



EVENING BULLETIN.



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

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AYER'S Hair Vigor

restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.

It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

Mr. C. P. BRICHER writes from Kirby, O., July 3, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."

J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Dunston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever

JAS. H. SALLEE, CLARENCE L. SALLEE,
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And Real Estate Agents.
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NEW DOMESTIC PATTERNS

—AT—

Hunt & Doyle's.

W-ish Choirs.

The members composing a choir are often scattered over a wide extent of territory—so that regular weekly, or even monthly, meetings of the choir are impossible. For instance, one of the choirs in the late contest has a membership spread over a district forty miles in extent, with no means of communication but the rough country wagon or the long tramp afoot. When a new chorus is to be learned, the various members will procure, if they can afford it, one copy for each member of the family, or, if the work is expensive, one copy for the whole family. Then the neighboring families will meet once or twice a week at each other's houses, the best reader among them is appointed leader, and they go to work with no instrument but a pitch-pipe, or tuning-fork, to master the fugues of Handel or Haydn. There is something almost pathetic in the picture of these hard-worked men and women, and even little children, meeting thus, surrounded by the grimy waste of a mining district, and setting to work with loving patience to master, unassisted, the musical thoughts of the greatest genius. When all these small parties have mastered the chorus—which they do so thoroughly that they commit it to memory—a meeting of the whole choir is held.

Venetian Sunsets.

Words cannot be formed to express the endless varieties of Venetian sunset. The most magnificent follow after wet, stormy days, when the west breaks suddenly into a labyrinth of fire, when chasms of clear turquoise heavens emerge and horns of flame are flashed to the zenith and unexpected splendors scale the fretted clouds, step over step, stealing along the purple caverns till the whole dome throbs. Or, again, after a fair day, a change of weather approaches, and high, infinitely high, the skies are woven over with a web of half-transparent iridescent clouds. These in the after-glow blush crimson, and through their rifts the depth of heaven is of a hard and gem-like blue, and all the water turns to rose beneath them. I remember one such evening near Torcello. We were well out at sea between Mazzorbo and Murano. The ruddy arches overhead were reflected without interruption in the waveless ruddy lake below. Our black boat was the only dark spot in this sphere of splendor. We seemed to hang suspended; and such as this, I fancied, must be the feeling of an insect caught in the heart of a fiery-petalled rose. Yet not these melodramatic sunsets alone are beautiful. Even more exquisite, perhaps, are the la-