

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 31, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 34.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS

H. G. SMOOT'S.

Tollet dressing cases, hand mirrors, jewel cases, handkerchief and glove boxes, fancy plush card cases, portem onales, writing desks, ammorieres, shopping bags, card receivers, photo albums, autograph albums, silk and linen handkerchiefs, silk cashmere mufflers, dressing combs, lace fichues and collars, papeteries, wall pockets, ink stands, embroidered tidies, and other articles too numerous to mention. Call and examine. No charge.
d&w2w Respectfully, H. G. SMOOT.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

EQUITY GROCERY.

HEADQUARTERS for Choice Families Supplies. Try our \$1 tea the best in the city. Special inducements to cash buyers. Highest cash price paid for fancy butter, fresh eggs, fat poultry, &c
Your patronage is respectfully solicited. d16 lm G. W. GEISEL, No. 9 Second street.

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 Cynthiana.....	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 Lexington 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.

YOUNG & SMITH, BUYERS and SELLERS

—OF—

COUNTRY PRODUCE,

No. 24 E. Market St., Maysville, Ky.

Having rented the storehouse lately occupied by B. F. Thomas, we will pay the highest price at all times for eggs, butter, feathers, poultry, &c. Also, a well

Selected Line of GROCERIES,

kept to suit either country or city trade. Give us a call and we will endeavor to suit you in price and quality.
mar24. YOUNG & SMITH.

D. E. ROBERTS & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

LIMESTONE MILLS, Maysville, Ky.

MAYSVILLE and Limestone and High Grade Patent Process Flour, Middlings, Shipstuffs and Bran on hand at all times.
Highest price paid for Wheat. July 8-17

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.

A LUMBERMAN'S LIFE.

Hafting Logs in the Streams of Pennsylvania—The Fascination and Danger of the Work.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

The post of danger is on the jams, and the most skillful men are sent. Pitfalls will open in the midst of a solid mass of timber and then close in a moment, after having dragged a man down beyond a help; a log will move a few inches slowly and unnoticed, and then with a movement like an arrow strike a luckless man, crushing the life out of him in an instant. On every side dangers are lurking, and he is fortunate that passes a spring without injury. There is something attractive in the looks of a log jam, and if the fascination that danger has were taken from it still men would rather work there than on the shore. The long, narrow sea of white timber, creaking and writhing with the action of the current; the water roaring and foaming as it escapes from its prison under the logs, and the logs themselves molded into fantastic shapes by the terrible pressure behind them, all have an attraction for men who are impressed by strength or picturesqueness. After a jam is formed the jam-breakers are sent on it, and the boss may be seen directing the work and examining to see what holds it. Sometimes it is one log, and again it will be several knotted together in such a way as to almost baffle the most experienced, but generally one or two "floods" will start it. The floods are made by the large floating dams, and will raise the water several feet, lifting the jam up into the air as if it were a toy-boat. If a specially large flood is needed, two and sometimes three are used at a time, the flood-gates of the lower dam being opened just as the water from the dam above reaches it. In this way an immense "splash" is obtained that only the most refractory jams can successfully combat.

There are few grander sights to be seen anywhere than the moving of a large log jam. The grand strength with which they move, tearing out the largest trees and forcing everything before them, and the fierce motion of the logs, like the crazy shuttles of some giant machine, and the perfection of force, compel enthusiasm from the most phlegmatic spectator. The wild hurrahs of the men on the logs add to the excitement, and the observer is quite sure to find himself running along by the side of the moving mass, cheering as if he had won a battle. The men who are at work scarcely realize the danger, they are so carried away with the excitement, and they may be seen jumping from one log to another and cheering as if perfectly safe on solid ground instead of on a dangerous sea of moving logs that are continually rising and falling and dodging this way and that, driven by the flood of water furnished by the floating dams. The skill shown by experienced floaters in riding logs is wonderful, and it seems impossible for human dexterity to reach such perfection. A jam will sometimes form where precipitous rocks make it impossible for the men to escape on either side, and they must ride the logs over several rods. In such places the water is always swift, sometimes forming rapids, and watching the logs jumping, tumbling, rolling along with a deafening roar, one wonders how men can live among them for an instant. Behind the jam breakers come the sackers with their teams, drawing the logs that jams have forced far out on the banks and rolling in those on the shores. "Bringing up the rear" is the technical term given this work by the lumbermen, and it is no more desirable than occupying the same position in the army. It is terribly cold work, too, wading in the snow water, ice freezing on the levers and on the clothing wher-

ever exposed to the air, and makes the spectators shiver to see them. But the hardy lumbermen don't mind it. They expect it, and their strength is equal to the demand.

At meal-time they all come with prodigal appetites for their rations, that are as hot as they can be eaten. Hot biscuits, potatoes, eggs, meat, tea, coffee and everything else, solid and liquid, are smoking like the steam from a locomotive, while generous draughts from the cup that inebriates add their fuel to the general fire. No cold victuals are current in log-floating time. All the chill required is found in the ice-water, and something has to be taken to counteract its influence.

The nights are spent in camps where the roaring fires, burning all night, partially dry the wet clothes that must be put on in the morning. Coming into the room where the clothes are hung, a great cloud of steam is seen that rises to the ceiling, where it condenses, and either falls down in drops or evaporates on the warm boards, and the clothes are all smoking as if engaged in a contest. When the river is reached the life changes. There are few jams to break, less wading and more riding in boats, and all the work is easier and less dangerous. If the logs stop on a rock that is out in the middle of the river, a boatman carries some men there, who may roll them off and get into the boat again without danger and without getting wet. There are logs along the shore to be rolled in, but the water is not as swift as in the runs, and in the deep water a man can stand with comparative safety. Everything is easier, and the day the river is reached is almost a holiday among the lumbermen.

A stranger's Mistake.

A Western merchant, who wanted to do some sight seeing and buy his fall stock at the same time, entered a dry-goods jobbing-house on Broadway, and accosted the first person he met with:

"Are you the proprietor here?"
"Not exactly the proprietor," was the reply; "at present I am acting as shipping clerk, but I am cutting my cards for a partnership next year by organizing noon prayer-meetings in the basement."

The stranger passes on to a very important personage with a diamond pin, and asked:

"Are you the head of the house?"
"Well, no; I can't say I am at present, but I've hopes of a partnership in January. I'm only one of the travelers just now, but I am laying for a \$2,000 pew in an up-town church, and that will mean a quarter interest here in less than six months."

The next man had his feet up, his hat back, and a 20-cent cigar in his mouth, and he looked so solid that the stranger said:

"You must run this establishment?"
"Me? Well, I may; an it very soon. At present I am the bookkeeper, but I am expecting to go into a church choir with the old man's darling, and become an equal partner here."

The stranger was determined not to make another mistake. He walked around until he found a man with his coat off and busy with a case of goods, and he said to him:

"The porters are kept pretty busy in here, I see?"
"Yes," was the brief reply.

"But I suppose you are planning to invest in a gospel hymn-book and sing the old man out of an eighth interest, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the quiet reply; "I'm the old man himself."

And all the stranger said, after a long minute spent in looking the merchant over, was:

"Well, darn my buttons!"