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THE BEE, Earlington, Ky.

THOS. N. BLACK, W. R. PRATT, Editors.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1892.

Gov. Brown's veto of the corporation bill is, well—nothing more than is just.

ONLY seven thousand Tammanyites propose to aid in the inauguration of President-elect Cleveland.

THIS is a great country to want a change of administration every four years, but she will have what she wants, nevertheless.

THE Oldham Index and the Blue Grass Blade have united forces, will henceforth appear as one, taking the name of the latter.

WHAT a pity there is not enough offices at the President-elect's disposal to give every Democrat in the land at least one. Some of them will have to go office-hungry.

OUR State Legislature is again in session and has settled down in the same old ruts. Absenteeism is not an unknown quantity in that body by any means. Let us hope for better things.

EDITOR W. W. MARTIN, of the Eddyville Tale, has been taken out of the cold. His people have elected him county attorney of Lyon county. May success follow you, Brother Martin, but what will become of the Tale?

SO FAR only about one hundred eligible statesmen have appeared as candidates for places in the new cabinet; but just wait until the back districts are heard from. Cabinet claimants will be as numerous as country postmasters.

THERE are at least thirty-five members of our State Legislature who are applicants for Federal appointments under Mr. Cleveland's administration. It is astonishing that that many have higher aspirations than killing time and drawing their pay at Frankfort.

DOES the following, from the Allensville Reflector, reflect on our Legislative body at Frankfort? It is a drive at something: "If men would do what they can do, and let alone what they cannot do, there would be more good accomplished and less evil done in our land."

THE NEW ORLEANS STRIKE.

The strike at New Orleans differs from all previous ones in the respect that it includes every branch of business and every class of workmen. It originated in a demand on the part of the teamsters and warehousemen for fewer hours of labor and a regulated scale of pay, and for the employment of none but union men. This demand was refused by the employers, and the result was that one labor organization after another joined the strikers until the whole trade of the city was paralyzed. The employers offered to recognize the union and submit other points to arbitration, but that was not sufficient to stop the movement. Several thousand men, by the advice and direction of determined leaders, chose to persevere in what they called a struggle for the rights of labor, regardless not only of their loss of wages, but also of the damage to general business interests and to the welfare of all classes of citizens. This has been going on for three weeks, and the Governor of the State has finally interfered, declaring that the peace must be preserved and the people protected in the full enjoyment of their legal privileges. It is believed that the strikers will come to terms rather than to risk the contest that is thus threatened; but there is grave danger, nevertheless, that the authority of the State will be resisted, and that bloodshed will ensue before the trouble ends. It is difficult at this distance to judge accurately as to the merits of the controversy, so far as the original matters of dispute are concerned. There is some reason to believe that the complaining workmen have not been receiving as much pay as they deserved, and

that the conditions of their service were not entirely fair and proper in other particulars. The important fact remains, however, that redress for these grievances should have been sought by other means. There is nothing more certain than that a strike costs more than it can possibly be worth. In this instance, the strikers have already lost a larger sum than the proposed increase of wages would give them for years to come; and in any event they cannot hope to secure a profit equal to the expense of the undertaking. They have not only harmed themselves, but at the same time they have inflicted injury upon all the people of the city. The public has to assume a heavy burden on account of a quarrel in which it has no interest and for which it is in no sense to blame. This aspect of the question is one which the striking element treats with perfect indifference. It asks for popular sympathy and support, and yet wantonly tramples upon popular rights and takes away popular facilities of commerce, social convenience and ordinary comfort and happiness. The rights of labor certainly do not include the prerogative of arbitrary and mischievous interference with the business of the whole community. That is the fatal weakness of the striking process, and each succeeding resort to that method of adjusting the difficulties between employers and employees only serves to give the fact additional emphasis.—Globe-Democrat.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent. WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1892. President Harrison is doing no talking through the press, but he takes a deep interest and an active part in the consideration of the future plans of the Republican party. He has been receiving calls from men more or less prominent in the party since the election, and his talks with them have tended to encourage them to activity in the work of organizing and strengthening the party. There has been no despondency in what he has said and he wastes no time in vain regrets, but is earnest in the feeling that more than ever there is need for compactness and unity of purpose in the party. It is evidently his feeling that the party should show no weakening in the presence of defeat, and should lose as little time as possible in strengthening the party organization. The discussion of the reorganization in the sense, not of change of principle or policy, but of perfecting the management and methods, has already been taken up seriously by leading Republicans, and correspondence looking to the strengthening of the organization has already begun. A permanent organization, with workers who will keep up the work all the year around and every year, instead of trying to do the work of four years in the few months before the presidential election, is what is aimed at. There is some difference of opinion among Republicans as to the policy to be followed, but the idea seems to prevail that the "force bill" question must be forever put aside and that there must be a modification of the position on the tariff; that the McKinley bill places the party on a dangerous height and that they must come down a little, making their contention merely for the principle of protection and consenting to a moderation of its application.

