BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883.

WALLACE GRUELLE . . . . . Editor

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

For Governor—J. Proctor Knott, of Marion.
For Lieut. Governor—J. R. Hindman, of Adair.
For Attorney General—P. W. Hardin, of Mercer.
For Treasurer—Jas. W. Tate, of Franklin.
For Auditor—Fayette Hewitt, of Hardin.
For Supt. Pub. Inst'n—J. D. Pickett, of Fayette.
For Register Land Office—J. G. Cecil, of Pike.

COUNTY TICKET.

For Representative—Dr. E. R. Pennington.

LOVE of money is the love that has'n.

THE well digger prospers at well doing.

THE dentist measures his work by the acher.

A LAWYER who minds his baby is domestic legal tender.

THE signal-man of a railroad follows a flourishing business.

THE trade dollar is the poor lone orphan of American currency.

NO ONE can succeed as a pickpocket until he gets his hand in.

WHEN two kings make a league, do they make three miles of treaty?

THE printer's devil is not so often impartial as he is impertinent.

THE father of male twins knows what it is to be "up all night with the boys."

SOME people are too timid to strike a match, from fear that it will flare up at them.

THE most inveterate enemy of horse-racing in the end becomes himself a patron of the turf.

YOUNG ladies can always avoid having a moustache on their upper lips by eating onions.

THE republicans seem terribly afraid the democracy will all break up on the tariff question.

THE collector of customs is about the only federal official who strictly follows the path of duty.

EVERY lawyer is trained for commonwealth's attorney. He prosecutes his studies from the start.

WOMAN was maid before man.—[Glasgow Times.] Which explains why man always follows after her.

THE thief who stole the French horn with which a young amateur musician annoyed the neighborhood did good by stealth.

"THE bricklayer is a mason," exclaimed Brother Jonathan. "Yes," said Jim Hodge, "and the chap that carries the brick hup to 'im is a hod fellow."

THE dispute about baptism seems to have the same effect on Hartford, Connecticut, clergymen that the old Democratic war-cry, "Hurrah for Hell and Tibbatts!" used to have on touchy whigs and democrats in the old Covington district about forty years a-o—sets 'em to fighting.

BOB INGERSOLL says his copies of the works of Voltaire cost him the governorship of Illinois. While congratulating Illinois on her good luck, let us place this to Voltaire's credit.

WHEN Tom Cannon, of the Henderson Sentinel, works up his enthusiasm to the classical pitch, he jerks Latin phrases for all they are worth. "In hoc *signor* vinces," was his last snatch at the cæsarian tongue.

THE Park City Times asserts that Col. Jones will, of course, bob up again as a candidate in the serene future. It evidently thinks that Col. J. believes that the chief end of man is to run for office, and that he acts up to his belief.

A RUSTIC Louisville bicyclist, who was standing on our streets exhibiting his peculiar vehicle to a lot of gaping young Cloverporters, was considerably taken aback when an old lady came out of a house near by with a lot of scissors for him to grind.

THE Paducah Journal, noticing the advent of our new baby, speaks of its young and happy father as "Old Wallace Gruelle." We'll cheerfully pay his traveling expenses, and give him a quarter to boot, if he will come up here and repeat that remark in the presence of our baby's mother.

THE republican legislature of N. Hampshire has wasted an entire month in the attempt to elect a United States senator. It is astonishing that it will fool away so much precious time when there stands poor, persecuted Dorsey, the savior of his party, demanding vindication and consolation.

WE do not know that Hon. George V. Triplett, of Daviess county, will be a candidate for the speakership of the popular branch of the next general assembly, but we do know that that body will not contain a gentleman better qualified for the position, or one who would preside over its deliberations with greater patience, impartiality and intelligence.

