

DO NOT FAIL

—TO GO TO—

BROWNING & BARKLEY'S

If you are needing anything in

Underwear.

WARRANTED MERINO UNDERWEAR at 25 cents per piece and up. Our stock of seasonable goods is complete in all departments. A beautiful line of

CLOAKS

Everything at bottom prices, at BROWNING & BARKLEY'S, No. 3 east Second street.

HERMANN LANGE, Watchmaker,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,



Invites you to call and examine his magnificent stock of GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Silverware, CLOCKS, GOLD PENS, BRONZES, SPECTACLES, IMPORTED NOVELTIES.

No. 43 Second Street, three doors below Market street, Maysville, Ky.

THE HARVEST IS PAST,

THE SUMMER ENDED.

But we are glad to announce to the public that the Buggy trade still survives, and never before were we enabled to offer such extraordinary

BARAINS

as we shall the next thirty days; therefore all persons desiring anything in the Carriage Line will find it to their interest to call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

MYALL & SHACKLEFORD,

No. 16 Setton street, Maysville, Ky

—THE—

GREAT Slaughter SALE

—OF—

BOOTS AND SHOES

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

F. B. RANSON.

Established 1865.

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.

BIRD BOARDERS.

SUMMER QUARTERS FOR SONGSTERS WHOSE MISTRESSES ARE AWAY.

A Fancier's Discourse on the Voices and Plumage of Popular Pets—More Canaries Sold—The Mocking Bird—Talking Birds.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Amid the babel of shrill noises in a bird store on Ninth street a young lady came in and raised hurriedly from one cage to another. She was sunburnt and brown, and this fact, together with the traveling costume which she wore, made it evident that she had been seeking health and pleasure out of the city. With a disappointed look she at last turned to the attendant and asked: "Is Beauty alive and well?" The attendant went to a distant corner of the shop, took down an expensive cage and handed it to the young lady.

"Are you glad to see me? Oh, you dear little love!" and the bird hopped around and sang and in many ways showed that it recognized the owner. After being assured that the bird had received the best of care all summer, the lady paid its board bill and went out caressing the little singer and calling it all kinds of pretty names.

"We have been boarding the bird while she was away," explained the attendant. "We have a great many bird orders here, but they are being taken away now. When people go away for the summer and have their houses closed they take their birds to a store where birds are boarded. I've got fifty-two boarders left, but they will all be gone in a couple of weeks.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A WEEK.

"Birds are boarded for 25 cents a week and we take no risk on them. We don't insure them and if they die we are not the loser. We have some very fatiduous birds brought to us. They are used to many little attentions at home which it would be impossible for us to give them. Some of them are allowed to hop around the room at home. Others are used to being hung out in the yard, where they can enjoy the fresh air and sunshine, and we can not give them these little indulgences. A great many pet birds, too, are taught to eat certain things for which they sometimes develop a great love, and when they are brought to us, where they are placed on regular bird food, they don't like it. In fact, some of them rebel against common fare and won't eat until hunger drives them to it.

"There is an old fellow there in that handsome cage," said the bird-store man, pointing to a sedate looking bird, which had one eye shut. "He is a regular old sport, and you would be surprised to see the airs he puts on. We call him the parlor boarder, because he pays, or rather his owner pays, more for his board than we get for any other bird here. He must have eggs and fruit every day, and if he doesn't get them he makes more fuss than a dyspeptic old bachelor."

THE POPULAR CANARY.

"Are many pet birds sold now?" was asked.

"More than ever before; but I can't say just how many. There are nearly 100 bird stores in the city. There were not half that number five years ago. There are more canaries sold than any other kind of birds. They are not the best singers, but they are very pretty and they are easily kept. The best singing canaries come from Germany, where they are trained. We sometimes receive as much as \$10 for a fine singer. Some are sold as low as \$2.

"The best singer of the feathered tribe is the American mocking bird. He is the acknowledged king of them all. The smartest of these birds come from Virginia and North Carolina, where they are caught while young. They are very hard to raise until they get to be 9 months or a year old. After that they give little trouble. They begin to sing when they are a year old and are in their prime at 4 years. They will live in proper attention for 10 years and I have known them to attain 13 years. The young birds are secured at this season of the year and in the spring. The females are worthless pets, as only the males sing. I have known a mocking bird to sell for \$80. The average price for a good singer, however, is \$25."

