

NOTICE.

THE undersigned have this day effected a partnership for the manufacture of BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, WAGONS and LIGHT PLEASURE VEHICLES of all kinds, in this city, and, in order to meet the growing demand of an already established trade, we will keep constantly on hand a line of our own work, unexcelled by any either in prices or quality.

MYALL & SHACKLEFORD, West Side Sutton Street, Maysville, Ky.

B. & B.

We call attention to the special prices we are making on

Towels, Crashes, and Table Linens.

All Linen Towels, 10, 12 1/2, 17 1/2 and 20 cents; Table Linens, 15, 20 and 25 cents a yard; Crash, 5, 7 1/2 and 10 cents per yard. All are respectfully invited to call.

BROWNING & BARKLEY

No. 3 East Second Street.

THE

GREAT Slaughter SALE

OF

BOOTS and SHOES

BEGINS AT RANSON'S TO-DAY. OUR ENTIRE SUMMER STOCK MUST BE SOLD PRIOR TO RECEIVING FALLGOODS, AND TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, WE WILL OFFER UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS FOR THIRTY DAYS. CALL EARLY AND SECURE BEST BARGAINS.

F. B. RANSON.

AT THE

PAINT STORE

—Is a fine stock of—

WALL PAPER,

CEILING DECORATIONS, and everything in the Paint line.

ALABASTINE is the best Coating for walls and ceilings; it will not rub off, and is cheaper and better than Kalsomine or Whitewash. Anyone can put it on.

ALBERT GREENWOOD, No. 2 Zweigart's Block.

JACOB LINN,

BAKER AND CONFECTIONER.

ICE CREAM and BODA WATER a specialty. Fresh Bread and Cakes, Parties and Weddings furnished on short notice. No. 33 Second street, Maysville.

Established 1868.

EQUITY GROCERY.

G. W. GEISEL, No. 9, W. Second St., Opp. Opera House.

Fruits and Vegetables in season. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

SMITH'S KIDNEY TONIC--TRY IT.

CONTINENTAL GOSSIP.

WORTH'S LATEST GRAND CREATION FOR THE GENTLE SEX.

Empress Eugenie—Alpine Climbing—Saved From Brigands—Present and Coming Gales—Our Mary in "As You Like It"—Cholera—Foreign News.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—On the Germanic, returning with his family to New York, is one of the most distinguished figures present at the Methodist conference lately held at Newcastle-on-Tyne—Bishop Hurst, of Buffalo. His tour has occupied fourteen months. In the course of it he has addressed congregations and held confirmations in eight different languages, Asiatic and European, never missing an appointment from illness or for any other reason.

The lady who was the cause of the horse-whipping scandal in Dublin, already cabled was the Hon. Florence Madeleine Pollok, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Clannmorris. For the first time the London papers bear of the affair and seemed glad that the scandal has its venue transferred to Ireland.

There is much talk in the country houses, which are now well filled, over this dress of Worth's worn lately at a garden party. The material was black satin and the gown was made in kilts reaching half way to the waist. As each kilt flew back, under a lining of colored satin, seen here orange there blue, in this fold red in that green, these various colors blended in a scarf drapery (with which it was surrounded) of Indian workmanship, with a pale blue ground upon which flowers in the many corresponding hues were blended. Down the front of the bodice and the edge of the scarf was arranged a deep lace worked in beads of the same shades. A long fringe completed the whole. A small lace mantilla finished the costume. Such a blending of colors, artistically used, was once a favorite with the Empress Eugenie.

Appropos, a correspondent from Carbad narrates that Eugenie is very often seen there in drives through the place and recently at a private reception. She is looking fresher and less fatigued. She much wished to go to Vichy instead, but state reasons were obstacles. Years, shocks and cares have brought about a great change, and even at Vichy it is much to be doubted if general observers would recognize the once brilliant consort of the emperor. She is subdued, aged and with white hair where golden used to be braided. But her stately bearing is yet distinctive, with a softened expression and a gentler manner.

The Dome the highest point, 14,941 feet above the level of the sea, of Mount Mischabel, in the Canton de Valais, Switzerland, was ascended by an Englishman named Carter, accompanied by two guides. The extremely dangerous ascent has never been accomplished before. The daring party afterward returned to Randa without accident, but, doubtless, the example will be imitated by others with less good fortune.

