ALMSHOUSE FIRED BY A LUNATIC.

Many of the Lunatic Paupers Perish in the Flames—A Madman's End.

[From the New York Sun.]

The building of the Steuben County poorhouse which was burned on Saturday night, near Bath, New York, was made of brick, thirty by forty feet, and two stories high. Nearly all the windows were grated, and there was but one mode of egress from each story. No night watchman was employed about the building, and there was no fire apparatus. The county house is two miles from Bath, and the fire department of that place did not go out. An insane epileptic from Hornellsville, named Ford, who was locked in a cell on the first floor, set fire to his bed with a match, probably obtained from a fellow pauper. All the partitions were of pitch pine, and burned like tinder. The cries of Ford roused the other inmates only after the building was filled with a blinding smoke. An inmate who had Ford in charge, opened Ford's door, and the flames burst out and ran along the partitions and up the stove-pipe hole into the second story. Ford could not be seen on account of the flames. He had forced his head between the bars of his window, and unable to pull it back, was crying for help. The flames poured out of the window around his head, and he perished.

The upper story was occupied by twenty-five women and children, and the lower story by eighteen men. The majority were idiotic, crippled, or very aged. Five on the first floor and ten on the second were destroyed. At the first alarm Eli Carrington, the keeper rushed out of the main building with an employee and knocked in the door at the foot of the staircase leading from the second story. Eight or ten women were found piled up at the foot of the staircase, and a cloud of suffocating smoke rolled down. The women were pulled out, and Carrington started up stairs, but was driven back by the smoke. In five minutes from the time of the alarm the paupers ceased coming out, and in half an hour the roof fell in. The first floor door leading from the men's department was never locked up except Ford.

On Sunday the blackened remains of five bodies were taken from the ruins, and about one-third of the *debris* was dug over and more remains found. Altogether the remains would about fill an ordinary-sized coffin. Legs, arms and skulls were entirely burned off, and in most cases but a very small part of the body could be found. No blame is attached to any one, but the county is severely censured for providing such a man trap for the occupation of its paupers. Before the fire there were 140 paupers at the county house.

The coroner impaneled a jury and began taking testimony on the 8th. Eward Hudson, aged fifty-six years, a paralytic of Greenwood, who crawled out of the building with his clothes one mass of flame, died at 1 o'clock on the 8th.

The Bell-Bird.

In the forests of Guiana, at daybreak and sunset, may be heard, mingling with the morning and evening tributes of the birds, a loud, clear note, like the sound of a distant bell; and at noon, when all animated nature in forest and grove seems hushed in tropic silence and repose, this tolling sound steals through the air at regular intervals, and rouses the drowsy hearer from his midday reverie. This peculiar music is made by the bell-bird, a native of those climes called by the Indians dara, and by Spaniards campanero. This bird is about as large as a jay, with a plumage of dazzling whiteness, and form much resembling a dove. The peculiarity which distinguishes the bell-bird from all others in appearance is a rounded and tapering muscular excrescence, of a jet black color and covered with short feathers, which proceeds from the forehead. This carbuncle is flexible, and usually hangs down upon one side of the head, but when the bird would give forth its peculiar note, it is raised by muscular contraction and protrudes above the head two inches or more, forming a hollow, spiral tube of small diameter. The cavity of this tube connects with the throat, and it is supposed by naturalists that the bell-like tones of the bird are produced by the quick vibrations of the air through this singular chest. The bird's note is full and rich like a silver-toned bell, and may be heard in the stillness of the forest for a distance of three miles. It seeks not the companionship of other birds, but alone in the midst of those extensive wilds, perched upon the high and withered top of an aged mora tree, it gives forth this strange and solemn strain. First a single toll, and then a pause for a minute, while the sound floats away into silence; then another toll, and then again a pause of longer duration, after which the former succession is resumed.

Old Si On Hell.

[From the Atlanta Constitution.]

While they were resting from work at noon yesterday Amos said:

"I heah'd er white man reedin' in de paper dis mornin' dat fokes wuz 'batin' now whudder dere wuz enny hell or not!"

"Shucks!" said old Si; "you'se got dat wrong eend fo' must, sho!"

