THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

W. A. WILGUS. WM. T. TOWNES.

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—BY—

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Superintendent Public Instruction.

I take this method of announcing myself a candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. A native of Maryland, I have been for more than eighteen years a citizen of Kentucky, and I may be supposed to be in thorough sympathy with every means intended to further the welfare and prosperity of the State.

My occupation during these years has been that of a teacher, and while I would not in all cases ungenerously and unwisely limit the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction to those of my own profession, still, all things being equal, continuous application to the work of practical education should count for something in a canvass for the highest and most responsible place to which the teacher can aspire.

Eight years ago a system of graded schools, extending from the primary department to the high school, inclusive, was established in the city of Henderson. I was called to the Superintendency of these schools from the first. What success has attended my management of them it does not become me to say, further than that it has been measured by the satisfaction of the Board of Trustees and of the entire community. My connection with these schools has brought me acquainted with the wants, resources and methods of a scheme of education particularly designed for the enlightenment and elevation of the great body of the people.

Should I be elected to the Superintendency I promise a faithful discharge of its duties, and if industry, earnestness of purpose, and some share of enthusiasm in my calling be a pledge to the public, they shall not be wanting fully to redeem this promise.

In politics I have always been a Democrat, and agreeably to the usages of the party I submit my claims to the decision of the State Democratic convention.

MAURICE KERR.

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THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

VOLUME 1. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1879. NUMBER 7.

THE BRITISH SOVEREIGNS.

"First William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen, and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third;
Edwards one, two and three,
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see.
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.
Then Jamie the Scotsman,
Then Charles whom they slew;
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.
Next James the Second
Ascended the throne;
Then good William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Anne, Georges four,
And fourth William all past,
God sent us Victoria—
May she long be the last."

Spelling in the Nursery.

"G-u-n," said Grace to Willie;
"What does that spell?" "I don't know,"
He is three and she is seven,
"G-o-s-l Goose!" "Oh, dear, no!"
"Rooster? Boy? Stick?" Each time
Grace shook her curly head.
"'Tsint conundrums I am giving,
But a lesson word instead.

"When a little boy shoots
At a rabbit, what goes off?"
Grace said, her face a study,
As she quelled a little cough.
Thinking he would surely guess it.
"You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse
Talking to you." "What goes off?
Why, the rabbit shoes, of course."

—EARL MARBLE.

IN DISGUISE.

A Chapter of Incidents in the Life of Napoleon.

[From General Hillaire's History.]

Napoleon was very fond of walking in the streets of Paris incognito, in search of adventures.

On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and long blue great coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing. In consequence of this he was occasionally received with a coldness and indifference to which, in propria persona, he was unaccustomed.

One morning shortly before Christmas he rose as early as seven, and, accompanied by Duroc, grand marshal of the palace, who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon, left the Tuileries just as day was breaking. After a walk through the Place Vendome, thence to the Rue de Napoleon, where he much admired the splendid mansions which had recently been erected there. Chatting familiarly with Duroc, he observed:

"It seems to me that the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day."

Discoursing thus they arrived at the Chinese bath-rooms, which had been recently painted and embellished. As they were criticizing the decorations of the exterior the cafe which belonged to the establishment opened.

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc. "What do you say? Has not your walk given you an appetite?"

"Sire, it is too early; it is only eight o'clock."

"Bah! bah! Your watch is always too slow. As for me, I am quite hungry. Afterward we can return home."

And without waiting for an answer Napoleon entered the cafe, took his seat at a table, called a waiter and ordered some mutton-chops and a bottle of Chambertin wine. After having breakfasted heartily and taken a cup of coffee, which he protested was better than he was supplied with at the Tuileries, he called the waiter and demanded the bill, saying to Duroc:

"Pay, and let us return now."

Then, rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, and endeavored to appear at ease.

The grand marshal rose at the same time, but after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that, having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried money about him. Nevertheless, the waiter came and presented the bill to the grand marshal, who stood mute with surprise at not being able to discharge it, although the amount was only twelve francs.