The two Greek ladies of fortune living at Athens who were recently carried off from their homes in the town of Mezzovo by a band of brigands of the Turkish province of Epirus were surrendered by robbers after the ransom of \$40,000 which they demanded had been paid them. Beyond the deprivations of liberty, the captives had nothing to complain in the treatment they had received.

Joseph Servais, the celebrated Belgian violoncellist, died suddenly at Brussels of rupture of a vessel of the heart.

Mr. Schumann, of New York, bought the great picture of the Russian artist Makovsky, named the "Wedding Feast," which lately received the medal of honor at the Antwerp exposition.

Gales.

LONDON, Sept. 1.—The storm, which was predicted for these islands and France, continued over the British islands with fearful energy, making the circuit around the Scotch coast exactly as predicted. In consequence of the very heavy northeasterly gale there are forty-three steamships and twelve sailing vessels lying windbound off Southend, unable to proceed to sea, such a thing not having been known for many years. Steamboats from Sheerness were unable to take passengers on account of the heavy seas. A lugger off Deal beach went to pieces. The London boat was unable to land her passengers at Margate. A heavy sea is running and the waves dash up with the greatest violence on Ramsgate pier. Trips across the channel are temporarily suspended. Great damage has been done to Scotch and North of England orchards, the ground around the trees being strewn with windfalls.

The West India storm predicted causes anxiety and furnishes comments for the London and provincial press. The open air dancing festivals at the Chrysalis Palace have, in consequence of the warning, been arranged to take place within doors. The Globe says: "There seems to be a novelty in stars for us in the way of weather. A West India hurricane of greatest intensity is making for our shores at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and will be due just in time for the first day of partridge shooting."

The gale occasioned a dreadful accident at Dawlish, on the Devon coast, near Exmouth, blowing down a large portion of rock from the cliff and burying a number of people. Two ladies and two lads have been taken out alive, having escaped death in a miraculous manner. The bodies of a lady and a baby were also taken out dreadfully crushed. It is believed that others are still lying under the fallen rocks.

The warning has been carried, as each one usually is, by all the papers of the kingdom, and, it is believed by experts has, by enabling precautions to be taken, saved much property and many lives. It is wished that the West Indian hurricane, like some other disagreeable visitors, would stay at home.

"As You Like It."

LONDON, Sept. 1.—Miss Mary Anderson, with her own company of dramatic artists, gave a performance of "As You Like It," at Stratford-on-Avon, for the benefit of the Shakespeare memorial fund. Miss Anderson, never having seen the comedy played,

to a certain extent created the part of Rosalind, or rather gave her own rendering. She also sang the song usually omitted by Rosalind, thus making her debut as a contralto.

The play was lavishly mounted, and the costumes were exceedingly handsome. Miss Anderson was accorded a splendid reception, and made a complete success. Mr. Forbes Robertson played Orlando and Mrs. Billington was Audrey. Both of these actresses performed smoothly throughout. The incidental music was much admired. There were numerous recalls. The house was packed with celebrities. Miss Anderson's impersonation was marked by masculine force.

Miss Anderson's comedy was warmer and less artificial than is usual in Rosalind. Her impersonation was remarkable for deep tenderness of feeling, underlying gleeful raillery and archness. No Rosalind has had such exquisite dresses. In the forest scenes Miss Anderson wore high, heavy, buckskin hunting boots reaching above the knee, a leather doublet and a long maroon silk cloak.

The company comprised those who are going out to America with Miss Anderson and included the following artists: F. H. Macklin, Forbes Robertson, J. G. Taylor, Mrs. Billington, Miss Ziffle Tilbury, Sidney Hayes, Henry Vernon, Arthur Lewis, and Mr. Wilson, the baritone. Miss Tilbury is a daughter of Lydia Thompson, and will accompany Miss Anderson to the United States, whither Lydia Thompson herself intends to go next winter to produce a new burlesque.

Cheap, Very Cheap.

DUBLIN, Sept. 1.—Inspector General Bruce, of the Irish constabulary, has retired from that office, and Mr. Andrew Reel, his former assistant, has been assigned to succeed him. As a mark of esteem for the valuable services tendered by Inspector Bruce, the queen has conferred on him the order of Knight Commander of the Bath.

Showing the Documents.

MADRID, Sept. 1.—The Spanish foreign minister, Signor Elduayen, forwarded to the German government a copy of the agreement entered into three years ago between Spain and the native chiefs of the Caroline islands. In this agreement the chiefs recognize Spanish sovereignty over the islands.

