

ATE HIS CHOP IN SOLITUDE

Tennyson's Aloofness Respected by Fellow Diners at Restaurant He Patronized.

One of Tennyson's favorite resorts in his early days was the "Cock," in Fleet street, a few yards east of Temple Bar. Chanticleer's sign projected over the door and inside was the conventional sanded floor and the furniture and fixtures made familiar to American tourists by the "Old Cheshire Cheese."

In "Will Waterproof" Tennyson demonstrates his appreciation of the "Cock's" genial offerings, notably that pint of good sound old port for which the ancient hostelry was famous. The "Cock" was torn down many years ago to give place to a Bank of England branch office and many lovers of succulent steaks and chops lamented its demolition. I remember well the fat and plethoric waiter who rejoiced in his recollections of the great poet and indicated the particular spot on which he ate his chop, drank that immortal pint of port and smoked the long clay churchwarden affected in the chop houses of those fine old days when chops were not frozen into woolly flavorlessness in Australian wilds, when port was unsophisticated and tobacco innocent of rum and Tonkin beans.

Tennyson liked his curly tailed chop well done, with the tail crisply burned, and he removed the skin of the mealy potato with care and precision. He spoke to no one. He was moody and silent and puffed for a couple of hours, the smoke exalting his great man. Occasionally he would command—that is the word in his case—a second pint of port, drinking it slowly and with nice deliberation, and not greedily, in great gulps, like Dr. Samuel Johnson. Having paid his score, he would wrap around him a great cloth cape and, with stately step and courtly bow to the head waiter, stalk forth into the night.

The waiters viewed him with great awe and showed him marked reverence. They had not read his poems, but they knew he was a wonderful poet and they respected that wealth of hair and beard and that grave and even austere manner. The other customers of the "Cock"—lawyers and journalists mostly—accepted his desire to be left to himself, and even those who might have claimed acquaintance with him were reluctant to intrude upon his chilly solitude.

Head waiter, honored by the guest who amused or reeled him.

The first you brought me was the best that ever came from pipe.

But Tennyson, unlike his own Will Waterproof, spoke no word of commendation or blame. He was self-contained, impregnable and as the old waiter told me with inimitable seriousness of aspect and expression, "he was a werry 'anghty gent."

Russia and the Shah.
The Russian government has just kept their word to remain neutral in the struggle between Mahomed Ali and his subjects. At a national council held recently the Shah was formally deposed, his son, Ali Mirza, elected in his place, and a regent appointed. We trust that the reign of the new Shah will be happier and more beneficial to his country than that of his father and grandfather. The way in which the Anglo-Russian understanding has stood the test of the difficulties of the last few days enables us to face the future with confidence. The old rivalry between the two powers, which did so much to keep Persia in a state of unrest, will no longer stand in the way of reform. And, however Persians may quarrel among themselves, their disputes will not be allowed to set England and Russia at variance.—London Telegraph.

Wolves of Northwest Canada.
"Northwestern Canada still is full of big game," said Louis Raymond, of Montreal. "In Alberta and other provinces the woods are full of moose and timber wolves."

I have seen moose killed in that country that were as large as a big horse, with a spread of horns more than seven feet. A wounded moose can travel all day at a breakneck pace, and when cornered will fearlessly charge the hunter.

"Hunting the big gray timber wolves is tamer sport, but requires more strategy and endurance on the part of the hunter. These animals grow as large as a mastiff and are of incredible fleetness of foot. It is impossible for a horse or a dog to run one down and the biggest dog has no chance in a fight with one. Deer are plentiful in that country, but are little bothered by hunting parties except when the latter desire fresh meat."

A Four Trunk Tree.
One of the interesting features of Bridgewater's most attractive thoroughfare, Summer street, a village highway lined on both sides with New England's favorite elm, is the four trunk tree that of popular species which forms a natural archway to the mansion house of the late Eleazer Carver of cotton gin fame, says the Boston Globe.

It was this same reputable Massachusetts mechanic who also gave Bridgewater its four trunk tree curiosity, and so unconsciously at the time reared a monument for himself which is likely to last for years to come for the people of the immediate neighborhood are very proud of their Carver tree attraction and they will preserve it for future generations with most zealous attention.

