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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.
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Madisonville.

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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.

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

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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. 840, 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. HUNT, 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. HUNT, 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.
JESSE 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.
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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.

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Secretary of State—John W. Headley.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Leigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
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Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter Thompson.
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Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Macey.
Commissioner of Agriculture—Nich. McDowell.
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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.

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

MAGISTRATES.

Curtsil District—L. F. Bailey, E. C. Almon.
Court House District—D. Stodghill, T R. Cardwell.
Hanson District—J. W. Simons, J. W. Jones.
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Louisville, Kentucky.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Since the Baby Died.

The home has been so strangely still
Since the baby died.
The birds no longer seem to trill
Since the baby died.
The sunshine's gone and shades of gloom
Lurk in the corners of the room;
The roses have a fainter bloom
Since the baby died.
The stars seem brighter than before
Since the baby died.
We're nearer to the other shore
Since the baby died.
"Not in his anger but in love,"
Not as an eagle but a dove;
There's less below and more above
Since the baby died.

Twinkling Toes.

The soft swish of a silken gown,
Then a dazzle of lace;
A gleam of arm, now up, now down—
Through it a saucy face.

A slender, shapely stocking—black—
A whirl, a bound, a spin;
Sinewy, supple, with a happy knack
Of never suggesting sin.

A dash of white, a flash of hose,
Rustles and prisms and things;
A sparkle of eyes, a twinkle of toes
In pirouettes, kicks and flings.

A flutter of color and shimmering hues,
Abandoned, pretty and free;
From dancing curls to shapely shoes,
A poem in motion, she.

Shadows.

From Truth.

I can not tell! I can not tell
How came such freaks of light and shade;
'Twas but last night, in yonder dell,
Two figures in the moonlight strayed.

The like before I never knew;
I almost think of it with dread,
For oft the shadows that they threw
Had, who'd b'lieve it? but one head!

To me the case was passing strange;
For well I know, doubt it who will,
That simultaneous with each change
Both figures suddenly stood still.

I wonder now, and wondered then,
If e'er such things took place before;
For when the two moved on again
Each shadow had a head once more.

To Lubin I have told the tale,
And he appears to have no doubt
That if we try the moonlit vale
We soon shall find the secret out.

To Russia.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.
From the Menorah Monthly.

Who tamed your lawless Tartar breed?
What David bearded in her den
The Russian bear in ages when
You rode your black unbridled steed,
A skin-clad savage of the steeps?
Why one who now sits low and weeps,
Why one who now wails out to you,
The Jew, the homeless, hated Jew!

Who girt the thews of your young prime?
Why, who but Moses shaped your course
And bound your fierce, divided force
United down the grooves of Time!
Your mighty millions, all to-day
The hated, homeless Jew obey.
Who taught all histories to you?
The Jew, the hated, homeless Jew.

Who taught you tender Bible tales
Or honey lands, of milk and wine?
Of happy peaceful Palestine?
Of Jordan's holy harvest vales?
Who gave the patient Christ? I say,
Who gave your Christian creed? Yea, yea!
Who gave your very God to you?
The Jew! the Jew! the hated Jew!

The Counter-Jumper's Carol.

With my trusty shears in hand
All the live-long day I stand;
Every lady's small command
Me employs.
When I am not "on the mash,"
With my scissors do I slash,
Or I hurl the mandate "Cash!"
At small boys.

But, when evening shades the vale,
Then I very seldom fail
In a borrowed swallow-tail
To cavort.
From my proud, distinguished air
I might be a millionaire.
In the waltz with damsels fair
I disport.

I appear, I'm sure, as well
As the very richest swell;
While my status none can tell
Is a hoax.
To some faded, passe belle
My affections I will sell;
Then I'll marry her and dwell
With her folks.

Gettysburg.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

I stood to-day upon the ridge
Where once the blue brigades were massed,
And gazed upon the plain below,
O'er which the charging columns passed.

And sauntering downward, somewhat sad,
Among the stones no longer stained,
I came upon a little mound
That only the front rank had gained;

A little mound left all alone,
Unmarked by flower or cypress wreath
To show that some regretful heart
Remembered him who slept beneath.

But half-way hidden by the grass,
I found a broken barrel stave;
The headboard which some foeman's hand
Had kindly placed upon the grave.

And on it traced these touching words,
In letters I could scarce divine;
"A rebel, name unknown, who fell
First in the foremost line."

God's peace be with thee in thy rest,
Lone dweller in the stranger's land,
And may the mold above thy breast
Lay lighter than a sister's hand.

On other brows let careless fame
Her fadeless wreath of laurel twine,
Enough for thee, thy epitaph:
"First in the foremost line!"