Cholera in Italy.

ROME, Sept. 1.—Cholera has broken out in Ponzano, near Acqui. Eleven persons have been attacked four of whom have died. The contagion was brought to that place by a party of refugees from Marseilles.

Death Roll.

MADRID, Sept. 1.—The number of new cases of cholera reported for the past twenty-four hours from the infected districts of Spain aggregate 3,883 and the deaths 1,248.

Some Rain.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 1.—During the storm two and one-quarter inches of rainfall. The railroad tracks are washed out on several roads and trains are late. The sleeper on the West Shore ran into a hole on this side of the Catskills, and Engineer Coles was buried beneath the engine and killed. The sleeper on the Susquehanna road nearly ran into a washout at Howe's Cave, and was delayed an hour. Several light land slides on the Hudson river road caused some hindrance to trains. Farm lands along the base of the Helderbergs are under water and the crops in many instances are ruined. The water broke through unfinished sewers in this city causing the pavements to cave in. In one instance the water found its way through the wall of the Museum building to the restaurant in the cellar, flooding it and covering the floor to a depth of several inches with mud.

Knights of the Road.

HELENA, Mont., Sept. 1.—The Maryville coach was stopped by two highwaymen about eight miles out of Helena and the treasure box, containing about twelve thousand dollars in bullion from Drummond mine, taken. The passengers were relieved of their valuables. One of the robbers had given the plot away to officers, and when the treasure box was being broken the sheriff and a posse captured the robbers and recovered the booty. The passengers were held to stand in line at the muzzle of a gun, made by one of the highwaymen while the other went through them in the old-fashioned manner. The prisoners are named Jackson and Gordon. Gordon will be released and get the reward of \$900. Jackson served seven years in the California penitentiary for stage robbery. He claimed that Gordon has worked the same scheme before, giving away plots for robbery and getting rewards.

Assaulting a Preacher.

YORK, Pa., Sept. 1.—A commotion was caused in the Evangelical church at Winters-town, this county. The pastor had announced that he would preach a memorial sermon on Gen. Grant. A man named Fulton said no such sermon should be preached. When the pastor, Rev. Shultz, began in his sermon, a reference to the heroes of bible time, and then spoke of our hero just placed in his last resting place, Fulton called out to him to stop, at the same time advancing to the pulpit. He, continuing, Fulton seized him and dragged him away from the pulpit, striking him a blow with his fist, and knocking him down. Simon Englebrecht, who interferred to save the pastor from assault, received one of Fulton's blows on his face. There was great excitement and after a time order was restored, and the sermon proceeded. Fulton, it is reported, has skipped over the line into the state of Maryland.

Skating Kink Dupes.

CENTRALIA, Ill., Sept. 1.—A writer over the name of Lanest writes an exhorting article in a local paper here against skating rinks. He says a physician told him not less than five young ladies of the city waited on him and begged him to give them medicines wherewith to hide their shame and disgrace. They all claimed to have been ruined by going to the rink. A handsome belle, a fancy skater, was married the other day when she was several months enceinte. It is also claimed that Lily May Harris, for whose death from malpractice five Centralia persons are under arrest, was seduced by attending the rink. The people are much exercised over the developments.

PURSUED BY CRANKS.

A PROMINENT PHILADELPHIAN CHARACTER WITH WITCHCRAFT.

The Peculiarities of a Family—Three of Its Members Develop an Extraordinary Attachment for Edwin S. Stuart.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—A telegraph boy entered the book store of Leary & Co., in a listless sort of a way and handed a message to the proprietor, Edwin S. Stuart. This gentleman is the president of the Republican Invincibles and receives a great many telegrams daily from political and business sources. The approach of the school season may have inspired the hope that a large order for books from an out of town board had arrived. At any rate, he opened the telegram casually as he conversed with a friend. A glance at the contents of the message gave him an electric shock. It was signed by the chief of police of Lebanon, Pa., and laconically said: "We have the man who stole your twenty thousand dollars."

As this was the first intimation Mr. Stuart had that he was the victim of so large a robbery his face naturally exhibited some consternation. He delayed all explanations while he wrote a return inquiry: "What do you mean? What's his name?"

Then he excused himself and proceeded "to make a record" down Chestnut street toward his bank and his safe deposit vault. To his intense gratification he found that his funds and securities were intact.