FAITH IN LEGENDS

PART OF LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

Supernatural There is in the Atmosphere and Belief is Born with the People—Case of the Bewitched Cow.

Washington Irving would have delighted in the dreamy supernatural of the legends of Sleepy Hollow could find the counterpart of that region down in Tennessee. The supernatural is in the atmosphere. The inhabitants of the mountains live in it, not in slavish fear, but as a part of their lives, from which they would not be separated.

But they are very chary of their confidences in this respect with strangers. You may ask one of them about a charm, or a "hant," or a custom which he has religiously believed in all his life, and the only reply you will get will be a noncommittal "They say," or "Some people believe it," but never a word of acknowledgement that he pins his faith to it or has just come from practicing the quaint custom you are curious about. It is only after you have "proven yourself" that the mountaineer will talk freely with you concerning those things which are a very part of his life.

Who could help being superstitious when touched by the solemn stillness of the mountains? For the spell of the everlasting hills is upon them. They have been mystics from their cradles. They believe in the old Bible literally as it is read to them; not as modern critics explain it away.

The quiet life of the mountains leads them to think of and dwell upon the spirit world and the great decrees of Providence more than people do in the cities. All their lives and the lives of their forefathers have been passed in these wilds; the great world outside the mountain fastnesses is nothing to them; their minds must dwell upon something beyond the humdrum of their limited existence, and naturally it seeks to peer into the mysterious unseen, just as their better educated brothers of the city seek to delve into the mysterious unknown of art or science. It is the romance of their lives—the one bit of sentiment in a dreary round of duties. So they grasp at it, develop it, weave it in and out of their lives until it becomes a part of them.

It is probably only in the deepness of the little explored Tennessee mountains that one will find the simple black art practiced in its original purity. They pin their faith to "hants" and spells and charms. They do not talk about them any more than they would relate their private affairs to a stranger. But if you doubt their awful power they will, in a roundabout manner, relate to you that experience of Jake Long which happened "down in the valley" not long ago. "Down in the valley" is the polite way of intimating that a man lives in one of the numerous coves. The term "coveite," for some reason or other, is considered one of opprobrium to be resented, although Uncle Sam thus officially designates them.

Jake's cow got bewitched, would not come home at night to be milked, and when hunted up and driven home would not "give down" her milk. Of course, the whole valley knew what the trouble was and who was to blame. For had not like Gibbs publicly declared that he would "get even" with Jake on account of some real or fancied grievance? It was patent to all that like had bewitched the animal.

So Jake and his boys between them drew a rough sketch of a man, by strong faith supposed to be the likeness of like, with charcoal on a pine shingle. This they took into the woods and tacked up on a tree in front of the cow and shot it to pieces with their guns. After that the erring cow came home regularly and gave down her milk willingly.

Ripeness Left to Time.
He was going to act in some amateur theatricals, and having been greatly struck by "George's" beautiful, plum-colored dress coat, in the "Merry Widow," he thought he would try and pick one up somewhere. At last, in a second-hand clothes shop, kept by a descendant of Abraham, he was persuaded into buying what the vendor described as "schust ter ting, my boy."

He bore it home in triumph, only to discover next morning by the light of day that the garment was green.

In dudgeon and disgust he returned to the shop and complained.

"Green, ith it?" said the old Hebrew, contemptuously. "Vell, vell, veat it till it's ripe!"

Always Got It Wrong.
"I am in hard luck."
"How so?"
"Told Milly she was the first girl I ever loved and she said she has no time to waste training mollycoddles."

Good for the Chickens.
"Yes, I have a garden."
"I presume you raise enough to keep all your neighbors in early vegetables?"
"Well, no. But I do manage to keep their chickens pretty well supplied."—Washington Herald.

WAS LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Whittier's Somewhat Remarkable Reason for Insisting on Taking a Vacation.

"I am determined to go on a vacation." Whittier looked almost fierce as he spoke. Cleverton regarded him with a quizzical look.

"You have a comfortable home?" he asked.

"Splendid; nothing could be better." "And a loving wife?"

"None more so. Studied to please all the time. Never outrides herself, and is silent when desirable."

"You are in good physical condition?"