SO-not Nellie Grant's fancy English husband, Hon. Algernon Sartoris, has got himself entangled in an unsavory scandal at Milwaukee and Chicago. The lady in the case is Miss Blanche Melbourne, alias Mrs. Bush, the beautiful but naughty daughter of Maj. Melbourne of the U. S. army. The next thing we presume, will be a sensational divorce suit. This thing of American girls marrying titled adventurers or the younger sons of foreign noblemen is not the fun it is cracked up to be. Generally they are young men who have dissipated their fortunes at the gaming table, on the turf, upon fast women, and come over here to pick up rich wives and thus replenish their exhausted exchequers, in order that they may continue in their career of so-called pleasure. Our silly girls and foolish pa-n's are caught by the titles, or prospective titles, of these broken-down *roues* and gamblers, and the result of nine out of ten of these marriages is a life of shame and misery for the American wives.

CHOW-CHOW.

The weather is too hot for the writing of lengthy editorials. When the mercury plants its foot on the nineties and reaches up for the one hundred mark, it is of no use to talk to us about sitting down to a table and dashing off a column or so of matter on any subject. We can't do it, and, what is more to the point, we won't do it. In these sweltering, melting days, human nature—that is, the share that has fallen to our lot—draws the line pretty tight on hard work, and we are considerate enough to let it have its way with us.

Speaking of the jury system of Kentucky, we are reminded that the negroes enjoy hangings more than anything else. By common consent among them a "hanging day" is a legal holiday, and the last one of them for ten miles around will quit his work to attend an execution. The law says—in the books, in the courthouse it is different—that the murderer shall expiate his crime on the gibbet. Putting this and that together—marrying, as it were, the negro's thirst for amusement to the law's penalty for murder—wouldn't it be a good idea for the next legislature to so amend the jury laws as to provide that hereafter all murderers in this state shall be tried before a jury of colored people.

From juries to dueling is an easy step in these dog-days. Those Virginia editors set the midsummer madness agoing among the editorial fraternity of the south it appears, and the genial Armory Knox, of Texas Siftings, must e'en exercise himself and at the same time advertise his really meritorious journal by engaging in an "affair of honor." It is amusing and at the same time farcical, the manner in which his duel came about. For some months past the Siftings has been waging hot warfare on the legislature and judiciary of its state, denouncing the one as being composed of gamblers, drunkards, etc., and accusing the other of all manner of corruption and incompetency. At a dinner in New York the other night, at which Knox was present, the conversation turned on Texas, when the Siftings man, forgetful of the character of his recent editorials, launched out into the most extravagant praise of his state. A sculptor named Sheehan, who was one of the guests, thereupon quoted the charges of the Siftings man in refutation of his present praise. Therenpon Mr. Knox became enraged, hot words sprung up, the lie was passed, and the Texas man rushed off to his hotel and penned a challenge to the offending sculptor. And so goes the code. Trifles light as air produce a disagreement, a challenge passes while the blood is hot and the brain excited, the parties meet, sometimes bloodlessly, at other times producing wounds, and now and then resulting in death. And honor is satisfied! Queer honor, this, and queerer satisfaction.

It is something wonderful, the facility with which the average political "organ" can take to lying for the benefit of its party. There is the New York Commercial Advertiser, for instance, doesn't let any scruples interfere with its falsehoods when by lying, it thinks it can benefit the republican party. John Roach is a name pretty familiar to readers of the papers printed during Grant's reign at Washington, as belonging to one who, as a shipbuilder, or, rather, contractor for building war vessels for the supposed navy of these free and independent United States, swindled the government out of several millions of dollars. The other day the secretary of the navy, to the astonishment of every body and the disgust of many, gave the contract for building a couple of war vessels to this same John Roach, at figures that gave every honest republican in the land the "buck ague." Several prominent republican papers at the east immediately opened fire on the secretary and Roach, whereupon the Commercial Advertiser, as becomes a vigilant and valiant republican organ, comes to their relief with the following remarkable mistatement of the truth: "His bids for the cruisers and the despatch boat were $750,000 less than the appropriation made by congress. The general expectation was that the bids would be greater than the appropriation, and therefore the result is very gratifying." The truth is, the congressional appropriation for the vessels was $1,300,000. Roach's bids aggregate $2,440,000, or just $1,140,000 more than the appropriation by congress.