On the way back to his desk he grew calmer as he remembered a former clerk, whom he had discharged, and recalled the remarkably strange statements that the young man had been wont to make prior to his departure. He was quite prepared, therefore, for the answer that reached him in another hour. It was less laconic and came "collected." It said: "The man's name is Frank Nutter. He is evidently wrong in the head. He says he has great affection for you and loves you as a brother, but couldn't help taking the money. He thinks you have entirely too much for your own use. He is a tall, slim spare fellow, of about thirty years—maybe thirty-two. Talks well, appears fairly educated, but persists that he stole your money."

At this point Mr. Stuart hurried the boy back to the Western Union office to stop the dispatch. It began to look as if the police regarded him as a newspaper proprietor and were sending him a column of "special." His clerk had brought in a parcel of opened correspondence for Mr. Stuart to look over, and the first sentence of the uppermost piece of correspondence caught his eye. Could it be that an area of low mental barometer had developed about Lebanon, Pa.

This letter bore that address, and after the usual courtesies of greeting continued: "I am the most wonderful man in the world. I have never been appreciated. You know how I have always admired your genial ways. I am about to enter the law, I have completed my studies at Norristown and am here doing some final headwork before I apply for admission to the bar. I did not take any books when I left your employ, though I have an extensive library. [Here followed a long list of his books and from whom purchased.] I need a few standard works to complete my law library, and hope you will send me 'Tapping on Mandamus' and 'Ram on facts.' These will do for a starter. You know I worship the ground you walk on. B. FRANKLIN NUTTER."

At first Mr. Stuart was exceeding wrath. Then he saw the humor in the situation and explained to his friends what it all meant. This young man, Nutter, had come into his service in December last from David McKay's, but developed an objectionable amount of affection for his employer. He was always chanting his praises and overburdening him with attention. In short, he was "fired out" and told never to come about the store.

He did come, however, and the assistance of Drs. Ludlow and Wolfert was invoked. They examined young Nutter critically, and signed a certificate of commitment on which he was sent to the asylum for the insane at Norristown. There he remained until a few days ago, when some of his relatives obtained his release on the promise of attending to his case. His first act after regaining his liberty, was to tie him to Lebanon, where he confidentially told everybody he met that he had stolen a mere trifle of \$30,000 from his friend Stuart and was going to "shake up" the town. He was soon in the powerful grip of the law, as the telegrams indicated, and Mr. Stuart had reason to hope that a statement of the facts would prevent any further annoyance. But he was mistaken.

The divers bottles that he opened to mollify the risibilities of his friends were all broken for nothing. The situation became more grave, more exasperatingly funny than it had, previously been. For almost twenty-four hours nobody had asked the genial president of the Republican Invincibles about his robbery, and he had reasonable grounds for believing that the distemper which had attacked his associates had laughed itself out. Alas! for the vanity of human hopes.

A tall, raw boned man was observed studying the bookseller through the glass partition that enclosed his private office. Finally, when he had concluded his scrutiny, he turned the door knob and entered. "I now see how it is," was his remark, half soliloquizing.

"What is it you see?" demanded the proprietor, looking up savagely. He began to suspect that this was some new job his friends had invented.

"I observe that you possess all the meretricious power of a Carpenter or a Keller," continued the clerically appearing man. He grew more grave as he continued: "My poor brother's mind has succumbed to the overpowering influence— That was as far as he got."

President Stuart stands six feet and weighs 185 pounds. He rose quickly and fairly shrieked:

"Do you belong to the Nutter family?" "I do." There was a cyclone and a noise like the hurrying of two heavy bodies toward the door. One of the passengers landed in the middle of the sidewalk before he stopped, and he was not Mr. Stuart. This

gentleman returned to his post, conscious of a good act, and congratulated himself on the completion of a very disagreeable business. A portentous calm followed for almost twenty-four hours.

As Mr. Stuart admitted he ought to have expected another squall. It came from the most unlooked for quarter. An explanation is necessary of the surroundings, in order to understand the situation. Mr. Stuart's private office has a large stained glass window, on which, in various suitable colors, is portrayed the figure of Dandy Dimot, the antiquary created by Sir Walter Scott's pen, standing upon a ladder reading a book. A bit of white glass envelopes the face in a halo of shaven when the sun is in the zenith. He was there when a lady of uncertain age called. She might be a postess, a missionary or a Sunday school teacher. The latter belief outweighed all doubts, and she was ushered into the mellow light of the office. Mr. Stuart was out at his luncheon. When he entered he found the strange woman contemplating the picture from a chair and saying to herself:

"Oh! you naughty man. No doubt it is a good likeness, else he wouldn't have it here." Finding herself surprised, like Dazzle in "London Assurance," the woman glanced critically from the proprietor to the picture and back again, as she calmly concluded, "Then, likely as not, he was your father."