"Very; never felt better."

"No trouble of any sort, no hidden worry that you want to get away from?"

"None, whatever. Everything is serene."

"What then, is the reason for your going?"

Whittier smiled.

"My dear boy," he replied, "don't you know that when everything is running smoothly, when there is absolutely no cause for complaint, when you simply couldn't improve on the present condition if you tried—don't you understand that then the pure and unadulterated cussedness of human nature absolutely demands that something be done to upset the harmony of things? That's why I am going on a vacation. I'm looking for trouble!"—Thomas L. Masson in Lipincott's.

READS LIKE A NATURE FAKE

If This Story is True New Jersey Grocery Man Certainly Has a Remarkable Dog.

For years Henry Williamson, a Trenton (N. J.) grocer, had great difficulty in dealing with I. O. U. customers. A year ago a tramp offered to sell him a dog which could be trained "to do anything." Williamson thought if the animal could be learned the trick of keeping away customers with no money his grocery business would prosper, and with the idea of giving the canine such a course of instruction, he purchased him.

Trust was the name assigned to the dog, and every customer was acquainted with the canine, as by the actions of the grocer Trust soon learned whether to be friendly or to growl when certain patrons called.

Mr. Williamson assumed the attitude of harshness when he was told to "put it on the book" and his demeanor was overwhelmingly friendly when a cash customer made a visit. Trust quickly became "wise" to these changes in his master and took kindly to his course of training.

A few months later the dog would growl and make vicious attacks on I. O. U. customers and would lick the hands of those who paid cash. The result is that Mr. Williamson has no more book accounts, his business being entirely on a cash basis.

Curiosity.

Not only does every woman who enters an elevator containing a mirror turn round immediately, touch up her frizzes and remove flakes of soot from her face, but men adjust their neckties, take a deliberate survey of themselves, and pose and inflate their chests like Col. Sellers of lamented memory. A little stenographer in her building over near the city hall, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, had been observing this peculiarity in the lords of creation. One day, having surprised a man making a more deliberate and careful scrutiny than usual, she expressed her opinion to "James," the elevator man: "You needn't talk about the vanity of women after that," she exclaimed, scornfully; "men look at themselves twice as long and twice as intently as the vainest woman that ever breathed."

"You didn't hear what he said to me, did you?" asked James. "No." "He said: 'I've been drunk for four days, and I just wanted to see how I looked.'"

Mangled by California Lion.

While on an afternoon's outing the other day with two boys, Miss Isola Kennedy, a young girl who is widely known as a temperance worker, was attacked and mangled by a California lion near Glen Willis, 15 miles from San Jose, Cal. The lion first sprang on one of the boys and then attacked Miss Kennedy, who fought him as best she could with a long hatpin. The boys ran to the camp of a water company near by and gave the alarm, and John Conlon and A. Fletcher hastened to the girl's aid. The former fired four times at the animal with a shotgun, and Fletcher fired three shots with a rifle into the animal before the beast died. The girl's left arm was terribly mangled and her entire body lacerated, and her condition is serious. One boy's neck was clawed and one of his ears split open.

The Greeting Table.

A fad of the moment that is a pretty one in the way of household decoration is the greeting table that stands just within the door, and is the first thing that the guest sees. It may be a plain affair, but it must contain a vase or pot of flowers. In summer it is easy enough to have fresh flowers each day, but in winter the plant on the greeting table must be something that blooms and will not be hurt by the draught from the open door. Pink oxalis is suggested as a hardy plant for this purpose or the florist may be able to suggest something even better.

SO CHARACTERIZED BY HIS WIFE, AND HE ADMITS IT.

But He Will Yet Get Her the Many Fine Things He Had Promised, and the New Hat Right Away.

"Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops, "when can I have the money for a new hat?"

"Well, Elizabeth," Mrs. Billtops replied, cheerfully, "I couldn't give it to you just now, but I can let you have it next week."