THAT POOR FLY.

We Are Again Reminded of a Story We Once Heard—That Story Itself is Responsible for What Follows.

We clip from an exchange, whose traveling correspondent refers to the Hustler's recent obituary on a "Dead Fly." It is dated at Mammoth Cave, and reads as follows:

"We arrived here this afternoon too late to do the cave to-day, and have decided to await the morrow, start early and put in the entire day under the ground. I have no other news to-, therefore, for this letter to-night than to direct the forwarding of my mail, after the 1st proximo, to Chicago.

I am comfortably situated on the first floor of the only hotel the place affords, my window looking towards the great cave's entrance. We had one of those perfect October evenings, which, I am told, are common in this climate.

"It was an evening bright and still
As ever blushed on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour."

Nothing of any great consequence has happened, but inasmuch as my cave letter will suffer delay, I'll recount a miniature episode which came under my observation.

The hotel is the summum bonum, — in fact, about the only "bonum" of which this town, if indeed it may be honored with such an appellation, can boast. After tea, therefore, I emerged from the dining-room and wandered forth upon the veranda for a smoke, where I encountered several others engaged in the same pleasant pastime. Some of them were guests like myself; others, I afterwards found to be natives of the place. The latter regaled us with many reminiscences of the great natural World Wonder.

When the conversation had slightly lagged, one of the party chanced to pick up a country newspaper, published, I believe, at Madisonville, in Southwest Kentucky, and called our attention to an article preceded by glaring and glowing headlines, announcing a touching obituary on a DEAD FLY, which was read—the article, I mean, not the Fly—the fly was blue.

The article itself was very good, but the comments its reading elicited were equally entertaining. For instance, "I've been a Cave-dweller," spoke up one of the natives, lifting a tired looking pipe from a furrowed lip, and spitting a motley gob over a box of geraniums, "goin' on 39 ye'r and this is nigh on to the flimsiest fly-blister I ever seed drawed yit."

The puny pun was not lost, but had hardly been allowed to settle down upon us before Uncle Jakey, as he was called, "'lowed he'd hearn summers of heathen b'levin' that sperits went into flies, and fleas and frogs and things, which may be so," said Jakey, "but I'm a bettin' sperits did go into the Editor of this here article a leetle before she wuz born: 'n I'll drap 'nother dollar that he's a Republican."

Of course we all had to laugh at the old man's oddities, and I was wondering who would be the next, when a gentleman, whom I took to be a Commercial Traveler, and who was struggling under the weight of an enormous paste diamond, snugly ensconced upon an elaborate Cleveland neck-tie, uncrossed his legs, setting his foot down upon a catterpillar with a squush, said he'd go him havvers. "Why, it stands to reason," he continued, crossing his legs back again, thus elevating the mangled and deceased caterpiller still sticking to his foot, "that the man who wrote that stuff wouldn't have dared to turn it loose upon an innocent and unsuspecting public unless he was Highly Protected." And then by way of making assurance doubly sure, he started up an enormous forced laugh, punching a fellow Traveler.

"I'll have to take issue with you on that point," his friend responded, lifting his thumbs to the armholes of his vest as he straightened out his legs, "it strikes me that the article clamors loudly for Reform. What do you say, Dick?" Sounds that way to me, and it is mighty evident that the little paper is run 'For Revenue Only.'"

They ran everyt hing into politics I was thinking, when Uncle Jakey, who evidently had more sense than he cared to acknowledge, came to the front again by saying: "Lemme see that paper a minit, strang-er, ef you please. Looks like we we ought to be able to settle its politics ef its got any, without much trouble," and laying the paper gently across his knee, he reached down in his pants pocket after his spectacles with one hand, and into his coat-tail pocket after his dandanner, with the other.

Do you know I love to see one of these Old Timers performing that most commonplace of little tasks? I love to see him go down into his pocket after his glasses, wipe them mechanically and then adjust them to his nose. The quiet dignity and native self-possession with which the act is accompanied I fear me will become a lost art, when such men as Uncle Jakey shall have ceased to be.

Uncle Jakey, of course, went through the usual performance of holding the paper here, and there, at arms length and then at close range; of looking at it over the top and then under the bottom of the spectacles, until he finally settled down to a side glance. After a kind of cross between a long drawn out throat-clear and muffled grunt, he began to read the first thing his old eyes rested on in a mumbly sort of a way: "I am the farmers frien3," and without stopping to read further he quickly took down the paper, and looking over the top of his spectacles said: "Why, this must be a Wheeler paper," and getting it lined up to suit his vision again, he happened to strike a new advertisement, I suppose, for I heard something like "the mange in hogs cured by .... No, he's no Wheeler," and then after reading in a loud whisper to himself for a moment, Uncle Jakey removed his spectacles with a kind of half flourish belonging to that same school referred to above, with the rather uncertain remark that the paper seemed to him to be made up of Taffy and Tariff Reform; that he 'sposed the taffy must have attracted the fly, and the tariff reform killed him. "It was a diet of paste you know," said Jakey, "which unsettled the fly's stomache, so this here article of his'n says."