HOW HETTIE KEPT THANKSGIVING.

"It is only a week to Thanksgiving," said Hettie Brown to herself one morning, as she looked out of her little white-curtained window at the dreary, drizzling November rain. Hettie was the village dressmaker and lived in a neat little cottage grown brown with age, near the end of Lilac lane. While she tidied up the little sitting-room and finished her morning work she sat down to sew (for she was maid as well as seamstress and lived alone with only her cat, "Toby," for company), she was thinking over her past life. Even after her few simple tasks were completed, and she began to finish Miss Dale's new dress, her dark mood still clung to her. Hettie was usually very cheerful and contented, plodding along in her even, methodical life. But this morning she was a girl again, though her hair was fast turning white and the color had faded from her cheeks, living over again the old days at home. Her father had owned a large, prosperous farm. What happy Thanksgiving days they had then, when all the older brothers and sisters would come home to the old farmhouse, and they were again, on this one day, a united family. Then John, the eldest son, went West. Her father died suddenly, and after a few years they were obliged to sell the old farm. And then Hettie and her mother had come to this little house. It was as neat and fresh and comfortable as Hettie could make it. And here they had lived for nearly ten years. Hettie meantime carried on her trade of dressmaking. The mother had died the last winter, and this year, at Thanksgiving time, Hettie would be alone for the first time in her life. As she sat busily sewing this morning at her pleasant little window, she would look up at "Squire Banks'" large, hospitable farmhouse on the hill, and imagine all the Thanksgiving preparations that were going on within the old kitchen. Presently there came a knock at the door, and Miss Dale came in to inquire concerning her dress. It was nearly finished. So she said she would wait while Hettie gave it the last few touches. As she buttoned her wrap she asked Hettie but she had heard the sad news about Squire Banks' daughter. "Lily Banks has consumption and the city physicians say she can live only a few weeks. Such a lovely girl and the only child, too. Her mother is almost heartbroken over it. Just at Thanksgiving time,

when every one should be happy. "We all have our troubles, Miss Hettie," she added, and with her bright smile she left Hettie to her thoughts again, not sad ones now but repentant ones, over her folly of thinking her life so very hard. "What was money now, or the position of "Esquire's" wife to poor Mrs. Banks, while her only child was hopelessly ill? "Why, Hettie Brown," she said to herself, "I am heartily ashamed of you. "Here you are "well and strong, able to sew and with plenty to do. "And if your cottage is small, it is neat and comfortable, and belongs to you. And you have enough to eat and to wear. What more do you need? "You ungrateful woman, you have plenty to be thankful for!" And with a prayer for forgiveness and guidance, Hettie was once more her cheerful self.

That very day she began to think what she should do. And she remembered that her mother, even in the last few sad years, had always endeavored to make some one outside her own home more thankful on this great festival of the year. And Hettie resolved that she would thus perpetuate her mother's memory. She soon eagerly began her plans.

Meanwhile she industriously sewed early and late in order to finish her work by Tuesday night, that she might have two days free from sewing. One day should be for housekeeping, for arranging her little house and preparing the dinner. And then there was the great holiday, the Thanksgiving day itself.

She had finally decided that a chicken from her little brood, and some grapes carefully saved from her vines, would be all she could afford for the dinner.

Hettie rose early Wednesday morning, with a light heart, and while it was still dark she heard a heavy wagon rumble and stop at her door. And Mr. Jackson, in his loud, cheery voice, wished her a happy Thanksgiving. And he brought in a small turkey, which he said, "Mrs. Jackson wanted him to bring in to Miss Hettie," and with a hearty laugh he added: "She said she did not doubt but that Hettie Brown would have some poor soup to join her Thanksgiving dinner. You are a good woman, Hettie," he added, and disappeared in the darkness, on his way to town to supply his customers.

