illustration, robbed of its intense personal, magnetic, telling, will read more blasphemously than impressively. But it was most pathetic, most impressive, most thrilling.

He said in substance: "Sinner, the devil is after you. If you don't mind, he will catch up with you. Then you're gone. Jesus wants to save you. Run to Him and get out of the devil's reach. But lose no time. Be quick about it. 'Now is the day of salvation.'

"I was riding in my my buggy one day and my little dog was trotting quietly before me, when all at once with an angry bark there came bounding over some side fence palings a big dog, that took after my little dog, at top speed. My! my! how my little dog did run!

"A moment after the excitement was increased by the arrival of another dog upon the scene—a good deal bigger than No. 2. He joined the chase on a dead run and now they were strung along the road, just going it, all for dear life. I never saw such a dog race in all my observation of dogs. My! my! how they all ran!

"Now that middle dog had two objects in view. 1st, he wanted to catch up with my little dog. 2d, he wanted to get away from that big dog just behind him. Sinner, you're that middle dog. Do you know it?"

Of course all laughed. Who could help it? There wasn't a boy in the congregation, let alone a man, who had not seen a dog race just like it. I have seen such, time and again. But I never drew a spiritual lesson from it. Yet this is as legitimate a "parable" as a "sower went forth to sow," or "a certain man had two sons." I shall never see a dog race again without thinking of Sam Jones' application of it. This is a great part of this wonderful preacher's power. He speaks in homeliest "parable," following his Master's example. And always with power.

I heard him again, wearied with a long journey as he was, in the afternoon. Good again. Then I had a pleasant interview with him at his room. He avoided discussion, and yet in all he said, showed that he had an object in view. I thought much of it afterwards and admired his rare skill in avoiding the rocks and shoals of "religious controversy," yet ever giving testimony to the truth as he saw it.

Of course he knows "my gospel," and thinks it too rosewater for this "crooked and perverse generation." But he did not for a moment attack it, in terms, though he did by implication.

"Barnes, the folks think I am too plain spoken and rough on evil-doers; but I tell you, it will not do to mince matters, when you attack the wrong. 'Call a spade a spade' is my doctrine. I'll tell you, whom I admire most, of all the sincere men of the Bible. John the Baptist. I do like to see a man who has the courage to jump on a king, with both feet, and kick all the feathers off him; and when they want him to take it back dies before he will do it.

"You can't get at one of these thick-skulled fellows 'without putting fire on his back. Then he goes. It is all very well to talk about philanthropy, but it won't work on some people."

"One of these good 'philanthropists' was one day riding along the road—he was a doctor, with his saddlebags full of drugs—and he spied a contest between a boy and a mule that is quite common. The boy was beaten and cussin' and the mule, with his ears backed and fore feet planted, wouldn't go.

"The doctor rode up. 'My boy, you are trying the wrong way to get that mule along. Speak to him kindly. Pat his neck gently. Be patient with him, and he'll go right along.'

"Suppose you try it on him," the lad said. 'I'd like to see you get him to go that way.'

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

James T. Gott, Carmi, Ill., Says: He paid thirty-one dollars doctor's bill for his wife in one year and one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator did her more good than all the medicine she had taken before. H. Dale, Druggist, Carmi, Ill. Write Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by Druggist A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup Is giving splendid satisfaction. The trade and the sales are positively marvelous, which can be accounted for in no other way, except that it is without doubt the best on the market. Ask for and be sure you get the genuine. We keep it. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

"So the doctor, with the misgiving that a doctor generally has in taking his own medicine, got off his horse and undertook to pet that mule into locomotion and substantiate his theory.

"Good mule! They treat you badly. Of course they do. You're right to resent beating. There! There! Good old fellow! Now come along. You won't? Well, well! I don't wonder, you can't get over bad treatment all at once. I'll wait on you."

"So he patted and petted and pified, till at last he lost his temper. Muley backed; planted his fore legs; wouldn't stir.

"'I'll move you,' quoth the doctor. He stepped to his saddle bags; took out a bottle of muriatic acid; applied it where it would do the most good; and away went the mule; heels flying; distancing Eclipse; disappearing over the hilltop in a cloud of dust, braying at every jump.

"The philanthropist got on his horse; rather red in the face; somewhat crestfallen; yet exulting, with a merry flash of the eye, in the success of his drastic experiment.

"The boy watched his distant mule; scratched his head; turned to the doctor, and said: "'Mister, does that truck cost much? 'Cause if it don't I want you to put some on me. I've got to ketch that mule.'"

