R. ALBERT'S
China Palace,
MAYSVILLE, KY.

All 50 Cent Store Goods in my List sold at 40 and 35 Cents.

CHINA, GLASS, QUEENSWARE, LAMPS, LOOKING GLASSES, CHANDELIERS, SILVER WARE, PLATEDWARE, FANCY GOODS, BRITANNIA GOODS,

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Manufacturers of all kinds of Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons, &c.

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CARLISLE MERCURY.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERARY MISCELLANY, AND THE INTERESTS OF NICHOLAS AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

VOL. XI. CARLISLE, KY., THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1877. NO. 34.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Business notices in local columns, 10 cents per line.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths free.

Obituary notices exceeding twelve lines, 10 cents per line. Calls on persons to become candidates and candidates' announcements for any county or State office, $5.

In order to insure the insertion the cash must accompany the announcement or call.

Contracts with liberal terms made with extensive advertisers.

Terms—Bills for advertising inserted for one year will be rendered quarterly; for an indefinite period, monthly; transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R.
TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Maysville	Leave 5:30 a m, 12:30 p m	Covington	Leave 7:00 p m, 1:00 p m
Helena	Arrive 6:00 a m, 1:40 p m	Cynthiana	Arrive 9:45 p m, 5:01 a m
Elizaville	6:24 a m, 1:05 p m	Paris	10:40 p m, 10:40 am
Carlisle	7:00 a m, 2:20 p m	Paris	Leave 5:35 pm, 10:15 am
Mill'sburg	7:35 a m, 6:05 p m		
Paris	8:30 a m, 7:00 p m	Mill'sburg	Arrive 6:10 p m, 1:20 a m
Paris	Leave 9:05 a m, 4:35 p m	Carlisle	6:34 p m, 11:12 a m
	Arrive	Elizaville	7:12 p m, 12:23 a m
Cynthiana	9:45 a m, 4:50 p m	Helena	7:30 p m, 12:50 a m
Covington	11:45 a m, 1:00 pm	Maysville	8:15 p m, 11:00 am

The steamer Wildwood leaves Maysville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 11 3/4 o'clock.

C. F. and P. G. Railroad.

LEAVING FLEMINGSBURG FOR JOHNSON:

5:40 a. m., Cincinnati Express.
9:12 " Maysville Accommodation
2:25 p. m., Lexington "
7:02 " Maysville Express.

LEAVING JOHNSON FOR FLEMINGSBURG.

(On arrival of trains on the K. C. Railroad.)

6:23 a. m. 4:50 p. m.
9:48 " 7:37 "

PROFESSIONAL.

T. F. HARGIS. JOHN F. NORVELL.

HARGIS & NORVELL,
Attorneys at Law,
CARLISLE, KY.

Office in Adair & Brewington's building, southwest of the Court-house.
mal-11-tf-J

BENJAMIN GORE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CARLISLE, KY.,

Will also attend to all claims for Government Pensions, Bounty, &c. Office up stairs, in Dougherty building.
mal-tf-11-J

W. W. KIMBROUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Mt. Olivet, Ky.

Will practice in the courts of Robertson, Harrison, Bracken, Mason, Fleming and Nicholas.
mal-tf-11-J

W. G. ROSS,
SURGEON DENTIST,
CARLISLE, KY.

Respectfully solicits a share of the patronage of the town and surrounding country. Satisfaction guaranteed. Charges reasonable.
The office is above Mathers & Saunder's hardware store. mal-11-tf-J

C. W. MUNGER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND EXAMINER.
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Will practice in the courts of Nicholas and adjoining counties.
Collections promptly attended to.
Office in Dallas' building, up stairs.
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N. H. McNEW,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
ST. CLOUD, HOTEL,
CARLISLE, KY.
jul2

DR. J. F. ROBINSON,
(Late of Sylvan Dell,)
East Union, Nicholas County, Ky

Tenders his services in all the various branches of his profession. Chronic cases made a specialty.
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Will practice in Nicholas and adjoining counties. Office up stairs, Dougherty building.
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Great Carpet,
Oilcloth and
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HOUSE.
35 E, Second st., Maysville, Ky.