Speaking of hot weather reminds us that several of our young contemporaries have recently been perpetrating matrimony, and thoughts of their weddings naturally suggest the corollary effects—new babies. As a father in Israel, one of much experience, we deem it a pleasing duty to offer our young friends a few hints in regard to the handling and treatment of babies that may prove profitable to them ere the roses of next summer bud, bloom, fade and die. In the first place, babies know a great deal more at the start than most people give them credit for, and the little rascals presume upon their knowledge. If you let it have its own way, in less than forty eight hours the baby will be boss of the house, the tyrant of the family. A good threshing, by way of asserting your own authority, goes a great way towards reducing a new baby to submission. Of course it is tender, and you mustn't bounce it with fist and foot as you would a man of your own size and weight, else you may perchance give the coroner a job and get yourself into unpleasant quarters. A few strokes, not too heavily laid on, on the right hand corner of the triangle of its anatomy, with a broad leather strap, will be sufficient. Baby will understand perfectly well from this hint that you will stand no nonsense, and govern itself accordingly. Babies sometimes are subject to colic, an accumulation of wind in the hollow of the stomach. There is an easy remedy for this, that will enable you to regulate its caloric at will, and save you many an undress night parade up and down the room, and relieve you of many a hurried jaunt for the doctor in the still, small hours, trips that usually cost you dear in more ways than one. That remedy is this: Procure the lightest metal faucet you can find, then bore a hole in the side of the baby, about half-way between the armpit and the top of the hip, insert the faucet, and there you are. When too much wind accumulates on the stomach, all you have to do is to turn the cock of the faucet and permit the superfluous wind or gas to escape. Sometimes, from suckling too much, it gets too much milk on the stomach. Half the mothers think it is suffering from colic and proceed to dose it with paragoric, which stupefies but does not relieve it. What you want to do is to relieve it of its superfluous rations of milk. This is easily done by standing it on its head in a corner of the room for half an hour. A baby treated this way once has never been known to cry afterwards. The cure is permanent and complete. Sometimes new babies, like old roofs, leak, and at times that render the holder uncomfortable. Three feet of small tin guttering is all you want to lead off the water that otherwise would saturate your lap. At other times, when the mother fixes it comfortably on the bed and proceeds about her household work, baby will cry and yell and go on as though something was half killing it. Don't worry about what is the matter with the baby. Nothing is the matter with it except that it is lonesome and wants something to amuse itself with. Smear its fingers with tar or molasses and give it a feather to play with, and it will lie there for hours at a stretch laughing and crowing and kicking up its heels over the fun it enjoys in trying to transfer the feather from one hand to the other. We could fill this paper with much valuable information about the care of new babies, but do not deem it necessary. If you want more explicit explanation, address us by mail, enclosing stamp for reply, and we will gladly furnish you all you desire.