In a big cage was a North Carolina red bird. "He," said the attendant, "is valued for his plumage. He is not of a musical turn, and only gives forth a shrill whistle." This bird had a blood-red body, with black head and the tip of the wings were black. "They average in price," said its owner, "about \$5."

TALKING BIRDS.

"How many kinds of birds talk?" "Let's see—there is the starling, the magpie, the raven, the parrot and the cockatoo, which is in reality a species of the large parrot family. Does the crow talk? Yes, once in a while a crow can be found which with hard and careful training can be taught to say one or two words. But we don't count him with the talking birds. I sold the mate to that cockatoo you see there to a gentleman last week for \$100, and I would not take much less for this one." The bird stood doing on a perch, a perfect picture of grace and contentment. He was almost as white as snow, except his head, which was a bright yellow. He was much larger than an ordinary-sized parrot, and when he opened his eyes he looked very wise.

"We divide birds into two classes," explained the attendant. "There are hard bills and soft bills, and each class has its kind of food. Our hard bills eat seed and the soft bills eat a soft preparation which is made of honey and canary seed. We have birds here from every clime. There are the love birds, which are parrots from South America, and those birds over there are from Africa. You see they haven't much beauty about them and they can't sing.

TROUBLED WITH CORNS

"None of the African birds sing. The little cut-throat has rather a soft whistle, but that is all. There is the English blackbird, which belongs to the singing family. The parrot family is very large. The best parrots are of a grayish color and they are brought from Africa. Each kind of a bird requires a special kind of care. It is not necessary to clean the cages every day of the smaller birds, but great care should al-

ways be taken that their perches are kept clean or the birds will get corns on their feet. Didn't know that birds could get corns! Certainly they can. That comes from their standing on a rough perch. We are often called on to doctor sick birds and find them suffering with corns. They soon come all right after the perches are cleaned thoroughly. Painted cages are bad for birds, for the reason that the little songsters sometimes peck the paint off and get sick from the effects of it."

Life in Texas.

[San Angelo Standard.]

When traveling through life we invariably pass the best shade tree early in the day. When we need them, and at the noon and evening of our existence, the sun comes down and peels our back.

STYLES IN ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

The Old Styles Are Awkward and Cheap, But the New Ones Are Wonderful.

[New York Sun.]

Two signs in the show window of a dealer in surgical appliances read as follows: "Old Style Leg" and "New Style Leg." They show that there is a fashion in artificial legs. The old-style leg consisted of a short wooden stump and socket, which was to be fastened to the remaining portion of the missing member by a stout broad strap. It was of the same style usually exhibited in picture books and on the comic opera stage. The new-style leg was a flesh-colored copy of a human leg and foot, light and apparently as comfortable as a cripple would require.

"The old style leg," said the proprietor, "is a clumsy affair, and is chiefly worn by those who are not proud of their personal appearance and by poor men who are unable to pay the price demanded for finer work. We still have large orders for them, and always expect to have. They cost from \$5 to \$25, according to workmanship. The new style of leg costs from \$75 to \$200. The former price is for a leg from the knee downward, while the latter takes in a whole leg, from the hip joint to the big toe. These legs are very light. They are hollow, and are made of a great many layers of wood, as thin as wall paper, cemented together. They are almost as tough as iron. They are comfortable to the stump, and the springs in them give their owner an almost natural gait. There is a spring joint at the toes, one at the ankle, which enable the foot to bend up and down, and also a lateral joint at the same place, that allows the foot to turn from side to side.

"It is in arms, however, that this business has made the most rapid advancement," continued the dealer. "The man who invented the artificial arm and hand was a practical philanthropist. When I was a boy a man who lost his arm was obliged to wear a wooden stump with a screw socket at the end. Into this he could screw a knife, spoon, or fork to help him while eating, and a hook for use at other times. Now we can give him a wrist, hand, and finger, which work with springs, and almost completely take the place of the missing members. He can put a knife, spoon, and fork between his fingers, which will hold them with the grip of steel, and thus he may eat without discomfort. He can also put a pen between his fingers, and write almost as well as he could with his natural hand. Ten years ago this would have been regarded a miracle. This style of arm sells for \$100. They make artificial portions of a man's body now almost as serviceable as the real ones."

