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IMPROVED MACHINERY
employed, and all my workmen have devoted their entire lives to their respective trades and guarantee all work to be the best.
I am before the public in a strictly business light and am prepared to
Challenge all Competitors.
PRICES SHALL BE KEPT DOWN,
and satisfaction is always guaranteed
SOLICITING PATRONAGE,
and thanking the people of Christian and adjoining counties for their past consideration,
I am, respectfully,
M. C. FORBES.
April 1, 1879-tf.

DON'T STOP MY PAPER.

Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And money hard to get,
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together,
Enough for me and you

I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without my paper,
However others may;
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan?
They don't just say, but mean it,
Why don't you have your own?

You can't tell how we'd miss it,
If it, by any fate,
Should happen not to reach us,
Or be a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go awry,
And, printer, if you are married,
You know the reason why.

I can not do without it,
It is no use to try.
For other people take it,
And, printer so must I,
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel, and be accounted,
A fogy simpleton.

Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay is somewhat slow;
For cash is not so plenty,
And wants not few you know,
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me,
I'd rather dock my sugar
And do without my tea.

So, printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription,
And credit it right down;
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us weekly
Its welcome benison.

Three Young Hunters.

On Saturday last Harvey Emery, of Denton township, while out hunting encountered a huge bear, which he fired at and wounded, when bruin took to the woods. Unable to follow the trail across the plains, Harvey went home for the dog, and, accompanied by his brothers, Jim and Will started 'on trail.' Putting the dog on the track where the blood from the wound was fresh, they started on a lively pursuit. Jim being the fleetest on foot, soon distanced the others, and, after a long race through the bush the dog overtook Mr. Bruin and worried him until Jim appeared on the scene, rather abruptly or sooner than he anticipated—almost stumbling over the bear before he saw him. The enraged animal clutched him with both paws around the waist, the lad with great presence of mind, grabbing him by the nose, and throwing his head up, yelled out 'boys he's got me.' The bear not relishing the grip on his nose, with lightning rapidity loosed his hold and dealt him a blow on the arm that held him that sent him spinning into the brush, and bruin disappeared again. But the dog was disposed to let him off this easy. Jim jumped up on a log to see if possible where the bear was (it was getting dark then), and he soon found out—he was right there—and he no sooner struck the log than Bruin had him again, and as the boys were on hand by this time, a life struggle ensued, Jim on the ground the bear on him, Harvey on the bear worrying him around the head and nose to keep him from biting, Jim feeling in the twilight for the bear's shoulders, put the muzzle of the gun behind the shoulder and sent a ball through him. The bear did not fall, and Harvey by this time got out his knife and buried it deep in his side a couple of times, when bruin fell over dead. Jim is badly scratched and mangled, but not seriously hurt.—(Mich.) Pioneer.

ELKTON.

I again have the pleasure of recording some more weddings.

On the 26th, Mr. John W. Bell and Miss Emma Petree were married at the C. P. Church, in this place. The attendants were Miss Bettie Petree and Mr. J. W. Downer, of Hopkinsville; Miss Mattie Petree and J. H. Edwards, of Elkton; Mis Nannie Bristow, of New York, and W. B. Carson, of Louisville; Miss Lucie Blakey, of Auburn, and F. H. Bristow. The church was very nicely decorated with flowers. Rev. Jas. Petree performed the ceremony, after which the bridal party repaired to Mr. H. W. Petree's to partake of a sumptuous festival.

On the following day Mr. T. Frederick and Miss Ozelia Hurst were married. They live west of this place. I regret that I am not informed about their wedding for I am sure it was a pleasant one.

Mr. C. Adams and a Miss Adams were married.

Mr. C. M. Bell has sold another lot of his fine fine stock.

Times are very dry now—except weddings. MARK.

A Story we Utterly Disbelieve.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

"See," said a reverend gentleman, "here is an illustration: At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but look now." Raising his hand he said, gently: "Go away, fly, go away." But the fly only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with some vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and, being successful opened it to throw the insect from him when, in extreme disgust, he exclaimed: "Why, d—n it, it's a wasp!"

NEGRO FOLK LORE.