"No, sah, dat wuz what he red in de paper!"

"Whudder dere wuz enny hell?" repeated Si.

"Yes, sah; whudder when er man give out up hyer he went ter hell, or jess dissolved ter dus agin!"

"Lookie heah! I don't want no spute wid nobody, but ef enny man come feelin' round me wid dat sort of skriptur, he's gwine ter heah me git up yander inter shoutin' tones!" said Si.

"Why is dat?"

"Kaise taint gwine ter do! Yer jess make er nigger bleeve dar aint no hereafter, an' see what yer comes ter. Ebery secon' house'll be er court hous' an' de houses twixt 'em'll be jale houses. Hit's noughty hard ter keep 'em strate now wid de Sheriff an' bofe fore d er eyes!"

"Den you'se on de side of de fah an' brimstone!"

"You'se right, honey! Et you think you'se gwine ter lebe dis wurld ter play snow ball some whar you'se 'rong. Dar's er warm place jess begant heah fer de manigers ob de Freedmen Bank an' chickinlif ers ginrully, else I'se gwine ter swap my him book fer er pack er kyards."

The following lines are from the pen of the celebrated Tom Marshall of Kentucky:

Sir, I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being, which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from his couch in the morning—the sweet repose it yields him at night—the feeling with which he drinks in, through his clear eye, the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say, sir, I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man—the sense of renovated youth—the glad play with which my pulses now beat healthful music—the bounding vivacity with which the lifeblood courses its exulting way through every fiber of my frame—the communion high which my healthful ear and eye now hold with all the universe of God—the splendors of the morning, the softness of the evening sky—the bloom, the beauty, the verdure of the earth, the music of the air and waters—with all the grand associations of external nature re-opened to the fine avenues of sense; no, sir, though poverty dragged me—though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed—though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for the brightest and the noblest wreath that ever encircled a statesman's brow—not, if some angel commissioned by Heaven, or some demon rather sent fresh from hell, to test the resisting strength of virtuous resolution, should tempt me back, with all the wealth and all the honors which a world can bestow; not for all that time and all that earth can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path; so help me Heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am, poor and sober.

A British tar who serves his country in an iron-clad off the Prince's Islands, writes to the London Times that there must be something in all the talk about torpedoes and the passage through Adrianople of large detachments of seamen. It is known that the Russians have the very newest type of the White-head torpedo, with all the recent improvements introduced by the inventor for the purpose of obtaining the highest possible rate of speed and certainly of range; and though at present they may not have many of these machines ready for use, they have learned all the secrets connected with their manufacture, and for some time past skilled workmen have been constructing them at Nicolaieff. Almost every part of the Whitehead torpedo can be obtained separately from engineering firms at home in any quantity, and the great secret consists more in putting the parts together and adjusting the machine for accuracy in use, than in the manufacture of any particular portion of it. As much for exercise as from any idea of the real necessity for precautions, the strictest torpedo watch is kept at night by British sailors. Outposts have been established on the islets at the entrance of the bay, the men being well supplied with every apparatus for signaling, steam launches are cruising about all night, and the Gatling guns are kept loaded, the crew sleeping near at hand ready for opening fire at a moment's notice.

A witty actor invited a party of gentlemen to dine with him. The hour arrived, and, with one exception, so had the guests. "We may as well begin," said the host; "A. is sure to come, and he would rather we did not wait for him;" upon which the company sat down, and were just finishing the soup when the card of the missing guest was handed to the host. A sudden inspiration of fun led him to propose that before the gentleman came in they should all get under the table. Without an objection, and trusting to the wit for some comical denouement the unsuspecting men hurriedly crept under the table and awaited results, totally ignorant of the fact that their wicked host had not followed their example, but had quietly continued at his soup. The belated guest came in full of an apology for his tardiness. "Don't mention it," said the other; "it isn't of the slightest consequence. We are only at the soup; sit down and be helped." The gentleman did so, but with a puzzled look at the empty chairs about the table. "Oh," said the host, "you miss the other gentlemen? They are all here, but, for some extraordinary reason, they all got under the table. What they are doing is more than I know."

Why They Often Fail.—Young men often fail to get on in this world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in small things, they are not promoted to the charge of large things. A man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities would outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man of this great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

More About the Mule.