Egypt Still Plagued with Flies.

[Cairo Letter.]

The flies are still one of the plagues of Egypt, as in the days of Moses. Like the leprosy carrier in New England village, they bring their work and stay all the afternoon. Their adhesive qualities are greater than those of patent cement. They make your acquaintances, and like Mrs. Micawber, they never, never for-ake you.

I have had one of these pertinacious flies make my acquaintance in one quarter of the city and follow me unflinchingly through dark and winding ways to an entirely opposite quarter. Nothing could detach him from my person—not the crowds through which I passed, the camels which brushed against me, not winding alleys, low and gloomy gateways, the odors of the market-place, not any amount of futile blows with the cane nor any wealth of American expletives. He remained, penetrating into my ears, sitting triumphantly on my nose, and constantly finding new and unexpected points of attack, until he was tired out, and left of his own accord. And yet it is a small, insignificant-looking insect. A dozen of them would hardly make one ordinary-sized blue-bottle. Still it is a recognized terror, unpleasant to the well and a terror to those—especially infants—having the ophthalmia.

An instrument, called by the French a chasse-mouche, or fly-chaser, is made and sold for putting it to flight, or for its possible extermination. This is a small handle, to which are attached long filaments of cane, palm reed or horsehair, after the manner of an extremely slender and delicate broom or whip. The demand for this implement is general, and in the effort to supply it some pretty and cheap specimens are produced. Every one walks about Cairo armed with his chasse-mouche, whipping right and left. On horseback they are really necessary, and as when so used they are conspicuous, an official on parade days will carry one corresponding with his fine dress and equipments.

A Dangerous Legacy.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Life Insurance Agent—Come, let me make you out a policy.

Mr. Dusenberry—Not to-day, sir.

"Why not? The premium on \$20,000 would not be much. It would be a nice sum to leave to your wife."

"I said 'not to-day, sir.' Now I say never, sir. A handsome young widow with \$20,000 is the most dangerous legacy a man could leave behind him."

A Lucky Name.

The name Emma itself conveys luck. Emma Albina, Emma Nevada, Emma Thursby, Emma Juch and Emma Abbott, all high sopranos, and all successful.

China has 3,500 miles of telegraph line, and only seven miles of railroad.

IN CAPTIVITY.

THE CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERACY A PRISONER AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Recollections of a Lieutenant Who Served as Officer of the Guard—Entertaining Conversation with Mr. Davis—Sharing Cigars.

[Charles S. Tripler in San Francisco Alta.]

I was in 1865 first lieutenant in the Twelfth United States infantry, and in the absence of my captain commanded E company of the first battalion of that regiment. Early in October I was ordered to Fortress Monroe, and reported for duty to Gen. N. A. Miles. My rank as lieutenant subjected me to detail as officer of the guard, and as such I had for the twenty-four hours of my detail immediate charge of our distinguished prisoner, my order being "not to allow him out of my sight during my tour of duty." Mr. Davis was confined to a room in Carroll hall, which was designed as quarters for lieutenants, who are entitled to two rooms only, so all the rooms, except the mess-hall and library are in suites of two rooms each. The doorway were all grated with iron, and a sentry walked before each on a pile of cocoa matting some four inches thick. The officer of the guard was not allowed to leave the room unless relieved by the officer of the day, nor to sleep at all during his twenty-four hours of duty. The grated doors were locked, the keys being in the custody of the officer of the day.

As was the custom, on my first day of duty as officer of the guard I was introduced by my predecessor to Mr. Davis thus: "Mr. Davis, Mr. Tripler, of the Twelfth." Mr. Davis said: "Are you Stuart Tripler?" I said: "Yes, sir." He then said he remembered my grandmother (Mrs. Hunt) and had very pleasant recollections of my father (Surgeon Tripler, of the army). We had that first day no further conversation until the time came for his daily walk around the parapet. At that time the officer of the day came, accompanied by two negro prisoners, unlocked the door, when Mr. Davis, dressed in soft-colored clothes, with a raglan overcoat and soft, high-crowned, black felt hat stepped into my room. Gen. Miles entered at the time with the daily papers, which were placed on a table in Mr. Davis's room. The prisoners commenced at once to clean up the room and we left in the following order: Mr. Davis and officers of the guard, ten paces behind two sentries, a couple of paces behind them the officer of the day, and lastly, some distance off, Gen. Miles strolled along, reading.