Napoleon, not knowing what detained Duroc, and not accustomed to be kept waiting, returned, saying impatiently:

"Come, make haste, it is late."

The grandmarshal, now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking that the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the cafe (who sat silent and indifferent at the counter) and said politely but confusedly:

"Madame, my friend and myself left home this morning a little precipitately; we quite forgot to bring our purse—but I give you my word that in an hour I will send you the amount of your bill."

"It may be so, sir," coldly replied the lady; "but I know neither of you, and we are every day taken in, in this manner. Do you think that——"

"Madame," interupted the grand marshal, reddening with rage at this answer, "we are men of honor—we are officers of the guard."

"Oh, yes! fine excuses, truly—officers of the guard, indeed!"

At these words, men of honor and officers of the guard, which Napoleon had overheard, he turned round, and in a voice which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded:

"What is this all about?"

But at a sign from Duroc he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the cafe was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and, drawing from his pocket a gold watch encircled with brilliants, said to him:

"My friend, you have acted nobly; keep this watch till I return to recompense you."

"Sir," replied the waiter, "I have no wish to take it; I feel convinced that you are men of honor."

"Good, my friend," said the grand marshal, "you shall never repent your confidence in us."

He then rejoined the emperor.

On their way to the palace, Duroc recounted the particulars of the adventure to Napoleon, who laughed heartily, and was much pleased with the generosity of the poor waiter, who had become security for them without knowing who they were.

On their way to the palace they came to the Passage des Panoramas, which was then one of the most elegant passages or covered ways in Paris. There a shop attracted the attention of Napoleon. It contained a fine collection of porcelain vases. Two superb vases were exposed to view, and appearing to the emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price.

The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked him if he wished to purchase them.

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price unless I had thought of purchasing them!" exclaimed Napoleon, irritated at the cool impudence of the woman.

"Four thousand francs—not a farthing less, monsieur."

"Four thousand francs! That is horribly dear, madame—much too dear for me."

And touching his hat, he was about to leave the shop, when the machande with her hands in her pockets, added sarcastically:

"They cost me five thousand, but it is better to sell at a loss in these times than starve. There are fine doings nowadays!—always war—all the world complains! Business is at a standstill now, and the shopkeepers are ruined, but we do not pay less taxes."

During this address Napoleon's countenance became highly expressive—his eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed with rage. At length he interrupted her by saying:

"Madame, have you a husband? Where is he? Can I see him?"

"Eh! ah! ah! do not be angry, monsieur! I have a husband, thank heaven, but he is gone to seek for money. But what can you want with him when I am here?"

"Enough, madame, enough! I wished to tell your husband that—perhaps I should send for these vases."

He then left the shop disgusted with the marchande, whose coolness and politics had so much exasperated him.

"Faith!" said he, when he had rejoined Duroc, "I have had a sound lecture from a foolish woman, who seems to attend more to politics than her business. Oh! I will have her husband's head shaved; it is his fault."

The emperor and the grand marshal now returned to the tuilleries, having both met with adventures, the one with a shop keeper and the other with a waiter.

About six weeks after these occurrences Napoleon said one evening to Duroc:

"I have nothing to do now; suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-bye, how did you settle that affair at the Chinese baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong. I may be allowed to forget such trifles; but you—"

"Sire, I will immediately make the amende honorable."

"Yes, do; and let it be done in a way which will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband here with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt. Ah! ah! 'tis my turn now, and we shall see!"

Duroc having given precise directions to one of the imperial footmen, dispatched him to the Bains Chinois, when he thus addressed the mistress of the cafe:

"Madame, did not two gentlemen breakfast here about six weeks since, without settling their bill?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the lady, very much troubled, seeing that the inquirer wore the livery of the palace.

"Well, madame, those gentlemen were the emperor and the grand marshal of the palace. Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes—certainly—sir."