"Next week!" said Mrs. Billtops, echoing the words but giving them a somewhat different twist, saying them not bitterly but sarcastically, but in a sort of sighing, weary tone. She continued:

"Ezra, do you know that you have been saying next week to me ever since we were married, so-and-so many years ago?"—Mrs. Billtops mentioned the number, but it isn't necessary to go into all these minor details here—"and that next week has never come? You were going to get me horses and a carriage; yes, sir, I was going to have a carriage, sure, and a fine house and beautiful clothes. You were going to make me happy, you said, and give me everything that heart could wish."

"Where, Ezra," Mrs. Billtops went on, smiling herself now as she recalled the catalogue of luxuries which when they were married Ezra was going to give her, but which he had never given, "where are those things that I was so sure going to have? Have I horses and a carriage? A fine house? Beautiful clothes? Have I any of the splendid things you promised me, that you were going to give me?"

"Has it not always been next week, next week, that those things were going to come, but have they ever come?" And again Mrs. Billtops smiled down upon him as she thought to herself: "Horses? Carriages? A fine house? Beautiful clothes? Why, I'm having a hard time getting money enough to buy a new hat!"

"Well, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops, and he was smiling, too. "I haven't given you all these things that I was going to give you, but I wanted to give you, and that I surely expected I would be able to give you, that is true; but you see things didn't turn out exactly as I expected they would. I didn't earn as much as I expected, for one thing; and then, with all your economy, my dear, it always cost us more to live than we had expected; and then the children came; and so all the time it cost us more; and perhaps I didn't save as I should have done, and so I couldn't give you so many things that I would have liked to give."

"I have not put off getting these things because I wanted to, but because I had to. You know I would have given you everything I promised you if I could, don't you? And we have been very happy, haven't we? And I am going to get you all those things yet!"

"Ezra, you're a dreamer!" said Mrs. Billtops, smiling still, and looking down upon him kindly, as a matter of fact, very kindly. "Just a dreamer."

Then Mr. Billtops got up and started for the office, thinking to himself that perhaps he was a dreamer, perhaps he had been too much of a dreamer; but he had had few night-mares in life, his had been mostly pleasant dreams; and then he reflected seriously that he certainly must find the money for Mrs. Billtops' new hat next week.

Criticism Repaid Author.
Bjornsen, the great Norwegian writer, who is reported to be seriously ill, once told an interviewer that when his first book was published not one of his friends could be prevailed upon to read it. At length a fellow-student, whose opinion the young author valued highly, was persuaded to attack the book on being promised a bottle of punch. In fulfillment of this promise, he climbed one afternoon up to Bjornsen's attic, filled a long pipe, undressed to his singlet, for it was very hot, flung himself on the bed, and began to read, with the punch by his side. Bjornsen sat on the sofa, hungry for praise, but not a word dropped from his friend's lips until the pipe, the bottle, and the book were finished, when he arose, dressed, and took his departure, remarking as he went, "That is the best book I ever read in my life." Then Bjornsen felt that his punch had not been wasted.

New England's Libraries.
According to the statistics of the national bureau of education, New England is conspicuous in the number of libraries. Her states lead the rest of the country, except that California is ahead of Rhode Island. The former state has one library for every 6,102 persons, while in Rhode Island there is one for every 6,387. In the number of volumes per capita, however, the little state is ahead, having 200 volumes for each citizen. New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut are ahead of her in the order named, and Maine and Vermont follow.

Pretending.
"See the boys."
"Pretending to be soldiers, eh?"
"Yes, kids get lots of fun pretending."
"And grown-ups, too. I put in my vacation pretending I was rich."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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1st Monday in April
1st Monday in September
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1st Monday in each month.
QUARTERLY COURT
Tuesday after 1st Monday.
FISCAL COURT
1st Tuesday in April and October.
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Sheriff
Chas. Prewitt
Deputies
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Walter Crooks
Jailer
G. T. Wilson
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Harm Done by Wrong Food.
A New York skin specialist says: "Had I to choose between the cook and the apothecary as collaborer, I think I would not hesitate for a moment to yoke myself with the former." He goes on to say that "the board kills more than the sword." Many people eat not only the wrong foods, but too much of them.

The First Encyclopedia.
The honor of first bringing a dictionary of general knowledge into alphabetical order belongs to Ephraim Chambers, an English Quaker, whose taste for literature was acquired in a globemaker's studio; he stole the time belonging to his master to compose behind the shop counter the encyclopedia published in 1727.—American Review of Reviews.

