

W. P. WALTON.

THE Owensboro Messenger tells us for saying good words about dead Governor Blackburn, whom we used while governor to criticize unparagonably for abusing the pardoning power and who in a burst of indignation offered a pardon to anyone that would kill us. In explanation we will say that it is not in our nature to cherish any man even if the object of it remains upon this sphere of action, much less can we carry it beyond the grave. Dr. Blackburn was an impetuous man, warm hearted and as quick to forgive as to resent what he imagined an injury. Such men frequently shoot off at the mouth what does not come from the heart and we can not believe that he ever contemplated so vile a thing as his words implied. His main object in life seemed to be to better the condition of his kind and in doing so frequently let his heart run off with his brains. Such a man was never intended to be a governor and the mistake was made by the people in choosing him for that office. The effects of his too liberal use of the pardoning power is felt even to this day, for had he let the law take its course, the fellow fiend might now be serving the State for a cowardly murder, if his neck had not paid the penalty, instead of pursuing his natural bent of assassination. Yet even with all this we are willing to give the doctor his due, that of a sincere though often misguided humanitarian.

THE Jessamine county election troubles continue to agitate, but until Saturday the fighting had been done by firing at long range through the columns of a Cincinnati paper. On that day Col. L. D. Baldwin attacked N. D. Miles, the leader of the bolting democrats, and asked him to explain his letter to the paper mentioned above. Miles said he did not intend to convey the idea that Baldwin was a liar, but that he told lies, or words to that effect, whereupon Baldwin climbed his carcass and before he could be pulled off had torn all the whiskers out of one side of Miles' face. It is said the trouble is not yet over and will not be till Baldwin has got a whack at Tom Green's whiskers. Green fanned the troubles into a flame by writing them up for the Cincinnati sheet.

THE Salutory of Mr. Morgan T. Craft appears in the last issue of the Lebanon Enterprise, written in that gentleman's usually pleasing style. Mr. Craft is a most graceful writer, thoroughly equipped and deeply in love with his chosen profession, and we predict that his new charge will gallop at once into public favor. The people of Lebanon gain an excellent citizen in his coming. We have known him long and can testify that a warmer hearted friend or more thorough gentleman does not honor Kentucky's soil than he nor one more public spirited and enterprising. The late editor, Mr. Clarence E. Woods, goes to take a similar position on the Richmond Register, where his undoubted talent for journalism will have even fuller scope.

A WICHITA, KANSAS, man, who pleaded guilty to 2,800 counts of an indictment for violating the prohibition law, was sentenced to 17 years and four months in jail and fined \$2,800. He was clerk in a drug store and probably engaged to do what is known there as the jail act. It has gotten to be a regular business there for men to hire out to sell liquor for proprietors, who stipulate with them to allow the traffic to be run in their names and to take the punishment if they are caught up with. This is very appropriately termed "doing the jail act."

SOME of the superstitious suggested to Mr. Cleveland that the day he has fixed to start on his Western tour, the 30th, falls on Friday, a most unlucky one for the beginning of a trip. Instead of hearkening to them the President declared that Friday was as good a day as any and with him it had always been a lucky day, as his nomination for governor of New York and President of the United States were both made on Friday.

GOV. KNOTT's speech to the drummers at the banquet in their honor at Louisville was one of the wittiest productions we have seen in print in many a day and shows that had he eschewed politics and let office alone, and followed the bent of his mind, he would now be as big a man as Bardette, or Mark Twain, or Eli Perkins, for that matter.

A RED HEADED woman at Philadelphia rushed up to Mr. Cleveland when he was shaking hands with the people and kissed him by force. The President was so much abashed that he forgot to look for the customary white horse, which always shows up when a fiery-haired woman makes her appearance.

IT is an exceedingly up-hill business to run any kind of a newspaper, but in Kentucky especially it is hard to steer a republican craft through the raging billows. The Louisville Republican, started last spring, has already assigned, with liabilities nearly equal to its assets.

THE Piedmont Exposition Company's Fair, to be held at Atlanta October 10-22, promises to be a big event. President Cleveland will be there on the 18th and the city will put the big pot in the little one and the kettle in that. Cheap rates on all the railroads.

Jenny Lind, whose sweet voice once held audiences in every part of the world captive, is on her death bed.