The Mistress rang the bell and felt very uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace to implore the forgiveness of the emperor. When the waiter appeared the footman gave him a roll of fifty Napoleons, and said to him:

"In addition to this, the grand marshal of the palace has charged me to say that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

The name of the waiter was Dargens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the grand marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Emperess Josephine, and became her special attendant. After her divorce he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men of this time!—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1814.

After the visit to the Bains Chinois, the imperial footman reached the passage des Panoramas, when he entered the shop of the voluble marchande.

"Sir," said he, addressing the master, "you are requested to go to the palace this instant with the two vases which the emperor inquired the price of about about six weeks since in your shop. His imperial majesty is now waiting for you."

"Heavens!" he cried, I shall be shot."

Then addressing his wife, who was terribly frightened and unable to speak, he said:

"I have no doubt that you, madam, have been talking politics to the emperor, speaking ill of the government, as you always do; and this to the emperor himself! When will you learn to cease your cursed babling? Ah! *mon Dieu!* I am a lost man. I shall be shot"

Here fright nearly overpowered the poor man, who seemed shocked that his wife should have taken the emperor for a police spy. However, he mustered all his courage and arrived with the vases at the Tuileries, where he was immediately ushered into the presence of Napoleon, who thus addressed him:

"So, sir, I have found you at last—I am glad to see you here."

Then taking from a drawer in his desk eight bank notes for a thousand francs each, he presented them to the dealer, who was trembling with fear, and with difficulty advanced to receive them. And now, with that peculiar sarcastic brevity with which he invariably spoke when he wished to reproach, he added:

"I went the other day to your shop I bargained for two vases; your wife asked 4,000 francs, telling me that they cost her 5,000. Well, although that was a falsehood, I now give you 8,000; take them. There are four for the vases and four for yourself. But tell your wife that if she does not attend to her domestic affairs instead of politics, *morbleu!*—I will send her where she will be taken care of, and you, too, to teach you both to be more silent. Go, sir; that is all I have to say to you. Good day."

The Red Headed Girl.

Philadelphia Times.

It is a custom well established among light-minded and inconsiderate writers to lay upon the Red-Headed Girl the burden of all that is odious and ugly in woman. With little regard for the deference due the sex at large, with still less regard for what is due to everlasting truth and the eternal fitness of things, the "malicious utterers of thoughts imbase"—as Lord Chancellor Bacon probably would have styled them—saddle upon the inoffensive maiden of auburn locks every sort and kind of moral and physical deformities. She is cross-eyed—"afflicted with strabismus" say the would-be humorous among her defamers; pug-nosed, or, to again quote the humorists, "with nose 'tip-tilted in the air';" has a game leg, and now and then is represented, in addition to all the foregoing deformities, as having a hump on her back. The fiery temper of the Red-Headed Girl is renowned the world over, and she is only too frequently represented as lacking in due reverence for the truth; as a traitor in love and—notwithstanding her alleged peppery ways—a coward in war. In short, the Red-Headed Girl, as she has grown into moderate fiction, is a person seditiously to be shunned. For a convincing proof of the utter, the malicious falseness of these wholesale charges of moral and of bodily infirmity, we have but to scan the pages of history in which, age after age, we find the Red-Headed Girl constantly reappearing as the personification of womanly loveliness; or, still less trouble, we have only to turn to the Red-Headed Girl as she lives and moves and has her being in real life; as she walks among us, serene, yet elate in the charm of her radiant splendor—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is absurd for these weak minded maligners of transcendent loveliness to deny to the Red Headed Girl of the present that reverence which is her queenly due. No essential change has come over the type, it is precisely the same as when its grand Egyptian exemplar—the witching beauty of whose charms age could not wither nor could custom stale—lived two full millenniums ago; and it deserves precisely the same high honor and glowing admiration now as then. It is only lately that this spirit of cavilling has set in. Until we get to the very outskirts of the present generation we find the Red-Headed Girl exalted as is her due. Through the sweep of the centuries from Cleopatra's time until ours, almost the whole length of that wondrous stairway of the ages leading out and up to the present from the depths of the past, find we ever that the Red-Headed Girl has been the study of painters, the theme of poets and the toast of kings. Had not Rubens been over head and ears in love with the whose hair was "shredded gold, through which the sunlight shone," where, we should like to know, would have been that glorious collection of pictures that he has left behind him to gladden for ages to come all true lovers of the beautiful in nature and in art? It was Goldsmith who said, unless we misquote him! "sweet auburn! loveliest maiden midst the plain"—evidently referring to some particular red-headed girl whom he thus pointedly exalted above her less beautiful companions having heads of yellow, black or brown. It was Louis XIV. who cast his heart, his sceptre and his crown at the feet of Madame the Duchess de la Valliere.

