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VOLUME V. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1883. NUMBER 27.

Oak Hall. Fine Clothing!

OUR Summer Styles in Men's and Boys' Clothing have not been exceeded. PRICES For superior qualities have never been lower.

OAK HALL, H. A. WITHERSPOON, Cor. Fourth and Jefferson, LOUISVILLE.

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Andrew Seargent, M. D., MAIN STREET, Opposite Hopper's Drug Store. At Other Day or Night.

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COOK & RICE, PREMIUM LAGER BEER, CITY BREWERY.

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OPUM HABIT CURED, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

TEACHERS WANTED \$100, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

Tonsorial Parlor, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

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BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

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POST OFFICE.

Bridge Street, J. B. Gowen, P. M. Office hours from 7 A. M. to 10 P. M. Office also open for a short time after the arrival of the evening mail, at 7 P. M. Sunday open from 8 to 10 A. M.

EXPRESS OFFICE.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS COMPANY—R. W. Norton, Agent. Office over bank building, Main Street.

Holland's Opera House.

Main Street, adjoining County Hotel, R. H. Holland, Proprietor. A. D. Hoppers, Manager.

LIVERY FEED AND

HOPKINSVILLE, KY. T. L. SMITH, Proprietor. Livery and feed stable. Also a large stock of horses and mules for sale.

OPUM HABIT CURED.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY. T. L. SMITH, Proprietor. Cures opium habit. No matter how long the habit has been used, it can be cured in a few days.

TEACHERS WANTED \$100.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY. A. B. H. BROWN, Proprietor. Teachers wanted for the coming year. Salary \$100 per year.

Crook and Braddock.

Between the time when the pompous and intachable Braddock led a large force of British and provincial soldiers into the jaws of death by Indians, and Crook's almost incredible surprise and capture of Indians, far greater and more dangerous than Braddock met, the entire progress of white warfare and hostile operations against the Indians has been included. Braddock's ignorance of the Indians was as dark and utter as Crook's knowledge of them is perfect and complete. Whatever has been taught to white men by several generations of Indian warfare Crook knows, either from history or experience. He knows some tribes of Indians, the Apaches especially, better than they know themselves. To say that he "knows them to death" would be to adopt a frontier phrase that has special application to many chapters of Crook's history as an Indian fighter. He was the one officer in our army who was thoroughly feared by the Apaches, even before his recent experience with them. These matchless horsemen and guerrillas, who combine the most dangerous traits and capacities of the Bedouins, the Cossacks, the "cowboys" and the James brothers, found in him many years ago the one master of their wary strategy and brilliantly bold tactics, a man always ready for attack, impossible in retreat, with the spear and following sagacity of a bloodhound, with perfect knowledge of the whole art of military warfare and with tireless coolness in following fresh trails.

Crook's last achievement, however, is a touch of art beyond anything even in his own varied and brilliant career as an Indian warrior. In all the annals of Indian warfare there has been nothing like it for boldness and originality of conception and for perfection in the execution of all the details where failure even in one might have entailed on Crook's motley force of white soldiers and Indian scouts a destruction more complete than that which befell Braddock or the redskins. Crook. It is not possible for people who have but vague notions of the country in which Crook operated, and of the people with and against whom he operated, to comprehend the tremendous and appalling difficulties he overcame, or the constant peril of the betrayal of his movements to the most watchful and wary Indians on the continent, armed with the finest rifles in the world. A campaign in the Catskills or White mountains, supposing all white men and supplies removed, any eastern reader might easily understand to be most disagreeable and dangerous. But the Sierra Madre are to the wildest parts of the White mountains as the latter to the Orange hills over in New Jersey.

It was in the very heart of the Sierra Madre that the fugitive Apaches, with their keen and trained eyes for natural fastnesses and inaccessible retreats, felt perfectly secure, and it was there that Crook found and surprised the warlike and wildest mountain Indians who ever afflicted our frontiers; to those who ever penetrated the fastnesses of the Rocky mountains through new passages, one simple fact stated by Crook's concise and graphic report tells a story of "constant perils by the way," that could not be made more emphatic. "The Chiniqua country is one of indescribable roughness, and a number of miles lost their footing and stepping from the trail fell down precipices and were killed." The italicized words will be eloquent to old travelers in the "Hokeys."

