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THIRD YEAR. EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892 NO. 41.

The Bee.

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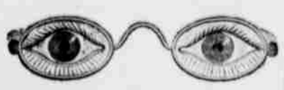
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First-class work done at very reasonable prices. A positive guarantee.
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Church Directory.

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First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon, 10:00 a. m. Rosary instruction and benediction at 2:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Coenan, pastor.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Services regularly held, morning and evening, every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday night.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services second Saturday evening and Sunday each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night. J. S. Cheek, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH.
Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. Rev. J. S. Cox, pastor.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

Madisonville.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning and evening by T. N. Compton. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by Elder Fall. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Preaching eveay first and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by J. T. Cherry. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every first and third Lord's day, morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at 9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15. Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. church.

Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. & A. M. Stated meetings the first and third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p. m. Transient brethren cordially invited to attend. HENRY C. BOURLAND, W. M.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
J. B. WYATT, N. G.
C. H. HUEY, Secretary.

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, I. O. G. T. Regular meeting of members every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially invited to attend. MRS. J. E. DAY, C. T.
C. H. HUEY, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
ISAAC PHILLIPS, C. C.
THOS. D. HARRIS, K. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend
N. W. HUFF, W. M.
T. G. TERRY, Recorder.

Musical Organizations.

THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at the Masonic Hall every Tuesday and Friday night. All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings begin at 8 o'clock. DAN M. EVANS, Manager of Band and Hall.

Official Directory.

State.

Governor—John Young Brown.
Lieutenant-Governor—Mitchell C. Alford.
Secretary of State—John W. Headley.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
Attorney General—W. J. Hendricks.
Auditor—L. C. Nunnan.
Treasurer—H. S. Hale.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter Thompson.
Register Land Office—Green B. Swango.
Insurance Commissioner—Henry F. Duncan; Deputy Commissioner, W. T. Havens.
Adjutant General—A. J. Gross.
Assistant Adjutant General—F. B. Richardson.
Supt. Arsenal—Capt. David O'Connell.
Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Macey.
Commissioner of Agriculture—Nieh. McDowell.
Court of Appeals—Chief Justice, W. H. Holt; Judges, W. S. Pryor, Caswell Bennett, W. H. Holt, J. H. Lewis; Clerk, A. Addams.
Superior Court—Presiding Judge, Jos. Barbour; Judges, W. H. Yost, Jr., Jos. Barbour, J. H. Brent.
Librarian—Mrs. Mary Brown Day.
Public Printer and Binder—E. Polk Johnson.
State Geologist—John R. Proctor.
Inspector of Mines—C. J. Norwood.
Railroad Commission—I. A. Spalding, W. B. Fleming, G. M. Adams.

County.

Judge of Circuit Court—John R. Grace.
Commonwealths Attorney—J. B. Garnett.
Circuit Court Clerk—John Christy.
Judge of County Court—J. F. Dempsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Waddill.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—K. C. Tapp.
Jailor—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.
Coroner—L. D. H. Rodgers.

MAGISTRATES.
Cartail District—L. F. Bailey, E. C. Almon.
Court House District—D. Stodghill, T. R. Cardwell.
Hanson District—J. W. Simons, J. W. Jones.
Nebo District—H. F. Porter, A. J. Key.
Charleston District—J. C. Lovell, J. R. Franklin.
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From St. Louis, Evansville and Henderson to the
SOUTHEAST AND SOUTH!
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From above cities to Nashville and Chattanooga, making direct connection
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Are you on the look out for something handsome and serviceable in shoe leather? If you are, you will look a long time before you find any thing that matches our new fall shoes. We are enjoying the best shoe trade of any store in the country, and we know just how we came to have it, and we know just how we are going to keep it, by selling "first class goods" at "second class prices." When you pay your good money you are entitled to a good shoe. The merchant who sells cheap shoddy shoes ought to have to wear them himself. McLEOD & DULIN.

WILD-GAT BANKING SYSTEM.

MR. REID DENOUNCES THE "SHIN-PLASTER" AND COMMENDS

The National Banking System—How About Alabama?—Good Mr. Peck—Duty In Politics.