And Sam resumed his beloved cigar and reclined on his camp couch, with a world of meaning twinkling in his expressive eyes.

"Barnes! I've had many of these roughly-handled sinners go off in the christian race at such a gait; that staid, even-going saints come to find out what makes them go so far ahead, and want to take some of their medicine, if it will only get them along a little faster."

I shall not soon forget my day at Camp Deering. Yes! Jones is John the Baptist—not the Christ. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord! Make His paths straight!" is his trenchant cry. It is the "voice of one crying in the wilderness." The garment is of "camel's hair." "A leathern girdle" fits it well. If I should characterize Sam in a sentence, I should call him "Sam the Straightener." He hates crookedness. He smites it fiercely. He is like Paddy at Donnybrook fair. "Wherever he sees a head he hits it." And he rarely misses one.

I do not think he knows the FULL gospel. It is not needful that he should, to do his work. He is Moody's offset. That grand evangelist is not fitted to do everything. There is need of both. You shall hear Moody preach a hundred sermons and never know there is a hell. His one sermon on hell, from the text "Son, Remember," is an evasion of the doctrine; preached, as I well recollect, to hush the clamor of some, who thought he did not believe in it at all.

The dear Lord must use the material He has on hand. He gives to each "his work" and says "occupy till I come." Neither Moody nor Sam Jones preach "the whole counsel of God." No one man has done it, since Paul. And Paul has never had a successor. We preach instalments of the gospel. None of us the whole of it. It is an "inheritage," as Emerson calls it, and the Lord must use the material He has on hand.

And so, we can see two men walking in such widely sundered paths as Moody and Jones, and praise God for both, without comparing. They can't be compared; for their work will not admit comparison. Yet both are doing their separate works most nobly. I would honor them both. *Be while few men.* They are each doing "what they can." No higher praise ever came from the Master's lips than that. May we all, alike, deserve it. It is not knowing it all that will win the plaudit, "well done;" but using faithfully what has been committed to us, be it little or much.

I believe Sam Jones to be: 1st, a thoroughly consecrated man, 2d, wholly fearless; and 3d, rarely gifted in his knowledge of men and capacity to reach them. He is a genius, if ever there was one.

The chatter about his "losing his grip" of the public; preaching for money; "wearing out," &c., &c., is all both. Such men "shine more and more." You can't quench them, nor extinguish them. They can only do it themselves, by some supreme act of folly, or great fall into sin, from the supernal heights. The Lord keep Sam Jones, is my prayer. I love and admire him greatly. The blessedness of those who "turn many to righteousness" will surely be his. His detractors are not worthy to loose the latches of his shoes, or pull off his boots—whichever he wears.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

There is nothing parents should be so careful about as selecting a cough syrup. Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup costs no more than the cheap and inferior nostrums thrown on the market. The bests none too good, be sure and get BEGG'S CHERRY COUGH SYRUP. We keep it on hand at all times. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

There is nothing parents should be so careful about as selecting a cough syrup. Begg's Cherry Cough Syrup costs no more than the cheap and inferior nostrums thrown on the market. The bests none too good, be sure and get BEGG'S CHERRY COUGH SYRUP. We keep it on hand at all times. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

What A Fortune Is a good healthy, peppy skin. Few are aware of the short time it takes for a disordered liver to cause blotches on the face, and a dark greasy skin. One bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will restore this organ to its natural and healthy state, and cleanse the blood of all impurities. It is meeting with wonderful success. We guarantee every bottle. A. R. Penny, Druggist.

CRAB ORCHARD.

The tie trade is assuming huge proportions here. About 20 car-loads were shipped Monday and Tuesday and still there's more to follow.

—Mr. Peter Fox, who sold out to O. P. Newland, left this week for the boundless plains of Texas, which he thinks a better place for the farmer than Old Kentucky.

—The boys put the old year out and the new year in with a general furor of crackers, rockets, anvils and bonfires that made the very earth quake to its foundation!

—The Misses Hardin gave their father, Mr. Sam Hardin, a birthday dining on Christmas day, at which a number of his friends were present to toast him and wish him a green old age.

—Mr. John McKinnon, the burly blacksmith, has removed with his family to Middleboro, and Mr. Cal Whit, of the Cedar Creek locality, whom everybody knows for his cleverness and eccentricity, has migrated with his family and household goods to Garrard.

—The Cornet Band is rehearsing for a minstrel performance, to be given at the College Hall to-morrow night. The scenes and dialogues are grotesque and laughable to the extreme, while the jokes are original and irresistibly funny. Don't fail to be on hand. Proceeds to go towards helping the boys pay for their instruments.