Rev. James Ammons is an itenerant Baptist preacher in the mountains of east Tennessee. He appears to be a member of the church militant as well as the church spiritual, and as handy with the pistol trigger as with Bible texts. Last week Rev. Mr. Ammons managed to wander off and into that great modern Babylon, known of geography as New York city. He called one evening upon a friend who resides in the Metropolitan hotel, and remained until 10 o'clock. Returning to the more modest caravansery where he had taken up his quarters, he halted on Broadway to watch the moving throng that forms the Gulf Stream in the vast ocean of population, when he was accosted by a nice-looking, well-dressed young man, who desired to know when a certain theatre would "let out." Our mountain evangelist could not give him the information, remarking that he was a stranger in the city. The nice-looking young man thereupon claimed kinship of similarity; he was also a pilgrim in a strange land; was in the city with his sister; they were stopping at the Metropolitan; that his sister had gone to the theatre with a cousin, and that they were from New Orleans; their name was McEnery; and would the brother pilgrim and stranger be so good as to give him his name in exchange? Not to be outdone in politeness our mountain pulpiteer complied with the request. Mr. McEnery was delighted to meet a southern gentleman, and particularly a Tennesecan and clergyman—a rare combination—and insisted that his new-found brother should come and breakfast with him and his sister next morning; she would be delighted to meet him and form his acquaintance, etc., etc. Just about then up stepped another nice-looking, well-dressed young gentleman, to whom Mr. McEnery introduced Rev. Mr. Ammons. This latter nice-looking young gentleman was in the most exuberant spirits. Joy beamed from his bright eyes and rippled in smiles over his handsome face. He was in luck, he assured his young friend from New Orleans. His ticket had drawn a prize of $500, and he wanted to get it cashed immediately, if not sooner. Would Mr. McEnery and his friend go up town with him "a little way" and witness the interesting operation of transmuting a little slip of printed paper into half a thousand of the currency of the realm? They would also crack a bottle of the best wine in the city, etc., etc. Whether it was the promise of the wine or the pleading of his handsome young New Orleans acquaintance of a few minutes that induced Rev. Mr. Ammons to accompany them, will never be known. Suffice it to say, he did accompany them. Indeed, before starting the reverend gentleman invited the young men into the bar-room of the Met. to partake of a bottle of wine at his expense, after which he also set up the cigars. The trio then started up town in search of the Pactolean reservoir from which the lates young friend was to scoop the $500. They proceeded as far up as twenty-ninth street, where they entered a respectable-looking, high-stooped house, and found an equally respectable-looking, bald-headed gentleman standing behind a counter counting a large roll of bills. "Ah!" exclaimed this respectable-looking gentleman, when his gaze rested upon the young gentleman who had drawn the prize, "Mr. Jones, delighted to see you. Your ticket was a lucky one. Here is your money." At the same time handing Mr. Jones a roll of bills, which the latter proceeded to count and pocket. Mr. Jones then advanced to the center of the room, and pulled the cover from a table, and invited Mr. McEnery and Rev. Mr. Ammons to play a little. Mr. McEnery accepted the invitation, Rev. Mr. Ammons declining it. The respectable-looking, bald-headed gentleman also joined in the little game. It was not many minutes before Mr. Jones and Mr. McEnery lost all their money to the respectable-looking, bald-headed gentleman. They then appealed to their clerical friend from Tennessee to come to the relief of their Lucknow of ill-fortune. He declined, as he never gambled himself nor countenanced it in others. Besides, beginning to smell a large sized rodent, he started for the door. He found it locked. He demanded that it be opened in order that he might depart. Mr. McEnery, Mr. Jones and the respectable-looking bald-headed gentleman simultaneously and unanimously declared that he should not leave until he either played a game himself or provide his young friends with funds to retrieve their ill-luck. Rev. Mr. Ammons, before blossoming into a preacher of the gospel, had been a rustler himself, and, moreover, had followed musket in hand, the good and bad fortunes of the late southern confederacy. He was neither to be frightened or bullied with impunity. Quietly reaching down into his hip-pocket he produced a vicious-looking implement in the shape of a seven-shooter, and declared on the honor of a Tennessee mountaineer that if the key of the door was not produced instanter, and he permitted to walk forth unmolested, he would then and there constitute himself into a little tin patron saint on wheels of the coroner and undertaker. They tumbled to the point of his discourse and gave in to the unanswerability of his argument. The respectable-looking, bald-headed gentleman took the key from Mr. Jones and unlocked the door. After assuring Mr. McEnery that it would be impossible for him to breakfast with him and form the acquaintance of his charming sister next morning, Rev. Mr. Ammons, pistol in hand and finger on the trigger, departed from the abode of unrighteousness and betook himself to his modest hostelry. MORAL.—If you are a Baptist preacher on your travels, always have a revolver ready in your pocket when you accompany a new acquaintance from New Orleans to see a friend of the latter get a prize ticket cashed, as there are times when the shooting-iron of Gideon is a more potent weapon than the figurative sword of the Lord.