Next to Washington's unconstitutional tariff and this administration's sham reciprocity comes Salmon P. Chase's national banking system. That, too, must be abolished, and so the Democratic platform declares for the renewal of the wild-cat banking by the abolition of the long and wisely maintained tax on State bank issues.

Such a proposal calls for the return of the good old times when every farmer had to consult a "Thompson's Bank Note Reporter" before he dared to take a dollar bill for more than 50 cents; when a Springfield bill would pass only at a discount in Chicago and a Chicago bill only at a discount in Springfield; when the country was flooded with irredeemable shin-plasters; when every transaction represented a loss on the on the money you got or the money you paid out, and the trade of the note-shaver was the best one going. Does such a currency, which often could not circulate at par a hundred miles from its place of issue; belong to a semi-barbarious period? Why should people who are not semi-barbarians propose to return it? Ask the voters what they think about it.

How About Alabama?

A correspondent to the Chicago Herald expresses himself: "Democratic success at the presidential election is now menaced by a new danger. It is useless to conceal fact that in this struggle the hitherto solid south is likely to be broken. For the first time since the great steal of 1876 a southern electoral vote is in danger of being cast for another the Demcratic nominee for chief magistrate. This danger greatest in Alabama, where the Republicans, aided by one of the shrewdest and most unscrupulous of northern political manipulators, have succeeded in effecting some sort of a trade by means of which the Third partyites join with the radicals on fusion electoral ticket. Whether or not Harrison can win the electorial votes of Alabama, on case this fusion plan succeeds is not known, but from the fact that the deal was arranged by Chris Magee, of Pennsylvania, it is supposed to be lorgely in the interest of Harrison. As yet the details of the bargain are not known here, but Democratic managers admit there is great danger of Cleveland losing the entire electorial vote of the State, and of a part of it at least going to Harrison. If the deal called simply for taking votes from Cleveland and giving none to his rival it would not much matter, for its only effect in that case would be to contribute to the throwing of the election into the house of representatives, where Democrats reign supreme."

Labor Statistics by the Peck.

Good Mr. Peck, you begun well.
In fact you are a treasure;
You are the only Peck we know
That fills a bushel measure.

Duty in Politics.

No patriarch can fail to rejoice at your political activity. It is, or it should be, one of the purest and best forms of manly endeavor. Next to the service of God, the service of the people—that is to say, the work of politics—is the highest of human interests and the noblest of human occupations.—Whitelaw Reid.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

MR. PLATT STATES THAT HE AND HIS FRIENDS WILL WORK FOR HARRISON.

The Mckinley Bill Injures the Plush Business in England—Deleware Republicans in Earnest—Some Free Trade Prices.

Republicans everywhere may be sure that the leaders of the party in all quarters of the country are working together with cordiality in the support of the ticket. Thus far the work has been chiefly that of organization. The lines will now advance and until the polls closes on November 8th, there will be aggressive fighting. While the opposition managers have been proclaiming every day that New York Republicans were hopelessly divided, all differences there have been in process of rapid healing, and to-day there is an accord which will assure a full vote, and that, as matters now stand in the State, means certain success for the Republicans.

A recent authorized review with ex-Senator Platt deserves wide circulation, as an example of the present feeling among those in prominent positions in the party, who before the national convention and up to the moment of the nomination were energetic anti-Harrison men. Said Mr. Platt, when reminded that he talked very stronly against the nomination of the President: "So I did; nor have I anything to take back, nor anything to regret. I did then what I thought was my duty to the Repubilcans of New York, and of the country. I am going to do what I think is my duty now. We live in a land where the majority rules, must rule and is going to rule every time. The majority did not agree with me at Minneapolis. I did my best to defeat the President, but he had more votes than the other candidates, and that settled it. Now he is the nominee of the Republican party. I am a Republican. I was a Republican in 1855; and have been a Republican every hour of the day since then until this minute, never faltering in my support of Republican principles and Republican candidates, no matter whether the men were of my choice or not. The aims and policies and characters of parties in this country have got to undergo a wonderful change before I shall be anything else than a Republican."