—Pretty little Miss Allie Moore entertained the boys and girls of her immediate "set" at her home Friday night where about ten or a dozen couples, ranging in ages from 8 to 12 years, played and tripped the light fantastic until the nimble feet were tired. Each little belle had her escort and it was amusing to hear their chit-chat and witness the gallantry displayed.

—It was not Miss Jean R. Buchanan but simply Miss Jean who, was married to S. M. Davis, Esq., of Knoxville, at W. F. Abraham's last Wednesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. H. Caldwell, in the presence of a few personal friends and the immediate relatives of the bride. There were no attendants. After a lunch and hearty congratulations the happy pair were driven to the depot and took the afternoon train for Knoxville, where they will in future reside. Miss Jean is one of the prettiest of four charming sisters and possesses in addition to personal grace, a sweet disposition and rare feminine accomplishments. Mr. Davis is one of Knoxville's most progressive business men. We join with a host of friends in wishing them the best of everything.

—Mr. Hugh Smith and wife, of Bristol, Tenn., stopped over here to see Mrs. Clara Singleton this week. Squire John A. Chappell is back from a week's trip to Lexington and Frankfurt. He made a strong fight for doorkeeper's place and was backed by Mulligan and Breckinridge, but in the windup was snowed under. Mr. and Mrs. James Watson, of Boone county, have returned home, after a week's visit at W. D. Newland's. F. M. Curtis, of Rockcastle, spent a portion of Christmas week with relatives here. Mr. J. R. Edmiston, late traveling salesman for Snedeker & Boynton, New York, has accepted a position as book-keeper in the People's Bank, at Middleboro and left Monday for that growing city. "Bob" is a capital fellow, shrewd and progressive and we predict for him a successful career in the mountain Eldorado. Messrs. W. T. Saunders, J. R. Bailey, J. H. Carson and Will Lee went to Brodhead Monday night to witness that affecting play, "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." Miss Leila Douglas, of Danville, accompanied by her brother, Charles, are the guests of their sister, Mrs. H. B. Farris. Robert Edmiston, after an absence from this county of 26 years, is in from Greenfield, Ill., with his son and daughter, retreading old scenes and shaking hands with old acquaintances. Col. D. G. Slaughter is back from a prospecting trip to Middleboro. Rev. M. H. Morgan and wife, of Pineville, are at Mrs. Gormley's on Springs avenue. Lawson Hockerdy, a Richmond cavalier, was here last week to see his lady love. Mrs. Belle Lincoln, of Buckeye, is attending the bedside of Miss Sue Lindsey, who is very low with consumption. E. W. Jones, of Rowland, was here Sunday. Mrs. Dr. Carpenter, of Stanford, spent a portion of the week with her mother, Mrs. James Fish. That princely looking fellow, Toney Brooks, is with his sweetest girl, "spending Old Christmas," he says. Joseph Oaks, of Williamsburg, is here, trying to buy a farm.

—Miss KATE BOGLE is a Candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools of Lincoln county. Election August, 1890.

M. F. Brinkley is a Candidate or Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August, 1890.

Stockholders' Meeting. A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting. A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting. A meeting of the stockholders of the Lincoln National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. J. B. OWLSLEY, Cashier.

S. C. DAVIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MT. VERNON, KY. Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children. 277-15.

HARRY A. EVANS, ANALYTICAL CHEMIST, STANFORD, KY. Engineering and Surveying in all branches. Established 1825.

FOR INSURANCE On Dwellings, Household Furniture, Stores, Merchandise, &c., apply to the old Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co. Lightning clauses attached and damages paid whether fire caused by riot. GEO. H. BRUCE, Agent.

Quilting Attachment! F. M. SIMS Has bought the right to sell the Fureka Quilting Attachment in Lincoln, Garrard and Boyle counties. It works equally well on all makes of sewing machines; will do ten times the work in a day of any other manner of quilting; in fact it is one of the greatest labor savers ever offered to the female sex. He will call to see you in a few days. 77.

Attention, Coal Burners. I keep on hand a No. 1 quality of Jellico, Lily and Nut Coal in my yard. Leave your orders at Yard or N. N. Myers' store and they will be attended to promptly. J. B. HIGGINS, Genl. Manager, Stanford, Ky.

NOTICE.

Having sold my stock of groceries, to be invoiced Dec. 26th, I offer for sale privately my

Lot Containing 1 1/10 Acres

On Main street. On it are a splendid stable and corn crib, which are nearly new, as is also the fencing. The creek runs through the lot.