"This mule," remarked the livery stable man, as they passed the stall where the sleeping animal was leaning up against the partition, dreaming of an Eden wherein there was one mule and a thousand timid men, "this mule is a kicker." "This one?" innocently inquired the young man, laying his hand upon the mule's bustle to be sure that the proper animal was indicated. "This—" The livery man said he didn't mind the loss of the money (as the young man did not take out the fancy rig he was going to look at), for he could more than make that up on the hearse and carriages as soon as the remains came down; but what he hated about it was having the roof of the stable mussed up so where the young man went through.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

The Big Sandy Railroad.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, extending from Richmond, Virginia, to Huntington, on the Ohio river, was sold last week for $2,750,000, subject to a mortgage of $25,000,000. We understand that the road was bought by the bond holders, and we are reliably informed that it is the intention of the purchasers of the road to commence at an early day the building of its western extension. We learn that the road will go down the Ohio river from Catlettsburg *via* Ashland to Portsmouth, Ohio, where it will first connect with the Ohio system of railroads, and that it will continue down the Ohio river *via* Maysville to Newport. But its shortest western connection with St. Louis is from Ashland to Mt. Sterling. This part of the work will probably be first commenced. The counties of Montgomery, Clark and Fayette have a large interest in this extension, and it will be well for the railroad representatives of these counties to see to it in the arrangements hereafter to be made that the rates for passengers and freights between way stations shall bear a just proportion to the rates for through passengers and freights.—[Mt. Sterling Democrat.

The following story is told by Gen. Harry Heth: One day General (now Senator) Gordon and I were ordered to attack General Grant's line near Petersburg, and we accordingly moved out towards the front. Gordon, you know, is a preacher, and a man of pious devotional habits. Just before the action began he said, "General, before we go into action, would it not be well to engage in prayer?" "Certainly," I replied, and he and his staff retired into a little building by the roadside, and I and my staff prepared to follow. Just then I caught sight of my brother, who was with some artillery a little ways down the road, and thinking to have him join us, I called out to him by name, "Come," said I, pointing to the building we were just entering. "No, thank you," he answered, "I have just had one."

The Methodist Episcopal pastor of a church at Sandlake, N. Y., surprised his people on Sunday last by making this announcement: "The Board of Trustees have not paid my salary, have taken no notice of my demands, circulated no subscription paper, nor made any other effort to fulfill their obligations to me. I am badly involved in debt, and do not propose to continue preaching for nothing. I therefore declare the pulpit vacant until God in his mercy can send you a minister who can live on air and wear buckskin breeches of his own make."

A sad case of destitution is reported in the Fourth Ward. A young man, one of the brightest pupils in the Burlington High School, was very anxious to get to college. He had packed his trunk, bought his books, and was all ready to start for New England, when his father, with tears in his eyes, confessed that he was too poor to buy him a revolver, and he had to stay at home and give up his bright dreams of learning. The distracted family are heart-broken with grief and disappointment.—[Hawkeye.

A gushing love letter picked up in the street the other day contains the following: "My Deer Henry—I embrace the present opporchoonity to let you knough as how I am. had a spel of the aige, and hope these fu lines may find you enjoying the same blessin. why don't yu enly rite a sweete line to tell yore sufferin Kathurn all about her pretty Henry—Oh my Sweate Henry—my tortle dove—my pigeon, my deer, deare Henry—how my poor sole is longing for yore sweete voice, do kum and lets get marrud."—[Danville Advertiser.

Captain Ayres Lafarge, of Fleming County (Ky.) a pioneer and a veteran of the Mexican war, denies the oft repeated story, that "Colonel Johnson killed Tecumseh," and says emphatically that he did not kill him but that one David Gooding did, and that he carried his "skelp" home with him, keeping and exhibiting it for several years as a trophy; and that it was finally lost by an accident—the wind blew it out of the window, and before he could rescue it the dogs tore it to pieces.—[Flemingsburg Democrat.

