DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

VOL. 5---NO. 145. MAYSVILLE, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 12, 1886. PRICE ONE CENT.

INDIGESTION

To strengthen the stomach, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency which result from Indigestion, there is nothing so effective as Ayer's Pills. These Pills contain no calomel or other poisonous drug, act directly on the digestive and assimilative organs, and restore health and strength to the entire system. T. P. Bonner, Chester, Pa., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past 30 years, and am satisfied I should not have been alive to-day, if it had not been for them. They

Cured

me of Dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since." L. N. Smith, Utica, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills, for Liver troubles and Indigestion, a good many years, and have always found them prompt and efficient in their action." Richard Norris, Lynn, Mass., writes: "After much suffering, I have been cured of Dyspepsia and Liver troubles

By Using

Ayer's Pills. They have done me more good than any other medicine I have ever taken." John Burdett, Troy, Iowa, writes: "For nearly two years my life was rendered miserable by the horrors of Dyspepsia. Medical treatment afforded me only temporary relief, and I became reduced in flesh, and very much debilitated. A friend of mine, who had been similarly afflicted, advised me to try Ayer's Pills. I did so, and with the happiest results. My food soon ceased to distress me, my appetite returned, and I became as strong and well as ever."

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

For sale by all Druggists.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

T. J. CURLEY,

Sanitary Plumber,

GAS AND STEAM FITTER.

Curley's new system of House Drainage and Ventilation. Bath rooms fitted up with hot and cold water a specialty. Also a large supply of

Iron, Lead and Stone Pipe,

Globe, Angle and Check Valves, water and Steam Gauges, Force and Lift Pumps, Rubber Hose, Chandeliers, Brackets and Globes. Personal attention given to all work and satisfaction guaranteed. T. J. CURLEY, Second street, above Market, opposite Omar Dodson's, Maysville, Ky. f16dly

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WOMAN AND HOME.

HINTS CONCERNING THE USE AND CARE OF KEROSENE LAMPS.

Secret of Good Discipline Among Children—The Health Officers of Home—Punishment—Table Manners—Perfumes—Mrs. Custer—School Reform.

Of all misunderstood things in daily life, the use of the kerosene lamp probably stands at the head. First, a lamp is bought and fitted for use, and then filled day after day, and after a longer or shorter period does not give as good light as it used to; then come complaints to the oil man or grocer about the quality of the oil, when a little reason and judgment used would remedy the fault and remove the cause of complaint. If persons using a lamp would remember that the lamp is a machine combining the furnace and pump, and endeavor to learn the principle of using oil, much trouble would be saved, for while no one expects to use a large machine without learning how to work it, any one can use a lamp.

Now, the wick is the pump to bring oil from the front to the blaze, and as there is always more or less dust and dirt in the oil, the wick soon becomes clogged up and cannot pump oil fast enough for a good light, so a complaint is made when a new wick would have removed the cause. Then, as we burn oil out, the lightest parts burn, and leave the heavy oil, and as it is filled day by day the oil gradually gets so heavy that the draft is not strong enough to pump it up, and then the oil should be all turned out of the lamp and it refilled with fresh oil. Then the burner, after a time, gets gummed up and the even flow of oil is disturbed and causes a smoky, uneven light that is very vexatious. I have had burners brought into my store condemned, and a new one wanted, when by two minutes' work they were made as good as new. Then when the wick needs cutting, some scrape it off, others cut it so uneven that it makes a pointy blaze which so provokes one that he wants to condemn it.

The burner is provided with a great number of small holes to provide air, to the end that perfect combustion may take place, and not to collect dust and dirt until they are all clogged up, and a smoky, bad-smelling light is the result. Now if in using kerosene we fill the lamp up with white oil every day, and once a week empty back the oil in the lamp and use a new wick, cut even and true, once a week or two weeks, and be sure the lamp burner is clean, and a clear, nice polished chimney used, we will find that the kerosene lamp is a cheap and great luxury, and not, as is often the case, a necessary nuisance which has to be used for lack of anything better. For a little care, daily, in using lamps, makes all the difference between luxury and nuisance.—J. B. Samoht, in The Analyst.

The Secret of Good Discipline.