ANOTHER
IMMENSE REDUCTION

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Imported Carpets 35, 40, 50, 60, 70 and 80c. per yard;
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Super. and Extra Fine, 90 $1.00, per yard;
Extra Superfine, Tapestry, Ingrain, Kidderminster Carpets, etc., $1.00, 1.10 per yard.
Elegant Tapestry Brussells Carp's, $1.10. Brussells, Velvet and Fancy Rugs and Mats.
Mattings all widths 25, 30 40, 50 and 60 cts. per yard
Oil Cloths, from 18 inches to 18 feet wide at from 30cents to $1 75 per yard.
2,000 Window Shades at from 10 cents to $5.00 each.
20,000 pieces Wall Paper, cheaper than ever.
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5,000 pieces Wall Papers, job lots, at from 7 cents per roll up—a rare chance to save money.
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Splendid French Chinese and Japanese Papers, silvered, gilt and brocade, from 50 cts. to $2 per roll.
No trouble to show goods.
Jan16-1y

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JOB
PRINTING.

We have received a fine assortment of new material, and are now enabled to do job printing in the most approved style. We now have everything to be found in a first-class printing office, and are prepared to execute all kinds of work.

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LETTER HEADS,
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CIRCULARS,
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VISITING CARDS,
WEDDING CARDS,
FUNERAL NOTICES,
STREAMERS,
TAGS, DODGERS,

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

FINE

COLOR

PRINTING.

Call and examine our specimens. Prompt attention to all orders by mail.

KEHOE & VANCE,
Mercury Job Printing Room

B. F. THOMAS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers!
—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHATS,
—AGENTS FOR THE—
KANAWHA SALT,
CLIFTON NAIL AND
AMERICAN POWDER
COMPANIES;
—AND—
Dealers in Produce Generally.
No. 19 Market st., Maysville, Ky.

THE MERCURY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
KEHOE & VANCE.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
W. J. KEHOE. T. C. H. VANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

[illegible]

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

In advance, per annum	$2 00
After one year	2 25
In advance, for six months	1 00
Single copies	05

MADGE HINSDALE'S LESSON.

It was about a new jacket that they had their first serious quarrel. Madge stands by the window, looking out into the street, thinking it all over, with rather an anxious expression on her pretty face. She has black hair, a pair of bright, dark eyes, a pert *retrousse* nose, and a lithe, active little figure. She is very pretty, and very young; everything in the room betokens comfort and luxury; why should the occupant be troubled?

This is just what I am going to tell you.

This little woman was an only child. For nineteen years she had been petted and indulged, until any girl with less character would have been ruined. Madge, fortunately, was gifted with a large share of common sense, and she came out of the ordeal with only a moderate amount of selfishness, a good deal of vanity, a contented disposition, an honest, affectionate heart, and a quick temper, which was not under good control. With all her faults, she was so cheery, bright and thoroughly sincere that it was impossible not to love her. So, at least, thought Mr. Raymond Hinsdale the first time he laid eyes on her. It was at a ball in Saratoga. Mr. Hinsdale procured an introduction to her, and from that moment, during the three weeks which Madge passed in Saratoga, he was her most devoted attendant.

The day before her departure, the young man told her that, from henceforth, his life would be nothing to him unless she would share it. Madge said she did not think she cared for him much; then, when he looked pained and surprised, she added that she liked him better than any one else she knew—he might speak to papa, if he liked. Of course he did "speak to papa," who objected on the score of Madge's youth and Mr. Hinsdale's lack of suitable means to keep a wife.

Thus was supplied the fuel to the fire, which soon burned hotly. Madge *felt* herself ill-used; her "poor Raymond" was a martyr; papa was a cruel parent. She passed her days looking out with tear-dimmed eyes, and her nights weeping floods of tears. She was sent to Europe, but, having once set her heart on Raymond Hinsdale, nothing else would content her. So poor papa, in very self defense, brought her home, for her dismal face was a constant reproach to him, and papa liked an easy life.

When they arrived in New York, Mr. Hinsdale called to attest his eternal constancy. The battle was won, and Madge Stevens became Mrs. Hinsdale. Mr. Stevens gave them a beautiful little house, furnished it for them and then took his wife with him on a two-years' trip round the world.

