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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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How Cable Messages are Received.

Until the forepart of November the French cable, having its terminus at North Eastham, Mass., employed the flash system of signaling. Now the cable is worked duplex on the Morse system, using an automatic recorder, by which the messages are received in ink on a narrow strip of paper.

By the system which has been displaced the messages were spelled out by flashing a ray of light back and forth across a standard line, the right and left flashes corresponding with the dots and dashes of the ordinary telegraphic alphabet. In this system the light is flashed by reflection from an extremely light mirror, which is turned to right and left by the opposing influences of positive and negative impulses. This system has the advantage of being operated with slight electric impulses; but also the disadvantage of leaving no permanent record. To secure the latter very important end the recording instrument has been adapted.

A recent visitor to Heart's Content describes as follows the method of receiving messages at that point. The recorder is a horseshoe magnet, electrified by the usual circles of fine wire, and attracting a small metallic coil. The coil is hung between the magnet's poles, and by a light lever and a thread almost as fine as the strand of a cobweb is connected with a delicate siphon hung in a little reservoir of ink. The ink is electrified, so as to produce a repulsion of the particles, making it flow more readily through the siphon, which outside is about the size of a drawing needle, and the inferior tube scarcely larger than a hair. The lower end of the siphon rests against a paper tape playing perpendicularly through rollers. The whole machine is almost of gossamer fineness and flexibility, so as to minimize the electric strain necessary for working the cable.

Let us imagine now that a coming message has been signaled from far across the ocean at Valentia. The operator at first opens the simple machinery that works the brass rollers. On the centre of the tape, as it passes between the rollers, the siphon at first marks only a straight line. Suddenly the line swerves to the right or left. The message has started, and the end of the siphon has begun its record. Worked by two keys, and positively or negatively electrified, the coil swings the siphon point now to one side, now to the other, along the tape. Responsive to the trained hand of the operator, the filament of ink marks out one notch, two notches, three notches; then suddenly it may be a high elevation or depression, until the delicate line traced on the tape looks like the tiny outline of a mountain range.

But it is a range whose very hilltop, peak and valley means an alphabetical symbol to the telegrapher's eye. The recorder is the invention of the famous electrician Sir William Thomson. How delicate an interpreter it may be inferred from the fact that ten jars work 1,800 miles of cable between Valentia and Heart's Content, while twenty-five jars of the same electric power would be needed to work 350 miles of land wire; in other words, the recorder is more than twelve times as efficient for its purpose as the ordinary Morse instrument. The recorder traces its character on the tape about as fast as a slow penman copies a letter. Besides its delicacy of work, the recorder, as its name imports, has the merit of leaving the record of the message.

LET THE PEOPLE REMEMBER.—Let the people remember that the Federal government is collecting more money than it can honestly and economically spend; that in the surplus lies temptation to extravagance and jobbery; that every act of misgovernment of the republican party, from the Grant Ring steals to the Star Route frauds, can be traced to it; that until it is rooted out of our political system there will be no end to such evils; that the democratic party stands pledged, with vows it has never yet broken, to reform and economy, and a reduction of the revenues, and that its great victory of last fall was won upon such principles.—[Wartown Reunion.]

One of Gov. Knott's Stories.

In the genial company of the story-tellers of Kentucky who haunt Mr. Knott's rooms, I have heard many dramatic recitals. Possibly nothing more dramatic than the midnight adventure of a Kentucky major at a wedding where he was as a young man, "full of blood and—sir."

In his day a Kentucky wedding was the occasion of the most lavish hospitality. The house of the particular wedding described by the major was packed with guests. They all were jolly and happy. The evening was one round of gaiety. At midnight when he came to go to bed the head of the major was racked and heavy from numerous potations. He just remembered he was to sleep in a room at the end of the hall, on the third story. His bed-fellow was to be the groom's best man. When he reached the end of the hall he could not remember whether it was the right or left bed-room. He hesitated a moment, and then chanced on the left.

Evidently he had made no mistake. The room was unoccupied. He undressed rapidly, tossing his clothes in every direction. In a moment he was in bed, the light out, and a second later sound asleep.

Suddenly he was waked by a fiat in his back, and then a feminine voice said: "Wake up, Nelly, I want to talk before I go to sleep."

