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GENERAL MEAGHER

Men Who Knew and Loved the
Gallant Leader of the
Irish Brigade

Think They Recognize Him in
the Stone Image Recently
Found.

Marked Resemblance to Hero of
Tipperary and Marye's
Heights.

LIFE STORY OF THE BRAVE SOLDIER

There has just been brought to public notice in Butte, Mont., the petrified body of a man. It has been identified by those who knew and loved the famous wit, orator, poet, patriot and soldier of fortune as that of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher.

Scientific examination by a physician and a professor of anatomy has revealed that the body is that of a man, a soldier, whose stature, bulk, head and peculiarities correspond to those of Gen. Meagher.

The precise manner of Meagher's death in 1867, near the very spot where the petrification was found, has never until now been explained. If the silent testimony of this form of stone is to be credited, the hero of Tipperary and of the Irish Brigade perished miserably by an Indian arrow which cleft his skull.

Two years ago Tom Dunbar was trapping near Fort Benton, Mont. It was very low water on the Missouri, and the shrinking flood permitted him to see much more of the bottom than usual. Carefully examining every foot of the way for places to set his traps, he saw half-buried in the sand under water what looked like a human body. He hauled the body out with much difficulty—cast in stone it weighs 365 pounds—with his lariat, breaking in the process the left ankle and great toe. Then he reburied his find above high water, carefully marking the spot. "Soon's I kin git money to buy an outfit I'll start a show," said the practical Dunbar to himself, and to no one else did he say a word.

It took the trapper eighteen months to save money enough to buy a horse and wagon; then he showed his curio to tourists at the Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park. Then R. A. Fraser, of Helena, organized the Montana Petrified Man Company, bought the stone figure from Dunbar and exhibited it throughout Montana. They planned to go East, with New York as the goal. Fraser is shrewd.

In Helena Dr. Edwin S. Kellogg and Prof. C. H. Gaunt subjected the figure to an X-ray test. The broken foot was first examined. "The bones could be seen perfectly. Later the whole body was subjected to the test, demonstrating that the petrification had been a living man. Bones, brain and vital organs were visible; even the arrowhead which had pierced the brain of the man was revealed by the power of the ray. The petrification measures five feet ten inches in height. The face is clean-shaven, with the exception of a mustache and the face and form are those of a well-nigh perfect man, from his bearing a soldier. The hands were tied together with rawhide.

When the body reached Anaconda there came to the room where it was exhibited an Irish miner in his working clothes. The moment his eyes rested upon it he called it:

"It is the General—God rest his soul! It is the General."

"What General?" asked Fraser.
"Gen. Meagher, surely. If that is not the hand of Thomas Francis Meagher, may mine be withered!" and he pointed out a slight peculiarity of the hand which had escaped attention.

The news spread; others came to see what they fully believed to be the body of the dead General. Pathetic were the scenes that followed.

"He was drowned twenty miles from Fort Benton," said doubters.

"No man living can say he was drowned or what became of him if this is not his body," was the conclusive retort.

And that is true if you remember the thrilling story of the death of this remarkable man.

On the morning of June 29, 1867, Meagher accepted an invitation from an old friend, John T. Doran, the pilot of the steamer G. A. Thompson, to dine with him on board the boat. He was on the way to Benton to procure arms and equipment.

He was ill; had been very ill indeed at Sun River.

The General was reading when suddenly he closed the book and said excitedly to Doran: "Johnny, they threatened my life in that town. As I passed I heard some men say, 'There he goes.'"

Doran soothed him, for he knew there was not a man in the Territory who did not love Gen. Meagher. "Are you armed, Doran?" Meagher insisted. "See that your pistols are loaded!"

At 9:30 o'clock Doran persuaded the General to retire. He locked the door of the stateroom as well as he could, the lock being defective, and went to the lower deck. A few moments later he heard a splash and cries of "Man overboard!"

Doran rushed to the rail as the engineer cried: "It was your friend, Johnny!" Two agonizing cries were heard, but the river was twelve feet deep, with a current rushing five or six miles an hour, and the voice was heard but an instant. Doran ran ashore and went to the steamer Gideon, which lay fifty yards below. Men rushed to the wheel of the steamer and lowered themselves into the water, while ropes and boards were thrown out, but in vain; the body was never seen.

For many days cannon were fired, the

river was dragged and the shores and islands were searched, but all to no purpose. If the stone figure that Tom Dunbar dug up be indeed the mortal remains of Thomas Francis Meagher it is easy to figure out from its mute testimony the fate of the gallant General.