THE Central Labor Union at New York seems to be under the domination of the anarchists, who presented a resolution condemning the supreme judges of Illinois for affirming the sentence of death against the bomb throwers at Chicago. Such expressions as "God bless the hand that threw the bomb" and "God bless the bomb" were frequently heard during the meeting Sunday which finally broke up in a row. The days of labor unions are numbered when they make common cause with the arch traitors and enemies of society, whose plan is to burn and murder when they are interfered with by the law.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The mercury was just 2° above zero in Minnesota Thursday night.

Twenty eight buildings were destroyed in a fire at Stanford, Pa. Loss, \$300,000.

The granting of 100 divorces in a day was the record of a Chicago court last Saturday.

A light snow fell at Atlantic City for half an hour Friday night. The thermometer fell to 40°.

The construction of thirty-four railroads has been started in Japan within the past six months.

The total gold coin and bullion in the United States treasury on September 20th was \$289,677,835.

The colored population of Washington City has declared for Bob Lincoln and Fred Douglas for president.

John Kernaghan was hanged at San Francisco for the murder of his sister-in-law, Martha Ann Hood.

During August 37,398 immigrants arrived in this country, against 33,386 during the same month last year.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor of America will convene in annual session at Minneapolis October 3.

A boiler explosion in the Kreiger sawmill, ten miles from Owensboro, caused one death and three other serious injuries.

The hurricane of Wednesday caused great destruction of property at Brownville, Texas, and Matamoros, Mexico. The total loss will exceed \$1,000,000.

Mrs. Sophronis Vickery, mother of Mr. F. H. Vickory and Mrs. Dr. George Perkins, died Wednesday of cancer of the stomach. [Somerset Reporter.]

A special from Charleston, W. Va., says a gas well was opened there last night, which issues up 50 feet and runs at the rate of 2,000,000 feet per day.

Judge Jackson Graham, a native of Green county, Ky., died this week in Milton county, Ga., in his 77th year. He was a schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln.

The National Salt Union is about to be formed, composed of all the large salt manufacturers of the United States, for mutual protection and to maintain prices.

Charles Danham, of Somerset, is suing the Cincinnati Southern for \$1,000 damages for not permitting him to sell his own tickets on a train that he chartered last 4th of July for \$375.

A Philadelphia special says that Gen. Hawley will shortly marry Miss Elith Horner, who was noted in connection with the care of wounded in the Zulu and Egyptian wars. His wife died a few years ago.

W. M. Linney, of the Kentucky Geological Survey, died Thursday at his home in Harrodsburg. He was an excellent gentleman, an enthusiastic geologist and an able assistant to the Director of the Survey.

A 16 year old boy, who married a woman ten years his senior at New Albany, Indiana, the day he met her, has already tired of his bargain and seeks a divorce. He should be spanked and made to live with the old girl.

A St. Paul paper in a long interview on the practical working of the high license law in that State since it went into effect July 1, says that it has reduced the number of saloons, increased the public revenues and lessened the amount of crime.

It is stated that since the marriage of Gen. Preston not a single death has occurred in his family, not even among his grandchildren. The first one to die was the grand old head of this distinguished and honored family. [Lexington Transcript.]

William Shower, an old man, arrested at Lebanon, Pa., several weeks since, charged with the murder of his grandchildren, has confessed his crime and implicated his housekeeper, Elizabeth Sargent, who, he says, held a light in the children's room while he committed the deed.

The Cumberland Valley Bank will soon throw her doors and vaults open to depositors. Everything is being pushed to completion and but a short time will elapse until the jingle of coin and the silken rattle of the treasury notes can be heard within its walls. [Barbourville News.]

Thomas McKenna, a laboring man, 67 years of age, murdered his wife at their home in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, while she was sleeping. He said he had been contemplating the deed for years, but had refrained until his children had reached an age when they could care for themselves. He says she was untrue to him.

An excellent portrait of Capt. C. R. Mason, the great railroad builder and one of the most remarkable men of his day, is creating much favorable comment in Louisville, where it is on exhibition in the Chesapeake & Ohio office. It was made for Capt. Stapleton Gooch, a partner and life time friend of the wonderful old man.

Asiatic cholera broke out on the steamer Alesia, which left Naples September 3 for New York. The vessel arrived at her destination Friday having lost 8 of her passengers and crew during the voyage. Four persons were down with the disease when the Alesia arrived at the New York quarantine station. She had six hundred passengers.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

LEXINGTON, Sept. 18, '87.