So Madge was left alone with a man whom she had known only a year, and during that year she had been separated from him for eight months. But he had seldom been absent from her mind, and she loved him, and, of course, they were going to be very happy. It did not occur to her that anything might darken their future. I will say for Raymond that he loved her devotedly. He would cheerfully have laid down his life for her; but it is sometimes more difficult to lay down one's little every-day prejudices than one's life; a great sacrifice may be easier than to take daily pin-pricks patiently. Raymond was an extremely reticent man and painfully sensitive. When he was troubled about anything he showed it by being more silent than ever.

But I promised to tell you about that jacket. Madge had a great deal of difficulty in selecting one to suit her, and she talked so much about her difficulty in selecting it that one morning Raymond said, half-laughingly: "I shall have to go with you and tell you which to buy."

"When I see myself taking my husband with me to select a jacket," said Madge pertly, "I shall be very much surprised."

"I am sure I am not anxious to go."

"I am sure I do not wish to have you."

This was all very childish, and Madge did not suspect she had said anything to hurt her husband's feelings, but he was a little sore for a day or two, though at the same time he was heartily ashamed of himself for being so sensitive, and would not have had her know it for the world. She bought the garment at last, and, putting it on one evening, asked Raymond to admire it.

Now, I have often observed that when a man is engaged, or simply attentive to a girl, he likes everything she wears; or, if he ventures in his inmost heart to disapprove of any garment, he steers clear of that subject, or suggests in the mildest, most affectionate manner that perhaps she might look better in something else. But once married, nothing suits. He begins at once to mention what he dislikes, and observes a discreet silence in regard to that portion of his wife's toilet which pleases him. I have no doubt that there are exceptions to this as to every rule, but the exceptions have never come under my notice.

To a quick-tempered person like Madge Hinsdale there are few things more galling than the kind of ridicule which a husband bestows on a costume which does not suit him. So when Raymond commenced to laugh as he looked at the coat, she reddened and exclaimed:

"What is the matter with it?"

"It is the ugliest thing I ever saw. I don't know what makes it look so." Then another roar of laughter.

"Don't sit there and laugh like an idiot. If there is anything ridiculous about it I won't keep it; but you don't know anything about it any way."

"You certainly have the most extraordinary taste, Madge. How did you ever decide to buy that?"

"If you will stop talking about it I will be extremely obliged to you," cried Madge, tearing off the abused garment and throwing it on the floor.

Then she rushed out of the room and slammed the door. Absurd, was it not? So Madge thought the moment the door was closed, but she was ashamed to go back, and Raymond would not come after her.

The next day she was folding up the jacket to send it back to the shop, and then and there they "made it up." Raymond promised her that when he disliked anything she wore he would tell her so calmly, and not laugh at her as if she were a clown and enjoyed it. But I can not say that they were very happy for the next few months. Madge, as I mentioned before, was quick tempered, and in her anger said many cruel things, which she forgot the next moment. Her husband, however, was not able to forget her unkind speeches. His disposition was quite different from hers, and many a word, spoken by her in heat and forgotten immediately, rankled in his mind for days. Lately, too, Madge imagined she had another cause for unhappiness. Raymond was a lawyer. He had taken a case for a very handsome widow, and Madge was foolish enough to be jealous, and committed the fatal mistake of letting her husband quite clearly see her uneasiness. Strange what a fascination there is in imagining ourselves unhappy!