Every school boy will remember how the provincial "Col." Washington warned the mighty warrior Braddock against the constant danger of surprise by the Indians. Washington had learned Indian warfare in the same school in which Crook had learned it, only the Indians of Washington's time were at a fearful disadvantage as regards arms, while the fighting Indians got the best of the arms and ammunition. Col. Washington could only credit with Braddock for real wisdom in the repeated warnings against a surprise, when the wisdom was too late to serve Braddock. Since that time our generals have been more or less fighting the Indians, and their strategy has been somewhere between that of Braddock and that of Washington. It remained for Crook not only to prove himself and his force incapable to surprise in the wildest countries by the warlike of Indians, but to show to those Indians a surprise so complete, handsome and unprecedentedly brilliant as to compel every Apache to recognize in Crook an unapproachable master in the most rugged and difficult Indian strategy of the mountain wilderness. Every white man, woman and child in Arizona and New Mexico will be incalculably the richer because of what Crook has done, but still more because of the admiration and respect which he has inspired and will inspire the Apaches.

Don't wear dingy or faded things when the ten-cent Diamond Dye will make them good as new.

Bagging Grapes.

Now is about the time to begin bagging grapes, and as some of the readers of the Banner may wish to test the experiment we will give a few hints obtained from the best authorities on the subject. A distinguished writer in the Rural New Yorker says: We bag grapes for many reasons, among which are the following: To protect them against rose bugs, rot and birds; to insure a beautiful artificial color and preserve bloom. Further ripening in the shade promotes excellence. On late varieties the bags keep off the frost to perfect maturity. The bags also prevent early varieties from shriveling.

The editor of the Rural New Yorker remarks on this subject: We bagged our own grapes last season when they were the size of small peas. As it would be difficult to pick grapes more perfectly ripened or with bloom more fully preserved we shall bag them this season when they are about the same size. We have only to urge all our readers who may have grapes to bag at least a few bunches. We are confident they will be pleased with the result and will not need urging a second year.

The bags used are the grocers' ordinary manilla paper sacks, of good quality, but not heavy. We recommend bagging our grapes last week. They are of the Concord variety, and are about the size of garden peas. We are using size No 1 sacks. For extra large bunches size No 2 is recommended. The sack is drawn over the bunch, the corners of the bag folded and pinned with small pins close around the stem of the bunch. Some parties cut a little slit in each side of the sack about two inches long and draw it over the vine, then fold and pin. There is a difference of opinion as to the time that grapes should be bagged. Some prefer to wait till the grapes begin to color, provided there is no indication of rot. Others begin to bag their grapes when they are exceedingly small. The result in both cases proved satisfactory. If water should collect in the bags during heavy rains small holes are made in the bottom of the bags to drain them.

While there are many benefits to be derived from bagging grapes, sometimes serious results follow. Long wet spells, which keep the fruit damp in the sacks for many days, when it is nearly ripe will cause it to burst. Sometimes half the crop is ruined in this way. This is, however, a risk we must take in our efforts to have choice fruits.—Princeton Banner.

"Buhupalpa."

Quick complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Disease. \$1. Druggists.

The Apaches.

The four hundred or more Apaches whom General Crook captured and brought back with him from the Sierra Madre must be disposed of in some way by the Government. "What can be done with them?" Secretary Teller suggests to Secretary Lincoln that the captured marauders should be punished for their crimes. They may and doubtless will be held as prisoners for a time, but how are they to be punished for their crimes? That they are all alike guilty of robbery, murder and other grave offenses, admits of no doubt, but how are they to be convicted in the absence of proof of specific criminal acts? A gang of robbers may be surprised and captured, and abundance of booty found in their possession to justify the conclusion that they are free-booters, but they cannot be convicted as a gang. When it comes to conforming to the requirements of specific proofs against particular individuals, there must inevitably be a failure to convict, except in a few instances. So far as General Crook's prisoners are concerned, perhaps not one in twenty could be legally convicted of any offense whatever, simply because of the insubstantiality of the government to furnish the requisite evidence. The most sensible suggestion that has been made in this connection is, that the Apaches should be punished by total dismemberment—that their tribal relations should be destroyed as effectually as though they never had separate existence. They should be divided up in sections so wide apart that they can never come together again as a tribe. In this way their savage instincts will be subdued in a large measure, and their capacity for crime reduced to a minimum. There is a ready way to accomplish this dismemberment, if it shall be deemed best to take that course. The tribe has recently been making war against the government, and there is a section of the Revised Statutes which authorizes the President to abrogate all treaties existing with any tribe, which is in actual hostility to the United States, and this is the way to accomplish it.