And yet, in defiance of this imposing array of precedents, not to mention the still more imposing array remaining uncited, in accordance with the beauty of the Red-Headed Girl has been established in the past beyond a peradventure, the stiff-necked generation now garrisoning the world manifests its stiff-neckedness by refusing to accept her at anything like par. Among women she is as the trade dollar among coins: she will pass, but those who are willing to take her at all insist upon taking her at a discount. Were but prompt Antony alive, such insult upon dead Cleopatra's beauty would not pass unwhipped of justice; and if once more the fiery Leicester walked the earth his quick sword would prove the all-excelling charms of the sweet Virgin Queen; Rubens would take the keenest revenge of all; he would paint the defamer of the Red-Headed Girl in the guise and similitude of an ass. But they who would best serve her cause are dead and gone, and the Red-Headed Girl is left friendless upon a cold world—the mock for shallow intellects to carp at with silly jibes, with bitter jests, uttered in defiance of justice, of honor, of truth.

Kearney and the Mule.

San Francisco Argonaut.

It is, and for a long time has been, understood between Kearney and ourselves that in exchange for our telling the truth about him in the Argonaut he should lie about us on the sand lot. This arrangement has proved mutually agreeable; it has strengthened him with the loafers, and ourselves with gentlemen. His last Sunday's attack upon our mule was unnatural assault upon his own kin. However as the mule was out of the reach of Kearney's tongue, and Kearney out of reach of the mule's heels, they are neither of them seriously injured.

Personal.

Steele & Price, of Chicago and St. Louis, we are pleased to say, are among the few who make perfectly articles. Their Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder and Special Flavoring Extracts have been approved by the United States Government.

Standards of Beauty.

Harper's Bazaar.

In spite of all the arbitrary laws of beauty, formed on mixed equations, in every quarter of the globe and in every phase of history there seems to be a different ideal of beauty. The circassian races, who take the Greek type as their model, with its low and delicate curves, its perfect lines and slender elegance have certainly something in their eye very different from the African races, who want bulging and bountiful flesh, and mouths enlarged and enriched until they cover the countenance with bone and golden ornaments.

While the Greeks preferred the straight line for a nose, broken only by the swell of the nostril, the Persians thought there was no beauty without a nose like a hawk's bill, and the African and polynesian preferred one slit down its whole length and perforated with trinkets. Sir Joshua Reynolds declared that the line of the nose to be beautiful must be straight, and Sir Charles Bell that the nostrils are vehicles of emotional expression; but other authorities differ, and while the French poets of to-day find nothing more charming than the nez retrousse, King Solomon long expressed his idea of what a fine nose should be in comparing it to the "tower of Lebanon which looketh toward Damascus."

The ancient Scythians thought nobility and honor lay in a high conical head; the Germans, on the contrary, in a short one; while various western Indians think nothing but a flat head, produced by distortion in infancy, worthy of notice. Yet science and sense have both pronounced, independently of any opinion as to appearances, that as the forehead recedes and the jaws advance, so does the intellect recede, and that the balance of mental power is found in those individuals the upper and lower parts of the outlines of whose face correspond with some approach to equality, too much recedure of the chin bringing one as near idocy as too much recedure of the forehead.