All this time I have left my young woman at the window. Shall I tell you some of the thoughts which were passing through her mind? They were something like this: I believe I am the most miserable woman that ever lived! We have been married nearly a year, and we seem to be just as disagreeable to each other as possible. Raymond is so cold and calm and deliberate that merely for him to advance a proposition is enough for me to oppose it, and when I contradict him he closes his mouth with that set look I know so well, and is extremely cold to me for a day or two. I *don't think he cares for me* any more. Oh dear! He will never forget what I said this morning, even if he forgives me. I suppose we shall always be miserable now until one of us dies. Let me see; how did it come about this morning? I had a letter from Charley Reeves. He had no business to write to me, but he did it, and I read it at the breakfast table. Raymond said, very pleasantly, "Who is your letter from?" I was afraid he would be angry with me, so I hesitated, but I told him the truth. I could not help the color rushing into my face, though there was nothing to blush about. I did not tell my husband what was in the letter, nor offer to show it to him. He came to kiss me before going down town, and said, "Are you going to answer your letter to-day?" "Perhaps so," I answered, sullenly. "Are you afraid to trust me? If you forbid me, of course I shall not do it." The set look came over his face as he said: "It must be a great pleasure to you to say things which are untrue. Stop!" as I tried to interrupt him, "you must hear me out. You knew well that I have perfect confidence in you. You cannot accuse me of watching you. When you wish to make an unkind remark you should choose a subject which has some foundation of truth!" I sneered, "Perhaps the reason you have such perfect confidence in me is because you no longer care what I do. I thank you for your trust. I shall try to deserve your good opinion. I wish I might have the same faith in you." "You have made my life wretched, lately, by such insinuations," my husband said, very sternly. "Now I want you to explain yourself." I turned round upon him with blazing face. "I refuse to explain myself. You have just called me a liar! Now let me inform you that—I hate you. If you ever call me a liar again I will go away from you. I wish I could go now, this moment. I wish I might never see you again!" My husband looked at me for a moment with an expression I shall never forget. It haunts me now. I longed to tell him that I did not mean what I had said, but before I could make up my mind to do it, he was gone. He used to be so good to me. There is no one in this world as wretched as I am!"

As Madge reaches this conclusion, the clock strikes six; there's a sharp ring at the door-bell, and in walks her brother-in-law.

"Why, George!" she exclaims, "how are you?" But she stops with outstretched hand as she gets a glimpse of his face.

"What has happened?" she asks. "Alice—the children—"

"Are all right," he answers, taking her hand and stroking it caressingly. "Do not be alarmed. Raymond was taken ill in the office, and he wanted me to come and tell you so you would not be frightened about him."

"What is it?" she asked with wide, startled eyes. "Is it an accident? Where is he? I want to go to him."

She starts toward the door, but her companion grasps her arm, exclaiming: "You must not go; they are bringing him here."

"Bringing him here!" she cries. Then you are deceiving me. Oh, George!" bursting into tears and clasping his arm with both her trembling hands; "tell me the truth; is he very ill?"

"Go first, Madge," he answered gently, "and have a room prepared for him and send for your physician. Then come back to me and I will tell you all about it."

"I will, I will," and she hurries away obediently and gives her orders. It only takes a few moments. She returns to her brother-in-law, who is walking up and down the library floor.

"I am quite calm," she says; "will you please tell me what has happened?"

Very kindly he tells her the whole story, which is simply this: Raymond started to come home about 4 o'clock with his brother. As they crossed Broadway, near Fulton street, Raymond fell on some ice, which was partially concealed by a light covering of snow. He could not save himself, and George, who was a little ahead, turned just in time to see him fall, striking his head against the wheel of an omnibus which was rattling by. He was taken up senseless and carried into a shop near by. A physician was sent for, but the sufferer was still unconscious when his brother left to break the news to Madge.

By the time she had heard these details the carriage arrived, bringing Raymond, who was carried to his room, and Madge crept in with bated breath and looked at the prostrate figure with a silent awe. She could not yet realize the blow. The doctor came. He looked very grave. Madge followed him down stairs, drew him into the library, and, looking at him with her honest eyes, she asked in a voice which she could hardly recognize as her own: "Will he die?"

"Now, Mrs. Hinsdale," stammered the physician, "do not get excited."

"I never was more calm in my life," she said, in the same dull voice; "tell me at once, please."

"Well, I certainly consider your husband in great danger. However, we must watch him carefully, and when he comes out of this comatose state we shall be able to tell more about him."

"If he does not become conscious for some time?" she demanded, with a look of terror on her face.

[illegible]

The Interior of Africa.

[illegible]

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Boston Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, is ill and destitute at Camden, New Jersey.

A Jamaica telegram reports a revolution and two days' conflagration at Port-au-Prince, Hayti.

Mr. G. T. Beauregard will court the healthful gales at the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia during the rest of the season.

Mlle. Titiens has not recovered from her recent relapse, and can not be removed from her seaside residence at Worthing, England.

A California woman publicly claims that she is the oldest woman in the world; not a "single" rival has put in its appearance.

Marshal MacMahon is now said to be the grandson of a country doctor, who came from Limerick in 1747, took a degree at Rheims, and settled at Autun.