Prof. T. G. Arnold in Texas.

Hemphill (Tex.) Reporter.

In another column of this issue can be found a card, headed "An Endorsement," given by the Board of Trustees of the Sabine Valley University, of this place, to Prof. T. G. Arnold, who was for a year prior to the unanimous adoption of this approval, and is now, the Principal of this institution. The Board thought it fitting that Professor Arnold should receive official notification of the satisfaction his management of the school had given to its patrons, and hence this publication. A number of our prominent citizens, whose names are attached to the endorsement, also heartily concur in the sentiments expressed by the Board of Trustees. Professor A. has been continued, by the Trustees, in his present position until the 1st of January, 1884.

AN ENDORSEMENT.

At a meeting of the board of Trustees of Sabine Valley University, held at Hemphill Texas, Wednesday, December 20, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Prof. T. G. Arnold, of Salem College, Kentucky, was, in December, 1882, elected President of Sabine Valley University; and

WHEREAS, He has now finished the first year of his connection with said University in such a manner as to give general satisfaction to the Board of Trustees and the patrons of the institution; and

WHEREAS, We deem it fitting that he should have official notification of the satisfaction which his managament of the school has given; therefore

Be it resolved by the Board of Trustees of Sabine Valley University. That during the one year of his connection with our school Prof. Arnold has given entire satisfaction to this board and to the people of this community, in his official labors; and has full met the expectations of the board—that they would find in him a thorough scholar and a successful teacher.

Resolved, further, That his private conduct during his stay with us has been, in every respect, that of an honorable, upright gentleman; and therefore we cordially commend him to the people of this and the adjoining counties, in his efforts to build up, in our midst, a sound and prosperous institution of learning.

Resolved, That a duly authenticated copy of these resolutions be presented to Professor Arnold; and that a copy be sent to the San Augustine Saxon and the Sabine Southron, for publication.

M. J. BROWN,
President of the Board.

J. J. NASH, Secretary.

We, the undersigned, citizens and officials of Sabine county, heartily concur in the sentiments expressed in the foregoing resolutions. J. A. WHITTLESEY,
County Judge.
W. T. ARNOLD,
County and District Clerk,
W. H. SMITH, Sheriff.
L. C. WHITTLESEY,
Postmaster, and many others.

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

Speaking by the Candidates

The several candidates for the legislature have agreed upon the following list of appointments for joint discussion before the people:

Liberty Hall	July	21
Rock Vale	"	23
McDaniels	"	24
Hudsonville	"	25
Custer	"	26
Rewleyville	"	27
Webster	"	28
Union Star	"	30
Mooleyville	"	31
Stephensport	August	1
Cloverport	"	2
Hardinsburg	"	3

"By asking too much we may lose the little that we had before." Kidney-Wort asks nothing but a fair trial. This given, it fears no loss of faith in its virtues. A lady writes from Oregon: "For thirty years I have been afflicted with kidney complaints. Two packages of Kidney-Wort have done me more good than all the medicine and doctors I have had before. I believe it is a sure cure."

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters meets the requirements of the rational medical philosophy which at present prevails. It is perfectly pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a preventive, a tonic and an alterative. It fortifies the body against disease, invigorates and revitalizes the torpid stomach and liver, and effects a salutary change in the entire system.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

READ WHAT WE SAY,
AND
REMEMBER WHAT YOU READ.

"ASTONISHMENT! ASTONISHMENT!"

Is the Universal remark heard in our

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

Ladies wonder how it is that we can sell CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS MATS, LACE CURTAINS, CORNICE, POLES, in fact everything pertaining to House-furnishing at such tremendous LOW PRICES. The secret is, our WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT enables us to buy in very large quantities direct from the manufacturer, thus saving the jobbers' profit. We pay cash for all we buy, thus making the advantage of all discounts. Seeing is believing, and the great rush that throngs our store-room daily only verifies that OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN THE LOWEST.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTM'NT

We refer to with special pride, because it is positively the largest assortment and abounds with more real and unprecedented bargains than ever before.