He was plainly crazy when he jumped overboard, but the shock of the water and the instinct of struggle brought back his reason and he succeeded in making the shore far below where he jumped in. The river at that point was full of islands which swarmed with hostile Indians, not all of whom at that time used gunpowder. The almost noiseless bowstring gave no hint of the shot that cleft his skull.

The nerves of the brain work crosswise; those of the left part control Meagher's skull, was cleft on the left side; his right side, as Dr. Kellogg and Prof. Grant testify, was paralyzed. The Indians came and bound the helpless man's hands. Death soon released him. Then, alarmed at the commotion made by the friends of the missing man, his captors threw the body into the river, where it lay until Dunbar found it—if it is indeed Meagher's body.

Thomas Francis Meagher in his fiery youth was engaged in Tipperary County, Ireland, in arraying the peasantry against the British authorities. He was arrested, tried and condemned to be hanged, a decree modified to transportation for life to Van Dieman's Land.

After four years of sufferings he escaped. He landed in New York in May 1852. Here he was the popular idol, the corporation presenting him with a congratulatory address and entertaining him at the Astor House. He became a popular lecturer and writer, was admitted to the bar, made many eloquent speeches and established the Irish News.

When the war broke out Meagher went to the front at the head of the famous Irish Brigade—the Sixty-third, Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York regiments. It was the Irish Brigade that at Marye's Hill dashed itself again and again upon the fatal stone wall until two-thirds of its gallant members lay dead or wounded.

Gen. Meagher's career as a soldier ended with his brilliant services in the Itowah district, when President Johnson tendered him the Secretaryship of the Territory of Montana. The absence from the Territory of Sidney Edgerton made Gen. Meagher acting Governor. He held that position until his sad death.

His thoughts did not turn readily to peaceful pursuits. His mind, warped by sufferings in prison and in exile, his body weakened by hardships, he became flighty and visionary. When he disappeared from mortal ken he was raising a regiment to fight Indians. He was drowned, as was always supposed, in June, 1867.

POEM ON GEN. "BOBS."

"Unprized are thy sons till they learn to betray."
—[Moore.]

O 'e's commin', commin', commin',
Is the bloomin' Hrishman!
For we're runnin', runnin', runnin',
"Since the bloomin' war began!
And the bloomin' bluffer Buller,
O 'e ain't no good at all—
'E might tackle a mad Mullah,
But 'e dassn't touch Oom Paul.

We 'ad some bloomin' Hrishmen
And we put them in the front—
They're good enough for fightin' men,
So we let 'em take the brunt.
But 'tween marchin' and 'tween shootin'
They've been mostly called away,
So the Dogs 'ill miss the lootin'
And they'll draw no Henglish pay.

That same 'ud be a blessin'
Could we lick the bloomin' Boer,
Could we teach Oom Paul a lesson
While we swiped his golden ore.

But here we're runnin', runnin', runnin',
With our General in command;
And if 'e don't mend 'is cunnin'—
In Pretoria 'e'll land;
For 'e's lost his bloomin' cannon.
Next 'e'll lose the union jack,
And 'e'll find himself a dammin'—
As a pris'ner on the "track."

So here we're sendin' for "Owd Bobs,"
The bloomin' Hrishman.
E's just the chap for fightin' jobs,
Like this we've got on han',
Yas, the Hrishman is 'andy
When the hempire needs a man,
For fightin' 'e's a dandy—
Tho' a bloomin' Hrishman.
—[T. Atkins.]

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS INSTALLED.

Branch 25 of the Catholic Knights of America held a largely attended and interesting meeting Monday evening, when the following officers were installed for the ensuing year:

President—Butler Lebolt.
First Vice President—W. T. Meehan.
Second Vice President—Owen McGee.
Recording Secretary—W. L. Bax.
Financial Secretary—E. J. Mann.
Treasurer—L. D. Bax.
Sergeant-at-Arms—M. Minogue.
Sentinel—Martin Shaugnessy.
Trustees—R. Minton Louis Muthier.
State Delegate—A. F. Martin.
The annual reports of retiring President Meehan and Secretary Veenean were very gratifying, showing the branch to have 113 members in good standing and a well filled treasury.

The death claim of Brother Connelly, amounting to \$2,000, was reported paid December 3, the voucher having been procured for his widow with commendable promptness.

Charles L. Taylor, the well known attorney, was the unanimous choice of the branch for State Delegate, and regret was expressed over his refusal to accept the office.

NOT FAR OFF.