The hero of five wives is a J. F. Goodrich, of Clarksburg, West Va., who is a revivalist, temperance lecturer, &c. He borrowed ten dollars of the minister that married him the fifth time, and owes the editor of the Burlington Hawkeye for the wedding cards. He was an enthusiastic worker in minor religious meetings, and carried the young ladies captive with his eloquence. He proposes to relieve the tedium of imprisonment in jail by writing the life of Christ.

The Real Fight.—The Cincinnati Gazette, Radical, says: The energies of the Republican Senators are wholly absorbed in the fight for the control of the Government patronage. In this they are determined to beat the President, though in this they destroy the Republican party. There is no principle of Southern policy or of currency, or of public faith in this fight; it is simply anything to beat the President and make him give up to them the control of the patronage.

One of our U. S. Senators is about to introduce a bill declaring that David Davis must either move a little more to one side of the Senate Chamber, or else submit to having an aisle cut through him. These long walks are taking all the stamina out of our public men, besides using up much valuable time that might be employed in attending dog fights, horse races and quadroon balls.—[Danbury News.

"But, Paul, how can the spirit be in us, and we in the spirit, at the same time?" said the young man to a venerable negro. "Oh, dar's no puzzle about that. It's like dat poker—I puts it in de fire and it gets red hot. Now, de poker is in de fire and de fire is in de poker."

"Will you always trust me dearest?" he asked, looking down into her great blue eyes with unspeakable affection. She was a sales-woman at an up-town shirt store, and she told him business was business, and he'd have to pay cash every time.

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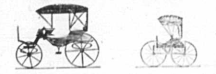

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DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERARY MISCELLANY, AND THE INTERESTS OF NICHOLAS AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

VOL. XII. CARLISLE, KY., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1878. NO. 16.

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Good Heavy Brown Cotton	5½	Nice Wash poplin at	8⅓ and 12½	" French Kid "	$1.40, $2.50	A Suit of Clothes from	$2.50 to $25
Best Heavy	6½	Black Lustre from	20 to 50	" Front lace Pebble	$1.25, $.25	Men's Jeans Pants from	75c. to $2
Bleached Cotton	6, 6½, 7½ and 8	Men's White shirts from 60c. to	$1.25	" Kid	$1.25 to $2.50	Boys' Hats from	25c. to $1.25
Bed Ticking	9½, 12½, 18 and 25	A Splendid Unlaundried Shirt for	$1	" Newport Ties	$1.25 to $2.25	Men's Hats from	35c. to $2.95
Good Gingham	8½	Corsets from	30c to $1.25	" Lasting Gaiters	65c. to $2		
Striged Cheviot	9, 10 and 12½	Gents' Half Hose, pair	7½	" Best Shoes	$1.40 to $1.75		
10-4 Best unbleached Sheeting	25	Gents' Fancy Hose	10, 15, 25 and 40	" Morocco Shoes	90c. to $1.50		
10-4 Bleached Sheeting	27½	Ladies' Hose, pair	8, 10, 15, 25, 40	" Buff Shoes	70c. to $1.25		
5-4 Bleached Sheeting	14	Clarke's O. N. T. Spool Cotton	5	Children's Shoes from	35c. to $2		
Cottonade	12½, 15, 18, 22 and 28	Ladies' Side lace Shoes	$2	Men's Boots lower than the lowest.			

We have a large lot of Towels, Napkins, Table Linens, Ladies Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Paper and Linen Collars and other articles, which are too tedious to mention.

Now is the time to buy your goods come everybody and examine our stock. We warrant everything as represented. We will give you better goods for less money than any house n Carlisle.

SLAUGHTER BRO'S.

THE MERCURY.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY WILL J. KEHOE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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[illegible]

