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(Jan. 1884)

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(By Jan. 1884)

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(By Jan. 1884)

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WAR! BOOKS.
Seven Great Monarchs of the Ancient East, by George Washington. "What is more heroic than war?"—and how it has won among soldiers, then what could be happened for soldiers. Price reduced from \$2.00 to \$1.50. Subscriptions, please. Not sold by dealers. Price too low. Books for examination before payment. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, Apr. 1884, 15 Vesey St., New York.

BURFORD AND THE MOB.
The Exciting Experience Which the Great Turfman Had in Springfield, Ill., at the Close of the war.

Chicago News.
The tragic death of Gen. Abe Buford, of Kentucky, recalls a story he told during his last visit to Chicago. "I have passed through many trying and perilous scenes," he said to a party of friends, "but never felt so near death's door as at Springfield, Ill. just after the war. To begin with, I had a narrow escape during our fighting in Georgia. Our forces were encamped, with the Union troops in our front. The sentry lines were thrown out as usual. One day I passed through the lines to make some observation at a distant point. It was unattended, but mounted upon a powerful horse. During my absence the Union force drove back our lines and occupied the same ground with their own pickets. This was unknown to me, and I was surprised and alarmed on my return to be halted by a Union soldier. I attempted to ride on. The soldier tried to stop my horse with his bayonet. Drawing my revolver, I fired at him, and rode on to the camp without waiting to see the effect of the shot. The war went on and finally ended. We surrendered to the superior force of the Union side, and I went home. Soon afterward I went to Springfield to get some horses which I had left in charge of Willis Renfrow. On the day of my arrival a number of Union soldiers were mustered out of the service. They literally swarmed in on the hotel where I stopped. Pretty soon I discovered they were eyeing me very closely. The more they did so the more excited they became. Their excitement made me nervous and not a little frightened when I reflected that I was alone, without friends, and in the midst of soldiers just from the scenes of conflict that had aroused all their bitterness toward the South. As an officer in the Confederate army, I felt that I would bear no small share of their hatred. This thought frightened me beyond measure. For the first time in my life I was really afraid, because I believed that if the soldiers became aroused there would be no escape for me. The landlord came over and urged me to conceal myself before an outbreak occurred. Although terribly scared, I had no thought of showing the white feather. I merely went to my room, secured my revolver, and came back to my seat, watching the crowd over the paper I pretended to read. After awhile a man wearing a corporal's uniform came in. Several soldiers ran to him in an excited manner. I could not hear what was said, but I knew I was the subject of the talk. The corporal went to the hotel register, looked at my name, and then came toward me. Behind him were a crowd of men. A score of them were eagerly watching the scene from the other side of the room. The landlord, with blanched face, stood behind the counter, and I could see he was frozen with terror. As the corporal and his comrades came toward me my hair literally stood on end. I could feel the blood leave my face. With all my power of self-control I could not conceal my agitation. I felt that after going through the perils of war I was to die at the hands of a mob. No man can portray his feeling at such a time. Though great strength was demanded, I was so weak I could hardly stand. When the corporal approached me he asked if I was General Buford. With a feeble voice I told him I was.

"Do you remember the Union soldier you shot when breaking through the Union lines in Georgia?" he asked.
"I do," was my reply.
"I am the man," said the soldier, "and I want to thank you for merely wounding my arm." The man held out his hand. I never was so glad to shake a hand in my life. The peril I had supposed I was in had caused great beads of sweat to cover my face. As I shook his hand I sank exhausted in a chair. I looked upon the corporal as my savior. When he grasped my hand I felt that I had gone from hell to heaven. The other soldier crowded around. It seems they were only excited because a great enemy was there. Before I left we all drank to the success of our common country and agreed to forget we had been enemies. I think that this is had the most thrilling personal experience I ever had."

A Tribute to the Memory of Philip Hamby.
ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:
Uncle Philip Hamby is dead. He passed away as sweetly and as peacefully as a little child goes to sleep. Nearly every man, woman or child in Christian county and adjoining counties knew Philip Hamby. Probably no other man, possessing the same degree of unassuming manners and modes of living has attained the notoriety for honesty and integrity and the general influence over his fellow men that the subject of this writing had acquired. He served his district in the capacity of magistrate for a long time, and so equitable were his decisions, so profound his knowledge of law, so high his con-

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At Original Cost!

These goods must be sold. We are crowded for room. Have not the room to display these goods, therefore intend to dispose of them at PRIME COST. Now is the time to secure such bargains as were never before offered in this community. You will find our Carpets 30 per cent. cheaper than can be bought elsewhere. Call and see that we mean business.

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A PRESIDENTIAL SCANDAL.

Miss Crowley's Death of a Broken Heart Over Bad Treatment at the Hands of the Arthurs.

New York, May 26.—A Washington special says, regarding the death, at Lockport, N. Y., of the daughter of ex-Congressman Dick Crowley, that a year ago she was said to be engaged to Allen Arthur, the President's son, who broke the engagement without any apparent reason. The lady never recovered from the mortification. Consumption set in, and she steadily declined. The special continues that this was the real cause of Crowley's quarrel with the President, and his resignation as special counsel in the South Carolina election case.