Our Silk department comes up for first mention. To-morrow, and during this week, however, it has stronger claims upon the attention of all buyers than ever before as we have had consigned to us the past week 150 pieces Black and Colored Silks at 35 per cent. less than the regular retail prices. See our special bargains at $1 15, $1 25, $1 35, $1 40 and $1 50.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.—The prices of our Dress Goods during the week will speak for themselves. They are direct from the manufacturers' hands, and comprise all the newest and latest novelties of the season from 12½c upward.

PARASOLS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, LACES, Etc.

J. BACON & SONS,
Importers, Jobbers and Retailers,
425, 427, AND 429 MARKET, ABOVE PRESTON ST

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with the exception of carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm, for this branch of our business, and will insure those entrusting their orders to us that they may depend upon having them filled with the same promptness, care and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. Every special care given to every mail order. Enclose stamp in sending for samples. In sending for samples, state in what paper you saw our advertisement. J. BACON & SONS, Louisville, Ky.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

New Advertisements

Songs Never Sung.

"How does that verse run? Something like this, isn't it?

'There are those who touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.'"

"Yes, that's beautiful, pathetic and true," said your representative. "The poet alludes to people who are somehow suppressed, and never get their full allowance of joy and air. Which reminds me of a letter shewn me the other day by Hiscox & Co., of New York, signed by Mr. E. C. Williams, of Chapman, Snyder Co., Pa., prominent business man of that place. He writes:

"'I have suffered with asthma for over forty years, and had a terrible attack in December and January, 1881-2. I hardly knew what prompted me to take PARKER'S TONIC. I did so, and the first day I took four doses. The effect astonished me. That night I slept as if nothing was the matter with me, and have ever since. I have had colds since, but no asthma. My breathing is now as perfect as if I had never known that disease. If you know of any one who has asthma tell him in my name that PARKER'S TONIC will cure it—even after forty years.' There was a man who died a sad the fate of those whom the poet laments.

This preparation, which has heretofore been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold under the name of PARKER'S TONIC. Inasmuch as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, and unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior preparations under the name of ginger, we drop the mirleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers, wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

ATTEND THE
Commercial College
Of Kentucky University, LEXINGTON, KY.
Time to complete the Full Diploma Business Course about 10 weeks. Total Cost, including Tuition, Books, Stationery, Board, &c., about $80. Telegraphy taught. Literary Course for one year if desired, free. Nearly 600 students from 21 States last year. 5,000 successful graduates.
Students can begin at any time; no vacation. Fall session begins September 10th. For full particulars, address
WILBUR R. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

ONLY $20!

PHILADELPHIA
SINGER MACHINE.
Equal to any Singer in the Market.
The above cut represents the most popular style for the people, which we offer you for the very low price of $20. Remember, we do not ask you to pay until you have seen the machine. After having examined it, if it is not all we represent, return it to us at our expense. Consult your interests and order at once, or send for circulars and testimonials. Address
CHARLES A. WOOD & CO.,
No. 17 N. Tenth-st., Philadelphia, Pa

From Lorain, Steel Bearings, Brass TARE BEAM, Combined, BE SAFE THIS FURNACE. Sold on trial. Warrants 5 years. All sizes as low. Per free book, address
JONES OF BINGHAMTON,
BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

BOOKS of every description at Bab bages. School Books and supplies a specialty.

BOOMER, LEWIS & CO.,
WHOLESALE HATS
No. 621 Main Street,

ISAAC H. BOOMER.
THOS. A. LEWIS,
CRAWFORD McCLARTY,
JOHN WEBER.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sixteenth Annual Fair
OF THE
HARDINSBURG
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION,
Will be held at their Fair Grounds near
HARDINSBURG, KENTUCKY,
Commencing Tuesday, September 25, 1883, and continuing Five Days.

