



EVENING BULLETIN.



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

VOLUME 2.

MAYSVILLE, MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 11, 1882.

NUMBER 17.

FRANK R. PHISTER

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FOR SALE.

HAVING determined to go west I now offer for sale, my entire stock of

China, Glass and Queensware,

with the good will of the house and all information in my possession regarding the business. I have a few and well selected stock, in first rate condition and bought at low figures. Any parties wishing to enter into a good, safe paying business, now have an opportunity seldom offered.

The Fall and Holiday trade is now just on us, and an early buyer will get all the benefit therefrom. In the meantime I shall sell goods at retail and wholesale at almost cost. o17-d&w G. A. McCARTHEY.

Through the Suez Canal.

After coaling at Malta we steamed down the Mediterranean, over the smoothest sea and beneath the bluest sky it ever was my happy portion to see. It was about five o'clock one morning when we first saw the light-house at Port Said, and about eight we entered between the two piers which guard the entrance to the canal and stretch far out into the Mediterranean. Passing a Turkish frigate and a French ram we slowly steamed close to the left-hand shore and made fast to a buoy. No sooner were we fast than the Arabs swarmed on board, and soon coal was coming over the side and into the bunkers at a rapid rate from barges alongside. On the left-hand for a long distance stretched coal-sheds, for this is the great coaling port of steamers bound eastward, there being quite a difference in the price here and at the other end of the canal. On the right was the town of Port Said, while in front, lost far in the desert, appeared the canal, the grandest engineering feat of the age. Just fancy the amount of labor, when it was necessary to carry the sand a mile off into the desert, and at the same time prevent the surrounding sand from drifting and rolling into its place. Just take a handful of sand out from a pile and see how quickly the hollow is filled up, and you can then form some idea of the undertaking. I was told out there that the English abandoned the work through inability to obtain laborers at any price, and that the French only succeeded by convict labor; that the soldiers stood guard, and a refusal to work was instantly followed by a shot; and that every foot of the canal is a monument to some poor devil sent in short order to the Arabian paradise. However this was, the canal was finished, and is today the only route for steamers to the East. About one o'clock the pilot came on board, and in a few minutes we left our moorings and steamed into the canal. The channel has about twenty-six feet of water in it, and which is only kept at that depth by constant work at the dredges and by strengthening the sides by sinking rock and waling up the sides where they are the most threatening. On both sides the embankments rise up to a height of ten or fifteen feet, and are composed of the dull, brown sands which stretch away on both sides as far as the eye can see, the horizon shrouded in the blinding glare of the heated air rising from the burning sands till the eyes ache and the heart sickens at the dismal scene. With what relief we turn to the canal stretching like a blue sparkling ribbon and feast our eyes at the sight of a station looming up a half-mile ahead with its little cottage, its shrubbery and trees, planted right in the midst of a desert and drawing life from a soil which has been brought a hundred miles to make life endurable to the station-master, banished away out here, hundreds of miles from his own fair France, or who else but a Frenchman would ever think of bringing his garden with him, with its flowers and trees, out here in this wilderness of sands? We tied up for a few seconds to let one of the large P. & O. steamers pass us; for every vessel must give way to the "Royal Mail," except men-of-war, which have the right of way everywhere. The "canal" is not wide enough for vessels to pass each other, so every quarter of a mile or so there is a wider place for tying up, and the vessel reaching there first makes fast to the bank and allows the other one to pass, except in the case of a vessel carrying the mail or a man-of-war, both of which go right on through without stopping, except during the night.

On the right-hand side runs a track,

and I was startled by the familiar sound of the engine whistle, and the next minute a train swept on by at the rate of forty miles an hour, while overhead,

Like strings of ghosts
The telegraph posts
Came quickly trooping by.

I noticed on the other bank a veritable caravan, such as one reads about and sees so much in pictures of the great desert—horses and camels, and the old man all wrapped up in his white clothes, with the same long rifle, with its crooked stock, which I have seen duplicated on canvas, till I felt an inclination to extend a hand and say: "How are you, old boy?" for old acquaintance sake. And then I thought what a difference between the two banks. Here the railroad, the telegraph—and there the old Arab traveling, as his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather did a hundred years ago; a century separated by this narrow stream.

At dusk we tied up, having made about thirty miles, as we were only allowed to go "slow" through the canal for fear of injuring the banks. The next morning found us on our way, and soon we were threading the crooked channel through the lake with the town of Ismailia broad off the port beam. After about two hours' steaming at full speed we again slowed down and entered the other part of the canal, and again passed through between the same brown banks with disgust, and only enlivened by the stations, with their few feet of surrounding verdure and occasional steamers bound to the westward, too few and far between, which we passed or which passed us, until we finally steamed into the Gulf of Suez about five in the afternoon.

Off on our left gleamed the houses of Suez, and here we left our French pilot and took up a native Red Sea pilot, black as coal and mute as one of the Sphinxes which adorn his native deserts. —Cor. St. Louis Republican.

How People Die.

Miss Nightingale has pointed out how constantly the mental state of the dying depends on their physical conditions. As a rule, she tells us, in acute cases interest in their own danger is rarely felt. "Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state. Patients who die of consumption very frequently die in a state of seraphic joy and peace; the countenance almost expresses rapture. Patients who die of cholera peritonitis, etc., on the contrary, often die in a state approaching despair. In dysentery, diarrhoea, or fever, the patient often dies in a state of indifference." Those who have carefully examined the dead on a battlefield, or in the streets after an *emeute*, are struck with the fact that while the expression on the faces of those who have died by gun-shot wounds is one of agony and distress, the dead by sword have a calmer expression, though their wounds often seem more painful to the eye. A very careful observer, who was through the Indian Mutiny, entirely confirms this. After giving several instances, he says: "A rapid death by steel is almost painless. Saber edge or point divides the nerves so quickly as to give little pain. A bullet lacerates." —London Spectator.

Excitement was made in Boston by a newspaper item which said that the venerated Bunker Hill monument was to be "repainted." It was a misprint, the right word being "repointed." The mortar has in many places been washed away from between the stones to a depth of six inches, and the spaces are filled with growths of moss and vines.