This sufficiently illustrates his own honorable position. Another part of the interview exhibits the President in the dignified character of a man who puts all petty personal matters aside and freely consults with all who can render the party assistance. Said Mr. Platt: "It was indicated to me that the President would be glad to see me, so I went to see him, as any American citizen should who has received such an invitation. He met me cordially."

Won't you give some idea of the conversation was asked.

"It was not a talk upon petty personal issues," the Senator replied. "The President's remarks were those of a broad-minded, fair-minded sensible man, who had the right view of the dignity of his office, a view that the American people admire and sustain. Much was said of his forthcoming letter of acceptance and the manner and method in which he proposed to treat the issues between the parties. We went over the more important public questions, such as the tariff, finance and fair elections, and the manner in which our principles as to those questions should be placed and kept before the people. We talked of the State of New York and the condition of the Republican party here; of what was necessary to bring out its full strength and to render it most effective on election day." Mr. Platt, in closing this significant interview, thus made known the position of his friends in the State:

"Will your friends throughout the State support the national ticket as heartily as you will?" was asked.

"Of course they will," the Senator replied. "My friends are Republicans. They are the sort of Republicans who can be depended on for hard and steady work. They are always ready night and day. They will be found in this campaign, as they have always been found, doing their full duty."

This interview is a fair indication of the real situation in New York. All that conflicts with it is the result of misinformation or misrepresentation.

McKinley Bill Injures the Plush Business in England.

The shareholders in the Bradford manufacturing concern of Sir Titus Salt, Sons & Co. (limited) have finally decided to wind up the affairs of the company, and liquidators have been appointed. The business will proceed until the stocks and contracts now on hand are worked out. It is said that the assets will be £250,000 over the liabilities.

In the circular recently issued by the company, calling a meeting of the shareholders to consider the proposition to wind up the business, it was said that the plush trade generally, in which the company is largely engaged, had fallen to about one-tenth of what it was before the McKinley tariff went into effect in the United States.

Doubtful Delaware.

The dispatches from Wilmington announcing the arrest of a State officer for refusing registration to Republican voters who were entitled to it indicate the earnestness of the work which the present Republican managers are doing to redeem Delaware. Under the guidance of Gen. James H. Wilson and Senator Higgins, a most vigorous and effective political campaign is in progress. Its organization possesses great strength, and its movement bids fair to partake of the dash of the notable cavalry campaigns of Gen. Wilson. The best Republican judges of the Delaware situation believe that, with proper encouragement, both the electoral vote and the Legislature of that State can be secured by the Republicans. For some years the Democrats have only held it by preventing legitimate Republican registration. If it is possible to stop this fraud, there will be a Republican victory.

Some Free Trade Prices.

Mr. Isaac Walton, of Fairbury, is an old-time merchant who sold goods in that thriving little town away back in 1858, the good old free trade time we hear so much about. The editor of the Blade of that city looked over an account book kept by Mr. Walton in that year, and here are some of the prices found:

Crushed Sugar	$ 17½	lb
B sugar	16¼	lb
Fig leaf tobacco	1 20	lb
Imp. and gun powder teas	1 25	lb
Bar soap	10½	br
Carbon oil	37	gal
Flour	$12 to $14	bbl
Salt	3 50	bbl
Nails	10	lb

These are articles of necessity to-day, as they were then. The editor of the Blade took the list to a retail merchant doing business in Fairbury to-day, and got the following quotation of prices:

Crushed sugar	$ 06	lb
B sugar	04½	lb
Tobacco	50	lb
Teas	35	lb
Soap	04½	bar
Oil	15	gal
Flour	4 to $6	bbl
Salt	1 00	bbl
Nails	03	lb

The free trader tells you that while wages may be a trifle lower under his system than under a protective tariff, the cost of living would be so much less that the difference would be greatly to the advantage of the consumer. Now, 1858 was a free trade year and 1892 is a protection year—just compare the above prices current in the two, and explain where the advantage to the consumer comes in.—Illinois State Journal.