Then the Major did wake, and trembled with horror. He remembered now that the two belles of the county, the handsomest women in Kentucky, had the room opposite him. He had gotten into the wrong room and bed. The last corner had come up, had undressed in the dark, and had stolen in by the side of what she thought was her companion.

The major fairly shivered with fright. At any moment the real companion might come, and then he knew what would follow. The girls had several uncles, cousins and brothers in the house. They all shot very well. A scene would merely result in his being ridiculed first and allowed to explain afterward.

After one second, an eternity of thought, the major resolved on a bold course. He jumped from the bed as if he were in the company of a snake. Then he said, in a low tone of voice: "Miss, for God's sake don't scream. There is a horrible mistake here. Don't scream. I am going to get my clothes and get out. For God's sake don't scream!"

Not hearing a word in reply, the major began to hunt for his clothes. He did not dare strike a light. He was in the very short night garments of the period, and it could not be too dark for him. He hunted his clothes with great difficulty, dreading each moment to see the door open and the other young lady walk in. Finally he huddled all his clothes together, all but one stocking, when a voice from the bed said: "Hurry up, sir!" At this he bolted to the door. Luck was on his side. No one was in the hall. He made a dash across and arrived in his own room, where his friend hadn't yet arrived.

Hardly had he closed the door when he heard a rush of flying feet down the hall and the rustle of skirts as the room opposite was entered by belle No. 2.

It was a lucky escape. The stocking was afterward discovered, but as no owner could be found for it, no scandal was created.

To hear the hero of this story relate it, with all the dash and style of a true Kentucky story-teller, would give an outside individual a good idea of the powers of entertainment of the Kentucky people who followed Mr. Knott, crowded his rooms and swear by him in all the acts of his political career.

About the greatest curse the industrious sheep-raiser has to contend with is the sheep-killing cur. He is worse than the rot, or pneumonia, or fever, or black-tongue. He is a danger continually hanging over the flock. No stress of weather, no force of circumstances, no combination of events, nothing short of a shot-gun policy, or a liberal poison programme, can debar him from his favorite meal of mutton. He is a nuisance, a torment and serious drawback to a most useful and profitable industry. He should be shot on sight, and poisoned on suspicion. He demands legislation, prompt effective, and deadly legislation. A bounty should be put on his scalp, and a premium on his hide. He is of no earthly account, and gets as high as he can possibly climb in the scale of usefulness when he affords the buzzards a square meal.—[Glasgow Times.]

The Latest Fashion in Coffins.

An enterprising Chicago man has invented a "marble burial casket," which has had considerable sale in the West and New York.

It is made of Portland and Keene cement, and is imperishable and indestructible. Surviving friends of the dead have a natural and commendable desire to preserve the bodies of their loved ones from decay as long as possible. Wooden coffins decay very speedily, and those made of iron rust and crumble away in a very short time when subjected to the chemicals of the earth. In the earlier ages stone graves hewn out of solid rock were the favorite receptacles for the dead, not only because they resisted the agencies mentioned, but also because they preserved the dead from the hands of the resurrectionists. Such a thing as a solid marble or a stone grave is out of the question now, however, except among millionaires, but the new burial casket meets all of the ends served by the old stonegrave. It is in striking contrast with the dilapidated cloth, wooden and iron caskets, and will supersede the necessity of vaults. Each one of the caskets is a hermetically sealed catacomb in itself. They are lighter than iron, and the strongest caskets ever made. The interior is perforated zinc set on a wrought-iron skeleton frame. Both the frame and the zinc are embedded in the walls of the casket. The cement grows harder with age.

"One point, and a very strong one, in favor of this casket is that when it is closed it becomes a perfect whole. The cover is joined to the casket with the same cement with which the casket is made, and hence it is hermetically sealed without joint or crack. It is a complete, solid marble case. Another great advantage of our caskets over those of wood or iron is the fact that burial ceremonies can be held with perfect safety over the bodies of persons who have died of contagious diseases. There is not the slightest danger of contagion."

"A first-class marble casket does not cost any more than the best made of iron or wood. The upholstery and the outside trimmings are all of the best quality, and, in fact, precisely the same as those used in ordinary coffins."

Who is Your Man?