Why Brother Possum is a Peaceful Citizen.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"One night," said uncle Remus—taking Miss Sally's little boy on his knee and stroking the child's hair thoughtfully and carressingly—'one night Brer Possum call by fer Brer Coon 'cordin ter 'greement, en arter gobblin up a dish er fried greens and smokiug er seegyar, dey rambled fer ter see how de ballance uv de settlement was gitting 'long. Brer Coon he wunner deze yer natchul pacers, and he racked 'long same ez Mars John's bay pony, en Brer Possum, he went in a han' gallop: and day got over a heap er groun' mon. Brer Possum, he got his belly full er 'simmons, en Brer Coon he scooped up a 'ounnance er frogs en tadpoles. Dey ambled 'long des ez soshubble ez a baskit er kittens, twell, bimeby dey hear Mr. Dog talkin' ter hisse'f 'way off in de woods.

"Spozen he runs up on us, Brer Possum, wat yer gwinter do?" sez Brer Coon, sezee. Brer Possum sorter smile 'round de corner uv his mouf.

'Oh, of he come, Brer Coon, I'm gwineter stan' by you,' sez Brer Possom. 'Wat you gwineter do?' sezee.

'Who? me?' sez Brer Coon. 'Ef he run up onter me, I lay I'll give him one twist,' sezee.

'Did the dog come?' asked the little boy.

'Go 'way honey!' responded the old man in an impressive tone. 'Go 'way! Mr. Dog he come and he come a zoonin'. En he never wait fer ter say howdy, nudder. He des sailed into de two un um. De vo'y fus' pass he made, Brer Possum fetch a grin from year to year, en keel over like he was dead. Den Mr. Dog, he sail inter Brer Coon, and right dar's whar he los' his munnypu's, kase Brer Coon was cut out fer dat kinder bizziness, and he fairly wiped up de face uv de earf wid 'im. You better bleve dat w'en Mr. Dog got a chance ter make hiself skase he tuck it, en what der wus lett un him went scatterin throo de woods like it wuz shot outen a muskit. En Brer Coon, he sorter lick his cloze inter shape and rack off, en Brer Possum, he lay dar like he wuz dead, twell bimeby he raise up sorter keerful like, en when he fine de coast cle'r he scramble up en scamper off like sumpin wuz atter him.'

Here Uncle Remus paused long enough to pick up a live coal of fire in his fingers, transfer it into the palm of his hand, and thence to his clay pipe, which he had been filling—a proceeding that was viewed by the little boy with undisguised admiration. The old man then proceeded:

'Nex' time Brer Possum meet Brer Coon, Brer Coon 'fuse ter 'son' ter his howdy, en dis make Brer Possum feel mighty bad, seein ez how dey useter make sa many 'scurshuns togedder.

'W'at make you hole your head so high, Brer Coon?' sez Brer Possum, sezee.

'I ain't runnin wid cowerds deze days,' says Brer Coon. W'en I wants you I'll send fer you,' sezee.

Den Brer Possum got mighty mad.

'Who's any coward?' sezee.

'You is,' sez Brer Coon, dats who. I ain't soshatin wid dem w'at lies down on de ground and plays dead when dar's a free fight gwine, sezee.

Den Brer Possum grin and laff fit to kill hissef.

'Lor, Brer Coon, you don't spec I done dat kase I wuz feared, duz you?' sezee. Why I want no more feared dan you iz dis minit. What wuz dey fer ter be skeered un?' sezee. 'I knowed you'd git away wid Mr. Dog ef I didn't, en I das lay dar watching you shake him, waiting fer ter put in when de time come,' sezee.

Brer Coon turn up his nose.

'Dat's a mighly likely tale,' sezee, when Mr. Dog hadn't more'n tocht you 'fo' you keeled over, and lay dar stiff,' sezee.

Dat's dos what I wuz gwineter tell you bout,' says Brer Possum, sezee. 'I want no more skeered dan you is right now, and I wuz fixin' fer ter give Mr. Dog a sample of my jaw,' sezee, 'but I'm the most ticklish chap what you ever laid eyes on, en no sooner did Mr. Dog put his nose down here 'mong my ribs dan I got ter laffin, en I laff till I didn't have no use of my limbs, en it's a mussy unto Mr. Dog dat I wuz ticklish, kase a little more en I'd et him up. I don't mine fighting, Brer Coon, no more dan you duz, but I declar ter grashus ef I can stand ticklin. Get me in a row whar dar aint no ticklin' lowed, en I'm your man,' sezee.

'Een down ter this day'—continued Uncle Remus, watching the smoke from his pipe curl upward over the little boy's head—'down to dis day, Brer Possum's bound ter s'render when you tech him in de ribs, en he'll laff off he knows he's gwineter be smashed fer it.'