Counting Coins by Electricity.

In the London Mint, it is stated in the master's report just published, a new counting machine for telling bronze coin has been erected in the bronze store. It was designed by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons & Field, Limited. The machine has four distinct sets of counting aparatus, each of which can be worked independently of the others, and when all four are in full work upward of 3,000 pence can be counted per minute. The coin to be told is raised to the level of two tables placed on a platform by a lift worked by an electric motor, which also drives the counting machines. A pair of these machines is fed from each of the two tables, the coins passing from the table down an inclined iron plate forming a flat hopper, from which they issue in single file through a channel of apropriate width. They are gripped by a pair of India rubber driving wheels, which force the coins past the rim of a thin disk provided with recesses in its circumference to fit the circular edges of the coins. As the disk is thus made to revolve, the coins are pushed forward, falling into a bag placed to receive them, and continue to advance until the counting wheel is automatically stopped and the bag containing the coins is removed.

THE SEA-SHELL.

I strolled at evening on the shore
Of a wide sea;
I stooped and picked a shell that sang
A song to me.
I placed it to my ear, and heard
The rolls and shocks
Of breaking, thundering waves, that died
On ocean rocks.

I pressed that shell close to my ear,
And then it seems
A sweet song breaks from far off realms—
The land of dreams.
And thus this tiny ocean waif,
Holds in its breast,
A music like the singing spheres,
All unexpressed.

Again I placed it to my ear,
And faintly heard
The sweetest song that earth e'er knew—
A Poet's tender word.
I listened to the song, all rapt
In Fancy's spell,
And to my longing heart I clasped
That pearly shell.

O, shell of tinted rose and pearl,
'Tis given thee
To drink the music of the deep,
Unresting sea.
Till one day the far skies shall break
Their seals of blue,
And till this waif of song shall find
Its bright way through.

And so the tides that surge and sweep
Within the soul,
Breathe myst'ries like the sea, or like
The ocean's roll.
And onward wide and deep they swell—
A mystic throng,
Unfathomed in their mighty sweep—
A flood of song.

The poet's heart is like that shell,
That on the beach,
Hides in its pearly walls a song
Beyond the reach
Of the rude world's exacting ear—
A mystic strain,
That breathes to only kindred hearts
Its soft refrain.

M. T. FLIPPIN.

ANITA GARIBALDI.

BY C. B. H.

Anita Riveiro was born in 1821, in the small village of Barra, in Santa Catharina, South America. Here, in the tropic luxuriance of nature, she grew up comparatively unbred and totally ignorant of the customs and habits of the outer world. The people around seemed to have in them some of the generosity of the nature that bloomed about them in such rich and varied beauty; for they were, according to General Garibaldi's own account of his sojourn in these parts, singularly cordial, free, and open-handed.

"The traveler," he tells us in his memoirs, "has no need to speak his desires. He simply goes into the house and turns to the right into the guest room. Servants come to him unbidden, take off his boots and wash his feet; he stays as long as he pleases, departs wither he will, without a word of farewell or thanks. Yet, notwithstanding this, the next guest will be received as cordially."

Magnificent forests divided, at that time, Santa Catharina from the neighboring providences, and this accounts for that lack of civilization which Garibaldi so enthusiastically calls "Nature's youth and Humanity's dawn." It was here, by the shores of St. Catharine, that the blue-eyed, fair-haired young Italian hero first met his intrepid Anita—a tall, slenderly built young creature, with small, lithe limbs, and a wealth of raven hair. Theirs was a short, strange courtship. She was the bethothed of another, but of that he knew nothing at the time and cared as little. Through his telescope he watched her daily come down to the well near the stand to draw water—one of a bevy of village maidens—and, following her every footstep with his glance, took note of the house that seemed to be her home. Twelve years later, in bitter grief at her death. he speaks of his courtship thus:

"At last I decided. I got into a boat, rowed ashore and went to the cottage from which I had for days been unable to take my eyes. My heart beat, but my decision was not shaken. A man invited me to enter. I should have done so, even if forbidden. I had seen this man once before. I saw the young girl and said to her: 'You shall be mine!' With these words I had knotted a tie between us that death alone had power to sever. I had found a hidden treasure—and a treasure of such worth! If a wrong were done, that wrong was wholly and solely mine. Yes, it was a deep wrong to cause by the union of two hearts the breaking of another. But she is dead and—he is avenged. Where did I first learn to see the depth of my error? There, by Erma's shores, the day I hoped to see her once again, the day I sought in agony to count her heat. throbs—the day I heard her last sigh—when her lips were cold and I wept tears of despair."

From which we see that it is not only as an undaunted Amazon that this Southern girl's name has been inscribed on the scroll of Death's rival—Fame. She was, through and through, a whole-soulded, true-hearted woman, a faithful and unselfish wife, a gentle and conscientious mother.

But Anita Garibaldi, the Amazon, stood by her husband's side in many fights on land and sea, and, calm and unflinching, beneath the shower of shot, fired off her gun at the enemy. Before the commencement of the first fight in which she took part, Garibaldi implored her to seek shelter on shore, but she firmly refused to part from him in his hour of peril, and, silently proud of her courage, he no longer opposed her will. Suddenly she was thrown to the deck by a cannon ball. Garibaldi, terrified, rushed forward, expecting to find her torn to pieces, but she rose completely unhurt. Then he bade her shelter herself, and implored her to go below, and she answered: "I will, but only to hunt out the cowardly wretches who are hiding there." A moment later she returned, sabre in hand, driving before her several sailors who had fled from the strife.

At another time Garibaldi, having occasion to go ashore to send a message to Gen. Canabarro, gave Anita command of his ship for the time being. But with full sail the enemy was meanwhile approaching, and when he returned he found that Anita had already commenced the cannonade. In high, clear tones she gave her orders and encouraged her men. A terrible blood-bath followed. Of all the officers of the three ships Garibaldi was the sole survivor.

This was not the only time he placed his men under her command, and even on land she took part with her husband in battle, following him on horseback into the deadliest peril. At Garibaldi's victory at St. Victoria she tenderly bandaged and nursed the wounded.

Her first-born son, the now celebrated Menotti, came into the world with a scar on his head, caused by his mother's fall from the horse shot dead beneath her at the Tavnari encounter. He was born on September 16, 1840, in a miserable little rancho on the peninsula that separates Los Fatossjon from the Atlantic Ocean. Garibaldi had not so much as a handkerchief to wrap around the child, nor the smallest means of aiding or tending the mother. He therefore betook himself to distant Settembrina to bring help for "his poor darlings." In his absence the rancho was beseiged by a troop sent by the enemy to capture the celebrated Italian leader, and with her twelve-days-old child in her arms, Anita swung herself up on horseback and fled with fierce gallop into the woods.

Hungry, half-naked and shivering in the cold and rain, she lay hidden there till Garibaldi returned with comfort and succor. After the first fight of the Rio Grandie, when the little army was braving the dangers of the heavy rain season, which had flooded the rivers and softened the ground into a spongy mire into which horse and rider sank, Anita bore her sufferings and discomforts without one plaint, anxious only for their three-months-old child, whom Garibaldi carried in a handkerchief slung round his neck that he might warm its tender little limbs with his breath.

But death smote the dauntless Anita at last. Hunted from place to place by the enemy, consumed with fever and torn by all the pangs of a premature birth, she breathed her last in her husband's arms and was buried in the sand of the pine forest. Her body was, however, later on taken out, put in a coffin and carried to a neighboring chapel, where it lay till Garibaldi himself, many years later, feted then and worshipped by all in the land, knelt down by the coffin with his son Menotti and his daughter Teresita and wept. Then they brought all that was left of the tender wife and mother and the intrepid Amazon to Nice, and left her mournfully there in the cold bosom of mother earth.

After gathering in their crops in Utah, five hundred Mormon families will move to Mexico in the autumn.

Genius may be swift, but patience has the surest feet.—Ram's Horn.