A Cincinnati bunko steerer approached an Illinois cattle dealer the other day and said: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Black? When did you get here?" The cattle dealer said to the young man: "I guess you are mistaken. My name isn't Black, but Joe Brown, and I'm from Florida, Ill."

"O," said the young man, "you must excuse me. I thought you were an old friend of mine by the name of Black, at Indianapolis." "No harm done mister," said the cattle man. A couple of blocks and nice young man number two came up all smiles held out his hand and shaking hands, said: "Why, I'm real glad to see you, Mr. Brown. When did you leave Florida, and how is father?" Said Brown, "I'll be gosh darned if I can tell you how your pap is, for I don't know him."

"Don't know my father in Florida," said the young man, "why he's President of the national bank there; you must certainly know John Thompson."

"Oh, ho, so John Thompson, President of the First National Bank at Florida, is your pap." "Yes," said the nice young man, all smiles. "Well then, if John Thompson is your pap, who is your mammy, for old John Thompson was never married." The young man suddenly left.

When a citizen of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., wishes to send a letter to a friend in the opposite village on the Canadian side of the river, he directs it, prepays the postage, and puts it in the post office on the American side; then in order to reach the post office on the Canadian side, which is about one mile distant, the letter goes to Detroit through the United States mails, crosses from Detroit to Windsor, where it enters the Canadian mails, and is sent over Canadian routes back to the Sault, reaching the Canadian office there in about ten days from the time it started—ten days to go one mile. But when one is in a hurry he goes across the river himself and talks to the other fellow; he doesn't write.

A calf in Woodford county swallowed a ball of rasps' twine. The owner of the animal got hold of the end of the twine, and pulled out 674 feet of it, and when our informant left, the calf was still emitting string!—[Post.]

Treatment of Consumption.

Dr. Felix Oswald says that consumption is more easily cured than any other chronic disease. The population living at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level have been shown to be quite free from consumption. What the doctor calls "indigestion of respiration" is bred by humid climates and stagnant air. He believes in the theory of the German Dr. Koch, that parasites are a phase of the disease, but maintains that their appearance does not amount to a death sentence. "Cease to feed the lungs with azotic gases," he says, "and Dr. Koch's animalcules will starve and disappear." He claims that all but the last stages of consumption can be subdued by outdoor exercise. He condenses the night air superatation, and recommends mountain excursions, even to the extent of a three months' tour under the disadvantages of insufficient clothing and protracted fasts, as certain to effect a cure in a majority of cases. He points out malnutrition of the lungs as one of the causes of consumption and suggests fatty substances and sweet cream as the best lung food. A vocal effort, he says, doesn't injure the respiratory organs; on the contrary, it strengthens them, and he thinks that consumptives should envy cattle drivers, "whose business gives them a plausible pretext for yelling." Too many clothes he considers harmful, whereby the perspiration is forced back upon the body and the lungs have to do double work.

Baby Kissing.

If there is any object on top of God's green earth utterly unlikable and generally repugnant to a man of healthy sentiment, it is somebody else's baby. Indecisive men have been known to yield to the solicitations of fond mothers and actually submit to the indignity of having a new baby thrust under their nostrils, but these men have always repented and usually gone on sprees just to reassert their independence and recover their self-respect. Men who would walk up to a bombshell and spit on the sputtering fuse will quail and cower in abject terror before the muzzle of a baby, even when assured that it is not loaded. Some men don't mind having babies pointed at them, but these are the sort of men who blow down gun barrels and monkey with buzz saws and do almost any foolish thing. It is a well known fact that a man who will knowingly kiss a baby is generally addicted to chenille and worsted work and gossip, and there is a well grounded suspicion that he will steal sheep. This baby kissing tends to make hypocrites of good natured men, and there ought to be a crusade against the pernicious practice indulged in by the perpetrators of babies and frequently abetted by the proud instigators of these inchoate, howling contrivances, of recklessly pointing them at folks.—[Hancock Courier.]

Railways.

Existing railways cost \$16,000,000,000 and would reach eight times around the globe. The first steam railway was opened between Darlington and Stockton, September 27th, 1825, and between Manchester and Liverpool on September 15th, 1830. It is shown that in France, previous to the existence of railway, there was 1 passenger in every 350,000 killed and one out of every 30,000 wounded; whereas between 1835 and 1878 there was but one in 5,178,890 killed and 1 in 580,450 wounded, so that we may infer that accidents are yearly diminishing. Railway traveling in England is attended with greater risk than any other country in Europe. A French statistician observes that if a person were to live continuously in a railway carriage and spend all his time in traveling, the chance of his dying from a railway accident would not occur until he was 960 years old.