The secret of good discipline lies in adaptation of forces to the nature of the child. Consideration of peculiarities must be made even in very young children. Seldom two children can be governed in the same way; and is a duty of parents to study their individualities, otherwise there is no discipline, but the care given aggravates evil tendencies in them. There can be no doubt that much of the naughtiness in children is unintentionally taught, or developed in them. When grown people are so far from perfect, it seems unfair that every apparent fault of the child should be made so much of; and many times what seems wrong in a child is only a natural act under the exciting conditions, and if we take time to examine the matter we shall be more just. Injustice and weakness in parents make sad havoc with children's characters. There is a strong latent force in children which we must strive to control; we can not change its nature, but by strength and patience, and thoughtfulness we may guide it.

Over-discipline is as harmful as the lack of discipline. It may be worse, for if a child is let alone, there is a chance for a natural development for good; but if a child is continually prodded with rules and directions, it may grow rebellious, its obstinacy is aroused, and its finer feelings are blunted. Many a time by forbidding we create a desire; as we invite falsehood by prohibiting something that the child will do thoughtlessly, and can only refrain from doing by constant self-control; and often the thing forbidden is of little consequence compared with the train of evils its prohibition introduces. When the child has disobeyed it is punished; the next time it disobeys it naturally tells a falsehood to avoid punishment. Children are morally and physically cowards, and the greatest care is necessary to prevent this weakness from becoming a large element in their character.

A thoughtless, wrong act is not so bad as willful disobedience. We may give a child many opportunities to do wrong in the thoughtless way. It does not follow that because a mother slips over many of the small misdemeanors in a child's life that she is without law or order. The strength of his influence is needed for the more important occasions. Let a child revolve in its own orbit; when it is out of order, replace it with as little disturbance as possible. It will live its own life in spite of everything, and it is the duty of parents to see that the conditions surrounding it are conducive to a healthy and pure growth, and that the faulty traits it has undoubtedly inherited be eradicated by every means possible.—Rose Dalton in Good Housekeeping.

The Health Officers of Home.

A lecture entitled "Mothers, the Health Officers of Home," was delivered by Dr. Oscar C. De Wolf before Woman's Physiological Institute. The doctor said the average American woman's conception of house was sadly defective. She judged the home from the society standpoint instead of the reverse. There were many features of fashionable life which prevented women from becoming the watchful and effective guardian which she ought to be of the sanitary condition of her home. Woman's use of narcotic and alcoholic stimulants was no longer limited to individual cases. Every physician in this city knew it was quite prevalent and was producing a harvest of death. Mothers could not sow tears and reap wheat for their children.

The doctor trusted that the public instructor in the year 2286—400 years hence—for the purpose of showing how dificient women in the nineteenth century were in guarding the health of their children would produce a Chicago daily paper dated Feb. 22, 1886. From this he would read the mortality report that 50 per cent, of the deaths were those of children under 5 years of age, and the equally suggestive fact that the glass manufacturers of the United States made 10,000,000 nursing bottles during 1885. The philosopher of that day would read the advertisements and come to the conclusion that the manufacture of food for infants was a gigantic national enterprise in 1886. If he would put these facts together he would detect the causes which sweep so many infants into an untimely grave. It was the fruit of the American mother's refusal to nurse her children.

The doctor said the mother could not afford to accept the doctrine of the survival of the fittest; that would roll us back to the barbarism of the fourteenth century. In this country 40 babies out of every 100 born died in their infancy; in Norway only 18 out of 100 died. If women would give less attention to their dressmakers, to the theatres and society events, and more attention to their babies, it would be better for the babies. Sanitary law should have its birth in the home, and woman should be the home's archangel. That she was not was man's fault as much as hers.—Chicago Tribune.

How to Punish Children.

"How to punish children," said Professor Adler, in a lecture recently, "is one of the burning questions of the day. Upon it depends in a greater degree than people imagine the welfare of the state, the family society, and the ethical development of humanity itself. We should be the physicians of our enmies; we should profit by their hostility and lead them to a better mind by gentleness and firmness combined, and even chastise them when their own good and social advancement require it. How many parents know how to punish children?

"A child will grow up, in nine cases out of ten, the embodiment of the influences that surround him. Never chastise a child in anger. Socrates, the great pagan philosopher, refrained from punishing a slave until his passion had cooled. An angry father sets a perilous example to his offspring. He exhibits his weakness when he should be firm and contained. The child drinks in the lesson, and his moral nature is lacerated and warped.