The Crowleys were very intimate at the White House. The result was to bring Allen Arthur and Miss Crowley much together. After a time Allen Arthur singled out Miss Crowley as the especial object of his attention, and they became engaged. No one foresaw any objection to the match. Suddenly the engagement was broken without a word of warning. It was at that time that Crowley had a memorable break with Arthur, leaving the White House in the towering rage, vowing that he would never speak to the President again. Various reasons were given at that time, but the real one was the peremptory breaking of the engagement between Allen Arthur and Miss Crowley. It was understood by the secret that the President ordered the breaking of the engagement upon the place that his son was too young; that he could not consider marriage until he finished his college career. This was not considered a good excuse, because the President had encouraged the intimacy. After Crowley left the White House he refused any explanation for his break. In his pride he has even denied any rupture, but Mrs. Crowley has been unsparring in denunciation of Arthur. She has said that if her daughter died she should hold the Arthur family responsible.

Another special from Washington says that Dorsey has been talking about certain revelation that he could make, and, among others, that the break between the President was due to Crowley's anger at Arthur's conduct toward a certain married woman.

Bill to Abolish Newspaper Postage.

A bill introduced by Representative Haulley to encourage education in the States and Territories, provides that all newspapers hereafter published in the several States and Territories, in any language whatever, shall be carried free of postage, through the mails, within the limits of the United States and the Territories.

What newspaper publishers need—and what they want—is not so much free mailing, but efficient and proper handling of their papers.

The fact is, that newspapers are not handled as carefully and expeditiously in the mails as they should be, and we feel we are safe in saying that at least one paper in every twenty does not reach its destination and the unfortunate publisher who has done his best to get his paper to all his subscribers promptly, is daily in receipt of communication, beginning: "I haven't received my paper," "What's the matter," etc, and then he must go to work and mail his papers to those parties over again.

This loss of five per cent, in missing papers, and the payment of postage on the missing and on duplicate copies, the publisher would greatly prefer to pay the Post Office Department, in addition to what is already paid, if it would, in the employment of a large force, do away with the loss and annoyances referred to.

All mail matter should be handled with scrupulous care, and every paper should receive as prompt attention as a letter. Let us, therefore, instead of having a law for free newspaper delivery, which would necessarily swell the mails from new newspaper enterprises, resulting in even more careless handling than at present, have the return referred to above—Agents' Herald.

Unparalleled Meanness.

A most malicious prosecution was brought against the editor of this paper Monday afternoon, which he would deem beneath his notice, had it not already appeared in another paper. He therefore thought it his duty to publish the case in its proper light, and according to the evidence given.

The editor lives at the Beauchamp House by written request of F. M. Beauchamp, the unworthy proprietor whose wife, as every one knows, is the editor's loved and aged grandmother; and he is at home when there, being perfectly free to make use of a number of things about the house and elsewhere. Wednesday morning he went into the kitchen to get a few chips to start a small fire in his office, in order to dry out a slight dampness. His grandmother was sitting in a chair, on the portico, in front of the kitchen door, talking with him very pleasantly as he gathered the chips. Suddenly F. M. Beauchamp appeared at the door, and said in a very angry tone that "he could not furnish the editor wood,"—which he had done all the time, and which it was right he should do. The editor did not appear to hear him, and not wishing to have a quarrel, said nothing in reply, knowing that what he was doing was perfectly right, and with his grandmother's full consent and personal knowledge. F. M. Beauchamp spoke up again and said, in an extremely insulting manner, that if the editor did not put down the chips he would prosecute him "as sure as there was a h—l." The editor quietly replied by saying: "You can do so if you want to," and went out with the chips and some fire, but upon reflection returned the chips to where he got them. This is the whole ground upon which the prosecution was brought, only a part of it, however, appearing in the testimony. It is needless to add that the editor was cleared of the charge of "petit larceny" to the amount of an armful of stove wood worth about five cents, and that the meanness of the plaintiff is the principal topic of conversation at present. The editor has been urged by a number of his friends to make a settlement, either by law or personally, and promising to see that justice should be adjusted, but he is not for war, (he is not the fighting editor,) but for peace, since he was born in a time of war and thinks that as the popular verdict, as well as the jury's is in his favor, he will not moisten gray hairs, even though they be the most malicious that ever disgraced the scalp of an Adairvillian—Adairville Times.

No magazine has been more successful in catering to the wants of the household than Demorest's Illustrated Monthly. The July number embraces a variety of reading well calculated to entertain and instruct. Some of the articles most interesting being "Through Normandy on Wheels," "Glimpses of German Society, seen through American Eyes," "How We Live in New York," by Jennie June; and "The True Story of Amy Robart." The stories are excellent, especially "Mary Webster, the Witch," and "The World's Progress," "Home Art and Home Comfort," and the various departments make up a very readable number. The steel engraving, "The Storm," is very fine, and the illustration generally good.

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Jan. 1884-17.

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(May 18-20)
A. E. WHITTEMORE, Clerk.

H. G. ABERNATHY. H. H. ABERNATHY.

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As cheap as any house in the city. The interest of my customers is my interest and I shall at
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(Sep. 11 '83) J. G. HORD

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Rheumatism, Scrophulous Head or Tetter, old Chronic sores of all kinds, Bells, Pimples and all diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood. It is also good as an Appetizer and for GENERAL DEBILITY.

This medicine is no secret nostrum; its formula is open for inspection to any Physician, and we invite any and all physicians who will take the trouble to examine into its merits.

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PILE OINTMENT,
A never failing remedy for External, Internal or Itching Piles. Ask your druggist for it. None genuine without the Trade Mark.

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