DEAR INTERIOR:—What a "wonder of wonders" is the marvellous telephone! I stand in awe, yet, before the mysterious thing. I can't get used to it. No amount of familiarity with it can remove the sense of amazement that the Liliputian personage and attenuated voice at the other end of the line, can belong to any other than a little party about 3 inches tall, with vocal organs to correspond. And yet the man I know well. The whole thing is away beyond me. Yet this marvel has passed into the region of common "stocks," and is quoted in the market lists as a commodity to be bought and sold. My little creature of another sphere is known among "Bulls" and "Bears," who hustle the little stranger about, and horn and hoof and hng it by turns till I shouldn't wonder if some day its little voice gave out altogether. Even now it seems sorely spent, at times, and gurgles mysteriously, while it catches its breath; not unlike the "rattle" that presages speedy dissolution in larger folk. And yet this irreverent generation seem to handle this mystery with all that thoughtless levity, that regards it in no other light than a sort of "maid of all work" or common "errand boy"—according to its sex. "Hello! is that you Smith?" "Send us up ten pounds of sugar; and five of coffee; and a jar of jam, right away, we want 'em for breakfast; and you may send some lard too." "All right!" "Good bye!" And Jones, who has come in haste at the request of his better half, to heap this order for groceries on the tiny little Smith at the other end of the wire, shuffles off in his slippers, with suspenders flying free, to shave the other side of his face and complete his toilet.

Or, as was often the case in our "Bible" at Ingleside, the young ladies would consult the Liliputian oracle, touching some article of feminine use; or ask pertinent questions about their female acquaintances, in which event the elf would answer to a name not appropriated by the sterner sex. "Hello! is that you Jennie?" "What?" "Yes!" "Oh Jennie! please go round to Robinson's and tell him to send me * * * Jennie! Tell me who were there last night?" "Are you sure?" "I won't say a word about it." "Hal! hal!" "Who would have thought it?" "Good-bye." The sprite is evidently in a merry mood, but what it has communicated to our laughing daisies we know not. She comes into the sitting room rippling over with laughter at something. To her the telephone is evidently a mere convenience; not a crowning dip of science into the great unknown, but not unknowable. Wonderful is that "image and likeness" of God in us that thus stretches out a hand of power, to subdue all things to itself. Wonderful also to that voice of original grant to man: "Have dominion over all." So this being of fallen greatness, can never for a moment ignore or forget whence he has fallen, but even in his scientific discoveries will aspire to scale the heavens though the penalty should be a lagged rock and a vulture gnawing at his vitals. Would that this magnificent creature might know that all attempts will fail to reach the skies save by the way of that God appointed ladder Jacob saw in his vision; and on which bright angels come and went, ministering to all who essayed to mount to the heaven of heavens, by this one way—the way—"the way of holiness." One's thoughts beside the telephone are of necessity a little "mixed" by reason of the babel voices that murmur or shout through its convenient thoroughfare. It is setting to be like ice, no longer a "luxury" but a "necessity" of modern life. But it is still to me what a locomotive with train attached will ever be—something I gaze upon with fresh wonder every time I see it. "Familiarity" with those breeds no "contempt" but only excites increasing admiration and marvel that such things exist and God like man has discovered them. What an inkling they furnish of the great undiscovers resources of the Infinite one. How can men fail to worship as they look.

There is an orthopedical epidemic just now beginning to rage in the Blue-Grass that no one knows "whereunto it will grow," unless coaxed in its incipency. I refer to the extraordinary habit of pronouncing "at all" rigidly, as it is spelled, instead of in the way, familiar to generations, and established by immemorial usage that our fathers always said it—"atall." The dreadful innovation is rapidly spreading to "don't you?" "won't you?" and other kindred colloquial expressions, which it is now quite the rage to pronounce "don't-a-you?" and "won't-a-you?" and so on, ad libitum. This invasion is a regular Goth and Vandal affair, promising to spare no age nor sex. And the way in which these sweet feminine dudes roll the objectionable orthopedical tid-bits like "sweet morsels under their tongues," is not only exasperating to "old fogies," but positively alarming; as indicating that the thing is no temporary craze, but the exhibition of a determined purpose to upturn a social foundation and introduce a new era. It matters comparatively little to one who is past 60, but I plead in the interests of posterity that we who disapprove shall exhibit a firm front and frown the innovation down. I am sorry to add that the younger members of our troupe are infected by the prevailing epidemic and, alas, I fear, beyond the bounds of parental restraint in the matter. So I own up to a little personal and private censure, that may impart a mild flavor of selfishness to this otherwise impar-

tial appeal to an outraged public. "Don't-a-you see?" "Won't-a-you do something about it?" Or are you not "at-all" alarmed? Shades of Webster, of Worcester, of Johnson! To the rescue!