"How many children are spoiled by discouragement! Parents grumble and chide the live-long day, and never praise. It is wrong. Nothing will so effectually crush a child's ambition to be good and noble. The sweet approbation of a good mother is enough to make a young man face fire and death in a worthy cause."—Exchange.

Scents and Perfumes Everywhere.

Among the necessary adjuncts of the modern gown is the perfumed pocket, which is sold, made up ready for use, by shopkeepers along with the other "findings," for which trifles modistes tack on to their little bills such astounding sums. These dainty pockets are among the newest accessories of the already costly costume of the day. For some time perfumes went "out" and were considered decidedly vulgar, but they are "in" again with a vengeance, and the faint scent of the many sachet powders that greets one's olfactory organs in crowded places is quite overpowering, at times nauseating.

Heliotrope to the right of you, violet to the left of you, white rose in front of you and jessamine behind you in the warm, close atmosphere of a church or theatre make you sigh for fresh fields and pastures new and wish devoutly the edict against scents had not been removed. Women have perfume sewed into the linings of their dresses, in their pockets, in their corsets and in their bustles, and the effect of all this is the reverse of pleasant very often. Fashion never stops half way at anything and the only comfort is that it changes in the twinkling of an eye. This rage for perfume has not come to stay probably.—New York World.

Pay Attention to Table Manners.

The table manners of children can not receive too close attention, and yet they seldom have adequate care bestowed upon them. The constant reproof and admonition required seems but a thankless task for many years. Boys and girls manifest a terrible ingenuity in acquiring awkward habits and unpleasant tricks, and an equal slowness in overcoming them. Perpetual "nagging" is always painful both to the giver and the object, but the recompense of greatful appreciation comes surely, though slowly. Some parents weary of waiting for it, and abandon the efforts at training.

To men nothing can make up for the lack of this early discipline. Women, more imitative, may tutor themselves into a fair pretense of ease, but a man rarely sufficiently overcomes his self-consciousness to feel otherwise than miserable in a circle where he knows his habits and manner mark him as of less outward refinement than his associates. Once in a great while the wife of a man may succeed in imparting a polish that transforms the rough article into a tolerable counterfeit of the fine one, but it is at the price of long struggles and bitter mortifications alike to husband and wife.—Christine Terhune Herrick.

Harmony Turned into Discord.

Did you ever stop to think, you mouse-hearted people, the harmony of whose life is all turned into discord by forecasting trouble, to whom a few flies in the dining-room, or pencil-marks on the paint, or the tracing of little fingers on the crystal clearness of the window-pane brings a load of care, and the indulgence of a scolding tongue; did you ever stop to think, I wonder, what you will do when some of the really great troubles of life shall sweep down upon you like a wind out of a northern sky?

Will you remember these magpie vexations when the feet that made the muddy tracks that shattered your dainty peace shall have turned aside, have climbed the heavenward slopes and walk with God? When the hands that traced the finger-marks shall have loosened their caressing clasp from yours and leave you only dreams of the rose-leaf touch that once thrilled the mother heart within you? Ah! I think, my dear, when those troubles do come upon you, you will not take note of flies in the dining-room, nor stop to scold over a disordered room.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

The Question of School Reform.

A number of prominent women in New York are about to take up the question of school reform, and see what can be done to better the condition of things in the public schools, where the children are being sadly overworked, compelled, like Dr. Blimber's pupils, to produce mental green peas at Christmas and intellectual asparagus all the year round. The schools here, are, like Dr. Blimber's establishment, great hot-houses in which there is a forcing apparatus incessantly at work, and unless there is some reform in this direction there will be serious results felt in the mental and physical condition of the rising generation. This is a subject which interests mothers more nearly than any other, and the present awakening to the fact on their part is a healthful sign.—New York World.

The Widow of Gen. Custer.

Mrs. Custer, widow of the gallant and ill-fated Gen. Custer, is a resident of New York, and to her social graces adds fine literary tastes and achievement. She is now a correspondent of The Chicago Tribune, and her letters are deliciously fresh and readable. She lives in a pretty little flat in East Eighteenth street, under the same roof that shelters another famous litterateur, Miss Gilder. Mrs. Custer was formerly the manager of the Decorative Art society, and on retiring from the position visited Europe in company with the daughter of Amos F. Eno. Mrs. Custer is personally a sweet-faced woman, of quiet, pleasing manners, her naturally bright disposition still shadowed and subdued by the great grief of her life.—Boston Budget.