There is as much diversity, again, about the ears, the Hindoos thinking that true beauty can only be attained by boring the cartilage and imbedding in it a ring, every little while replaced by a larger ring, until the size of the stretched and mutilated member becomes something enormous; while the Arab holds precisely the opposite view—that a small ear is as infallible a mark of good blood and birth as the arch of the instep under which water flows without wetting the foot; and every one knows how Pauline Bonaparte's large ears gave her more torment than her beauty did pleasure.

The Turkish lady stains her teeth black; the Frank regards it as one of the last woes that can befall her when time and decay do as much for hers. Certain of the African savages either file theirs closely down or else into horrible and fantastic shapes. Just as much difference, too, exists in relation to the accepted beauty of figure, for while the Frank may lace to the last catching of the breath, if inclined too to much embonpoint, or such is her idea of grace and loveliness, the lady who aspires to a high place in the Turkish seraglio stuffs herself till she is rolling in folds of fat; and where the Europeans admire the straight and superb posture of the Apollo, certain savages bend the limbs of their babies to make them bandy-legged.

In fact it would be hard to establish any standard of beauty for the whole world and call it fixed. For although we can prove as satisfactorily to ourselves as the demonstration of a geometrical theorem the perfection of the Greek idea, the barbarian could neither understand the demonstration nor accept the theorem. Yet it remains that what is held to be beauty by the most refined and intellectual of the world must be nearer the real article than anything accepted by a lower order of beings.

A Young Female Poisoner.

One of the most astonishing stories of poisoning on record comes from the western portion of this State. There lives in the village of Clarence Hollow, in Erie county, a family named Taft, composed of husband wife and five children. One of their laborers was a man named Cox, whose daughter Annie has for some time manifested more than an ordinary regard for Mr. Taft, but not, it seems, with any return of affection on his part. A few days ago Mr. Taft received a letter purporting to come from physician in Buffalo, informing him that his sister was on her death bed, and imploring him to go to her at once. He obeyed the summons, and the next evening Annie Cox called at his house with a letter from him to Mrs. Taft, saying that he had been exposed to smallpox, and inclosing six powders, one of which she was instructed to take herself, while the others were to be given to the children as a preventative. Suspecting nothing she took the largest powder, and gave others to three of the children, two of the latter being asleep and thus escaping the dose. In a short time all who had taken the powders were very sick, and a physician who was called said at once that they had been poisoned. On the following night Mr. Taft returned and told his family that his summons to Buffalo was a hoax, and that he had not sent the powders to his wife. An examination of the letters showed that they had evidently been written by Annie Cox. It was believed at first that two of the children would die, but at last accounts only one was in a dangerous condition. Mr. Taft and Annie Cox were arrested, the contents of the powders was found to be arsenic; but after a preliminary hearing Mr. Taft was released while the girl was held for trial. It is believed that she wished to kill Mrs. Taft and the children in order that she might marry the man of her choice. So diabolical a plot will doubtless secure for her the plea of a disordered mind.—*N. Y. Post.*

The programme of the new French government is moderate and conservative: No impeachment; amnesty to communists; existing treaties to be maintained. Five men-of-war are being fitted out to bring back the Communists confined at Annetied, whose pardon was lately signed by Marshal McMahon.

The Jews and Palestine.

The American Israelite, of this week, says the popular story recently repeated, that the Jews are engaged in purchasing Palestine, is not true. The Jews themselves have never heard of it. Nothing has been published in any Jewish journal warranting the story. The Israelite says it is "not likely that one would purchase all the Druises, Arabs, Bedouins, thieves and robbers of Palestine on a speculation."

The Jewish millionaires of Europe, the Israelite says, "occasionally spend a few thousand dollars in charity or religious institutions, which is well reported in the newspapers," and "we never had much use for our manifold millionaires," and—

"All the manifold millionaires of Europe do dot spend a million of dollars per annum on charity. You may count every penny they spend in Jewish affairs, it will never amount to that. All the Jewish scholastic institutions in the world, from the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati, or the Budah-Pesth Rabbinical Seminary up to the oldest institution, none has a legacy from the very rich to show."