51 1/2 Acres of Land,

About 3 1/2 miles from Stanford, on the Crab Orchard pike. Small house and good water on it. Nearly all in grass.

A Columbus Buggy, nearly new; several Rocking Chairs; Wash Stand Set, &c.

Those needing such things would do well to call on T. R. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

My customers will please make arrangements to settle up promptly, as I will leave Stanford within about 10 days.

The Great Remedies!

KEET'S SPECIFIC cures all blood diseases, such as Scrofula, Ulcers, Pimples, Ulcerated Throat, White Swelling, Syphilitic diseases in all its stages, Necrosis, &c. Price \$1 per bottle. HAYES' IRON BITTERS is the most pleasant to take of all the Iron tonics. It cures Dyspepsia, it gives a keen appetite, enriches the blood, regulates the liver and imparts new energy to the muscular and nervous system. Price \$2 per bottle. GATLIFF'S WORM SYRUP is made of the best worm killers and expellers known to the medical profession and therefore recommends itself. It is pleasant to take, safe and reliable. Price 25 cents per bottle. GATLIFF'S MAGNETIC PILLS for all Liver Complaints, Impaired Digestion, Sick Headache, &c. Acts as a cathartic. Price 25 cents per box. Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the WILLIAMSBURG DRUG CO., Williamsburg, Ky.

MISS KATE BOGLE

Is a Candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools of Lincoln county. Election August, 1890.

M. F. Brinkley

is a Candidate or Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August, 1890.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Lincoln National Bank will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the second Tuesday in January, 1890, for the purpose of electing eleven directors to serve the ensuing year. J. B. OWLSLEY, Cashier.

S. C. DAVIS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MT. VERNON, KY. Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children. 277-15.

HARRY A. EVANS,

ANALYTICAL CHEMIST, STANFORD, KY. Engineering and Surveying in all branches. Established 1825.

FOR INSURANCE

On Dwellings, Household Furniture, Stores, Merchandise, &c., apply to the old Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Co. Lightning clauses attached and damages paid whether fire caused by riot. GEO. H. BRUCE, Agent.

Quilting Attachment!

F. M. SIMS Has bought the right to sell the Fureka Quilting Attachment in Lincoln, Garrard and Boyle counties. It works equally well on all makes of sewing machines; will do ten times the work in a day of any other manner of quilting; in fact it is one of the greatest labor savers ever offered to the female sex. He will call to see you in a few days. 77.

Attention, Coal Burners.

I keep on hand a No. 1 quality of Jellico, Lily and Nut Coal in my yard. Leave your orders at Yard or N. N. Myers' store and they will be attended to promptly. J. B. HIGGINS, Genl. Manager, Stanford, Ky.

FOR RENT.

A couple of elegant rooms on Lancaster Street, suitable for office, millinery or bed-rooms. 73-75 W. G. WELCH.

FOR SALE.

My New House on Main St., Stanford, Ky. For terms apply to Mr. W. H. Higgins, Stanford, or to me at Danville, Ky. LOTTIE N. HOLMES.

WALLACE E. VARNON,

Attorney at Law, Stanford, - - - - - Kentucky.

WOOD & WALLACE,

Men's Outfitter I 213 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, - - - - - Kentucky.

C. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

Well Drillers & Pump Adjusters, STANFORD, KY. Wells drilled to order and Pumps furnished at factory prices. 30

QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE

SHREVEPORT LOUISVILLE CHATTANOOGA BIRMINGHAM JACKSONVILLE SAVANNAH ATLANTA MOBILE ALBANY THOMASVILLE GAINESVILLE

The Shortest and Quickest

Junction City to New Orleans. Entire trains, baggage car, day coaches and sleepers run through without change. The Shortest and Quickest

Junction City to Jacksonville, Fla.

The only line running through trains and sleepers. Shortest line to Chattanooga, Tenn., Fort Payne Ala., Meridian Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Shreveport, La., Knoxville, Tenn., Atlanta Ga., Augusta, Ga., Anniston, Ala., Birmingham, Ala., and Mobile, Ala. Direct connections at New Orleans and Shreveport for Texas, Mexico and California. Pullman Tourist Sleepers on all through trains. Over one million acres of land in Alabama subject to pre-emption. Unsurpassed climate. For rates, maps, etc., address W. H. COX, Agent, Junction City, Ky. FRANK W. WOOLEY, Trav. Pass. Agt., Lexington, Ky. J. C. GAULT, D. G. EDWARDS, Genl. Manager, Gen. Pass. & Fkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.