

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 15.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cynthia.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexing. on at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:00 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates. For rates on household goods and Western tickets address CHAS. H. HASLETT, Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky. JAMES C. ERNST, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.
Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.
3:25 p. m. Lexington.
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:
6:23 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m. 7:37 p. m.

UPPER OHIO.

Cincinnati, Wheeling and Pittsburg.
DAILY 5 P. M., PACKET LINE.
J. N. WILLIAMSON, Sup't, Office 4 Pub. Lan'g.
Monday..... SCOTIA—F. Maratta.
Tuesday..... ST. LAWRENCE—Wm. List.
Wed'y..... KATIE STOCKDALE—Calhoon.
Thursday..... HUDSON—Sanford.
Friday..... ANDES—C. Muhleman.
Sat'y..... EMMA GRAHAM—H. Knowles.
Freight received on Mc-Coy's wharfbot, foot Main st., at all hours, J. Shearer & Co., Roase & Mosset, Agents.

Cincinnati, Portsmouth, Big Sandy & Pomeroy Packet Company.
JOHN KYLE, Pres. H. E. GREENE, Sec.
L. GLENN, Treas. W. P. WALKER, Jr., Agent.

C. AND O. R. R. PACKET FOR HUNTINGTON. FLEETWOOD—Daily, 4 P. M.—BOSTONA. For Pomeroy and All Way Landings.
OHIO..... Mondays, Thursday, 5 P. M.
TELEGRAPH..... Tuesdays, Fridays, 5 P. M.
POTOMAC..... Wednesdays, Saturdays, 5 P. M.
Portsmouth, all Mail and Way Landings.
BONANZA, Tues'ys, Thurs'ys, Satur'ys, 12 M.
Maysville, All Mail and Way Landings.
CITY OF PORTSMOUTH..... Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 12 M.
Freight received on wharfbot, foot of Broadway, G. M. HOLLOWAY, Superintendent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.
W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
MOSS TAYLOR, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MOFSE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.
HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
R. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock a. m. for Maysville. Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m. Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. Connects at Manchester with stage for West Union. For freight or passage apply on board.

THE

DAILY BULLETIN.

Published every afternoon and delivered in this city, the suburbs and Aberdeen by our carriers, at **6 CENTS** a week.

It is welcomed in the households of men of both political parties, for the reason that it is more of a newspaper than a political journal.

Its wide circulation therefore makes it a valuable vehicle for business announcements, which we respectfully invite to our columns.

Advertising Rates Low.

Liberal discount where advertisers use both the daily and weekly. For rates apply to

ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Publishers.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds, neatly, promptly and cheaply done at the office of the **DAILY BULLETIN.**

Old Hickory's Wife.

Graphic.

When General Jackson was a candidate for the presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him, abuse him in his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject for reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was placed upon the general's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant, Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."

Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word she saw mischief in his eyes. The general went out after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the general would have to pass. She had not been there no more than a few seconds before the general rode up with the countenance of a mad man. She placed herself before the horse and cried out:

"O, general, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone," he replied. "how came you to know what I was going for?"

She answered: "I saw it in the paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied, furiously: "But I will go—get out of the way!"

Instead of this she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her: "I say, let go my horse! The villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that she was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive if he hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties, and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying:

"No, general, you shall not take the life of even my reviler—you dare not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The iron nerved hero gave away before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied:

"I yield to you—but had it not been for you and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

The Wildcat of Mount Washington.

From the Boston Transcript.

In the fall of 1880 a wildcat was caught at the base of Mount Washington and taken to the summit, where it made its home with the observers at the signal station during the winter of 1880-81. In the following spring "Tom" (as the cat was called by the observers) left the summit, and nothing was seen of him until the other day, when he returned to his last winter's quarters, making himself quite at home, apparently ready to spend another winter on the summit.

The Power of the Press.

One of the old-time editors of Michigan, says the Detroit Free Press, was boasting the other day that he had never been sued for libel, or attacked in his sanctum, but he would recall many narrow escapes. Twenty-five years ago he was running a red-hot paper on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad.

A man named Carson, who was running for some office, was given a bad racket, and the editor received a note that if he anything more to say he might expect to receive a good pounding. He had a still more bitter attack the next week, and the paper was hardly mailed before in walked Carson, the candidate, accompanied by a brother and two cousins. The four were strapping big fellows, and each was armed with a horsewhip. The two compositors and the "devil" got out with all speed leaving the editor without support. He realized the situation at once, and began:

"Walk in, gentlemen; I presume you have come to horsewhip me?"

"We have," they answered.

"Very well. Have you thoroughly considered this matter?"

"It doesn't need any consideration," replied Carson. "You have lied about me, and I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

"Just so, my friend, but first hear what I have to say. Did you ever hear of the press being stopped because the editor was cowbird?"

"I dunno."

"Well, you never did. Lick me all you choose and my paper comes out week after week just the same. The power of the press is next to the lever which moves the universe. It makes or breaks parties, builds up or tears down, plants or destroys. Aggravate the editor and the press becomes a sword to wound and kill. Wollop me if you will, but next week I'll come out more bitter than ever."

There was an embarrassing silence right here, and the face of each horsewhipper had an anxious look.

"It will go out to the world—to America, Canada, England, France—aye! clear to Jerusalem, that the Carson family of this county live on roots and johnny-cake; that they stole a dog from a blind man; that they murdered a peddler for a pair of two-shilling suspenders; that the women are club-footed and the men work their ears when they sing; that the—"

"What is the regular subscription price to the Herald?" interrupted Carson.

"Only twelve shillings a year."

"Put us four down."

"Very well—six dollars—that's correct. Run in and see me—all of you, and if any of you want to see any of my Detroit exchanges I shall be only too glad to serve you."

Weaning The Baby Elephant

From the Boston Transcript.

Barnum's baby elephant, now nineteen years old, is being weaned from its mother, Hebe, at Bridgeport, Conn. It was not taken from the elephant room, but is chained to a stake opposite its mother. Its diet is crackers and milk, which the infant seems to like. Hebe didn't make much trouble, but is melancholy and groans a good deal.