The Lexington meeting closed in fullest blessing. The Opera House crammed with an earnest and attentive audience to the last. Our dear friends, sweet, sweeter sweetest to the end. It was so different from any of the previous meetings in the proud "Empress of the Blue-Grass." I feel a thousand times repaid for all the "sowing in tears" of the comparatively unappreciated past, by this "reaping in joy" of the last ten days. I feel so strong from this latest experience just to go on and on and "preach," without a shadow of a doubt that the Word will ever "return void." It shames me for all temporary faint-heartedness and mistrust. I should not be surprised if even my friend Falcon, slipping into a back seat of the Opera House, had had his strong heart broken by the gospel, and regrets now that he ever dipped his facile pen in gall. "So mote it be."

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY

Mr. J. T. Mock, whose illness with typhoid fever has been announced, is reported by his physician, Dr. L. S. McMurtry, to be this morning in a very dangerous condition.

The remains of the late Samuel McKee in charge of his mother and brother, Mr. R. M. McKee, are expected to arrive here this evening. Mr. McKee died at Oregon City, Oregon, where he had been living for a number of years past.

Judge Morrow went to Somerset Friday night to visit his family. He will be here again Tuesday in time to open court. Col. W. O. Bradley is in town this Monday morning, on his way home from Cincinnati, where he was Saturday night to take part in the republican ratification of the recent nominations for city offices. Col. Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, was in town Friday night. He attended a meeting of his old college society, the "Dandelions."

Two white men, Joseph Wilson and William Thomas, were arrested Sunday by Town Marshal George Wells and G. T. Helm, of Junction City, for robbing Ira Bright's store in that city last Friday night. They stole about \$50 worth of goods, about \$70 worth of which was recovered. Each had two suits of stolen clothes on and had in their possession bundles containing a liberal supply of shirts, socks, etc. The men claim to be coal miners and say they were employed last in Ohio. Both are in jail.

Rolie Ireland, a young man from Junction City, was tried Thursday on a charge of detaining a woman and acquitted. The young man has lain in jail several months because of his inability to give the \$500 bond required by the examining court. Neither the girl or any other witness made any statement seriously implicating the accused. There was absolutely nothing in the case. But yet the young man had to lay in jail several months and lose his situation as fireman on the railroad and his father his situation as engineer, because of the time he lost attending his son's case.

A white woman giving the name of Mrs. Jordan Lawson, was dropped from the 9 o'clock p. m. train Friday night while on her way to Somerset because she had not the money to pay her way further than this point. She said her husband abandoned her at their home 10 miles this side of Somerset six months ago. She had been to Shaker's seeking a home, but could not be received on account of other children. Mr. W. B. Nichols, of the Tribune raised by subscription enough money to enable her to continue the journey and to buy shoes and stockings for the children.

Edward Carey and Wm Bennett were indicted for false swearing by the grand jury on Friday. Bennett is about 50 years old and Carey about 17. They went to the clerk's office a few days ago accompanied by a young lady named Marcella Devine; Carey gave the name of Edward Devine and swore the young lady was his sister and over 21 years old. Bennett said he was the one to marry the lady and on these statements the license was issued. It turned out that the two young people were the ones who wished to marry. But after the license was issued the girl's father, Mr. Devine, of Mercer county, overtook the party before the ceremony could be performed and escorted his daughter home. It is thought the elderly party's name is not truly William Bennett.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A JUDGE.—A dramatic scene was enacted in Judge White's court in Kansas City, when the jury brought in a verdict of guilty and a penalty of six months in the county jail against John Smith for attempting to assault little Ruth Nillard. The jury was out only two or three minutes. While the clerk was reading the verdict indignation gathered on Judge White's face and the clerk had scarcely finished when he said: "Gentlemen, I shall take the liberty to set aside your verdict. If you had found the defendant not guilty I should have nothing to say, but when you find the defendant guilty and assess his punishment at six months, you perpetrate an outrage. If you think men may take female children from the cradle for the purpose of gratifying their lustful desires and then escape upon an imprisonment of six months, you are a disgrace to the civilization of the day. You will now all be discharged from attendance and forever disqualified as jurors in this court."

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