And suppose Palestine was purchased, who is to go there? The American Jews and American—the English Jews Englishmen, the French Jews Frenchmen—who are to give up their country and go to Palestine. The Israelite asks:

"Has the Jew Isaac Moses less of a country than Gentile John Peter? Does France belong more to Pierre than to Moses? What a horrible piece of nonsense! Are the Catholics or the Methodists less scattered than the Jews? Is any race in the world in possession of any country? Now, we say the Methodists have no king and no country. They are scattered all over this continent, England and a large portion of the Eastern continent; they will surely purchase Utah and Wyoming, and move there. The ancient Romans, Greeks, Teutons, Goths and Celts, poor men! have no king and no country; they all mixed up among other people, and now want to go back to their old countries in Scandanavia, or Tartary, or Northern India.

"You take away the Jews from Russia, Hungary, Austria Germany, or even Roumania, the Jews, with their capital, enterprise, skill and industry, and those countries are the next day as ruined as spain was in the year 1492, when no physician could be found for the sick, no mechanics and no trade for the healthy fanatics.

"But will not the religious belief do it? and it is well known that the religious belief works miracles? Do you not believe in the Bible, and does not that book predict the return of the Jews to Palestine? As regards miracles, of course, we have nothing to say, except that in our humble opinion, from and after the year 1879, no miracles will be wrought. Sober men expect none, and the Jew is a very sober man. Whatever the belief of the Jews may be in regard to Palestine and the Messiah, it will hardly have more influence on them practically than the second advent belief has on Christians.

"You remove, to-day, the Jews out of Christendom, and in a few years the whole concern is bankrupt with one-sided bigotry or atheism. The Jew is the pike in the fish pond to chase the fat carp, or else they would die in their fat. Oh, no, the Jew must not go back to Palestine, or else the narrow prejudices of races, creeds and country limits would in a few years be as intolerable as they were centuries ago.

"Among all the wild-goose speculations of Bohemians, we think that of purchasing Palestine one of the most ludicrous caricatures. One point is always forgotten, viz: after Mecca, Jerusalem is the most holy city of the Islam. As little as the Mohammedans will give up Mecca they will give up Jerusalem, and the Islam has more than one hundred millions of believers. The Sultan might as well be charged with the intention of selling Mecca with the prophet's grave as he would Jerusalem with the Mosque of Omer, or the Pope would sell the Cathedral of Rome."

Proofs of Immortality.

[Prentice.]

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our live is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface, and then go down into nothingness and darkness forever. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering abroad, unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts. We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever.

Vigor of Mind and Body.

Every person would have more vigor of mind and body, and mental clearness were they to use a daily diet of unbolted wheat flour. Mix with the flour dry, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, stir in pure water, form a soft batter, bake in gems or biscuit, and the result will be the most nutricious article of food that can be made.

The "black death" has appeared in some parts of Russia, where the people are dying like flies. Communication with Moscow is prohibited, and all possible assistance is being sent. No one can foretell what may be the result of the reappearane of this dread disease, from which, at one time, 25,000,000 Europeans died.

NEWS NOTES.

General Grant and party are in Egypt.

Hayes sayes there will be no extra session.

The new French Government moves off smoothly.

There are 960 convicts in the Kentucky penitentiary.

Meerschaum, freshly dug, is used by the Turks for soap

Princess Caroline, widow of Prince Lucien Murat, is dead

The salary of the Governor of Maine has been reduced from $2,500 to $1,500.

Paris last year consumed 11,319 horses in food, being some 700 more than in 1877.

The total wool clip of the United Statts for 1878 is estimated at 211,000,000 pounds.

New Orleans fired fifty guns in honor of the repeal of the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery.

It is estimated that fully one fourth of the sheep in Western Texas have died during the last cold spell.

The Cheyenne Indians are moving to join Sitting Bull, and a new Indian war is anticipated in the early Spring.