In 1729 the first Catholic church was built in Philadelphia. There are now in that city a magnificent cathedral, besides 44 churches, 53 chapels, two colleges, 12 convents, 22 academies, 36 parochial schools and 24 hospitals and asylums. In the whole archdiocese there are 253 priests and a Catholic population of 300,000.

The Wisconsin man of eighty who married a girl of seventeen a year ago has been heard from again. He is suing for a divorce. He says that his wife has pulled his hair, thrown slops on him, jabbed him with a screw-driver and choked him.

The green stamp might have served to keep the memory of the father of his country the same color, but the new two-cent stamp bearing his vignette is to be red.—[Chicago Times.]

The World, The Flesh and The Devil.

A very thin woman had felt the power of the spirit and been converted and she appeared before the session to pass the preliminary examination.

"Have you experienced a change of heart?" asked the elder, gently. "Yes, sir, I believe I have." "And you want to live a new life?" "Yes, sir, I hope I do." "Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?" "Sir?" "Are you willing to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil?" "Do I have to do that?" "Certainly, if you would be a consistent christian."

"Can't I give up two of them and still go into the church?" "No, the renunciation must be complete." "Well, then you must excuse me. I want to be a christian. I want to give up the world and the devil, but if a woman as thin already as I am, has to give up any more flesh, she might as well give up wanting to be a christian and go and join a side show as the great American only living skeleton. Gentlemen you will have to excuse me. I want to join the church, but I'm not prepared to join a side show this summer.—[The Drummer.]

The Republican Party Must Go.

We believe the Star route verdict will leave a profound and lasting impression on the public mind. It ought to. The men declared "not guilty" are of no consequence; but the result of this trial will justify by all thoughtful citizens as proof that it is high time to make a change; that the "party of great moral ideas" is no longer entitled to their confidence and can not be safely trusted with the people's money. The verdict is, to be sure, but one of many evidences to the same effect. The River and Harbor jobs, the Robeson Navy jobs, the impudent refusal to make adequate reductions of taxation, the corrupt determination to compel needless and surplus taxes out of the people's pockets, the pension swindle, the unblushing alliance with all sorts of monopolies—all these prove that the republican party has outlived not merely its usefulness, but its moral sense. But it probably needed this result of the Star route trials to break the back of the public's patience.

The Presidential campaign of 1884 will be a battle between the people and the friends of monopoly and jobbery.—[N. Y. Herald.]

MANUFACTURE OF RUBBER SHOES.

The Shoe and Leather Reporter says that there are sixteen rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, nine of which turn out from 1,000 to 5,000 pairs daily and seven of them from 8,000 to 20,000 pairs, aggregating about 90,000 a day, or 27,000,000 pairs a year. A great deal of attention is bestowed on the style and finish of rubber shoes. Some of the specialties made by leading manufacturers are as handsome as any that are made of cloth or leather. The sales have been largely increased by these improvements. On the other hand the rubber shoe people aim to put into their stock the utmost amount of dirt that is possible; for the more dirt the less cost to them.

Toney Weller, father of the lively Samivel, was innocently relating a story of his life as a stage driver. On one occasion he was to carry a stage-load of voters, when a member of the opposition offered Mr. Weller £10 if by accident the stage should turn over at a certain bad place in the road. "An' would you believe it, sir, by a very strange an' remarkable coincidence that ar' stage turned over at that ar' very point."

A LARGER ELEPHANT THAN JUMBO.—There has just arrived at Liverpool, consigned to a local naturalist, an elephant which is perhaps the largest captive animal in the world, for, though not quite so high as Jumbo, it is more bulky, weighing nearly five tons. Its trunk at the thickest part has a circumference of three and a half feet.—[London Times.]

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denning's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectant for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

There is nothing more certain than the use of Brown's Expectant for a severe cough, which will ultimately lead to Consumption or Chronic Bronchitis, if not cured. It takes less than the cough is even contracted a few doses will convince you of its merit. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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