Confusion of Poisons.
The Russians may make a mistake in putting a skull-and-cross-bones label on bottles of vodka. They will teach the simple peasant, who cannot read, to look for the poison label when he is thirsty, and who can tell how much carbolic acid, vitriol and such deadly drugs will be taken in the guise of the other poison?

Flexible Glue.
One part Venetian turpentine added to four parts of glue will make a flexible glue to attach leather to metals, says the Scientific American. The mass is heated in a glue pot until it becomes sticky and no more bubbles appear. A fresh mixture will work best.

Lexington & Eastern Ky

TIME TABLE.

Effective August 1st, 1898.
East-Bound.

STATIONS.	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily
Lexington	7:15	7:45
Montrose	7:30	8:00
Avon	7:45	8:15
Wyandotte	8:00	8:30
Winchester	8:15	8:45
L. & E. Junction	8:30	9:00
Indian Fields	8:45	9:15
Clay & W.	9:00	9:30
St. Albans	9:15	9:45
Roseville	9:30	10:00
Paris	9:45	10:15
Campton Junction	10:00	10:30
Natural Bridge	10:15	10:45
Glencliff	10:30	11:00
Trenton	10:45	11:15
Pinecastle	11:00	11:30
Georgetown Junction	11:15	11:45
St. Louis	11:30	12:00
Tallega	11:45	12:15
Ashol	12:00	12:30
Frankfort	12:15	12:45
O. & E. Junction	12:30	1:00
Ar. Jackson	12:45	1:15

West-Bound.

STATIONS.	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Sun.
Ar. Jackson	7:15	7:45	8:00
O. & E. Junction	7:30	8:00	8:15
Frankfort	7:45	8:15	8:30
Ashol	8:00	8:30	8:45
Tallega	8:15	8:45	9:00
Georgetown Junction	8:30	9:00	9:15
Pinecastle	8:45	9:15	9:30
Trenton	9:00	9:30	9:45
Natural Bridge	9:15	9:45	10:00
Campton Junction	9:30	10:00	10:15
St. Albans	9:45	10:15	10:30
Clay & W.	10:00	10:30	10:45
Indian Fields	10:15	10:45	11:00
L. & E. Junction	10:30	11:00	11:15
Winchester	10:45	11:15	11:30
Wyandotte	11:00	11:30	11:45
Avon	11:15	11:45	12:00
Montrose	11:30	12:00	12:15
Lexington	11:45	12:15	12:30

THE FOLLOWING CONNECTIONS ARE MADE DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

L. & E. Junction—Nos. 1 and 2 will connect with the L. & E. for Mt. Sterling, Ky. Campton Junction—Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 will connect with the Mountain Central Railway for passengers bound from Campton, Ky. Georgetown Junction—Number 2 will connect with the L. & E. Railway for Paintsville, Ky. O. & E. Junction—Nos. 1 and 2 will connect with the O. & E. Railway for Laurel City, Ky. and way stations.

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Norway's Wooden Churches.

Some of the wooden churches of Norway are fully 700 years old and are still in an excellent state of preservation. Their timbers have successfully resisted the frosty and almost arctic winters because they have been repeatedly coated with tar.

National Conversations.

If you see three men standing together on the sidewalk in any given country, you can guess the subject of their conversation. In Germany it is the army; in Russia the bureaucracy; in France, women; in the United States, business; in England, sport, and in Turkey, nothing at all.—La Dernière Heure, Brussels.

Adonis in Hard Luck.

A man once asked Thackeray to lend him five shillings, that he would convert into £20,000. Asked how, he explained that he knew a young lady with £20,000 who he knew would marry him if he asked her, but he had pawned his teeth, and wanted five shillings to redeem them in order to propose effectively.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Setting Hard Task for Cat.

Two little boys, talking together one day—English boys these—were heard to remark that their mother's cat had again had kittens. "Oh, she is a champion layer," said one, to which the other replied: "I wish some day she would lay tadpoles!" these being the particular joy of his heart at that moment.

Leather from Frog Skin.

A frog's skin makes the thinnest and at the same time one of the toughest leathers that can be tanned.