Dr. Millet, a French army surgeon recommends powdered sloes as a dressing for wounds, both as a means of favoring cicatrization and for closing them. It is said to relieve the severe pain of wounds almost immediately, and requires to be renewed only at long intervals.

The only thing a hoggish man does not try to get more than his share of is religion.

A Headless Hen.

Some time last week a representative of the Commonwealth heard rumors of a decapitated hen, which was to be seen daily in the West End, and last evening he saw it at the grocery of Mr. Frank Turner, on the corner of Fourth and Bakewell streets. The fowl is a large white hen, over a year old, and was raised by Mr. George Dahler, of Dayton, Ohio.

Nearly nine weeks ago Mr. Dahler cut off the head of one of his fattest hens, to cook the fowl for his invalid wife. About half an hour afterwards he sent his little boy out into the yard to find the hen and bring it into the house. The boy came running back, saying that he could not find it any place. Mr. Dahler then searched for it also, but did not succeed in finding it till the next morning, when it was discovered in a remote part of Mr. D.'s five-acre inclosure, still showing signs of animation.

He and his neighbors all enjoyed a hearty laugh over the manner in which his "chicken failed to come to pot."

Mr. Dahler has a nephew residing in this city, a young man named Christ Trick, who went to Dayton upon learning the news, which, of course, spread rapidly, and upon returning brought the curiosity with him.

The fowl is a very fine one and well conditioned. When our reporter saw it last night it was confined in a soap box, lined and padded to prevent it from opening its now nearly healed neck by dashing it against the sides of the box.

It is fed through a quill, and is also given water. Sand is also introduced into the crop to aid digestion.

It is a freak of nature, which must be seen to be believed, and we are informed that Mr. Trick will probably place it on exhibition in a few days.

The head is entirely gone, only a portion of one gill showing. The fowl cackles and "clucks" as if it had not been decapitated.—Covington Commonwealth.

The Declined Challenge.

The recent centennial celebration of the capture of Stony Point recalls an anecdote of one of the storming party, Col. Scott, afterwards Governor of Kentucky. He was a brave man and acquired a reputation in his adopted State as a killful Indian fighter.

While he was Governor some fellow sent him a challenge on account of an offense which he imagined Scott had committed against his (the challenger's) honor. The old soldier did not notice it. The fellow, who had given public notice of his intention to "call out" the Governor, was much annoyed at his silent contempt. After waiting several days he sought the Governor for an explanation, and the following conversation took place:

"Governor Scott, you received a challenge from me?"

"Your challenge was delivered, sir,"

"But I have received neither an acknowledgement nor an acceptance of it."

"I presume not, sir, I have sent neither."

"But of course you intend to accept it?"

"Of course I do not."

"What! Not accept my challenge? Is it possible that you Governor Scott, brought up in the army declined a combat?"

"I do with you."

"Then I have no means of satisfaction left but to post you a coward."

"Post me a coward!" exclaimed the Governor, bursting into a hearty laugh. "Post away, and you'll only post yourself a liar, and everybody else will say so."

And that was the end of it.

The Result of Missing a Train.

"Impossible things will never cease," as a saying, could be no more absurd than some things that are done in "the United States of Jersey." The Hackensack *Republican* publishes the following merely as an instance of Jersey lightning: "yesterday noon a young man, employed for some time past in Schmultz's brickyard, started for his home in Connecticut, but missing the train went to Kurzenknabe's National Hotel for lunch. Here he was waited upon by a plumb serving maid who has been a resident of Hackensack but two weeks. His heart was pierced by the darts of love; reciprocating, she removed the shield from her own gizzard, which was pierced likewise, and last evening, after an acquaintance and courtship of seven hours, the twain was given the first lesson in oneness, Rev. Mr. Windermuth performing the ceremony.

ASTHOP-HEPNER.—At Hackensack, Sept. 10, at the National Hotel, by Rev. Mr. Windermuth, pastor of the Third Reformed (German) church, William Asthop and Lena Hepner.

Profitable Reading.

In these days all men and women read something, but the trouble is that by reading in a single vein, which so strongly appeals to their individual tastes and personal idiosyncrasies that it is not study at all, they lose their power to study anything else. The rule for successful and profitable reading would, in the light of these facts, seem to be to read only what one does not like to read. That reading which cost no effort, and necessarily dissipates the power of study, is that which we know to be important in itself, and in its bearings upon broad knowledge and culture should most engage our time and attention. The trouble is, not that we do not read enough, but we read so much of that which simply pleases us as to destroy our power to read that which will edify and enlarge us.—[Dr. J. G. Holland.

