



# EVENING BULLETIN.



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

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1882.

NUMBER 80.

## 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**

### 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.	4:45 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.

### 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.

### NEW MARBLE YARD.

We respectfully announce to the public that we have opened a marble yard on Second street, above Yancey & Alexander's stable, and are prepared to furnish Monuments, Tomb Stones, Freestone, Pavements, and building work of all kinds, promptly on short notice. mar10-ly COOK & CLARK.

### MONUMENTS

### GRANITE AND MARBLE.

J. A. McCANN,

vug25ly. MAYSVILLE.

### To Farmers and Shippers.

BUTTER, Eggs, Cheese, Poultry, Wild Game, Venison, Furs, Grain Apples, Potatoes, Onions, Dried Fruits, &c. Send for price lists and tags. J. E. PHILLIPS & CO., 311 10th 311 Greenwich Street, New York, General Produce Commission Merchants.

### FRANK HAUCKE,

### HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

glazier, paper hanger, &c., Second street, opposite pork house. Will give prompt attention to all work in my line, and ask but a reasonable price. mar24.

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

CAPITAL STOCK \$210,000.

JAMES M. MITCHELL, THOMAS WELLS  
PRESIDENT. CASHIER.  
sept2. MAYSVILLE, KY

### A Cup of Cold Water.

Detroit Free Press.

It was night at the Michigan Central Station in Detroit—late, dark, silent night, and only a few dim lights broke the gloom into dense shadows, that were more fearful than utter darkness, and no traveler was so unfortunate as to be compelled to linger in the dreary place.

At least that was the impression the vast silence gave, but there were two travelers who, when no trains were coming or going waited in the depot through the chill morning hour. One was a man who had come by the latest train, and whom the conductor had helped into the depot, and who, through weariness, had fallen asleep on the cushion. He was ticketed through, and his destination was the grave; no one needed to glance at him twice to see that he had almost reached the end of his last journey.

The other passenger was on the road to ruin; he, too, had nearly arrived at the terminus—at least his pallid, sun-marked face, and ill-assorted, ragged clothes seemed to indicate that he had nearly touched the foot of the ladder; the world had taken his measure and named him "tramp," but he had wrought his own ruin; low and evil as he has he never blamed any one but himself.

This man had been watching the sleeper for a long time, had noted his weakness, his respectable appearance, and that he had a watch-chain at his vest pocket, and a respectable satchel under his head; and he crept near, nearer, with the one horrible thought uppermost—he would rob the dying man! He had no fear of the act. He hugged the baseness of it to his soul. But he did fear that some one would come in and interrupt his project. If the man moved? Why, a turn of the wrist at his throat would settle him.

He did not move. The tramp took the satchel and the watch simultaneously, and was ready to fly, but the sick man merely groaned faintly as his head dropped on the cushion. In the face of actual death he slept as quietly as a child on its mother's breast.

As the tramp looked with greedy eyes at the watch to note its commercial value, he started and shivered as if an official hand had been laid on his shoulder, stared wildly at the face of the sick man and back to the watch, which with open case, lay in his hand; then he muttered something that had the name of God in it, and instantly it was back in the pocket of the sick man, and the satchel was under his head again.

What had he seen? The picture of a captain in the Southern army, wearing the confederate uniform. A face that resembled that of a man who, when he lay dying of thirst, and was about to be transfixed by a rebel bayonet gave him a draught of spring water, and, setting him on his own horse, turned him to the North and said:

When you meet a vanquished man, spare him as I have spared you."

And he had raised his blue cap in the air and sworn to remember.

Now they had met again.

An hour later a carriage drove in haste to the depot, and first of all a child came running in. She looked at the tramp a moment and hesitated, then flung herself on the prostrate man.

"Grandpa! dear grandpa! wake up, we have come to take you home."

A gentleman and lady hurried in.

"Father," said the lady, kneeling by him, "we missed the time, but here we are now. Do wake up."

The tramp was fanning him with his cap; a certain dignity was in his face as he did so. The sick man opened his eyes, smiled feebly, and said:

"Give—me—a—drink—of—water."

The tramp brought the water out knelt as he lifted the helpless head and placed the cup of water to the cold lips. When he laid him back there was a smile sealed upon them, and the lady and the little girl sobbed aloud.

The tramp rose to his feet, but his cringing manner was gone.

"The battle is most over," he said, gently. "He told me to remember, and I did. I would have died for him."

He has done better; he has lived for him men touch their hats to him now, who three months ago would have spurned him from their doors.

Romance, do you say? No, my dear sir, it is reality.

### Vanceburg, Ky.

Esquire Jones, living on Indian creek, shot at August Probst three times, one ball passing through Jones' ear. Warrants and pursuit is the sequel.

The irrepressible U. S. Marshal James Hefflin spent the 18th inst. with U. S. Commissioner Rand, and gave a most interesting and detailed account of the Ashland murderers' trials. Hefflin is a welcome visitor for his genial and courteous ways.

C. G. Canes, on his own motion, is trying ten days board in the Lewis county jail to swear that he has no property subject to execution.

Elder Josiah Fitch, of the M. E. church South, has been drawing full houses which have been entertained and instructed on the profound mystery of the bible.

Our enterprising citizen, John Cox, has a timber tract of land and a saw mill in full operation with one million feet of popular lumber sawed and logs too large for the mill to handle. When we want lumber orders filled the Bulletin man applies to Cox, the old Maysville boy for low figures.

Dr. Wm. C. Rogers, the most popular merchant that ever transacted business in Vanceburg, is visiting us in the interest of J. J. Wood.

### A Fable for a Cent.

Detroit Free Press.

A lamb one day entered a saloon to quench his thirst with a glass of lager, and while quaffing the beverage he noticed a wolf playing seven-up at a table in one corner of the room.

"Why do you throw snow balls at me?" demanded the lamb, as he sat down his glass.

"I beg to remind you that this is mid-summer," humbly replied the wolf, "and I could not throw snow balls even if I desired."

"That may all be," continued the lamb, "but you lied about me to the hares."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Lamb, but no man can remember when the wolves and the hares were on speaking terms."

"And that may be true also," shouted the enraged lamb, "but you have been cheating at cards!"

"I will leave that to the jackal, who has just won my last nickel."

"Then if you have no cash you have no business in here!" howled the aggressor, and he fell upon the poor wolf and lamb and he could hardly crawl.

Moral: Domestic economy is buying 12 shilling shoes for your wife and 20 cent cigars for yourself.

"When I am gone, dear Joseph, will you come and press the earth down on my lonely grave, when the wind sobs mournfully through the trees and the rain patters down the dead flowers and the night its holy vigil keeps? Say will you darling?" "Naw, do'u you think I'm going out in the rain and wind at midnight and wander in a ghostly grave yard to stamp the mud down on your coffin? You must be sick if you!" "You're a nasty, mean thing, John Saunders," screamed the poor girl, "and if you ever speak to me again I'll slap hades out of your freckled face;" and Arabella flounced in and slammed the front door.

The wife of Engineer Melville of the Jeannette has been married to him seventeen years, four of which she has enjoyed his presence with her. The rest of the time he has been in the ice packs of the frigid zone.