"Where," asked the female suffrage orator, "would a man be today were it not for a woman?"

She paused a moment and looked around the hall. "I repeat," she said, "where would a man be today were it not for a woman?"

"He'd be in the Garden of Eden eating strawberries," answered a voice from the gallery.

JERRY FORHAN,

Born in County Kerry One
Hundred and One Years
Ago.

Has Drunk Whisky and Smoked
a Duceen Since He Can
Remember.

Tells of Hard Times When Bat-
tle of Waterloo Was
Fought.

MONDAY LAST WAS HIS BIRTHDAY.

Coincident with the nineteenth century is the life of Jeremiah Forhan, of Ninety-sixth street and Marine avenue, Fort Hamilton, New York. An example of temperance, this Irish gentleman of the old school has drunk Irish whisky and smoked a ducdeen all his life. Things have changed since Jerry Forhan emigrated in the American clipper ship Columbus to the Fourth ward, Manhattan, fifty-six years ago. The Kerryman settled in Pearl street, near Hague, became an American citizen in five years, and has voted the Tammany Hall and the national and State Democratic tickets for fifty-one years straight.

No pronounced wrinkle furrows the serene face of Jerry Forhan, orator and veteran citizen, as he sits this day in his chair before his grate reading his paper without glasses, says a writer in the Sunday World. For nearly two generations he and Commissioner James S. Coleman have been warm friends.

Forhan was watchman for the Black Ball packet ships after he came to America. He was also foreman of the gang of laborers that built the old fort on Bedloe's, now Liberty Island. Mr. Forhan, who celebrated his one hundred and first birthday Monday, received his interviewer with a firm hand-grip. He told the story of his life in a strong, resonant voice. He is a vigorous centenarian. His features are not white and colorless, but brown and healthy. He has every tooth save one.

"I wish you a happy New Year and many of them," said the Kerryman. "I was born at Castle Island, County Kerry, Ireland, one hundred and one years ago come Monday."

In the conversation that followed the young-old gentleman interspersed his talk with words and sentences of Gaelic.

"My father lived to be one hundred and three years old, and he was after receiving 150 lashes from the English for him refusing to betray the White Boys," said the ancient watchman. "You see, the White Boys of Kerry in the year '98 were the Brown Boys, that fought the British soldiers. There was a raid of Buck Grady's White Boys on the barracks one night, and the British soldiers were slaughtered. My father's cousin Hogan was one of the White Boys, but Buck Grady was not there because his wife forgot to wake him when the horses galloped by his house. The English took my father to Limerick. They gave him 100 lashes, and after he refused to tell about his cousin Hogan they gave him fifty lashes more. All bound in linen my father came back to Castle Island, and his neighbors drew him about on a cart. I remember how hard the times was when the battle of Waterloo was fought. Cows that my father bought for eighteen or twenty pounds were sold for nothing. There were auctions all over the country, and the soldiers got but fifteen cents a day. When I was a young man, having a wife and children in Ireland, I went to London. Without thinking of what I was doing I enlisted in the Scotch Grays. You see I couldn't resist the beautiful uniform that it was. My cousin after a bit was after bringing me a suit of citizen's clothes, and I deserted. The British never found me. I also worked on the new Parliament House in London. For thirty years I was the watchman in Taylor's factory in Hague street. I was the one man saved alive from the great explosion in Taylor's factory. It was myself and no one else that guarded the key of the room in Taylor's where Mr. Singer invented his sewing machine."

"For years I have drunk whisky in milk twice a day. That keeps me alive. I buy my pipes by the box, and have never smoked a cigar. The only kind of tobacco I will smoke is cut plug."

Mr. Forhan has lived to look upon his great-grandchild. Of his ten children two are living—Mrs. Mary O'Connor of North Fourth street, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Elizabeth Roche of Ninety-sixth street and Marine avenue, with whom her father lives.

A year or two ago Mr. Forhan challenged an old man who sold sponges in Whitehall street to a reel and jig contest. They danced in a barbershop in Summit street and the hale Kerryman tired out his rival.

EMINENT MUSICIAN.

Cable advices received in this country announce the death in Dublin of Prof. J. W. Glover, the eminent musician, aged eighty-nine years. He gained world-wide prominence for the edition of "Moore's Melodies," which he harmonized and edited. Among his numerous compositions were an oratorio, "St. Patrick at Tara," "The Deserted Village," an opera founded on Oliver Goldsmith's poem, and an ode to Parnell. He was for many years organist of the Cathedral in Dublin.

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