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SUBSCRIBERS should notice the date opposite their names on the printed slip, which indicates the time to which their subscriptions are paid. Our terms are in advance. Those in arrears are requested to remit at once.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Ah! good painter tell me true,
Has your hands the cunning to draw
Shades of things you never saw?
If so, here's an order for you.
Woods and cornfields, a little brown.
The picture must not be over-bright,
But all in that golden and gracious light
Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.
Alway and alway night and morn
Woods upon woods with fields of corn
Lying between them; not quite sere
And not in that full, thick, leafy bloom
When the air can hardly find breathing room
Under its tassels. Cattle near
Biting shorter the short green grass
With a hedge of sumach and sassafras,
And blue birds twittering all round.
Ah! good painter, you can't paint sound,
These and the house where I was born,
Low and little and black and worn,
With children as many as it can hold,
All at the windows open and wide,
Heads and shoulders clear outside
And fair young faces all ablush.
Listen closer; when you have done,
With woods and cornfields and grazing herd,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me.
Oh! if I could make you see
The clear blue eye, the gentle grace,
The sovereign sweetness, the tender smile,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while;
One word tells you all I would say,
She is my mother.
You will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.
Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint in one like me;
The other, with a clear brow
And the light of his adventurous eye
Flashing with boldest enterprise.
At ten years old he went to sea,
God knoweth if he be living now!
He sailed on the good ship "Commodore,"
Nobody ever crossed his track to bring us news,
And he never came back.
Ah! 'tis twenty years or more,
Since that good old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck;
I watched him till he shrank to a speck
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright was his hair, a golden brown
That time we stood at our mother's knee,
That beautiful head, if it did go down,
Carried sun-shine into the sea.
Out in the fields, one summer night,
We were together, half afraid
Of the corn-leaves rustling and the shade
Of the high hills stretching so still and far.
Loitering 'til after the low evening light
Of the candle shown through the open door,
And over the haystack's pointed top
All of a tremble and ready to drop,
The first half hour that great yellow star
That we, with strange ignorant eyes
Had often and often watched to see,
Propped and held in its place in the skies,
At the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
Which, close to the edge of our flax-field grew,
Dead at the top, just one branch full
Of leaves notched round and edged with wool,
From which it tenderly shook the dew
'Neath its hand-breath of shadow
Day after day.
Afraid to go home, sir, for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,
The other, a bird held fast by the legs
Not so big as a straw of wheat.
The berries we gave her she would not eat,
But cried and cried till we held her bill
So slim and shining to keep her still.
At last we stood at our mother's knee.
Do you think, sir, if you try,
You could paint the look of a lie?
If you can, will you have the grace
To put it solely on the face
Of the urchin that is likest me?
I think 'twas solely mine indeed,
But that's no matter paint it so;
The eyes of our mother, take good heed,
Looking not to the nest full of eggs,
For the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our face, down to our lies,
And ho! with such injured, reproachful surprise
I felt my heart bleed when that glance went
As though a sharp blade struck it.
You, sir, know
That you, on canvass, are to repeat
The woods, the corn-fields, the mulberry tree,
The mother, the lads with the bird, at her knee
But oh! that look of reproachful woe,
High as the heavens your name, I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture
And leave that out.

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of cultivating new friendships, which have every appearance of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to school girls, who swear immortal fidelity in letters crossed and recrossed, but forget each other as soon as they have really found a lover.

My wife's last acquisition in the way of a bosom friend is Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer while we were boarding out of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation—in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confidante; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite, and she it was who daily occupied the spare seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which woman suffers.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays; but my wife, though usually very firm on question of etiquette, waived her privilege on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All that evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray.

"Such an elegant establishment," she said. "A footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing-room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so lady-like. Her manners were, indeed, so aristocratic, just what those of a countess are supposed to be."

In a few days Mrs. Mowbray returned my wife's call, coming in a shining new carriage and with a new span of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones soon after this began acting as if brooding over some vast design, which, not being matured, she deemed it wisest to be silent respecting. At last the mighty secret was broached.

"I was thinking Jones," she said, one night, just as I was composing myself to sleep on my pillow, "that we ought to give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment, where a few congenial minds may be brought together. I should like to introduce my dear Mrs. Mowbray to some of the choicest in our set."

Now, I detest parties, large or small; but as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to the proposal, though I sighed to myself.

"Of course my dear, I said quietly. "You know best."

"Well, about thirty," continued my wife, warming with the subject. "There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the Misses Trelawney," and thus the dear creature ran on until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her "select party of congenial souls" was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

"You have forgotten the two Misses Howell," I said at last, when my wife stopped for breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent and pretty girls, in whom I took a particular interest, because their father had once been an extensive shipping merchant, but, having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were obliged to earn a livelihood by standing in a store. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves, but, with a spirit of proper independence, they preferred to work for their maintenance, instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nursed a romantic idea of seeing them married well and had consequently always made it a point to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentlemen there, and, in every other indirect way, to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

My wife, therefore, had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion she hesitated to reply, and I knew at once there was something the matter.

