



EVENING BULLETIN.



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

VOLUME 1.

MAYSVILLE, TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1882.

NUMBER 221.

TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS.

During the Camp Meeting at Park's Hill, round trip tickets will be sold at Half Rates and Special Trains will be run as follows:

Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	8:15 a. m.
Arrive Camp Grounds.....	7:15 a. m.	9:45 a. m.
Leave Paris.....	6:30 a. m.	

Returning, leave Camp Grounds for Maysville, 5:30 p. m. and 7:15 p. m. For Paris, 5:30 p. m.

The schedule on Sunday, the 6th inst., is as follows:

Special Trains will leave Maysville.....	8:30 a. m.
" " Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.
" " Falmouth.....	6:45 a. m.

Returning, leave Camp Grounds for Maysville, 4:00 p. m. For Lexington, 4:00 p. m. For Falmouth, 4:00 p. m.

The schedule on Sunday, the 13th inst., is as follows:

Special Train leaves Maysville.....	8:30 a. m.
" " Covington.....	7:30 a. m.
" " Lexington.....	8:30 a. m.

All Trains returning leave Camp Grounds at 4:00 p. m. sharp.

NOTICE.

ON account of my continued ill health, I have concluded, as soon as practicable, to retire from the dry goods trade, I now offer my entire stock for sale to any merchant wishing to engage in the business, and will from the 1st day of July sell my goods FOR CASH, until disposed of, which will enable me to offer to the retail trade some special bargains. All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle at once, as I am anxious to square my books. Respectfully, ap11dy H. G. SMOOT.

J. C. PECOR & CO.,

—AGENTS FOR—

BUIST'S GardenSeed

A fresh supply just received.

NO OLD SEED,

All this year's purchase. Call and get a catalogue.

WALL PAPER

—AND—

WINDOW SHADES

Every style and pattern, as cheap as the cheapest. Give us a call and examine our stock. ap21ly J. C. PECOR & CO.

P. S. MYERS,

—Dealer in—

Groceries, Hats and Caps

Boots and Shoes, Queensware and Hardware. Highest cash price paid for Grain and Country Produce. jy15d MT. OLIVET.

T. J. CURLEY,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter

dealer in Bath Tubs, Hydrant Pumps, Iron and Lead Pipe, Globe, Angle and Check Valves, Rubber Hose and Sewer Pipe. All work warranted and done when promised. Second street, opposite White & Ort's, ap3

Established 1865.

EQUITY GROCERY.

G. W. GEISEL,

No. 3, W. Second St., Opp. Opera House, MAYSVILLE, KY. Fruits and Vegetables in season. Your patronage respectfully solicited. j14dy

JACOB LINN,

Four Doors Below the Postoffice

—HAS OPENED HIS—

ICE CREAM PARLORS.

Ice Cream for sale by the gallon or half gallon. Wedding Parties furnished on short notice. my29

JOHN WHEELER

Headquarters for all kinds of Confectionery Fruits, Canned Goods, etc.

Fresh Stock and Low Prices.

Come and see me if you want to save money.

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacturers' prices; Tuning and Repairing. n17

THE LATEST SENSATION.

4000 Yards Lawn, choice styles and fast colors at 5 cents per yard. 500 yards India Linen at 10 cents per yard. 240 pairs regular made men's half hose at 10 cents per pair. Other goods proportionately low. BURGESS & NOLIN.

July 6, 1882.

T. LOWRY,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE AND FANCY

CROCERIES,

Teas, Tobacco, Cigars, Queensware, Woodenware, Glassware, Notions, &c. Highest price paid for Country Produce. Goods delivered to any part of the city.

Cor. Fourth and Plum Streets, ap12lyd MAYSVILLE, KY.

J. R. SOUSLEY,

Architect, Contractor and Builder.

ESTIMATES furnished and all work warranted. Shop on Fourth Street between Market and Limestone. mar4-6mdaw

LANE & WORICK,

Contractors and Builders.

ESTIMATES promptly and cheerfully furnished for all work in our line. Shop on Third street near Wall, Maysville, Ky. r26m

PAUL D. ANDERSON,

DENTIST.

No. 21 Market St., nearly opp. Central Hotel,

Office Open at all Hours. MAYSVILLE, KY. may13lyd.

A Brute or a Man?

