

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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T. R. WALTON, Business Manager.

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INvariably in Advance.

The Way It Ought to be Done.

Previous to the adoption of a penitentiary system in Kentucky, the death penalty was consequent upon almost every criminal offense. As a matter of history and of general interest at this time, we give below a list of punishments in force for crimes committed in this State previous to 1796.

1. Treason--Death by hanging, without benefit of clergy.
2. Slaves conspiring to rebel or murder any free person. Death.
3. Free persons advising or conspiring with a slave in rebellion or murder. Death.
4. Stealing or selling a free person for a slave. Death.
5. Stealing a slave. Death.
6. Murder of the first degree. Death.
7. Robbing or accessory before the fact. Death.
8. Burglary. Death.
9. Manslaughter. Death.
10. Maiming, by cutting out the tongue, putting out the eye, &c., and aiding therein. Death.
11. Killing a person in a duel. Death.
12. Rape, or accessory thereto. Death.
13. Carnally knowing or abusing a child under 10 years of age, or accessory before the fact. Death.
14. Slave attempting rape on a white woman. Castration.
15. Buggery, with man or beast. Death.
16. Willfully setting fire to a house in town at night. Death.
17. Slave willfully burning any house. Death.
18. Perjury and subordination of perjury. Death.
19. Forgery of any coin, bank note, or aiding in such forgery. Death.
20. Forgery of any check, post-note, or order on any bank, &c. Death.
21. Forgery or counterfeiting any tobacco brand, or exporting tobacco with any such brand or mark, with intent to defraud. Death.
22. Destroying or concealing any codicil or will, or aiding therein. Death.
23. Obtaining goods or money by false tokens. Death.
24. Horse-stealing. Death.
25. Embezzling or stealing, and taking away any record, writ, return, process, warrant, &c., of any court. Death.
26. Grand larceny. Death.
27. Breaking jail, when the party was committed for any crime punishable with death. Death, without benefit of clergy.

All felonies were punished with death by hanging, without benefit of clergy. (Va. Stat., 1803.)

The benefit of clergy was denied under the following circumstances: 1st. To all principals in the first degree in murder, burglary, arson, at common law; for the willful burning of any court-house, or county or public prison, or the office of the clerk of any court; for the felonious taking of goods out of any church, &c.; for robbing any person in their dwelling-house, the occupants being within; for robbing any person on the highway; for horse-stealing; for house-breaking by day, the owner being therein and put in fear.

All minor offenses were punishable either by burning in the hand, ducking, the pillory, or by whipping at the public whipping-post. [Frankfort Yeoman.]

Absinthe.

The French drink Absinthe is imported extensively in this country. A New York paper describes its effects in this way. "It is much more perilous, as well as deleterious, than any ordinary liquor. Its encroachments are scarcely perceptible. A regular absinthe drinker seldom perceives that he is dominated by its tateful influence until it is too late. All of a sudden he breaks down; his nervous system is destroyed; his brain is incapacitated; his will is paralyzed; he is a mere wreck; there is no hope of his recovery. Victims of intemperance of the common sort frequently reform; but the absinthe drinker, after he has gone to a certain length, very rarely does, or can throw off the fatal fascination. The more intellectual a man is, the more readily the habit fastens itself upon him." This beast had corn whisky which is warranted to kill at eighty rods; but if men are going to destroy themselves by intemperance the quickest way is the best.

It is one of the unexplainable things of moral ethics how people decide so promptly as to how little rain and bad weather it takes to keep them away from prayer meeting, and how much is required to keep them away from a good show. [Staubenville Herald.]

Lives there a man with soul so dead that never to himself hath said, I am quite glad my hair's not red?

Slightly Exaggerated.

The tendency of some Western men to exaggerate, is well set off in the following:

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists seated themselves around a little table, "yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plough a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued: "I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, altho' it had traveled day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide, up there, ain't they?" inquired one.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, howling, and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was around bidding every body good-bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"Do you love me, Gertrude?"

"Ah, Maurice, how can you doubt me?" and the girl looked at him fondly, the love-light in her beautiful brown eyes telling more plainly than could any words the measureless affection she bore him.

They stood there together in the twilight of a day in which the golden glory of autumn had been tinged for the first time by the refrigerating hand of winter.

The heather had lost its bloom, the ox-eyed daisies were no longer to be seen, and the modest daffodil had withered and died. But the fall pumpkin was ripe, and the festive vines would soon be sprouting in every closet.