What One Scientific Man Says.

One thing we may think of with absolute inspiration, and that is that while no age has overleaped all possible trials, and established a Utopia, or a Paradise, each age has done its own individual work, and done it well. Note 1. The invention of language, somewhere back, no one can tell when, probably 20,000 years ago: 2. The invention of writing, say 10,000 years later; 3. The invention of an alphabet, say 5,000 years ago; 4. The invention of moveable types, less than 500 years ago. Or take the subjection of motive power. 1. The utilization of wind power; 2. Of water power; 3. Of steam power; 4. Of electrical energy. Or consider the milestones in the way of human dwellings; 1. A cave or log, and this for long ages; 2. A rude hut; 3. A woven tent; 4. A house of rude art; 5. Manufactories, palaces, temples, cottages.

Our own age has done not only its work well, in the way of art and invention, but of moral foresight, and in broadening human sympathies. In home life, in personal liberty, in human brotherhood, in a joyful life that abhors morbid penance, in universal educational schemes, in high maxims of duty, we are doing our work well. If we are not likely to fold our hands in a Utopia of absolute peace, we are sure to have enough to do in the way of testing our powers; and we have confidence that history will honor our record.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Young Mother's Ways with Children.

No matter what may be the decorations of the home if the wife meets the husband with petulant words because she thinks he has stayed out longer than is proper, or if the children are allowed to use cross and overbearing words to one another and to the servants, there is no amount of adorning that can make that home beautiful; for it has been truthfully said "decorating a home that is never irradiated with hearty good nature is like frescoing a cellar wall."

I have a dear friend who is a young woman, but an excellent manager of children (the best I ever saw, and they are so few these days). I was with her one day and her two little ones, 5 and 3 years old, were playing in the next room, when there came an ill-tempered scream from the youngest. She quietly arose and went to them, and I knew she punished the child, but when she came back she said that she had once before reproved the little one for screaming at her brother, and had told her if she did it again she must punish her. She then said: "I teach my children as soon as they are able to understand that they must not be cross to each other, and I always found if allowed when small to scream at each other the next thing would be cross words; and it is just as easy to train them to say pleasant words as any others." Young mothers make a note of this (I did), and act on it; it rests with yourselves whether your children will use kind words.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fortnightly Club of Women.

In at least one country town that I know of there is a fortnightly club of women called the Mistake club. The members are all housekeepers, and once in two weeks they meet at one another's houses, and the discussions are based upon the culinary mistakes of their members. One will have failed in some point, possibly in clearing soup stock, in bread making, in the one hundred and one things that come up for the housekeeper to do. The rest listen to the recital, then follow it with suggestions, based upon experience. Note books are in requisition, and the members says that there isn't a meeting at which something new isn't learned. During the season they manage a course of cooking lectures from Mrs. Lincoln, and once a month they give a tea, to which the husbands are invited. Now, why can't we, you, readers, and I, form a "mistake club?" Naturally, under the circumstances, it will have to be something like Mr. Alcott's "conversations," where he did all the conversing and the rest listened.—Sally Joy White.

The Present Taste in Mantels.

The present taste in mantels seems in favor of plain, substantial work, with beauty of form and proportion leading characteristics, in place of eccentricity in shape and bewildering and superfluous clusters of columns, and nests of shelves and brackets. The mirror with its beveled edge still remains an important factor in the effect of the mantel, whether used singly for its legitimate purpose as a mirror, or as paneling in the backs of recesses, reflecting light and color. Nevertheless it is frequently done away with altogether, its place being supplied with cabinet pictures. But whatever manner of mantel is attempted its real and practical utility should never be lost sight of, or rendered subservient to decoration.—Philadelphia Record.

Oil Spilled on the Floor.

If oil has been recently spilled on a carpet or floor, put on plenty of wheat-flour or whiting to absorb the oil as much as possible. If the spot is near a seam, it is well to open the carpet and place the whiting underneath as well. The next day sweep up with a stiff brush the flour above and beneath the carpet, and put on plenty of fresh flour. If spots persist in remaining after this treatment, they can be removed by rubbing with flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine or benzine. Others use a preparation made by mixing a little soap in a gallon of soft warm water, and then adding half an ounce of borax. Wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the spot will soon disappear.—Demorest's Monthly.

Boiled Ham in London.

