

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 15.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI.

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cynthiana.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:46 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:00 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates. For rates on household goods and Western tickets address CHAS. H. HASLETT, Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky. JAMES C. ERNST, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.
Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.
3:25 p. m. Lexington.
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:
6:23 a. m. 4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m. 7:37 p. m.

Regular Cincinnati, Maysville & Portsmouth Packet.

BONANZA..... E. B. MOORE, Commander.
D. W. YOUNG, and C. WALKER..... Clerks.
Leaves Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.
Leaves Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Stopping at Maysville either way between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Freight received at all hours on the wharf boat. ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Maysville, all Mail and Way Landings. CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.

E. S. MORGAN, Master. FRANK BRYSON, Clerk.
Leaves Cincinnati Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leaves Maysville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves wharf foot of Broadway. For freight or passage apply on board, or to ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.

W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
MOSS TAYLOR, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MORSE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.

HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
R. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock a. m. for Maysville.
Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m.
Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday. Connects at Manchester with stage for West Union. For freight or passage apply on board.

F. L. TRAYSER, PIANO MANUFACTURER.

Front St., 4 doors west of Hill House.

Grand, Upright and Square Pianos, also the best make of Organs at lowest manufacture prices; Tuning and Repairing.

THE DAILY BULLETIN.

Published every afternoon and delivered in this city, the suburbs and Aberdeen by our carriers, at **6 CENTS** a week.

It is welcomed in the households of men of both political parties, for the reason that it is more of a newspaper than a political journal.

Its wide circulation therefore makes it a valuable vehicle for business announcements, which we respectfully invite to our columns.

Advertising Rates Low.

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ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Publishers.

JOB WORK

Of all kinds neatly, promptly and cheaply done at the office of the **DAILY BULLETIN.**

'TIS STRANGE BUT TRUE.

A Squirrel Kills a Rattlesnake at the Zoological Garden

Enquirer.

A story so strange that it seems almost incredible comes from the Zoological Garden, facts will give all a greater respect for the weaker animals, whose pluck and instinct—perhaps it may be called intelligence—triumph over the strength of their deadly foes. Yesterday afternoon a little squirrel killed a rattlesnake about to devour it, and the aggressor became the victim. It is customary to place live animals, such as the rabbit, the rodent or the squirrel, in the den of the slimy, repugnant reptiles who tempted our first parent. The snakes, when they are hungry, with fearful deliberation approach their terrified prey and relentlessly devour it. The squirrel which battled so bravely for its life, and won, crouched tremblingly in a corner of the snake's abode and seemed to understand that it would soon be food for the disgusting creature whose fierce, cold eyes began to glitter in anticipation of the promised feast. Slowly but surely the rattlesnake crawled toward the squirrel, but the bunnie quickly jumped on a perch above the deadly reptile's head. The long flat head was raised upon the perch, and the forked tongue spit forth its venom. But the squirrel, with a sudden spring, alighted on the back of the snake and bit off one of his rattles. The wounded reptile wheeled quickly round and struck the little hero a fearful blow, breaking the right leg. Brave little fellow once more he leaped beyond the reach of his maddened foe. Another spring and the squirrel was triumphant. He caught the snake behind the head, and, with one firm thrust of his sharp white teeth, he decapitated the slimy monster and fell exhausted by the wriggling mass: but the battle had been won, and the snake was dead.

An Obstinate Bride.

The other night a young man from Northern Arkansas and a young lady from the southern part of the State met at a hotel in this city and were married. After the ceremony the young man went out and sat in front of the hotel while his wife went up to the room assigned as the bridal chamber.

"This thing of getting married is a life time business," he said, addressing a man who had just been divorced from his wife. "I reckon you have found it so," said he, turning to a single man. "Well, I reckon I'll go up. Dinged if I don't kinder hate to go up there, too; but I was never afeered of a man, and I don't see why I need be afeered of a woman."

He went up and rapped at a door.
"Who's there?" demanded the girl.
"It's me."
"Who's me?"
"Don't you recognize my talk, honey?"
"No, I don't."
"It's your own wide awake and living husband. Let me in."
"Go away from that door! You shan't come in here! I ain't got acquainted with you yet."
"Say, let me in. Them fellers down

stairs are laughing at me. Open the door, for I'm sleepy," and he yawned like a man waiting for a night train.

"Thought you said that you were wide awake."

"I was a while ago, but I'm powerful sleepy now. Say, ain't you going to open this door?"

"No, I ain't."

"Why did you marry me?"

"Because I wanted to."

"Well, why don't you let me in?"

"Because I don't want to."

"All right, old gal; I'll shell out fur home and leave you to pay the hotel bill. I never seed the woman that could pull the wool over my eyes."

The latch clicked and the door opened. The hotel bill had frightened her. "It won't do for a woman to buck agin me, lemmy tell you, for I was raised at the cross roads and went to mill early."

A Fast of Ninety-one Days.

Bombay Gazette.

A religious mendicant of the Jain caste is reported to have just completed a ninety-one days' fast at Pablanpur. An eye-witness describes in a Surat paper the appearance of the man on the last day of the penance. The "saint," says the writer, underwent a fast of eighty-six days last year and has been more or less accustomed to this form of affliction. When seen on the ninety-first day of the recent fast his veins were much swollen and he seemed to speak only with great effort. He was seated on a blanket in a corner and had near him the sour water of curdled milk, which he sometimes drank. He seemed, however, to be capable of physical exertion, and up to the last day procured the curdled milk-water for himself. He was all along engrossed in prayer and held no communication with other men except on religious topics. The man has spent his life in strict asceticism, and has denied himself all food and luxury save what may be got from the milk water, bread and yellow rice. His bedding consists of an ordinary blanket and nothing more. Many Jains undergo penances in the shape of fasts and other self-inflictions, but it is said that this man's efforts in this direction are unapproached by even his most severe coreligionists and he has drawn to himself a large following of Shrawaks. He accepts, however, no presents and no fees.

Prince Bismarck's mother is described, and the description is approved by Bismarck himself as correct, as having been a tall, graceful, amiable and altogether a charming woman, but with all this possessing a notable expression of decision and firmness. She had a steady eye and hand and was an excellent pistol shot.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbilt's physician has told him that he should prepare for the "last moment" at all times; that apoplexy promises to terminate his days, and that comparative rest is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Choate was once described by an old farmer as looking like a mixture of jaundice and jurisprudence.

George Bancroft, the historian, celebrated his eighty-first birthday recently. He is living Newport, R. I.