There was a gentleman occupying a back seat, clad in dark clothing, a black silk hat and marked reserve. His hands were small, soft and white like a woman's. His frank, open face bore the marks of culture and refinement belonging to the clergy. He had been silent but attentive listener to the nonsense up to this time, and in all probability never would have opened his mouth, if Uncle Jakey had not addressed him as "Brother Tanner" and asked his opinion on the "Fly question."

After a moment of silence during which he quietly twirled a modest mustache as a faint smile half parted his thin lips, a slight twinkle might have been noticed in his eye, and then rubbing his soft hands together in a kind of apologetic way replied: "I was endeavoring to recall a passage of scripture fitting the case; and if you will take the pains to turn to Ecclesiastes, 10th Chapter and 1st verse, if I am not greatly mistaken, you will find these words:

'Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savor: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.'

"I do not know," he continued, "but each of us might appropriate a portion of the text to ourselves, in view of the magnitude (?) of the subject engaging our attention; but it is most certainly true that the circumstances bringing this passage to our attention at this particular time, I must confess, are not such as are calculated to reflect any great credit upon the unknown Journalist, with whom I have had neither acquaintance, and certainly no desire to offend."

The quotation seemed to me so admirably adapted to the article, I at first could hardly believe it genuine until I referred to a bible at hand. "Seeing you have a bible," the modest minister ventured to continue, "would you mind refering to Isaiah, 7:18? Insignificant as a fly may appear to man, you will find him an obedient and willing servant in the hands of an all wise God." The passage reads as follows: 'And it shall come to pass in that day that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Assyria.'

The reading of the passage had hardly been allowed to cease before Uncle Daniel ejaculated, "Well, I do declawr; why, flies aren't to be sneezed at be they? Who'd a thought the bible was so well posted on drug-store flies. The reverend gentleman was just about to resume, when the Drummer with the diamond encumberance found himself loaded with the following: "My wife is a very exemplary christian woman and has a very handsome bible. Now I've been laboring under the delusion that there were no "flies" on her bible." The Reverend Tanner reminded him that there were many besides those quoted: "For instance," said he, "you remember that some 3380 years ago, possibly before the introduction of the Power Press into South West Kentucky, the Lord, in Exodus, made use of them quite effectively in scourging the Egyptians. Flies are referred to in Psalms, Proverbs and Kings, and other places in the bible."

"Arn't he about the buggiest preacher you ever seed?" said Uncle Jakey in an undertone to the Drummer. "Purty Fly," replied the Drummer. The aptness with which the minister called to mind the passages of scripture, presaged a thorough acquaintance therewith; and with proper interrogation and encouragement, he continued his conversation, saying, "Man is not limited or restricted in research, even though he confines himself to earth. A single glance in almost any direction is abundantly sufficient to open up vast fields for thought; and the Editor who would presume to write—even the epitaph of an unfortunate fly, need not feel himself hampered for space in which to wield a prodigious pen. If this be true of the ordinary fly, then what about him who undertakes to write an elegy upon the vicissitudes of an erratic fly, overcome with an appetite for printer's ink and a decidedly dangerous penchant for paste?

Such a fly, beset on every hand by the parlor furniture of the spider with which the average editorial sanctum is usually festooned, and dwelling in an atmosphere of rank incense, redolent with taffy without "sugar," you will not be surprised when I remind you, had an ancestry which was created on Friday. The earliest writings, both sacred and profane, bear record that he was healthy and prolific in his infancy; active, aggressive, yet obedient to his Creator, during his earlier life, and according to this paper, exceedingly unfortunate in his old age.

I believe it was reserved for Linnæus to name the fly, and up to the year 1873, comparatively little or nothing was known of his boyhood, his habits or his genealogy. When he did begin to elicit the attention of entomologists, he was thought to be a tramp. This slanderous reputation, however, has long since given place to the well-known fact that he more than pays his way as a scavenger alone. In fact scientists assert that his place could hardly be filled.