There is one noun that the best grammar scholar in Vassar finds it impossible to decline, and that is the noun "husband." Somehow they always get it mixed up with conjugation.

A Texas lady was recently bitten by a polecat. The polecat is said to be a very pretty animal, but its propensity to bite will always keep it from becoming a pet among the ladies.—[Courier-Journal.

The breaches of peace have been so badly torn by the rioters that peace won't be able to appear in public, without a bulletin board to back up against, for about three weeks.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

When a lady (some ladies, at least,) makes a dive and a grab at her skirt, a fellow feels very much like dodging, for she acts for all the world as if she was going for a brick.

The Boston Globe says that the word "mule" signifies "to stop," being a Greek word. The Globe is wrong. The word "mule" is derived from the Indian dialect, and means "to kick."—[Detroit Free Press.

Dr. C. F. Winslow was cremated at Salt Lake on the 31st. The process occupied about three hours. The heart had been taken out and sent to his birthplace, Nantuck. The ashes are to be sent to the grave of his wife, near Boston.

In an Iowa church, a few evenings ago, a couple came forward to be made man and wife. Before the ceremony, the minister requested the congregation to rise and sing, himself beginning the hymn, "What Will the Harvest Be."

Mr. Robert Burdette, who writes newspaper witticisms, some of which are truly witty, says that his humor came of tribulation. His wife being an invalid, he felt it his duty "to be as lively as possible about the house, and was always making fun for her benefit." She asked him why he didn't write off for publication some of his merry-making, and at last he followed her suggestion.

President Vanderbilt, of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, has issued a circular stating that of 12,000 employes of the company less than 500 struck, and no injury was done to the property. In recognition of their fealty he directed that $100,000 be divided ratably, according to their positions on the pay-roll, among all the employes engaged in operating the road. He says no men who in time of trial embarrass the company can remain in or re-enter its service, and adds that the pay will be increased the moment business justifies it.

How man's boasted superiority fades before the reflection that the howling of a little, insignificant dog can upset the nerves of all the old maids within sound of its voice and cause stern-visaged men, who would face an empty cannon without blanching, to kick off the covers and sit upright in bed and swear till the air of the room is one sheet of blue flame!—[New York Mail.

We read of Burdette, of the Hawkeye, and Bailey of Danbury, having books in the press. We have a book in the press also. It is called the pocket-book, and is pressed for funds.—[Whitehall Times. Alright, Wilkins, do as the rest of us are doing: get subscriptions for it. In a few days it will look like a war lion (after the war.)—[Hawkeye.

That the newspaper is the very best medium through which to reach the public needs no argument. John Wanamaker, who is the largest advertiser in the world, and who has built up by that means a colossal business, once told the writer that while he had spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in all sorts of devices for pushing his business, he found the newspaper to be not only the cheapest, but by far the most effective and satisfactory.—[Salem (New Jersey) Standard.

Mrs. Haynes, living near the Tennessee line in Allen county, recently gave birth to four children, two boys and two girls; two weighing 5 pounds each and two weighing 7 pounds each. At one week old they were living and doing well. The father and mother of the children have been married about twelve months and we think have a good beginning toward fulfilling the commandment, "Multiply and replenish the earth."

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

Fuller details of the great battle of July 31st, at Plevna, are now to hand. The Russian losses were 1,700 killed, and 3,000 wounded. Russian reinforcements to the number of 70,000 have arrived at Bulgareni from Sistova, to be added to the Russian line of battle. The correspondent also says that heavy fighting may be expected shortly.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Rioting at Belfast, Ireland, has been renewed and the military again called out.

A special dispatch reports that the town of Sandsvall, Sweeden, has been almost totally burned.

A Havana letter records a number of disastrous business failures, with increasing commercial and financial trouble.

The ladies of Frankfort, Kentucky, have taken a vote on the liquor question with this result: For license, 17; against license, 310.

Special dispatches report that the village of Garnsee, near Marienwerder, Prussia, has been destroyed by fire, and 800 persons are rendered homeless.

A Bannock Indian shot two teamsters at the agency one seriously, neither mortally. The shooting was under excitement, caused by a rumor that hostile Indians were approaching the agency.