Fit time, indeed, for young love to plume its strong wings, and young hearts to plight a willing troth. Up from the distant meadows came the lowing of the soft-eyed cattle, as they wended their homeward way, and as the last gleam of dying sunlight shot athwart the western sky, Maurice Mountiver drew Gertrude Githooly closely to him and pressed his lips to hers. It was the betrothal kiss, and don't you forget. [From a "Yum-Yum Romance," by a Lieutenant of Marines.]

The New Hoop-skirt.

The vexed question of crinoline has been partially solved by the introduction of a single band of steel introduced into the voluminous folds of the back breadths of a skirt so as to unite them and give the amplitude of an antique tournure. Although apparently simple, the adjustment of this incipient hoop is difficult, for the graceful fall of the drapery is entirely dependent on the correctness of its position. Hence, in this case, sins of omission should be lightly condemned, for a neglect to comply with the suggestions of fashion is rather praiseworthy than otherwise, when the graceful elements of a lady's attire may be imperiled by faulty crinoline.

[Hour.]

DON'T ABOLISH THE FEE SYSTEM.—We trust the Legislature will make no change in the law relative to the salaries of Commonwealth's Attorneys. The present arrangement is the best for the successful prosecution of criminals. There is already in Kentucky too great a disposition to ignore crime. In a criminal case frequently the sympathies of everybody but the Commonwealth's Attorney are for the criminal. But for his thirty per cent. of the fine, probably the Commonwealth's Attorney's soft heart would get the better of him, too. The fee system is a stimulant to vigorous prosecution. That's what we want in Kentucky, and lots of it. [Owensboro (Ky.) Messenger.]

Many a fast young man, when told that his course of life will shorten his days, consoles himself with the thought that it does, at any rate, lengthen his nights.

STILL GIVING US TAFFY.

The Stanford INTERIOR JOURNAL comes to us a semi-weekly, and the more we see it the better we like it. [Cattletown Democrat.]

The Stanford JOURNAL is looking well as a semi-weekly, though one don't see enough new advertisements. If Walton keeps it going in that small town he will show a wonder. He's the man, if any one can. [Paris True Kentuckian.]

W. P. Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, has ventured on the experiment of making his excellent paper a semi-weekly. It is one of the best edited and printed papers in the State, and we earnestly hope that his enterprise will be liberally sustained by his people. [Spencer Courier.]

Our good friend, C. L. Thompson, of the Mountain Herald, published at Hinton, West Va., flatters us as follows:

INTERIOR JOURNAL.—We have received several copies of the semi-weekly INTERIOR JOURNAL, published at Stanford, Ky., by our old acquaintance, Mr. Wm. P. Walton. It is a twenty-eight column paper, very neatly gotten up, well printed, and shows evident signs of ability in its editorial department. We are much pleased to note the success which has attended friend Walton in his Kentucky home, and wish him abundant success and prosperity in his new venture—the Semi-Weekly JOURNAL.

That excellent and reputable journal, the Mt. Sterling Sentinel, is mortified over the fact that its representative in the legislature, H. T. Derickson, in violation of his pledges, appeared on the Mt. Sterling streets in an intoxicated condition. This thing of electing drunkards to office is disreputable in the democratic party. Years ago we made up our mind that we would never again vote for any man, nominee or no nominee, who is in the habit of getting drunk. If every decent democrat in the State would adopt a similar resolution, and stick to it, the result would be as surprising as it would prove beneficial to the public weal. While we recognize the necessity for party discipline necessary to unity of action, we savor with scorn the idea that the voter shall degrade his manhood, at the polls by supporting a drunkard for office. If we are forced to choose between a drunken democrat and a sober republican, we will not hesitate a moment in voting for the latter. [Brackenridge News.]

Sweets are likely to become very cheap in this, the land of the sugarcane and glucose. The genuine sugar manufactured from the cane has a market value now much below what it would be were it not for the tons of glucose being annually extracted from Indian corn. A plan is now on foot and a Company has been organized in Philadelphia to reinforce the market for sweets by manufacturing glucose out of cassava, a root of the Euphorbia family and growing extensively in South America and the West Indies.

It is claimed that seven hundred bushels of this root can be raised on a single acre, and that each bushel will produce thirty pounds of glucose. This yield is greatly in excess of the yield from Indian corn, and the sweet is said to be of a superior quality.

A ONE GALLOWED LEGISLATURE.—It is a pity that the Sovereignty bill could not have made a better showing in the Legislature than it did. It is a wise measure and affords the only plan by which an antiquated Constitution can ever be reached. The mawkish sentimentalism which prevents wise men from favoring this means of amending that venerable document is a species of monkeying with the interests of a new and better civilization which smacks too much of the age of the tow-linen shirt and the one gallow trousers. [Richmond Register.]