So Hettie, fervently thanking the Lord, who put this kind thought in Mrs. Jackson's heart, out of her abundance carried the chicken, that she had thought would be her own dinner, to Grandma Leigh, who was very poor and nearly blind.

Hettie often went to read to her or sit and chat. She was greatly surprised and pleased at the generous gift. And the old dressmaker went home, feeling she had made one poor creature thankful, and would enjoy her own dinner the more, thinking she had given a recompense, the best she had, to some more unfortunate fellow creature.

It was with a very grateful spirit that Miss Hettie looked into her pantry late that afternoon; the turkey was stuffed, ready for roasting, there were a flaky apple pie, a pan of doughnuts and a few bunches of grapes.

She sat knitting in the twilight, and thinking how kind Miss Dale, a new comer from the distant town, had been to her, how much work she had given her and procured for her from her friends.

She sighed, wishing she could do something to show her gratitude to this kind friend. And suddenly thought of her butter came to her. What sweet, delicious butter she did make from Dollie's milk!

She rose and hastily cutting a few pounds from her scantily-filled jar, and donning her old shawl and bonnet, she started on her errand. She stopped half dismayed at the brilliantly-lighted house, but finally went on and knocked at the rear door.

To the servant who answered it she gave her plate of butter, asking humbly if Miss Dale would accept the little gift for Thanksgiving. "She was so very thankful to her for her kindness."

And Miss Hettie's welcome plate of delicious butter graced Miss Dale's beautiful Thanksgiving dinner.

On Thanksgiving morning Hettie went to the early church service, and heard a beautiful, practical sermon on "Thanks."

And she was home again in time to cook her dinner. How inviting the table looked, though it was laid in the kitchen.

Farmer Jackson's generous gift, the turkey, was deliciously browned, and the potatoes, the squash, the pie, the doughnuts and the grapes were all placed on the table at once in the good, old-fashioned way. And "Miss Hettie," as the

villagers, young and old, all called her, made a bountiful hostess. "Then she didn't dine alone?" Oh, no! She had chosen for her guests those of her acquaintance who had least to be thankful for. There were four happy faces gathered around her table, happy for that day at least, and many days to come, in remembrance of this Thanksgiving dinner, to which Miss Hettie had so kindly invited them.

Little Tommie Smith was there. Besides being lame and obliged to go on crutches poor Tommie had a drunken father and a wretched and disordered home. Very pleased and happy did he look as he sat at Miss Hettie's right hand, and how he did enjoy this bountiful dinner. It was the first time he ever knew what a "Thanksgiving day" could be.

And more than the wholesome, delightful food were Miss Hettie's bright smile and the restful, thankful spirit which prevailed the little house and the hearts of its inmates.

Besides Tommie, Mr. Mott, a poor, old, forlorn, rheumy man (poor in friends, I mean), who lived across the lane, had hobbled in, and, for the time, forgetting his pain, was basking in the unaccustomed warmth and glow of this Thanksgiving dinner gathering.

Polly Moore, a laundress, an old friend of Miss Hettie, with her little niece, also shared the festivities.

You can hardly imagine how surprised all these four people were when they were so unexpectedly invited by Miss Hettie to join her Thanksgiving dinner. Some of these scarcely knew what Thanksgiving meant. Little Tommie said he only expected to have a little mush and some potatoes, and here were all these beautiful dishes.

How Miss Hettie would help their plates and urge them again and again to eat more.

When the feast was over and Polly had helped "Miss Hettie," wash the dishes and arrange the room again, then their hostess told Tommie—and they all listened—the story of our Puritan fathers, and beautiful custom they have given to us, of each year holding one day in thankful acknowledgment of God's goodness.

And Hettie Brown thanked God that night in her prayer, for giving her these means to make others thankful.—Adele K. Johnson, in N. Y. Observer.

CHARLESTON. Miss Belle Lacy is stopping for a few weeks with Wm. Lacy. Joe Foard has gone to Christian county in search of work. He is no longer a little hawk.

Elis Cranor, and Boone Utly had a little knock out the other day. Boone was drunk. Willie Fields, of this place, is working in the mines of Italy. He has a long walk every night and morning.

Look out for THE BEE. Let everyone subscribe for it a year, and see what great benefits can be derived from it.