"Ahem!" she said at last, clearing her throat. "Ahem! The Misses Howell are very nice girls, to be sure—that is, in their place—but as it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned rather too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want to meet all sorts of people, and as—"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, "you have given good reasons enough. It is a great pity, though." And I sighed again—a sigh eloquent of passive resignation.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and perhaps even revolved the idea of yielding to my wishes; but in the end she raised herself on her elbow, and said—

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They've been unfortunate, to be sure, and they're very passable, indeed; but there's a prejudice, you are aware, against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but Mrs. Mowbray would take offence at my inviting such persons to meet her. I shouldn't like to do it, indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She is very particular, and so excessively high bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Patty and Lizzie Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed. "At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She was very choice, as you saw, whom she admitted to her acquaintance this summer. I may say, indeed, that I am the only one of all she met whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves, and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anew. I have no recollection of anything after that till I woke up next morning, and leaving Mrs. Jones abed, as usual, went down to see that the fires were all right, and to do the marketing while breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell the color rose to her face with expectation, but guests arrived without Mrs Mowbray appearing. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this as the hours wore on to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that her new friend might yet arrive, but in vain.

"What can the matter be?" she said to me as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me I am afraid I shall not sleep from anxiety. The first thing I'll do to-morrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It to me seems that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note or message, or something of that sort, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation which her outraged bosom felt at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home from dinner that day, I saw at a glance that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought proper, would tell me; and if not, that idle question would only aggravate her secret trouble.

But, the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home to dinner.

"Did you ever hear, my love," said I, as I began to carve the turkey, "that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"

Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said, and then answered, laconically,—

"I heard it casually, but never asked further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs. Mowbray is that sister."

"I've heard so since," said Mrs. Jones, sharply; and turning to our second child, who was asking for the wing bone, rapped him over the head, exclaiming, "Haven't I told you to wait till you're helped?" Take that, now, and learn manners."

I allowed a minute or two to elapse, in order that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I quietly remarked—

"Mrs Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her sisters here."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snappishly said Mrs Jones, looking down into her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing joint.

"When she found, I continued, "that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you made a confederate, told some lady, who told her, and hence her anger."

"I'm sure I don't care if I never see the proud thing again," said my wife reddening very much, but still without looking up. "One would not have supposed for a moment that she was a sister to the Misses Howell."

And after another pause passed I said—

"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended doing?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether; but finally she blurted out her reply as follows:

"Yes, I did, since you must know. She was not at home—so, at least, the footman said, but if I didn't see her at the drawing room window," and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage, "may I never eat another mouthful!"

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation, so I quietly ate my dinner, kissed the children, and went away.

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from that fatal party; and I am sorry to say that the Misses Howell have, as the phrase goes, "cut our acquaintance."

Letter from a Transporter of a Daughter of Nicholas.

PALMYRA, MARION COUNTY, MISSOURI.

To the Editor of the Mercury:

Thirteen years ago I paid transportation on one of Nicholas County's daughters to the State of Missouri, and have been a patron of the Mercury ever since it has been established. It is sound on Democracy, reliable on news and current prices, an ably edited spicy journal, enclosed please find my subscription. Continue to send it.

We have had the worst fall and winter known to any one living in the State. During the entire fall and winter there has scarcely a week passed without rain. Fully one half if not two-thirds of the corn has rotted, corn that was gathered, molded from dampness, while that in the field was injured from the same cause. Many farmers failed to fatten their hogs for market owing to the unsoundness of their corn. For a month there has been nothing but mud and rain or rain and mud as you like. We have no ice; our coldest day was in November, the mercury indicated 6° above zero, which was only of a few hours duration. Every one is advocating pike roads, but as our county and its people are in debt, I suppose it will be like the Arkansas traveler with the roof of his house. There has been no failures of any moment, yet our people are more or less in debt, but economy and industry will make us alright in a short time, in spite of the silly course pursued by the powers that be at Washington. Palmyra is our trading point, it is a town of 5,000 population, is situated six miles west of the Mississippi river, in a rich and healthy section of country. It has several chartered institutions of learning, two banks, two merchant mills, stores, factories, foundries, &c; a cheese factory of 600 cow power, the farmers pay the factory two cents per pound for the manufactory of the cheese, which is sold and the money divided per ratio. We have a tobacco factory which promises to be a big thing. This section of Missouri is well adapted to the culture of tobacco. If your citizens would pay it a visit instead of Kansas, they would find a section free from grasshoppers, drouth &c.