If the miserly old millionaire wants to get a reputation for liberality and philanthropy, let him offer to give \$100,000 to a \$50,000 town for the erection of a charitable institution, provided an equal amount be raised by the citizens. The citizens might not be able to raise \$100,000 if they sold all their possessions in the world, but the millionaire gets a reputation for liberality all the same, and it doesn't cost him a cent. [Norristown Herald.]

The roller skater does not break through the ice and get drowned. His legs roll out from under him, and he pounds the floor with the back of his head. This does not hurt the floor at all.

Men Born to Good Luck.

Albert Bern, a young printer of Pottsville, Pa., inspired by love for a young lady to do something to better his condition, went, several years ago, on a prospecting tour to Colorado.

He was snowed up for several months in the Gunnison country, and never saw a human face. In the spring he continued work on a claim he called the Eva Bell, but the little money he possessed was soon exhausted, and he was hopeless, when a party of New York capitalists came along and offered \$20,000 for a two-thirds interest in the mine, they agreeing to work it and give him a third of the profits.

He joyfully agreed, and in a week's time he was on his way to his former home to claim the hand of his sweetheart. Hardly had he been comfortably settled when he was offered \$80,000 for his remaining one-third interest in the Eva Bell, so that his mining speculation yielded him \$100,000. A Philadelphiaian had a similar experience of sudden good fortune when reverses had made him hopeless. He had worked a claim until he had spent all that he possessed, and returned to Philadelphia in time to witness the constable disposing of his household effects. The next day he received a telegram offering him \$50,000 for his interest in a mine that he thought was worthless. He is not pressed for money now.

Eight Hundred Tons of Silver.

The counting of the coin in the Sub-Treasury in New York, attending its transfer to the new Treasurer, Mr. Acton, affords an impressive illustration of the extent to which the vaults are encumbered with silver dollars of recent coinage. The quantity of silver included in the transfer is stated as eight hundred tons avoirdupois, nearly two-thirds of which consist of these dollars, the rest being subsidiary pieces of fractional denominations. Estimating the weight of a silver dollar roughly as an ounce, eight hundred tons are twenty-five million, six hundred thousand dollars.

A young man at Paris, Tenn., called on a young lady, in company with a male acquaintance. After a couple of hours of small talk, that first young man was called out doors a moment by his male friend, who drew a bottle from his pocket and asked him to drink quick, before they were detected. The flask went up, the liquor went down with a musical gurgle; but here the fluid stopped, the gurgle ceased, the young man's eyes shot heavenward, and his hands sought repose beneath his vest. His friend had run in a pint of castor oil on him, and he was not well.

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country stood raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached, on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you, too?"

"HONORS WERE EASY."—The head and front of this establishment was introduced a short time ago to one of our State Senators, as the editor of the Georgetown Times. With "a smile that was child-like and bland," he observed that the Times was a paper he had never heard of. This was too bad, but then he had never heard of the State Senator. [Georgetown Times.]

An Austin clergyman, whose name we suppress on account of his sacred calling, was absorbed in thought a few days ago, just before divine service began, when he was approached by the organist, who asked, referring to the opening hymn: "What shall I play?" "What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the Absent-minded clergyman. [Texas Sittings.]

Wall street brokers are vultures preying on honest enterprise—they sell what they do not own, what they never had and what is not for sale; by dealing in fictitious values they bring ruin and disaster upon legitimate business, paralyze industry, and bring innocent toil to idleness and consequent want.

It isn't always the man who wears the most solemn face at a funeral that feels the deepest sorrow. The undertaker, the only individual benefitted by the procession, generally appears the most disconsolate.

Between twenty and thirty thousand people die from snake bite every year in India.

An Absent-Minded Gentleman.

A good joke is told of one of the business men at Montpelier, who stepped into the post office the other forenoon, leaving his horse outside.

On coming out he walked a short distance with a gentleman, conversing on business, after which he started for his place of business, and at noon went home. On reaching there he proceeded to his stable to care for his horse, and was somewhat alarmed to find the animal missing, and of course supposed it had been stolen. He immediately sought a sheriff, whom he dispatched in one direction, sent a man to Barre to head the thief off in that direction, and late in the afternoon was rushing to the printing office to get out posters for his apprehension, when a moment's reflection brought the true state of the case to his mind, whereupon he proceeded to the post office, where he found the animal hitched to a ring on the opposite side of the road, it having evidently started for home, but had been stopped by some one. [Montpelier (Vt.) Argus.]