Well, gentlemen, the Carbonate Co. is worse than fire in the stable isn't it? They intend to run coal by Christmas next.

The Democrats can crow now for awhile. As they have not had a chance for some time we guess their throats will be sore.

There was a slight wreck at Italy switch the other evening just after dark. No one was killed but two or three were wounded.

Well, well, well, I am a little mixed just now because Uncle Daniel said so. I guess the reason is because he lives in the biggest town in the county.

Just Cranor, of Christian county, is the guest of Wm. Lacy since last week. He is helping Elis Cranor, who resides at Mr. Lacy's father's house.

Charleston is slim with people to-day. The barkeepers have ordered new supplies of "licks" for pay-day, as they expect to do a large business that day and night.

HAMBY STATION. Boon Favors was in town Sunday. Zeno Stokes was in town Sunday. Jake Jackson was in town Sunday. Jud Gardner was in town Sunday. Joe went to church alone last night. Elison Croyan was in town this week. Dennis Wilson came to town on Sunday. Pat Woodruff has a reputation as a dancer.

Dick Samples and brother was in town Sunday. John Jackson, of Crabtree, was in town Sunday. Mr. Manser, of Dawson, was in town on Tuesday. Bennie Crayon went to St. Charles on Tuesday. Miss Jimmie Dunning is visiting Miss Ellis Sills.

Mrs. Dunning has moved back to near Hamby Station. Bennie Crayon went to Madisonville last week on business. Joe Boynton has been on the sick list since the last snow.

Mrs. Grant Crayon is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Davis Crayon. Pat Woodruff is now running the saw mill. Pat is a hustler. Mrs. Robertson and daughter, Miss Virgie, were in town Monday. Dick Sills is able to be out again, and was in town a few days ago.

Jim Day was in town Friday. Jim is a tobacco buyer, but not a tobacco chewer. John Brasler, one of the most popular drummers on the road, was in this city on Monday. Joe and Oscar went hunting the other day, and all they killed was time. Had no luck at all. Mr. Lyle, of Tradewater neighborhood, passed through here Saturday en route to Ben Woodruff's. Ike Day, of Dawson, visited his brother Jim, Sunday. Come again, Ike is glad to see you, old boy. The next thing in order is a school-house to be built here, and then we can afford to wait more patiently for the boom that's coming. On account of the train being so much behind time on Tuesday, Oscar Caldwell failed to meet the band at St. Charles on Thursday night. Mr. O'Leary and his assistant will finish up the grade without any foreman, if you will stay at Princeton long enough for them to turn the grade towards Crabtree.

WHISTLE POSTS.

Section Foreman Brynes was called to Hanson last week on business.

Andy Dechler, formerly one of our townsmen is now firing an engine on the St. Louis division.

One of the most careful and successful engineers of this division is James Reardon of the north end.

Conductor Joe Robertson it is now, and we will be greatly disappointed if he does not make a good man.

For several days last week a special train was run on the Providence branch to move the accumulated freight.

Section Foreman Hammond intends leaving the employ of the railroad company and engage in business for himself, soon.

Supervisor Sullivan disposed with the lining of rock on his division outside of Mannington section, for the reason that it was waste of labor.

Agent Cameron, of Ashley, Ill., fails to get much consolation out of the election returns from that State and thousands of his friends are in the same fix.

Who ever heard of so many locomotives blowing up as there has been this year? Is it due to bad material used in the construction or to the incompetency of engineers.

Fears are now entertained that Will Stodghill can not recover from the injuries lately received, and that blood poison has set in, which has increased the chances against his recovery.

Failing to find any consolation nowadays, even in the reading of a Republican newspaper, Frank has gone to reading the yellow-backed novel, and will soon be ready to join Buffalo Bill.

The high wind of last Thursday and the night following played havoc with the telegraph wires, there being but few in this territory that were in working order, and delay was caused to trains thereby.

"Mrs. Pat Dean, wife of L. & N. car inspector, died last week at her home No. 35 Holloway street of typhoid fever. She was 42 years of age and was married in Ireland 24 years ago."—Henderson Journal.

Thos. G. Terry, who for years has been one of the faithful workers at the car shops here, has accepted a position with the E. & T. H. at Evansville, and left for that place last Sunday. May good luck go with him.