We took our time, and Mr. Davis by his instructive and most entertaining conversation rendered it this most delightful duty. He seemed to know everything. He had the unusual faculty of drawing a young man out and making him show his best side. We would sometimes stop abreast of the water battery, in front of the commanding officers' quarters, and recline on the crest of the works, where he would relate pleasant stories of the old army, ask after common friends, and often give me "points" in my profession which were invaluable. To show how small a matter he would notice and speak of, there were a number of trees growing along one of the fronts of casemates which bore clusters of small white berries. Mr. Davis said: "Lieut. Tripler, I saw you riding a nice-looking horse the other day, but it is out of condition. Those berries you see there are one of the best condition medicines I know of, and you can find them all over the south; remember that, it's worth knowing."

On our return Dr. Cooper's servant came in with Mr. Davis's lunch. All his meals were supplied from Dr. Cooper's table, and Mrs. Cooper was a notable housewife, and the markets of Fortress Monroe were well supplied; you may be sure Mr. Davis did not suffer. The only request he ever made me during the time I was stationed there was to bring him a few apples each time I came on guard, which I did. I rather think he asked me for the sake of letting me think I was doing him a favor in return for his exceeding kindness to my grandmother when he was secretary of war. He could make a request in such a way that you felt he had conferred a favor on you in preferring it.

C. C. Clay was confined in the rooms directly beneath Mr. Davis, but had Mrs. Clay with him, and was not guarded as Mr. Davis was. Mr. Clay used to send sometimes a pitcher of punch to Mr. Davis. My orders not forbidding it, the pitcher was always passed in. Mr. Davis was supplied with good cigars by his friends. I know they were good, because Mr. Davis remarked that "smokers are gregarious, and I can't enjoy a cigar alone," and offered me one nearly every night, after he had assumed his most satanic-looking night robe—he wore a red flannel night-gown, cap and drawers. He was never annoyed, insulted or worried during his stay. Gen. Miles was coldly civil, and others "officially polite," I perhaps, and as was natural, was more kindly disposed, but I never exceeded the letter of my instructions.

I think Mr. Davis will himself give the lie to the exaggerated accounts of his sufferings. Imprisonment is not pleasant under the most favorable circumstances, and no fallen chief of a great movement could have expected or received more considerate treatment than did Mr. Davis.

A Novelty in Chess-Boards.

[South Australian Chronicle.]

The squares are marked out in the ordinary way, but instead of the dark-colored ones being definitely red or black, each contains a complete diagram of the chess-board, with the position of the men after the fifth move of some regular opening. Thus there are thirty-two of the regular openings represented. The designer has been careful in omitting obsolete and notoriously unsound openings, and he has done well in showing two or three variations in the more popular gambits, such as the "Evans" or the "kings." The board will be exceedingly useful as an aid to study.

When Webster Felt Small.

Some recent reminiscences of the Sage of Marshfield reveal the fact that it was not an uncommon thing for him to take his son aside and observe: "Fletcher, my boy, let us go to Franklin to-morrow. We'll have a good time and leave the old lady at home."

Whitehall Times: No man can fail unless he has attempted to succeed.

SPEED ON THE OCEAN.

Some of the Dangers Which Are Risked in Making a Quick Passage.

Quick passages across the ocean, such as those recently made by the *Etruria*, have little to commend them unless they are made in clear weather. Running at high speed in thick or foggy weather is both perilous and unlawful. The international code of rules to be observed at sea says distinctly that the steamers must run at a "moderate" speed in thick or foggy weather, else they invite danger, not only to themselves, but also to the vessels which may be in their path. When it is remembered that one of these great ships while at full speed will run several miles before she can be brought to a full stop or turned a few degrees to the port or starboard, the absolute necessity for slow running in thick weather is obvious. None suffer so much from these fast trips as the brave fellows who man the great fleet which supplies the whole country with fish. The vessels of this fleet are always to be found lying at anchor or hove-to in the tempestuous seas which continually run across Georges and the Grand banks.