As we breed and rear sheep and oxen that the materials of their bodies may serve our uses, so we breed horses for the sake of their mechanical "energy," and we consider ourselves justified in getting out of them as much work as they can be made to do without severe physical suffering to themselves, in repayment for the feeding, housing, and general care we bestow upon them. But are the horses consenting parties to this arrangement? What should we say if a conquering nation were to use us as beasts of draught or burden? Should we not raise the cry, "Am I not a man and a brother? Have you a right to treat me like a brute, beast?" Clearly, then, the common sense of mankind claims—in virtue, not of superior strength, but the higher elevation in the scale of being—to make the horse labor for man's use, allowing him to return only the right of kindly treatment at our hands. But it is not a matter of everyday experience that our occasions require some extraordinary exertion, such as the horse can be only induced to put forth by the application of whip or spur—or, to put it in plain terms, by the inflicting of pain? If an anti-vivisectionist puts himself into a cab, on his way to denounce atrocities of "doctors" at a public meeting, and finds that the continuance of the jog-trot pace at which he is going will cause him to miss his appointment, does he hesitate to tell the driver to urge on his horse—knowing well what his speed involves? Or, if he had the misfortune to be dangerously injured by a railway collision in a place far removed from medical assistance, and were lying in bodily and mental agony, counting the minutes until relief could arrive, would he be content to wait the good pleasure of the horse whose rider goes off in search of a doctor, or of that on which the doctor comes to his rescue? Would he not feel that all that the horses can do must be got out of them by the free use of whip and spur?—the limited and temporary suffering inflicted on the lower creature being quite justifiable in view of the greater (because permanent and far-reaching) benefit conferred on the higher—involving, it may be, the future welfare of others dearer to him than his own life. Let me put one more case for my opponent's consideration, which, whether it did or did not really occur, may be accepted as a "crucial instance." A man, condemned to death for a crime he had not committed, is brought out for execution, and the noose is already round his neck. A rider is seen in the distance urging toward the scaffold a horse covered with foam, and obviously ready to drop with fatigue; he waves something in his hand with a deprecating gesture, the execution is stayed; the crowd opens to let the horse reach the scaffold; the rider presents the reprieve which had been obtained at the last moment by the production of unexpected evidence of the prisoner's innocence, and the horse drops down dead. Who shall condemn the use of whip and spur, even to this extreme, for the sake of preserving the life of an innocent man, with all its possibilities of future happiness and usefulness? The anti-vivisectionist may talk about his unwillingness to profit by sufferings inflicted upon innocent brutes; but will any one say that he had rather have been hanged than that the horse should have suffered to save him! Or, if he dares say it would any one but a Zoophilist believe him?—*Dr. Carpenter in Fort-nightly Review.*

It's very provoking when the editor writes it "Meeting of the masses," and the compositor, when setting it up, puts a space in the wrong place and makes it read "Meeting of them asses."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Poe, the Poet, Murdered.

Dr. J. J. Moran, of Falls Church, Va., in a lecture upon the death of Poe, said: As the shades of evening descended upon Baltimore, Poe had rumbled on until he had reached a dangerous portion of the town, where it was unsafe for a man to loiter alone. Here the men who had been following came up with him and he was forced into a low den, where he was drugged, robbed, stripped of his apparel and then clothed in the filthy rags of one of the brutes who had assaulted him. From this place he was thrust into the street, and as he staggered along, his brain benumbed by the deadly drug, he fell over an obstacle in his pathway and lay insensible for hours exposed to the cutting October air. A gentleman passing recognized the face of Poe as he lay prone upon the street, and calling a hack he directed that he be conveyed to the Washington Hospital, sending his card to Dr. Moran, with the single word "Poe" written in the corner. Poe was cared for, and received energetic medical treatment to counteract the effect of his depressed condition. During this time Dr. Moran said to him: "How do you feel, Mr. Poe?" "Miserable."

"Do you suffer any pain?"

"No."

"How long have you been sick?"

"I cannot say."

As Poe's last hours approached Dr. Moran said that he bent over him and asked if he had any word he wished communicated to his friends. Poe raised his fading eyes and answered, "Nevermore." In a few moments he turned uneasily and moaned: "O God, is there no ransom for the deathless spirit?" Continuing, he said: "He who rode the heavens and upholds the universe has His decrees written on the frontlet of every human being." Then followed murmuring, growing fainter and fainter, then a tremor of the limbs, a faint sigh, and the spirit of Edgar Allen Poe had passed the boundary line that divides time from eternity.—*Washington Post.*

The good die young. The bad live to lie about the weather and are spoken of as the oldest inhabitants.—*Picayune.*

In the Black Forest.

Fringes of pines displayed themselves in the immediate neighborhood, each one distinct and detached from the other; but beyond, and far away as the eye could follow, the black mountains accumulated in dense dark masses and outlines. Stretches of velvety fields and slopes here and there relieved the gloom. White roads twisted snake-like, about the vast scene. To the right stretched great uninteresting plains, the flowing Rhine, a conspicuous object, but here not more romantic than the tamest rivers. In the distance rose the long chain of the Vosges Mountains, with their soft, wavy, graceful undulations, though too far off to be very conspicuous or interesting. Small streams ran their course and villages dotted the plain, their red roofs rising in contrast with the somber pines. The wind swept great white clouds across the sky, bringing out the blue beyond in deep relief, while they cast huge shadows upon the plain that chased each other and dissolved as the clouds died out in space. One tree, one stream, one field, one hill, may resemble another, but a thousand times multiplied, and a thousand times seen, the last look is as fresh and beautiful to the mind, as invigorating to the spirit as the first. The only sad spot was the ruin itself, which spoke so loudly of an age and generation when other eyes were gazing upon these scenes, as, in turn, other eyes again will gaze, when these days have long passed into history.