Josephus does honor to the fly by recording the fact that one of the heathen gods was named after him. The name of this heathen god was Baalzebub, or Beel-zebub, as it is spelled, which means the lord of a fly. He further states that the 8th king of Israel was in the habit of consulting this Fly-god, who was honored with a temple of Ekron on the Mediterranean coast, the chief city of the Philistines. That Alfaziah (the king referred to) had respect for this Fly-god is evidenced from the fact that he consulted him upon issues of the most vital importance. See also 2nd Kings, 1: 2.

Pliny, a Latin historian of considerable note who lived at the beginning of the Christian Era, also refers to this same Fly-god to whom the Africans offered sacrifices praying the removal of certain swarms of flies with which they were troubled.

In the reading of this article before us, I could not help noting a very marked contrast between the fly's religious habits to-day, and in ancient times. Our Editorial friend has truly said the fly is a persistent church-goer in this day and age; but it was different in that day and age. We learn from authentic religious literature that there never was a fly in the temple of Jerusalem, notwithstanding the daily sacrifices which were offered therein.

Were one disposed to dilate upon this point, it might be made to appear that the fly has retrograded somewhat from his original ideas of virtue and decorum. And yet, who is ready to assert that his Fyship has ever fallen from that high state of pristine perfection in which he was created, notwithstanding his intimate association with man in general, and the Editorial sanc- in particular. Dr. Talmage, the Brooklyn Divine, wrote a very interesting as well as amusing experience he once had in swallowing a fly in the pulpit. But, really gentlemen, I feel that I owe you an apology for having monopolized so much of the conversation. In as much as we have before us, I am told, quite a long tramp tomorrow, I believe I will bid you good night," and before we were hardly aware of it he had bowed himself out.

At this, the two drummers turned their chairs together and began to discuss the latest baseball news. Uncle Jakey was still ruminating about the fly when he overheard one of them say something about "catching a fly," and in order to appear neighborly and sociable he remarked that "some flies were purty hard to catch," and edging himself over into their circle by walking the hind legs of his chair, he spoke up good humoredly, "Did you ever try to catch a fly?" "Did I?" responded the drummer warmly, his mind still running on the national game while Uncle Jakey's mind was after the blue bottle fly of Baal-zebub. "Did I every catch a fly? Well I wish you would look at that hand?" said the drummer, holding out his hand, which, from its knotty and broken up appearance, gave evidence of having belonged to a professional baseball player. Uncle Jakey looked at the hand a moment in an abstract manner, and then said "yes, he seed the hand, but thought it didn't have the countenance of a fly-trap though. "Still," said Jakey, "it looks like it might hold its own with a fly after it was caught and put into it." "That's it, old man, it's stopping them; it's jumping up after them as they skim over your head;" and then leaning forward in an earnest manner, the drummer pawed the air with his forefinger as he continued: "Do you know, I never muffed a fly but once in my life?" This sounded like pretty strong language to Uncle Jakey, who had muffed many a one on warm Sunday mornings before he got up out of bed. He called several "Strikes" at the pestiferous flies between naps during Sunday sermons also, and he was right anxious to hear about the one single time the drummer had muffed a fly. And with visions of the High Priest in the temple of Jerusalem, where there were no flies, and the probability of a mistake somewhere Uncle Jakey ventured to ask the drummer how he come to lose his temper on that one occasion so far as to muff a little fly. "A little fly?" quickly responded the drummer, with plenty of accent on the "little," "Do you see that finger?" said the Commercial Tourist, with a penchant for baseball which had been fully satiated by a broken finger and generally bunged-up hand, and continued: "It was a whopper, and I caught it on the tip-end of that finger, and you could have heard the bone crack 50 feet away.

Uncle Jakey had been stuffed about as full of questionable "fly" as he could comfortably hold, by the little preacher, all of which he had struggled manfully to believe, by way of exercising his faith, but when flies get so large they break a man's finger when they happen to light on it, he thought it was time to call a halt; so he got up out of his chair in disgust, and fearing trouble might ensue, I ventured to explain, being so full of laugh, however, I fear I made an awkward out of it. Still Uncle Jakey went away apparently satisfied, and the crowd soon dispersed.

Bidding you be mindful of my mail, I will say good night.

A Thoughtful Criticism.

One of the homliest men in Paris has a beautiful little girl about 5 years old. The other day she was sitting on his lap with a hand glass before her. She looked at her father a moment then looked at herself, and turned to her mother.

"Mamma," she inquired, "did God make me?"

"Yes, daughter."

"Did he make papa, too?"

"Yes."

Then she looked another look in he glass at herself.

"Well," she said, thoughtfully, "he's doing a good deal better work lately, isn't he?"

A mountain of carbonate of zinc is the latest discovery near Hillsborough, N. M.