

THE LEXINGTON RECORD.

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good, work and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

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THE LEXINGTON RECORD will be issued the first of every month. The subscription price is One Dollar a year. Advertising space is Three Dollars per inch for one year, if paid in advance; or four dollars when paid by the quarter. Please address all questions and communications to LEXINGTON RECORD, Lock Box 375, Lexington, Kentucky.

MRS. EUGENIA DUNLAP POTTS,

Editor.

MRS. J. W. MCCONNELL,

Business Manager

The kind words which have greeted the first number of The Record encourage us to believe that we may give entire satisfaction to our readers as soon as the Christian and philanthropic people of the community get into the merits of our plan. Please remember that we design to make the paper a record of all the good that is being done in the community. Let us have your co-operation. Let the managers of every charitable society in the city give us a report of their work every month. A brief, condensed notice which will call public attention to their aims, their progress, and their needs. We will thus give you representation in The Record. In return for this opportunity, we ask that you will secure for us at least ten subscribers in each of your respective societies. Send in your communications, between the fifteenth and twentieth dates every month, to the address given elsewhere in this issue. Whether you furnish us subscribers or not, we will publish your reports. We, however, solicit your aid in this direction, as we do not yet feel able to stand alone.

While The Record will give the workings of Lexington's good people, we shall likewise collect such bits of information in the religious and benevolent world outside as may come to us from month to month. Charity must not be circumscribed, and the knowledge of the good that you do acts like contagion upon your neighbor who may be only waiting for a start.

Our first number contains a sketch of the charitable and religious organizations of the city, with their officers.

Special Notice.

The proceeds of the Lexington Record shall be applied exclusively to the charity patients at the Protestant Infirmary. This institution is in its infant state and requires all the funds in the treasury to keep it in running order. Whoever lends a helping hand to the Record will, in just such measure as he gives, be caring for the sick, who have no other refuge when they need medical attention. These patients, be it remembered, are taken in from all sects and all walks in life.

What Mr. Beauchamp says.

Mr. J. B. Beauchamp, one of Lexington's most intelligent, upright citizens, and a man given to good deeds, congratulates The Record in unmeasured terms. "This paper," he says, supplies a long-felt want in our city. Already it has given me valuable information, I could not readily get in any other way. I am ready to aid in all that I can do."

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

A Stroll Among The Afflicted, Blessed Refugees.

Dear Friends:

You don't know half the good that is being done in our beautiful city until you visit the noble charities in our midst. The sight of suffering and infirmity should make us who are well bow in perpetual thankfulness for the blessings of health and strength. Yet to know that we can alleviate so much of pain brings its own sweet reward. Do you ever go to the Infirmary? Do you know what a lovely place it is? Such a stately old mansion, rambling off into airy bright rooms and surrounded by foliage and flowers, such as only Kentucky can show. Could you see the rooms so elegantly fitted up for these dear good women, Mr. Simonds and Mrs. France, perhaps you might like to be sick just to lie there. And if you saw the sweet-faced nurses in their spotless caps and aprons, you might long to have their cool hands about you, and their wise heads planning for your comfort.

The Woman's Wards has one bright cherub on the wall, precious little Polly Monroe's baby face in its setting of wild roses. Beneath those innocent angel eyes is the little bed where other dear children are to lie when stricken down. How the children who are well and happy love to work for this cot in memory of their companion, who was so suddenly snatched away. The pupils of Sayre Institute gave generously to its endowment fund and the little Guild toiled till the required sum for the year was raised. Only a few days ago Mrs. A. J. Totten's son, Stanhope made a pretty little table for this cot, and upon it, his brothers, Alfred, Lawrence and Robert, placed cups, saucers and plates, beautifully painted by their aunt, Miss Anna Totten, who does such exquisite work with her brush. God bless the dear little ones, who are thus early learning to give the cup of cold water.

Near this now empty cot sits Mother Conley, nursing a lame foot. Six months ago she entered the Infirmary. It was said that nothing but surgery would relieve her. This she has steadily fought against, so she has sat and watched and waited always telling you, "It is getting better." Whatever the end she has had all the comforts of life

that the nurses could give. One by one she has seen her companions in the ward go out well. One by one she has seen new ones come in sick. Still she sits, neither reading, nor talking, only persistently saying of the afflicted foot, "It is better." Mrs. Bettie was trying to sew, yet her anguished features bore evidence to mortal suffering for which there is no earthly cure. In a cheerful room upstairs, lies Jennie, only seventeen, with her arm all bent from rheumatism. Pretty features, with large grey-blue eyes and short brown curling hair. She is a working-girl, and her right arm perhaps crippled for life! Four weeks it has been thus motionless and it is death to move it! Such a pretty young thing, and so homesick for the mother over in another county, who can't afford either to take her, or to come to her.

"It is so sweet of the ladies to read to me," she said. I can't use my eyes to read." Dear young friends, go to see Jennie and help her to be patient.

The old man downstairs, who is an incurable paralytic, and the younger man suffering from malaria fever, loose some interest when we pause at the bedside of Father Morgan, who is going fast with that most terrible malady, cancer of the face. Such torture as he endures makes him pray devoutly for the end. "Yet I have been blessed, he gasps; "there is no better place on the earth than this. I can't talk—I can't read—but oh! ladies, if you will only talk, it will be something for me to listen." The cheerful nurse is always at hand, and the sufferer tries to lean on the Hand, which is leading him. Not far away is the

THE CHURCH HOME.

Here Miss Patsy sits quilting her patch-work and here she has sat these many years. The church supplies what her own industry cannot compass, and fuel is furnished all the inmates. Also a room rent-free. Miss Maggie, alas, lies pallid and helpless, a prey to a fatal malady. Her eyes gleam with onrinous brightness, and her short luxuriant hair makes a dark framework for the wasted features: Her sister, a comely, cheerful companion, is there to nurse her. Miss Susie is younger than many of the inmates, and her words about this Home are all pleasant words. The rooms are, some of them furnished quite handsomely, and the occupants are all busy as far as strength will permit.

A longer walk, dear friends, brings us to the

HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

The front is plain and unpretentious.

The rear is a flower garden, which Matron Mary keeps a thing of beauty. Vines cover the porches and the gorgeous tracery of the whole brick wall is studded with yellow oranges. Within, we find ten or twelve old ladies located, and several young girls for whom good homes will be selected.