The Management are determined to make this the most attractive Exhibition ever given on their grounds, which they have greatly improved, and can now boast the

BEST MILE TRACK IN THE STATE!

FIRST DAY—Half-mile dash for 3 year old, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second. Second Race—Half mile dash, free for all, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second. Third Race—Quarter-mile dash, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second.

SECOND DAY—Trotting Race, time to be made in three minutes, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second.

THIRD DAY—Running Race, Half-mile and repeat, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second.

FOURTH DAY—Running Race, one mile and repeat, purse $100—$75 to first horse and $25 to second.

FIFTH DAY—Half-mile dash for 2 year olds, purse $50.

All races require three or more to fill. Entrance fee, 25 per cent. All entries to be made the day before the race.

Pools will be sold each day at Vessell's Saloon, also on the grounds.

J. B. BUZBY, Sec'y. A. J. GROSS, Prest.

STATEMENT

Of the Condition of the Breckinridge Bank, Cloverport, Ky., at the close of Business on June 30, 1882:

ASSETS.

Notes and Bills Discounted	$53,456 41
Protest Account	55 93
Stamp Account	82 50
Bank Fixtures and Furniture	1,540 40
Suspended Debt	87 50
Due us by National Banks	28,211 09
Gold, Silver and Currency	20,095 41
Total	$133,529 24

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$45,100 00
Deposits	86,082 84
Undivided Profits	1,944 57
Surplus Fund	401 83
Total	$133,529 24

A. B. SKILLMAN, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by A. B. Skillman, this 2nd day of July, 1883.
CHAS. B. SKILLMAN, N.P.B.C.

Money Found.

Found, on the public road leading from Cloverport to Patesville, a sum of money. The owner is welcome to the same if he will describe it and pay for this advertisement, by calling on me, at my farm, ½ mile north of Patesville, Ky. COMMODORE POLK.

STATE COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY.
UNSECTARIAN. Fall session begins Sept. 12, 1883. Fifteen Professors and Instructors. Scientific, Classical, Agricultural, Normal School and Commercial Courses of Study. Tuition and Matriculation fees, $20 per annum. Board in dormitory, $2.25 per week; in private families, $4.50. 229 students last year. Buildings, apparatus & machinery entirely new. Capacity for 400 students. Range of study wider and expenses less than any college in Kentucky. For catalogue, apply to Prof. B. A. Hoke, President, Lexington, Ky. Parents, Ex-Gov. Blackburn and other leading citizens.

Notice to Creditors.

BRECKENRIDGE CIRCUIT COURT.

Margaret Barnes, et al., vs. Charles V. Barnes, et al. } In Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Edmund Barnes, deceased, are hereby notified to produce their claims, properly proven, before the undersigned, Master Commissioner, on or before the first day of September next.

Given under my hand as Commissioner of said court this, the 2nd day of July, 1883.
V. G. BABBAGE, M.C.B.C.C.

Notice to Creditors.

BRECKENRIDGE CIRCUIT COURT.

Wm. C. Moffet's Adm'r vs. Wm. C. Moffet's Heirs, &c., } In Equity.

All persons having claims against the estate of Wm. C. Moffet, deceased, are hereby notified to produce their claims, properly proven, before the undersigned, Master Commissioner, on or before the first day of September, 1883.

Given under my hand as Commissioner of said court this, the 2nd day of July, 1883.
V. G. BABBAGE, M.C.B.C.C.

A FARM FOR SALE.

170 acres of fine river bottom land, in Meade County, Ky., well improved, well watered, and will be sold at a bargain, as I desire to change my business. Call on or address H. C. CALDWELL, opposite Leavenworth, Indiana

The Cincinnati and Evansville Packet Line Steamer
ARIADNE
will pass Cloverport going down every Sunday at 12 p.m., and going up, every Wednesday at 8 a.m. G. W. MCCOY, Master.
E. A. DONNELLY, Clerk.