One of the busiest agents on this division at present is Henry Crunk, of Providence, whose station business foot up \$10,000 for October. The fact is, he is so busy that he don't find time to see his best girl, and we fear he is doomed to die an old bachelor.

Last Friday while C. B. McAvoe was in the act of making a coupling between the engine and a car at Guthrie he was caught between them and seriously injured. At first it was thought he could not recover, but now hopes are entertained that with proper care he will be able to pull through. Mr. McAvoe, we understand, was a new man at braking and it is thought that lack of experience caused the accident.

"The differences between the telegraph operators of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio (Erie Line) and the company have been settled. Some time ago the operators presented a demand for higher wages and submitted a scale of salaries, which made the minimum monthly stipend \$50 instead of \$40. The company declined to agree to the demands of the operators, but issued a circular advancing wages to a certain extent. The operators gave notice they would refuse to accept this as a final settlement of the difficulty, and placed the matter in the hands of Chief Ramsey, who advised them to accept the company's proposal and the trouble was settled on those terms.

A Philadelphia & Reading engine, drawing a train of empty coaches which passed through Reading, Pa., at midnight, blew up at Conner's Crossing at 2 o'clock the next morning, killing five men, tearing up tracks, dismantling the locomotive, hurling machinery for several square miles and scattering death and destruction all around. The killed are: H. C. Allison, engineer, residing at Palo Alto, who leaves a wife; William Mackey, fireman, of Port Carbon, wife and one child; William Cowhey, engineer, on his way home to Mount Carbon, leaves a wife and ten children; William Kendrick, conductor, Port Carbon, wife and four children; William Meyer, fireman, Palo Alto, single; Michael Dobbins, Mount Carbon, brakeman, badly scalded and will probably die.—Exchange.

The annual inspection of this division, in fact of the entire L. & N., took place this and last week. The train, consisting of General Manager Metcalf and the entire force of superintendents and other employes making a grand total of sixty persons, who were well qualified for the duty of conceding a good point and scratching down a defect in the track, made Madisonville their headquarters last Saturday night, inspecting both ends of the division from that place. That they found the track in good condition can not be denied, as they made about a mile per minute while passing over a portion of it, and in fact they usually pick on the Henderson division when they want to make a lightning run. Who will get the system board, and what foreman will get the praise of having the best section on the entire system? is the question of great interest to the boys, at present, and if Mannington section don't get it there will no doubt be some badly disappointed men.

Catarth Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarth. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CROWE & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

What Confirmed the Suspicion. Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town. John (mildly)—Well, Mary, my mother used to tell me that when I was a boy, but I never thought she was right until I married you.

Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.

Yucatan Chill Tonic. Not only cures chills, but is a great blood purifier and purifier, especially recommended for pale and delicate women and children, loss of appetite, tired feeling and all malarial diseases. Be sure and get the genuine. Every bottle warranted. Price 50c at Robinson Bros' drug store.

A Sly Hint. He—Should a girl get mad if you kiss her without asking her? She—Not so mad as if you asked her without kissing her.

Mothers. Mothers can keep their children strong and healthy by giving them Yucatan Chill Tonic. It is easily taken, being pleasant and efficacious. No crying after first dose, objecting to its unpleasantness, as it is the most palatable chill medicine on earth. Price 50c. Warranted at Robinson Bros' drug store.

Not Material. "What makes this room so hot?" "Nellie broke her engagement last night and she has just been burning her love letters.

Advertisements. IKE DAVIS Livery Stable. First-Class Turn-Outs at Reasonable Rates. SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO TRAVELING MEN. Stable and Office on MAIN ST., near Depot. ISAAC DAVIS.

BEN T. ROBINSON, DRUGGIST, Morton's Gap, Ky. Always on hand a full and complete stock of DRUGS AND MEDICINES. PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES. PAINTS AND OILS. And everything else known to the trade. Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

The ST. BERNARD DRUG STORE EARLINGTON, KENTUCKY. DRUGGISTS. AND DEALERS IN Patent Medicines and Perfumery. DRUGGISTS' FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES. Hair, Tooth, and Paint Brushes. Paints and Oils. Ready Mixed Paints, all colors, in small cans. PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

O. K. SHOE. "I GOT A NEW PAIR OF O. K. SHOES"

SUGG & CO. SHOE STORE Opposite Court House, Madisonville, Ky. Footwear and Furnishing Headquarters. "O. K." "All Right!"