We are requested to warn our readers against a young man who goes about representing himself as a theological student in want of money. He has various pretences with which he imposes upon the benevolent and gullible. There is no need that we describe him or repeat his lies, as he has fresh disguises and stories for each new victim. The old saying holds good and if you give to those peripatetic swindlers, you are a fresh proof that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

The dispatch stating that the King of Ashantee has murdered two hundred more girls to get blood to mix mortar for his new palace is crowded out this morning. It is not a great piece of news, anyway. The thing happens too often to be interesting. It is as monotonous as the brick layer's yell for "more mortar." If the King of Ashantee wants to build a shanty in this way, it lies between him and the supply of girls. He is not hampered by a Legislature. [Louisville Commercial.]

The highest price ever paid for a cow was \$40,600, received by Mr. Campbell, of New York Mills, for a pure-bred Short-horn (Duchess) cow, which was sold to go to England. Mr. Giff, a well-known Kentucky breeder, paid \$18,900 for a thoroughbred Short-horn bull, owned by Mr. Geo. M. Bedford, which is probably the highest price ever paid, although the Hon. M. H. Cochrane, of Canada, is said to have received \$24,000 for a thoroughbred Short horn bull.

In a certain theatre, when the heroine had got matters into a general muss all around, she came down to the foot-lights wringing her hand and exclaiming: "My God, what have I done!" And a gentleman in the audience, full of gin and emotion, impulsively replied: "You've raised hell, you have!"

A young lady in California has a pet snake which she carries about in her bosom. Golly! wouldn't it be embarrassing to that girl's sweetheart if he didn't know about that snake and it should be the occasion some time of his jerking his arm out of joint? [Glasgow Times.]

An Illinois girl found that she must either give up her lover or her gun, and after one day spent in reflection, she pressed his hand goodbye, and said she would always be a sister to him. [Chicago Inter Ocean.]

The Rochester Democrat thinks that one of the saddest sights in this world is to see a young man trying to treat his sweetheart's small and depraved brother as though he were his dearest friend.

Some of the New York Staats think of running Conkling for Governor. Conkling has already run for Governor once; that is to say, for Governor Sprague. [Courier-Journal.]

The Bible has been translated into 226 languages and dialects, and in the last eight years 140,000,000 copies have been circulated.

GUILTY OF WRONG.—Some people have a faculty of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines," and in this they are guilty of a wrong. There are some advertised remedies fully worth all that is asked for them, and one at least we know of—Hop Bitters. The writer has had occasion to use the Bitters in just such a climate as we have most of the year in Bay City, and has always found them to be first-class and reliable, doing all that is claimed for them. [Tribune.]

FALL AND WINTER OF 1881.

Notice to the People of Stanford and Vicinity.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED AND OPENED THE CHOICEST STOCK EVER BROUGHT ON! It has been selected with care, and comprises the best in the market. You will find everything that a first-class Merchant Tailor ought to have. The stock comprises Cloths, Cassimeres, Diagonals and a Large Selection of Worned from the Best Manufacturers of France and England. LAST BUT NOT LEAST, A SPLENDID LINE OF TRIMMINGS.

Cutting and Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. Thankful for past favors, I hope, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same.

H. C. RUPLEY.

FURNITURE & UNDERTAKING!

—BY—
B. K. WEAREN,
Main Street, - - - Stanford, Ky.

I have bought out my brother, R. H. Wearen, and will continue the Furniture and Undertaking business at the same stand, in the St. Asaph Hotel building. I will keep a full stock of Furniture of every description and sell at figures that cannot be beaten. My stock of Coffins and Caskets will be comprehensive. Shrouds and Robes always on hand.

B. K. WEAREN.

SEVERANCE, DUDDERAR & CO.

Invite the attention of the people to their new Fall stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

They call especial attention to their stock of

DRESS GOODS, AND TRIMMINGS,

Also to their stock of Clothing, Boots and Shoes, which have been selected with care, and they feel confident that

They are able to Show the Nicest and the Best Line

Of these goods ever exhibited in Stanford.

GEO. D. WEAREN,

STANFORD, LANCASTER and HUSTONVILLE,

Grain, Wool, Orchard Grasses and other Seeds,



FARM WAGONS.

SPRING WAGONS.



BUGGIES AND CARRIAGES,

Reapers, Self-Binders, Mowers, Hay-Rakes, Grain Drills, Corn-Planters, Sulky Plows, Cultivators, Harrows, Corn-Shellers, Straw-Cutters, Hay-Presses, Threshing Machines and Engines.

And other Implements and Machinery. We buy exclusively from Manufacturers, direct, for cash, in car-load lots, and consequently obtain the largest discount and lowest rates of freight. Our motto is: "First-class Goods at Reasonable Prices—the Best is always the Cheapest." Respectfully,

GEO. D. WEAREN, Stanford, Ky.
W. L. WITHERS, Lancaster Depot.
GREEN & WILLIAMS, Hustonville Depot.