



EVENING BULLETIN.



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

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 22, 1882.

NUMBER 182.

Last and Best Entertainment of the Season.

MONDAY, JUNE 26.

Grande Soiree Mystereuse Brilliante

—AND—

IDEAL ILLUSIONS

—BY—

HARTWIG SEEMAN.

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1. INTRODUCTORY ILLUSION.
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ap12lyd MAYSVILLE, KY.

Imaginary Birds.

The phoenix, as everybody knows, gathers dry sticks to make its funeral pyre, which it then contrives to set alight, and is presently consumed in the flames. From its ashes a worm crawls out, and, being gradually covered with feathers, takes the form of its parent bird. The eagle, which fears nothing else, dreads the approach of venomous serpents. To avert evil from its eaglets it places two agates in its nest. When its beak grows too long it breaks off the superfluous piece against a rock. The serpe is a very powerful bird, and takes immense flights. It is fond of the company of ships, but if a vessel happens to be an unusually swift sailer, it closes its wings and sinks to the bottom of the sea. A sentimental bird is the female turtle-dove. Should its mate chance to die, it never again alights on a leafy tree. It is remarkable for its chastity, but is averse from melody. If it hears the warbling of other birds it groans dismally. In winter time it loses its feathers, and shelters itself in holes and hollows. It is related of the woodpecker that if any one drives in a peg to close the entrance to the hole in the tree in which its nest is built it flies off in quest of a particular herb with which it touches the peg, whereupon it falls out. This, too, is curious. The hoopoe is unable to moult in a natural manner. Its young ones, therefore, pull out its feathers, and cover and feed her till they are full grown. The stork's young ones are not less filial. So long as the parent bird has provided for her brood, so long will her brood provide for her. On the other hand, the male crow is cruel to its offspring, and pecks at and beats them till their feathers are as black as his own. The vainest and silliest of all birds is the peacock. When it looks upon its brilliant plumage it is so delighted that it spreads out the glories of its tail, but when it looks down upon its feet it is so disgusted and so ashamed of itself that its tail droops to the ground. It is said to have the voice of a fiend, the head of a snake, and the gait of a thief. The swan likes to be accompanied by a harp, and is most melodious during the last year of its life. It is also interesting to learn that the swallow is capable of restoring sight to its "callow brood" when carried away into captivity and blinded. Any one gowing where snakes abound will do well to take with him some burned vulture's feathers. The heart of a vulture wrapped in the skin of a lion or of a wolf frightens away demons. It is quite untrue that vultures were originally a race of men who were cruel to the pygmies. But how is it that medical men do not make greater use of the caladrius? If this beautiful, snow-white little bird, which is a native of Jerusalem, be held in front of a man whose death is certain, it averts its head, and will in no wise look at him; but, if on the contrary, the sick man is destined to live in spite of his physicians, the caladrius turns to him, as John Trevisa expresses it, "faunynge and playsynge." —All the Year Round.

THE readiness, ease and grace of Jack W.'s extemporaneous lying commanded respectful attention wherever he went. No locality could be mentioned in a casual conversation but he would show himself to be familiar with it and that in some way it was connected with his family. When an allusion was made to the superiority of Goshen butter, he merely observed that Old Goshen, who first introduced it into general use, was his uncle. When, on another occasion, an allusion was made to the Natural bridge of Virginia, he remarked with an air of modesty that he knew all about it, and could give its dimensions with precision if desired, as his father was one of the contractors that built it. He was quite an artist in his way. —Texas Siftings.

How John Potts Was Repaid.

Thirty years ago a poor girl named Carrie Roper, in garments tattered and torn, wandered to the home of John Potts, a village blacksmith in what is now known as Brooklyn, Pa., a few miles from this city. Mr. Potts took the girl in and suggested to his wife that they adopt her, they having no children of their own. Mrs. Potts objected, feeling it her duty to take one of four of her sister's daughters, if it was deemed expedient to adopt a daughter. Mr. Potts would not listen to his wife's suggestions and determined to support the girl. He sent her to school in Bucks County, where she took up the study of music with her academic course, and graduated with high honors. Two years after she graduated Potts failed to learn of her whereabouts. His inquiries did not bring any tidings of the girl, and he gave her up as dead. His wife died in the spring of 1877, and he lived alone. He still continued his business as blacksmith, though unable to save anything from his earnings with which to pay a few mortgages on his property. Recently a strange lady appeared at the post-office in Brooklyn and introduced herself as Mrs. James Rutledge, of Pittsburg, wife of a millionaire. She inquired for John Potts and was escorted to his home. The old gentleman recognized her at sight, and was overcome with joy at her appearance. The lady had come to take Potts to her home, where he was to enjoy the freedom of her home during his remaining days. She paid off the mortgages on the Potts property, purchased a handsome monument for the grave of Mrs. Potts, and started with her old trunk for her home in Pittsburg. Soon after their arrival she made Potts a gift of \$50,000 in United States bonds. —Carbonate Pa., Cor. N. Y. Sun.

The Modern Caucus.

An aged citizen who was one of the early settlers, was seen coming out on to the sidewalk in front of a place where a caucus was being held, a few nights before election, on his ear. He seemed to be propelled by some unseen power, and as he got up and picked up his hat out of the gutter, brushed the mud off his sleeve and wiped the blood off his nose, a friend went up to him and asked what was the matter. The old man said, "Well, I hain't attended a caucus in thirty year, but my nephew wanted me to go to-night, and when I proposed that the meeting be opened with prayer, I think the stove fell over on me. A fellow said, 'O, give us a rest,' and I don't know how I got out here, but I did. Why, in '49 they used to open political meetings with prayer, and close 'em the same way. This caucus opened with a knock down and I s'pose it will close with a riot. Hello, there is another man riding down stairs without any saddle, and I s'pose he proposed some old-fashioned custom. Say, do you think my eye will be black? I told the old lady I was goin' to meetin' and I wouldn't like to have her think I had lost my temper and struck the sexton. Well, that's the last politics for me." The old man, however, got a policeman to go with him while he voted on election day. —Milwaukee Sun.

A SYRACUSE Justice of the Peace postponed a trial on account of the death of the prisoner's mother, the prisoner asking the favor in piteous and tearful tones. When the trial was resumed two days after it was found that the prisoner had gone to Canada, and that his mother had been dead nine years. The justice says the next man that tries to play a corpse on him has got to produce the body or a certificate from the doctor who attended the deceased. That would seem to be fair.