The Race for Governor.

Hon. J. Proctor Knott and T. Z. Morrow, the two candidates for Governor, have each prepared a list of appointments for public speaking, in which each of the gentlemen has invited his opponent to participate. The programme of Mr. Knott is as follows: Greenville, June 28. Hartford, June 30. Nashville, July 2. Henderson, June 30. Hopkinsville, July 5. Russellville, July 5. Princeton, July 5. Cadiz, July 7. Bowling Green, July 12. Glasgow, July 11. Scottsville, July 11. Franklin, July 11. Elizabethtown, July 27. Glasgow, July 18. Shelbyville, July 20. Big Springs, July 21. Winchester, July 22. Frankfort, July 21. Speaking each day at 7 P. M.

THE APPOINTMENTS OF COL. MORROW.

Hartford, June 27. Greenville, June 28. Henderson, June 30. Hopkinsville, July 2. Russellville, July 2. Bowling Green, July 4. Tompkinsville, July 4. Albany, July 6. Monticello, July 10. Hartford, July 11. Callettsburg, July 18. Glasgow, July 11. Vicksburg, July 20. Mayville, July 21. Frankfort, July 21. Covington, July 24. Louisville, July 25.

Speaking will commence at 1 o'clock P. M., except at Louisville and Covington, when it will be at night.

LAFAYETTE, KY.

EDITOR SOUTH KENTUCKIAN: Your correspondent, by reason of unavoidable circumstances, was unable to sooner send in a report of the closing exercises of LaFayette High School, however he hopes that a brief account of these interesting exercises may not be out of place. The first exercise on the list was an address delivered before the school on the night of the 12th inst., by Mr. A. G. Hall. Rev. J. W. Bigham had been appointed to address the school, but owing to ill health, he selected Mr. Hall as his substitute, and fortunate he was in his selection, as the audience was highly entertained as well as edified by Allen's speech. He chose the question of "Social and Political Reform," as the subject of his remarks, which were replete with sound instruction and adorned with most brilliant flights of oratory.

Mr. Hall has just graduated in law at Vanderbilt University and is a young man of whom LaFayette, his native home, may be justly proud. On Thursday night was given the annual concert consisting of choruses, tableaux, orations, essays, vocal and instrumental music. Camille would like to give a detailed report of this entertainment, but lack of space prevented and he can only say that the concert was good throughout, and the young ladies and gentlemen participating reflected credit upon themselves and teachers by the admirable manner in which they acted their parts. The Levee came off on Friday evening and was a grand "finale" to the series of interesting entertainments. Camille desires to express his thanks to Prof. Fayette, Miss Aiken and the pupils of LaFayette High School for the enjoyment afforded by their exercises.

Notwithstanding "hard times" and unsuitability of time, the work of marrying still goes on. The latest victims of the fever were Mr. Wm. Jenkins, of Roaring Springs, and Miss Lizzie Jones, a popular young lady of this place, who were married about two weeks since at the residence of Mrs. Gettie Griffin, mother of the bride. May this joyous couple be always as happy as they are now and may not a cloud obscure the sunshine of their lives.

The fashionable people of LaFayette have, for the last few weeks been greatly exercised over the new styles and fashions, in fact several young ladies of the town could talk of scarcely anything for two weeks, except sashes and hats.

On last Sunday night a small portion of this community became very much excited by the fear that a certain couple had eloped, but fortunately upon going in search of the missing two they were found slowly coming back to town seemingly in blissful unconsciousness of the excitement they had created.

Camille.

Mr. Editor, your correspondent desires to send in his profound congratulations on the happy change that you have recently made in your state. May you realize in wedlock the full fruition of your fondest hopes and may nothing ever occur to disturb the peaceful happiness of your married life.

Mr. Forest Baynham, one of LaFayette's most popular young gentlemen, started to California a few days ago where he will probably live. Forest's health has for some time been quite bad and he goes west in the hope that the bracing air of California may restore him. He carries with him the best wishes of many friends.

LaFayette has recently had considerable sickness, but Camille is happy to report nearly all of the invalids convalescent. CAMILLE.

THE SQUATTER'S SON.

How He Gave Important Information to a Stranger.

A small house, situated at the edge of a small clearing, attracted the attention of a stranger who had lost his way. Nearing the cabin he was met by a boy. My son, said the stranger, I have lost my way, and I would like to know which is the right road? That is the right road, the boy replied.