It is dangerous work lying on these exposed banks at the best of times, for the holding-ground, being shifting sands, is bad, the sea high, and especially in the winter season the winds are fierce. But add to these dangers the continual passing to and fro of a fleet of fast-going ships bent on making time, and the chances of disaster are greatly increased. Rarely a season passes that one or more of these fishing vessels, carrying from fifteen to twenty men, are not cut down by the iron prows of the transatlantic liners, and a score of families in the Gloucester hills put in mourning.

The heartlessness exhibited at times by the masters of these ocean "greyhounds" would be incredible, were it not corroborated as well as it is. One of these ponderous iron ships can cut down a fishing schooner of fifty tons without awakening its sleeping passengers. A slight shock passes through the ship, and all is over. If the gale is blowing, the shouts of the fishermen struggling in the water, will not be heard below the main deck and even then only for an instant as the great ship rushes by. Sometimes, so the fishermen say, the commander will stop his ship, and sometimes he will not. Under the usual conditions of weather obtaining on the banks, it makes little difference whether he does or not. For one of these ships when at full speed will, as said before, run several miles ere she can be brought to a full stop, and before the boats can be launched and sent back, it is usually too late; the men in the water having gone down or been lost to sight in the rolling sea.

There is another side to this, and one that directly concerns the safety of the passenger themselves. The danger of encountering icebergs in the spring and summer upon the ocean highways is also more or less imminent, and this danger increases as the speed of the ship. The thermometer furnishes a fair warning to a trained eye of the vicinity of icebergs when they are to windward of the ship that is, when the wind is blowing from the ice toward the ship; but when they are dead to leeward, the thermometer has been shown to furnish little or no warning whatever, and to be little better than useless.

Story of Gen. Forrest.

[Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.]

Gen. N. B. Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, visited New York shortly after the close of the war. One day, while riding down-town in a Fifth avenue stage, a droll of the most pronounced type entered and took his seat in the corner opposite the general. While searching his pockets for something, the youth withdrew a large envelope, from which a number of papers slipped and were scattered on the floor. He picked up those within reach, and, turning to Forrest, who looked like "a member from the rural districts," said, in the drawing, consequential, and supercilious tones peculiar to his class, "I say, can you reach those papers?"

The general grasped the situation in a moment, and extending his arm until the cuff and shirt-sleeve separated, exhibiting a broad expanse of wrist, replied, with well-assumed country patois, "Wall, I jis kin, stranger, an' that's all about it." Then he drew himself up to a sitting posture again and looked innocent, while the occupants of the stage roared, and the embarrassed dulle proceeded to help himself, and as quickly as possible leave the unsympathetic company.

An old gentleman who, to judge from his shaking sides, heartily enjoyed the scene, now changed his seat for one next to the general, and remarked to him: "Stranger, excuse me for the question, but where are you from?" "Arkansas," was the rejoinder. "Well," said the old man, "I have always heard that an Arkian was a — of a fellow, and now I believe it. Shake hands, stranger!" He was doubly delighted a few moments later, when on arriving at the New York hotel, Forrest introduced himself in friendly persona, and invited his new-found friend to become his guest at dinner.

Experiment with an Egg.

[Scientific Exchange.]

On the 7th of May M. Dars to hung up an egg in a little bag, lying on its side, and marked the upper part of the shell with a little x. The 7th of June he let the egg down, still inclosed in its bag, into a saucen of boiling water. When hard he cut the egg open. The yolk he found adhering to the membrane, not of the lower, but of the upper shell, and thus was disproved the common belief that the yolk was heavier than the white, or albumen.

In the Town Park.

[Punxsutawney Tribune.]

"Begorra," said an Irishman the other day as he gazed over the public square, "sure this must be a healthy town!" "Why so?" asked a bystander.

"Faith, sor, because there isn't a soign of a grave in the cemetery boyant."

Blood Will Tell.

[Arkansas Traveler.]

Some children kain't be teach'd how to berbate darselves. Yer may take de wile turkey's sign an' hatch 'em out un'er de tamest turkey in de lan', but jes' ez soon ez de young ones gits big anuff de will rise an' fly erway.