"What is your business?" asked the proprietor.

"I wanted to see the man who had bewitched my poor brother," she began, making a pass at Stuart as if to exercise an evil spirit. "I want to release him from the powerful influence."

Mr. Stuart rang the burglar alarm. Then he turned to the woman and said, "If you're active you may get away before the police come, but if I've got to send your entire family to Norristown, why, by thunder, I'll do it." The woman arose, made another pass at him with her outstretched fingers, and vanished down the long store. The special officer passed her at the door. Mr. Stuart is wondering where the maddest will next break out. He has placed his house and office under the protection of special burglar service from the District Telegraph company. His prominence in local political affairs render the complicated situation one of universal interest.

The Grant Family.

MR. MCGREGOR, N. Y., Sept. 1.—The family of Gen. Grant have left the mountain by a special train to connect with the train at Saratoga for New York, a special car being placed at their disposal by President Depew of the Central railroad. The party consisted of Mrs. Grant, senior, who leaned on the arm of Col. Fred, preceded by Mrs. Fred Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, with little Ulysses, son of the former. They were escorted by Col. Grant's private secretary, Mr. N. E. Dawson, of Washington. The Mexican minister and Madame Romero, who spent Sunday with the family at the cottage, accompanied them on the train; also Mr. W. J. Arkell and family, with the wife of Senator Arkell. Many friends from the Balmoral hotel gathered at the depot to await the party from the cottage with kindly good byes. The pleasant face of Dr. Douglas was conspicuous among these, also Judge McArthur, of Washington, and others of prominence.

Lo, the Poor Indian.

TUCSON, ARIZ., Sept. 1.—Special advices from a correspondent on the field, who has just returned from the front to Guadalupe canon, says Crawford's and Davis' commands are 30 miles south of them, in the heart of the Sierra Madras, with ten companies of cavalry and 100 Apache scouts. The flight of the 7th he confirms, and the wounding of Geronimo, probably fatally. One of his squaws, who was captured, says he was shot in the stomach and the intestines cut. The report of Chief Chaltos' mutiny and death is denied. It is definitely ascertained that not less than 140 Apache warriors are out, but they travel in small bands of five and six. The captured squaw says they have vowed to fight till the last of them is killed, as their chiefs made them believe that every one who is captured or surrenders would be killed. The troops have wonderful endurance.

Wanted to Die.

CHICAGO, Sept. 1.—"I'll do it, and you can't stop me," cried an old man to a policeman at the Kenzie street bridge. His hair and beard were white, his form was bent and his limbs shook with age. The policeman had seen the old man wandering along the railway track picking up coupling pins and other pieces of iron and placing them in his pockets. The old man then walked to the river and was about to throw himself in when the policeman caught him. "I can swim," said the old man when asked to explain, "and as I want to die I put the iron into my pockets." The old man said he was Johnson Johns, of Erie, Pa. The policeman took him to a lodging house and collected a small amount of money for him. Johns is seventy-two years old. He will be sent home by the authorities.

Tate's Statement.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 1.—Mr. William C. Tate, of this city, who acted in the capacity of referee at the Sullivan-McCaffrey fight that occurred at Chester park, Cincinnati, was interviewed by a reporter. Billy said he was chosen referee much against his will and tried to draw out when McCaffrey's friends made a kick on a decision in the first round, but was finally persuaded to officiate. He says that the match was a regular farce and that as Sullivan displayed the most science and as McCaffrey did nothing but dodge to escape punishment he based his decision on each man's individual merits.

A Terrible Storm.

NEW CASTLE, Pa., Sept. 1.—This section was visited by a terrible storm. At 4 o'clock lightning struck a house owned and occupied by Timothy Mack, his wife and son. Mack and a boy who had stopped for shelter were fatally injured. Mrs. Mack and a man named O'Brien were injured, but not fatally. The house is a total wreck.

A Bad Man in Jail.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 1.—Albert Chenard, the keeper of the house of prostitution on Hamilton street, where the three Hartford girls were enticed last week, was arrested and sent to jail.