A letter from the United States Consul at Winnepeg says near Sitting Bull's encampment a war party of twenty-seven Sioux robbed the traders of three kegs of powder and one bag of bullets.

Advices from India state that the harvest prospects are somewhat improved, but severe distress will probably continue for some months longer. There is considerable anxiety in Southern India.

The Dunnell Print Manufacturing Company, at Providence, Rhode Island, have cut down their production forty per centum, on account of the low prices of prints. The Cocheco mills are reported to have stopped work.

Miss E. T. Burke, a wealthy lady of Cleveland, Ohio, was missed from her room in the Oakland Beach Hotel. At 7 o'clock her body was found in the water. She probably jumped from the second story window of the hotel and drowned herself. She was in poor health.

Anecdote of Blue Jeans Williams.

There is a good story told here by an Indianapolis gentleman anent the recent strike, which, if true, goes to show that Blue Jeans Williams is not of that class of statesmen who forget their poor relatives when fortune's smile has been prolific. As told, it appears that when the strike reached Indiana, Uncle Jimmy had a son-in-law engaged in the very honest calling of a drover. He had left Indianapolis for St. Louis with a train of cattle, and was hauled up by indignant railroad hands a few miles outside of the former city. Becoming alarmed concerning the safety of his cargo, the son-in-law made his way to Indianapolis and apprised Uncle Jimmy of the situation, whereupon Blue-Jeans gave him a document somewhat akin to the following:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, STATE OF INDIANA,
INDIANAPOLIS, July [illegible], 1877."

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: The bearer of this is my son-in-law. I hope the strikers will allow him to transport his cattle to St. Louis in safety.
J. D. WILLIAMS, GOV'R."

Armed with the document the son-in-law retraced his steps to where the train was hauled up and exhibited it to the ringleaders who were stopping trains. Its effect was magical; and, as the story goes, he was allowed to proceed to its destination without further molestation. When, in a day or two after, the strike in Indiana assumed graver proportions, Uncle Jimmy was besieged by his friends to interpose the strong arm of the State to put it down, and he was urged to call out the militia of the State. Blue Jeans found the importunities to do something could not be resisted, and he was forced to act. He was under obligations somewhat to the strikers for allowing his son-in-law to have the right of way, and he apprehended that if he used the State militia against them that such action on his part could hardly be the exact thing after the favors which had been extended him. He proved equal to the emergency, however, and without reciting that domestic violence existed in the State, he ignored precedent, and called on the Secretary of War for troops. His informal application, of course, found its way to the waste basket; but meanwhile the troubles subsided, and Uncle Jimmy's strategy had given him opportunity to fail to recognize Hayes, keep on good terms with the strikers, and hold back the State militia from interfering in any manner. This is about as much as Uncle Jimmy's most ardent constituents could have demanded of him.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Paternal Duties.

Mr. Jasper Throckmorton, who lives up on Summer Street, is the father of ten children. Yesterday morning Mr. Throckmorton was just on the point of putting on his hat to start for the office, when Mrs. Throckmorton called after him from the kitchen:

"Stop at Sodder's and tell him to come up and fix the water pipe, and get a big tin dipper and bring it with you this noon. Don't tell them to send it; they'll forget it."

Mr. Throckmorton said he would, and then he put on his hat and started. As he reached the front door his eldest daughter shouted from up stairs:

"Pa! pa!! pa!!! Go to Greenbaum & Schroder's and ask Mr. Scott to give you two yards and a half of brown satin, cut on the bias, to match the dress I got last week; he'll know the kind. Bring it with you. I don't want to wait for it."

And Mr. Throckmorton, pausing, with his hand on the door, said he would get it, and then sighed and opened the door. Just then his oldest son shouted from the sitting room:

"Father! the man was up here twice yesterday for the money for my new boat, and I just gave him a note to you and he'll call at the office to-day and will give you a pair of patent oarlocks and a dip net. Bring them up when you come to dinner."

Mr. Throckmorton kind of stifled a groan, like, and said he would attend to it, went out. As he passed down the porch steps his second daughter leaned out of a window and cried:

"Oh, pa; do stop at Parson's as you come to dinner and tell them to send a man to lay the new hall carpet when they send it up, and you get ten pounds of cotton batting and bring it up with you, for we want it right away and can't wait."