OBITUARY.

ROARING SPRINGS, KY.
November 28th, 1879.

It becomes our sad and painful duty, to chronicle the death of our brother EDWARD B. JONES who departed this life on Friday the 21st. inst., at 7 o'clock, A. M. at the home of his mother, near Roaring Springs Trigg County Ky.

His suffering for weeks prior to his death were painful in the extreme. He was first stricken down with brain fever, but the disease that caused his death was typhoid fever. And it is a source of regret to his family and friends that during the last three weeks of his illness, he was unconscious, not recognizing the member of his own family.

All that medical skill and kind friends could do, to relieve his suffering, was done, but the disease seemed to have laid hold upon his vitals, and refused to yield to their remedies used. But he who knoweth all things, and doeth all things well, saw fit in His Wisdom to remove him from this world. While he was very dear to us, we bow in humble submission to the decree of Almighty God, believing as we do that all things work together for good, to them that love God.

Edward B. Jones was a son of Col. James T. Jones and was born in Person county, North Carolina, and when about seven years of age, he emigrated to Kentucky, with his father and family, and since that time, his home has been in Trigg and Christian counties. In these and adjoining counties he was widely known, and as widely appreciated, for his honesty, integrity, and many virtues. He was also distinguished for those high qualities of the heart that give the climax to human character.

We rejoice to record the cardinal fact that he died as he lived an humble christian. He was a member of the Methodist E. Church at Roaring Springs, and for six years in that communion did he adorn the doctrine of the gospel of Christ, being ever ready to work in the vineyard of his Master, oftimes persuading and exhorting the youth in his community to forsake their evil ways, and be reconciled to God. He gave liberally of his limited means for the support of the gospel and for other charitable purposes. But his seat around the hearth-stone and in the church, is now vacant forever. He leaves a devoted and affectionate mother, and kind loving brothers and sisters, and many warm friends to mourn his loss.

Thus has passed to his last resting place this much esteemed and highly respected citizen. May we that survive him, diligently emulate his example, that when we go hence, we too, may deserve and receive the tears and regret due to the memories of a virtuous life. G. W. Jones.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for January is already out, and a magnificent number it is: a triumph of art, literature and fashion. The principal steel engraving, "A Message from the Sea," is one of rare beauty. It and its companion, "The Runaway Pair," which illustrates a story by Frank Lee Benedict, are alone worth the price of the number. The double size, colored, steel fashion plate is unrivaled, and will fascinate all the ladies. Then there is a large colored pattern, in Art needlework, a really superb affair, and such as would cost, at a retail store, fifty cents. We do not exaggerate in saying that the January number is a perfect gem of loveliness. The stories are all usually good even for "Peterson." Mrs. Ann S. Stephens begins a powerfully written novelet, "Lost," which is in her very best vein. In addition, there are stories by Mrs. F. H. Burnett, Mrs. R. Harding Davis, "Josiah Allen's Wife," &c. By all means subscribe for this Magazine for 1880. It is both the cheapest and best of it kind. The price is only two dollars a year. To clubs it is cheaper still, viz: 4 copies for $6.50, with an extra copy gratis to the person getting up the club, or 5 copies for $8.00, and both an extra copy and a superb premium mezzotint, "Washington at Valley Forge." Specimens of the magazine sent gratis to persons wishing to get up clubs. Address Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. N. B.—We will furnish "Peterson" with this paper for one year for three dollars, cash in advance.

How far can we Hear with the Telephone?

This is a question frequently asked, but we believe has not yet been definitely settled. The longest distance that we have seen mentioned is given in the item below, namely, two thousand miles. But perhaps Mr. Edison has had more extended experiences. If so we should be glad if he would let our readers know.

An exchange states that Mr. Robert A. Packer, superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is at present hunting with a party of gentlemen in Nebraska. A few days ago he for two hours conversed pleasantly with his wife and friends at Sayre, Pa., his brother at Mauch Chunk, Pa., and friends along the line. The medium was the railroad and Western Union Telegraph wires and Edison's telephone. At the office in Bethlehem, Pa., connection was made with the Easton and Amboy wire, and at Perth Amboy with a Western Union wire, and thence to Chicago and North Bend, Nebraska, where the party are. The distance was about two thousand miles, and every whisper was audible: Scientific America.