Is it the right road to Little Rock? That is what you expect. But is it the right road? To Little Rock. No, it ain't the right road. But you said it was the right road? It is. Thought you said it wasn't? Didn't say it wasn't? You said it wasn't the right road to Little Rock.

If ain't, it's the right road to Thompson's still-house. Which is the right road, then? That is one. What, to Little Rock? No, to the still-house. Blame the still-house. That's what man says. I say I— the still-house, I— That's what pap says when its suit up.

I say, I want to go to town. No, you didn't. But I do say so. Why don't you go on then? Which road must I take? Pap slapped me out for giving advice to a grown man, an' I don't reckon you'll catch me.

Look here, my son. You're old enough to give information to a man who's really at a loss as to the proper direction to take. Now I'm in a hurry— Don't 'pear like it. But I am. Why don't you move then? Because I can't find the way. How'd you find your way here? By accident. Then why don't you find the right road by accident.

How old are you, anyway? I ain't old, anyway. How old are you? Ask pap. How old are you? I am forty. Now how old are you? I am just as old now as I was then. Did you ever go to school? Went one day, fit Bill Simmons, fang a chunk at the teacher, rubbed a cucklebur in a gals' head, and worked in the cotton patch arter that.

It is a pity to raise children in this way. Wouldn't you like to go to town and attend school regularly? Yes, if it was't for one thing. What's that? Don't want to go. Don't you want to be educated, and read and write? Don't know as I do. I had a grand pap what read 'n' wrote, an' they catch him on it, an' sent him to the pen.

How did his education send him to prison? He put a nuther man's name on a piece of paper. Can your father read? Yes, but he can't read but half as much as my gran'pap could. How so? Case he ain't got but one eye. Doubtless your mother can read? How do you know she can? This conversation is not likely to prove of any profit to me. Where is your father? Drunk. That's bad. Where is your mother? Got the chills. Who is that out at the well? Sis. Is she married? No, but she would have been if it hadn't been for the chills.

How did the chills keep her from marrying? Case she tuck a chill an' shook the feller what come to see her. Well, now, seriously speaking, do you know which is the road leading to Little Rock? No sir. Why didn't you say so? I did. When? Just then. Why didn't you say so sooner? Why at I'd ask me sooner? Good day. I'd rather be lost in the woods than to go through another such a wig.

Good day, an' I'd rather you was lost in the woods than to be a pestering of me. It is easily proven that malarial fevers, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuralgic ailments yield readily to this great disease conquerer, Hop Bitters. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood, and it gives new life and vigor to the aged and infirm always.

Easy Proven.

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Rough on Rats.

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 25, '83. The Supreme court not having yet adjourned, there is still a slight evidence of life in and about the capitol building. Somebody has lately been writing about the over-worked condition of the judges of this court. It really is too bad. The easy-going farmers and business men over the country who labor from sun to sun, and several hours besides, will sympathize with these poor judges when they hear the story of their wrongs. They sit for four or five hours every day except Sunday. On that day they get together in the consultation room and go over the cases of the week, compare notes and agree on a decision. Then the chief justice names the judge who is to prepare the opinion. There are nine judges, and of course each has his turn at the opinions. Of course there is some labor in the preparation of an important opinion in an important case, covering a decision which must stand as the law of the land. And it has been asked, when a judge is to perform this, the real brain work of his position, shall he do it when he comes home from the court in the middle of the afternoon and hungry for his dinner? Probably not. Will he do it after dinner? Not likely; for he generally has engagements, and most of the time he has to dine out, which is surely incompatible with writing opinions. Many brain workers do their best at night, but a judge is full of terrapin, canvas backs, Burgundy and champagne, he can't write at night, and he won't feel in a humor for it next morning. So, on the whole the position is full of difficulties.

Speaking of dining out, it is hoped that President Arthur will be able for a time to restrain his propensity for big dinners and their accompaniments. I am informed that after the Willard Bartlett dinner in New York he experienced a recurrence of the same symptoms which were noticed at Savannah on a recent Southern trip. These frequent indulgences seem to be telling heavily upon his physical powers, robust as they are. His countenance is sometimes flushed and sometimes pallid. Champagne and Burgundy freely used will tell. The President betook himself to the cottage at the Soldier's Home Saturday and will remain there until about the 10th of July, when he will go to Newport for a short stay. From there he will go on board the dispatch for a trip along the coast as far east as Mount Desert. This may occupy three weeks. He will then try once more some of the good fishing in Canadian waters, such as he enjoyed last year. In August he hopes to be able to go to Yosemite Valley. This is said to be an authoritative statement of his plans.