The parent paused with his hand on the gate latch, and with a visible effort promised to remember the errand and bring up the cotton batting, and opened the gate. But the voice of his younger son from the side yard caught his ear and held him for a moment:

"Pap, oh pap! Want ten cents to pay for a winder I broke in the school house, and I can't go to Sunday-school till I get a new hat and some shoes, and please can't I have a quarter to go to the picnic?"

Mr. Throckmorton silently registered a flogging for the broken glass, a negative for the picnic, and said he would get the boots and hat. Then he turned to go, but as he passed down the street his six younger children came running after him:

"Oh pa, don't forget to stop and see if the old umbrella's fixed ma says."

"Stop at the dentist's and see when he can fill my teeth."

"Bring my shoe home from shoemaker's."

"Ma says be sure and tell the doctor to come up to-day and vaccinate the baby!"

"Pap! Kin I go swimmin' in Hawkeye Crick; to-night?"

"Pa, oh Pa! gimme five cents to ride on the street cars!"

And Mr. Throckmorton went down town and amazed Fred Scott by telling him to cut off thirteen feet of water pipe, on the bias, and he asked Mr. Parsons to let him have eleven dozing skeins of cotting batting and send him up a man with a dipper; he told Dr. Cochran, the dentist, to come right up and fill the baby's teeth, and begged doctor to hurry right away and put a half sole on the school house window, and then he ran to the shoemaker's and asked him if he had vaccinated his little girl's shoe, and amazed a street car driver by asking him for a bath ticket, and when the man came around with the oar-locks and dip-net, he told him to take them up and lay them in the front hall, the girls would show him where. And by 3 oclock in the afternoon it had got all around the town that old Mr. Throckmorton was drinking as bad as ever again, and hadn't drawn a sober breath all day.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

LAWS OF NEWSPAPERS.

[illegible]—Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.

Second—If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue sending until arrears are paid.

Third—If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered them discontinued.

Fourth—If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction they are held responsible.

Fifth—The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Sixth—Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is, by law, a subscriber.

PARIS.

(Kentuckian.)

Millersburg is becoming a regular Saratoga resort for Paris and Carlisle boys on Sunday afternoons.

The blackberry trade has been very brisk, but is now about over. N. B. Rion, jr., has sold about 5,000 gallons, and other parties in the city about as many more. The average price has been thirty cents per gallon, making the trade this season amount to $3,000.

A pig born at Dudley Talbott's near Talbott's station, had two mouths and three eyes, one eye being situated in the center of the forehead, and the other eyes in their natural places. The pig was perfectly developed, but lived only three or four days.

Quite a sensation was created last Saturday by two Bohemians (husband and wife) who with three robbins, the best trained birds we ever saw, were telling fortunes on our streets. Those anxious to learn their future gave a nickle, when a whisper from the soothsayer would bring a bird to the front, and with its beak pick out a folded slip. The most remarkable thing about it was that the birds would take a glance at the buyer and select a slip for male or female as the case might be. A friend deeply interested in our welfare bought a slip and inquired of the sibyl what the future of the editor of the True Kentuckian was to be. The bird picked out a slip which read —"He will marry, live to the age of eighty-seven years, and die very rich." *nous verrons.*

A FASTIDIOUS TRAMP.—A young tramp called at the house of Mr. B., on Third street, in the fifth ward, about noon on Thursday, and in a very rude way demanded something to eat, to which Miss L. responded with one of her most bewitching smiles as she handed him half of a most delicious green apple pie. The beast took it in his dirty paw, and wanted to know if that was the best she had. She mildly responded that she thought it good enough, when he threw it up, giving it a kick which sent it into the air four times higher than his head, muttering and cursing as he retired.—[Maysville Republican.

KENTUCKY FAIRS.—When beginning, and number of days:

Lexington, September 11, five days.
Danville, August 8, three.
Richmond, August 14, four.
Lawrenceburg, August 14, four.
Cynthiana, August 21, five.
Paris, September 4, five.
Harrodsburg, September 4, three.
Lexington running races, September 17, six.

Dr. Rolf's monkey hung himself in Milwaukee because his tail froze off last winter. Darwin should make a note of this event. In former days the uncultured and depraved monkey would not have hung himself, but spent his time in seizing other monkeys to freeze off their tails.