"To be continued in our next," as the fond young mother said after rehearsing the woes of her first-born—N. Y. Mail.

The last fashion item announced that the latest parasols are made of velvet. It doesn't give the shade, but we presume the parasol does.—Danburg News.

Who Should Not be a Wife.

Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her cellar no oftener than once a day? Has that woman a call to be a wife who cries for a Cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last novel while the husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonhole shirt bosom. Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoke tea and watery potatoes six days in seven? Has she a call to be a wife who flirts with every man she meets and reserves her frowns for her home fireside? Has she a call to be a wife who comes down to breakfast in abominable curl papers, a soiled dressing gown, and shoes down at the heel? Has she a call to be a wife whose husband's love weighs naught in the balance with her next door neighbor's damask curtain or velvet carpet? Has she a call to be a wife who would take advantage of a moment of conjugal weakness to extort money or exact a promise? Has she a call to be a wife who takes a journey for pleasure, leaving her husband to toil in a close office, and have an eye, when at home, to servants and children? Has she a call to be a wife to whom a good husband's society is not the greatest of earthly blessings, and a house full of rosy children its best furnishing and prettiest adornment.

Ehrichs' Fashion Quarterly

deservedly stands at the head of the periodical literature of Fashion; and in its own peculiar field, it may be said to be absolutely without a rival. Combining the features of a catalogue, a fashion review, and a price current, it tells its readers what goods are most in vogue, in what assortment they offered, and at what prices they can be procured: and the claim of its publishers, that it is a thoroughly reliable Purchaser's Guide has certainly a strong foundation of truth. The winter number is, of course devoted largely to holiday goods, although the current fashions of the season in dress are by no means neglected, and space is also given to china and silverware and other household articles. A novel and most useful feature is the classification under proper headings, of presents suitable for gentlemen and ladies, a reference to which exhibits at a glance the different items of masculine and feminine necessity, and enables intending givers to avoid that dreadful vacancy of mind so apt to overtake them when they sit down to consider "what they shall give."

The literary portion of the magazine is also excellent, and abounds with interesting tales and sketches, and useful articles on household subjects. Miss Corson, of the New York Cooking School, contributes some of her experiences, and the lessons in dressmaking, and the art of lace work will be welcome to every lady reader.

Published by Ehrich & Co., New York, at 50 cents a year, or 15 cents a single copy.

How He Gained His Freedom.

It has always been thought that ears of corn have an even number of rows, and that one with an odd number of rows would be an impossibility. In slavery time this question was discussed, and a negro in this county claimed that he had seen ears of that kind. His master told him that he would give him his (the negro's) freedom for an ear with an odd number of rows. This was in the early spring; but in the fall, during corn-gathering time, the negro came with a sound ear of corn with thirteen rows. He got his free papers. A long time afterwards the old negro told that in roasting-ear time he took a sharp knife, cut out one row of grains, bound the ear together, and knew just where to find it when gathering time came.—Richmond Register.

The Elam Children—Bodies Covered with Scales.

[Lexington Transcript.]

A short time since the papers published an account of the discovery in Morgan county of two children who are undoubtedly the greatest human curiosities in the world. They are aged respectively eight and twelve years, and both boys. Their skins are quite thick, and checkered with diamond shaped spots like an alligators. They can't swim but crawl beneath the water like lizzards, remaining down a great length of time. They are ordinarily intelligent and one of them has a fine ear for music. He handles snakes with impunity, allowing them to crawl over his person. He calls them 'worms.' He catches them under the water and brings them out. They sleep with open eyes, and are nearly always in motion. Ladies and children flocked in large numbers to see them at Winchester. As yet they have been exhibited but four times, at Jeffersonville, Montgomery county, Cornwall Station, Mt. Sterling, and Winchester. They are on exhibition in the room formerly occupied as a millinery store by Mrs. Loevenhart, in Higgins' block. The managers agree to refund the price of admission, 25 cents, if persons are not satisfied. Mr. J. H. Rice, formerly of Clark county, is the manager, and Johnny Cronin, well known in this city, agent.

In these artistic days, when you are asked to take a drink, you are requested to come and decorate your inside."—Buffalo Every Saturday.

A young lady's hat blew off and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.

A poet sings, "And I covered her up with a kiss I gave." He must have been a coachman and put her under the 'bus.—Oil City Derrick.