The "conscience money" fund is growing to be one of the institutions of the Treasury Department at Washington.

The Princess Louise, following her mother's example, pays a bounty of £1 apiece for triplets born in the Dominion.

Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out of damp clothes, out of reach of all liquors, and out of doors all you can in good weather.

The distress among the working people of England is represented to be greater than at any time since the repeal of the Corn Laws.

The Howard officers are now burning all tents used in Chattanooga, Memphis, New Orleans, and other points during the yellow fever epidemic.

The poor fellows who signed a contract to go down to South America and work for a railroad have come back, a great deal wiser and poorer than when they started.

Gen. Bristow has discovered in Kentucky the record of the marriage of the parents of Abraham Lincoln, concerning which one, at least, of his biographers expressed some doubt.

The Senate has passed, by a vote of 40 to 20, the bill admitting fo the practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, women lawyers now, practicing in the State and Territorial courts and the courts of the District of Columbia.

American coal is sold in Switzerland, coming from Philadelphia by sailing ships to Marseilles and thence by rail to Geneva, where it cost about $10 a ton. The price is a little under that of German and French coal at that point, and the quality is pronounced much better.

The citizens of Omaha and vicinity have shipped a car load of flour to Glasgow, Scotland, for the relief of the unemployed and distressed in that city. Free transportation was furnished to New York, by the railroads, and by the Anchor Line of steamers thence to Scotland.

A Kentucky Postmaster writes to the Post-office Department that in forwarding funds for the quarter he sent all he had received, and neglected to withhold what was due him for compensation. The total amount forwarded was $1 cents, of which 58 cents belongs to him as salary.

General Sherman has been "swinging round the circle" in the direction of some of his old battle fields. Last week he visited Atlanta and talked over war times with General Cheatham and others, who on his first march that way gave him a somewhat different reception.

Prince Louis Napoleon is reported to be lying dangerously ill at his mother's residence, Chiselhurst. It is said that the Prince has for some time led an irregular and dissipated life, and has been wholly regardless of admonition of his mother, of Mr Rouher, and other devoted adherents of the Imperial family.

The woods which are heavier than water are Dutch box, Indian cedar, ebony, lignumvitæ, mahogony, heart of oak, pomegranate, vine. Lignumvitæ is one-third heavier, pomegranate rather more. On the other hand, cork having a specific gravity of .24 and poplar of .383, are the lightest woody products.

A man gave a vest into his wife's hands to be repaired, and when he came home to dinner she showed him three pencil stubs, a piece of chalk, four watch keys, nineteen matches, six pant and four coat buttons, a receipt for making milk punch, a buckle, a blank lottery ticket, a small handful of cloves, part of a roll of lozenges, three seat coupons to a last fall's lecture, a poker chip and a chew of gum that had slipped down into the lining of the vest through a hole in the pocket. It was the most startling disclosure the man had seen for many a day.

A new sect of Mormons have sprung up in southern Indiana, and two Evangelists of Later Day Saints are preaching there with success. The peculiar tenents of this wing of Mormonism are anti-poligamy, healing by the laying on of hands, immersion, the second coming of Christ is in the near future, intervention of God in temporal and spiritual affairs, believing in miracles or special providences in the interests of the saints. The sect numbers about sixty members in Floyd, Washington and Clark counties, make up from respectable farmers.

THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

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Business locals, ten cents per line.

WASHINGTON.

"7"

Majority for the Democrats over the Republicans and Nationals.

THE DEMOCRATS DETERMINED TO REPEAL THE "TEST OATH"—TO GUARANTEE TO THE COUNTRY "FAIR AND FREE ELECTIONS"—

GENERAL GOSSIP.

WASHINGTON, D. C. February, 22.