What's that? Don't want to go. Don't you want to be educated, and read and write? Don't know as I do. I had a grand pap what read 'n' wrote, an' they catch him on it, an' sent him to the pen.

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ADVERTISING RATE.

One square, or less, first insertion... \$1.00. One square, or less, second insertion... 50 cents. One square, or less, third insertion... 30 cents. Two squares, three months... 12.00. Two squares, six months... 20.00. Two squares, one year... 35.00. One-fourth column, per year... 25.00. One-third column, per year... 30.00. One-half column, per year... 40.00. One column, per year... 50.00. Business local—see rates on page 10.

magistrate of the State to all intents and purposes, and it may be noticed that in conventions, in consultations and in all other places Mr. George Bliss is generally found at the head of the table, as it were. As the manipulator of Arthur's campaign he is a good deal more likely to succeed than he was at the head of the star-route trial. He is just about tricky enough and unscrupulous enough to run a Republican campaign in these latter days of that once respectable party.

It is said that President Arthur's natural disposition to avoid trouble, to live quietly and to ignore the strifes of the day, would discipline him from the excessive labor entailed by a fight for the nomination. Don't let the other candidates make any such mistake. Arthur is a quiet, taciturn, self-contained, self-reliant man, undoubtedly, but there is a great deal of human nature in Arthur. He wasn't elected president, and it would be a very poor feather in his cap if, at the expiration of three years and a half administration, he could be honored by his party with a nomination. That of itself would be an intensely gratifying circumstance.

The election is another thing. It doesn't follow that a man who will be elected. The chances are pretty strong the other way. But as matters now stand he has the inside of the pole in the race for the nomination. Blaine is considered out of the way. Logan is very ambitious, but Dorsey says he can kill Logan off. There is not a strong man in the cabinet except Folger, and the latter's defeat last fall dug the pit into which his presidential aspirations necessarily fell. In the next Republican convention there will be 818 delegates. It will be necessary to secure for a nomination, 410. As things look now, there is hardly any doubt that Arthur will go into that convention with the solid South at his back, and a solid South means that mysterious and significant number, 305, that leaves 104 only to be obtained, with New York, New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the boundless West to glean from. Let all the ambitious Republican statesmen look out for Arthur.

On the Democratic side there is a greater quantity of available timber, and the probabilities cannot be so closely narrowed down. The Republican organs are indulging in considerable chaff about the possibility of the old ticket of Tilden and Hendricks, but they would not laugh so loudly if there really was any certainty of Tilden being again in the field. To show the real feeling amongst honest Republicans I will quote the language of a well known Republican correspondent in the Philadelphia Press, which, though Republican, is, under its present management, honest and outspoken: "Remember all that was urged in favor of Mr. Tilden when he was elected before. He is now older but stronger—and richer. In addition to all that was said of him during his first campaign, comes that vast sentiment which lodges in the minds of Republicans as well as Democrats. Estimable as Mr. Hayes may be in his private character, it would be supremely folly to argue, in the light of the Louisiana frauds, that there is not a very general conviction throughout the country that Tilden was not unfairly dealt with and, whether it is desirable to elect a Republican candidate at the next time or not—which is in no sense the question here—there is no doubt that thousands and thousands of Republicans felt at the last election that it would be their duty, in case Tilden were re-nominated, to vote for him and give the old man another chance. I know I felt so, and I heard very, very many pronounced Republicans, who had never voted anything but the straight Republican ticket, say the same thing.

Phroso.

It is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Take internally. Price 50 cents.

Spain, like Ireland, has her "marriage stone," the virtues of which are equally remarkable for any single person, male or female, who touches it is absolutely sure to be married within a twelvemonth. The stone forms part of the masonry of the college Santa Monte, Granada. About twenty months ago two young ladies paid a visit to the old Moorish capital and were shown over the college by one of the resident clergy, who acted as clericone, and who treated the fair visitors with unusual deference and respect. When they came to the "marriage stone" the padre smilingly explained the peculiar powers with which this popular superstition credited it. "Touch it," said one of the ladies to her sister, who laughed heartily, and followed the advice none the less, touching the stone not once, but twice or thrice. The two young ladies were the Spanish Infants, Dona Isabel and Dona Paz, and the latter died soon after on Apr. 3, 1882, and was married to Prince Louis of Bavaria.

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