At the London ham and beef shops—by the way, an institution confined to the modern Babylon—the following method of boiling hams is adopted with excellent results. The hams are always placed in cold water in a copper, under which a small fire is made, which raises the water very slowly to the boiling-point. The moment this is accomplished the fire is raked out, the copper covered over, and the hams are allowed to remain in the water until it is nearly cold. By this means the flesh is rendered tender and juicy, and the loss of fat is guarded against. —San Francisco Argonaut.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the last parting?

The aged empress of Germany is thought to be endowed with wonderful vigor, because at a state reception not long ago she wore a train of purple velvet, trimmed with ermine, twelve feet long.

Sarah Winnemucca, the Piute princess, has built a schoolhouse at Lovelock, Nev., where twenty-five little Piutes are learning to read and write free of all expense.—Frank Leslie's.

Helena, M. T., has a lady superintendent of schools who has Indian blood in her veins. She is highly educated, and has a decided dramatic talent.—Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt confesses that she has kept her vocal organs in tune for twenty-five years by singing to her children.

Cold rain-water and soap will take out machine grease where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

A lady living near Nyac, N. Y., has an Angora goat farm which is proving very profitable.

Flannels are best washed in tepid water, prepared beforehand with soap and a teaspoonful of ammonia.

The Plan Worked Well at First.

There is in Sumter county, Georgia, a certain pond or swamp of 100 acres or more. The water is very shallow, and grass grows luxuriantly in it. Here horses and cattle love to feed and ducks congregate in great numbers. They do not fear the horses and cattle, but are very shy when a man is around. Jim Murray thought that by hitching his horse to a flat bottomed boat he could drive all over the swamp and kill no end of ducks.

The plan worked well at first. The horse drew the boat easily, but when at the right time Jim said "Whoa," and jumped up to fire at the ducks, there was a hitch in the programme. The horse stopped but the boat didn't. It quietly floated on and banged against the horse's hind legs. The horse jumped, and at that Jim took a header backward into the water, his gun going about twenty feet beyond him. Just where the gun went is not certain. It has not been seen since. The horse and the boat kept right on. When the horse wanted to stop the boat hit his legs and urged him forward. When the boat wanted to stop the horse didn't know it. Finally boat and horse got thoroughly tangled up, and the latter went down. Then Jim's brother Tom, who had been watching the show from the solid land, waded in and cut the horse loose, and at the same time Jim waded out. The boat was not hurt in the least.—Chicago Times.

Western Land and Cattle Investments.

It has always been a curiosity to me until I came to New York this time why English, French, Scotch, and even German capitalists would come to this country and invest largely in the cattle business, when New York and other home capitalists could not be induced to enter the field. The secret of it I find in the different conditions of society. In the old country the rich men have estates in the country which are handled by agents for them year in and year out, and which, in many instances, they never see. They grow accustomed to having property that is not right under their noses.

It is little difference to an Englishman whether he has an estate in Ireland, Canada, Australia, or the United States, so it brings him in an income. The American is different. The rich men of the country have grown up in an atmosphere of stocks and bonds, the handling of which is centered in New York city. They can not be easily weaned. I think the investments of foreigners in the last ten years in western lands and cattle have made eastern capitalists open their eyes and decide upon taking a little of this business themselves. My own opinion is, that with the dressed-beef question practically settled in the affirmative, the cattle business of the west is only in its infancy.—R. B. Harrison in an interview.

Several Stories About Hard Cider.

The big apple crop and consequent overflow of cider enables the Willington farmers to pass an unusually gleeful winter, and a correspondent relates these cider anecdotes: Uncle Enos, after a round of calls on a recent frosty day, brought up at night at the house of a relative, and asked in an unsteady voice for a glass of cider to help him up the hill. "No, Uncle Enos," said the woman of the house, "you have had cider enough to-day, but anything that I have that you would like to eat you are welcome to." "Well, Eliza," said the old man, "I know you won't go back on your word, and I'll take a bowl of bread and cider." Another old farmer took to visiting the cellar so often that a domestic wrapped herself in a sheet and stationed herself by the long row of cider-barrels in the cellar. The old man, with cider mug and tallow dip in hand, started at first sight of the ghostly visitor, but, gathering himself together, he ejaculated, incoherently: "I ain't afraid on ye. Ye can't hurt me—I've got a son in the legislature!"—Springfield Republican.