Editor South Kentuckian:

The Democrats in Congress have never been more united and determined upon any question of policy than they now are in the resolution to repeal the "test oath" as it is called, and certain obnoxious and partisan sections of the election law. It has been one of the difficulties confronting the Democratic majority in the House, to secure unity of sentiment and harmony of action. So many conflicting interests exist, and so many pronounced differences upon minor questions have obtained, that an effective policy has been impossible, and party discipline inoperative. And worse than all that there has been lack of nerve, or, to put it mildly, an excess of conservatism, which has caused measures that were essentially Democratic and patriotic measures, to suffer defeat at the hands of the more active and partisan minority. This was the case last session in Army legislation, and caused inaction upon some of the appropriations. But now there is a prospect of bold, determined and decisive action.

The enactments sought to be repealed are encroachments upon the constitutional liberties of the people. They were placed upon the statute books by a reckless partisan Congress for partisan advantage and ends. The jurors test oath operates only in the Southern States, where it enables corrupt federal judges of the Billings, Settle and Bond stripe, to pack juries and outrage reputable citizens without a shadow of cause or justice. It has been done, and is being done today in Florida and Louisiana. The objectionable sections of the election law also marked for repeal, are not, as the radical press asserts, provisions for securing "fair and free elections," but the ones that prevent "fair and free elections," by the appointment of hordes of strikers and bummers to do the dirty work of Republican campaign committees, for which they are paid out of the public Treasury. Then they are required to supplement their other work by false charges and perjury before packed juries. The thing has gone far enough. The unfortunate position of Senator Bayard on this question is deeply regretted by his friends and he stands almost alone. It has been asserted that if these laws are permitted to stand as they are that the Democrats will not organize the next house. This may be sensational, but it is known here that Radical influences are at work with the Nationals, and in the light of recent events nobody will be surprised if they are "secured" to operate with the Republicans, in spite of their constituents. But that is not enough to control the organization without getting seven democrats out of the way. If the laws remain as they are that will be done, provided it will accomplish the end, no matter how arbitrary and outrageous the proceeding may be. The next Presidency depends in some measure upon the control of the House of Representatives.

There is a Congressman from Michigan, which his name it is Ellsworth, who thinks he can stop the flow of liquor in Washington. He might as well undertake to stop the flow of the Potomac River. But he has introduced his little bill. Some time ago he summoned the keeper of the House restaurant and asked him if he was selling beer, wine and liquors, in the Capitol. The answer was in the affirmative, accompanied with the information that it was only sold to Congressmen, and that a majority of them were with him. This is probably the truth, and just what Ellsworth is going to do about it I don't see. There is already a very stringent rule banishing all drinks of a boozy nature from the building, and Speaker Randall has stated once or twice that he intended to see it enforced. But what's the use? If it is kept out of the restaurant it goes into the committee rooms, for Congressmen will have their tipple. For a time there was none on sale on the House side, but the Senate caterer kept it, and it was interesting to see the pairs of Congressmen lock arms and walk over to the Senate side about every fifteen minutes. Now all they have to do is to go down stairs and ask for cold tea. If a stranger goes in and orders a cup of tea the waiter looks at him sharply to see whether he tips the masonic wink; so I think it is a mistake about the sale of drinks being confined strictly to Congressmen. If the honorable member wants beer or ale he asks for a pitcher of milk and the beverage is brought in a little silver pitcher holding just a bottle of beer.

The approaching end of the session brings a rush of the lobby, and all the vultures are gathering round in hopes to press through something that will benefit them, or to prevent somebody else from getting through something that will take away from them. Friends of the Texas Pacific Railway and of John Roach's Brazilian steamship subsidy, are working away with little perceptible effect. I have not expended any breath in discussing the pros and cons of these measures, because Congress appears disposed to treat them at arms length, as it were. From surface indications I don't think either has any chance at present. The Western Union Telegraph people have representatives here to work against the bill extending telegraph privileges to railroad companies. If the bill became a law it would take away from this monopoly a large amount of business, and establish a competition that it could not bap up, as it has all other rivals. The Democrats don't feel particularly tender towards the company, because of its partisan action in the cipher dispatch matter, and unless there is a marvelous change of sentiment, the bill which is supported by General Butler and other Republicans, will go through.

PHONO.