Mr. editor, come out and see our country. The latch is out. We will give you an old-fashion Democrat welcome.

You can buy as good lands as your best, at half the price. Railroads, churches, schools, market &c. All right, come and see us. Fraternally yours,

J. M. DICKSON.

[We regret our inability to accept the above cordial invitation almost as much as the difficulty of securing a "daughter" who would accept our transportation. We do not know quite as much about farming as we do about delinquent subscribers, since our experience in farming consists mainly in going to see the farmers' daughters.—Ed.]

Bret Harte on Death Rates.

Bret Harte was lecturing in Pennsylvania a short time ago. At one of his appointments he felt very much depressed. It is a peculiarity of humorists, we are told, to be unaccountably melancholy and gloomy at times. Harte was in this mood now. One of the committee went in back of the scenes to see him, and the depressed humorist welcomed him as a gleam of unusual good sunshine. They shook hands—Harte earnestly, and the committeeman decorously.

"Mr. Harte," he said gravely, "you will find this an unusual healthy city."

"Ah!" said the pleased humorist.

"Yes. The death rate is only one a day."

At this juncture Harte took the committeeman by the arm and hurriedly asked:

"Is he dead?"

"Dead!" ejaculated the committeeman, "who dead?"

"Why, the man for to-day," was the grave reply.

The committeeman stared with all his might into the immovable face of the lecturer.

Isn't there a Clerk here, or Register, or Coroner, or something like that, of whom you could find out whether a man for this day had died?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," slowly replied the committeeman.

"Would you be so good then, as to find out, and before I commence the lecture, if possible, whether that man is dead? If he is dead, then I am all right, for I am to leave the city early to-morrow morning; but if he isn't dead I cannot help but feel uneasy about myself, and I am not well to-night."

The kind-hearted committeeman immediately hurried away to get the information.

When in his room at the hotel that night a servant told him a gentleman wished him to step down stairs in the hall, as he wanted to see him. Mr. Harte went down, and there met the committeeman.

"I am sorry, Mr. Harte to disturb you," he said, "but I could not get that information earlier. It is all right; that death rate I spoke of was merely the average.—[Danbury News.

A correspondent of the Greenup Independent writing from Morehead, has this to say:

The spring term of the Criminal Court, commencing on the 8th, is of special interest, as it is the first court held by our new Criminal Judge Hargis, who entered his new career in a highly satisfactory manner. His charge to the Jury was terse and to the point, urging on them the necessity of prosecuting all misdemeanors and excesses against the law with unwavering energy, and not to allow themselves in their acts to be guided by feelings of personal nature, or by consideration of the person's social standing. The lofty position thus taken by our new Judge is refreshing, and we earnestly hope that the pure sentiments embodied in his charge will vibrate throughout his district, and bring about a happier condition of its criminal record than it now can exhibit.

The Financial Compromise.

[Washington Special to Chicago Times.]

A prominent financial gentleman said to the Times correspondent this evening: "We are on the verge of a compromise of all these financial differences. No one in Congress can dare to stand out against the concessions the hard-money men profess to make. With greenbacks receivable for custom dues and non-contraction of the greenback currency the soft-money men will drop further talk. The men who refuse to stand by this arrangement of differences will be swept out of sight. Now is the time to settle everything, and this will give the country a bad start for the spring trade and business prosperity that will astonish everyone. Specie resumption will become an assured fact. Hard times will disappear with restored confidence, and the man who stands in the way of this happy adjustment will be put down remorselessly by the strong majority now bent for an adjustment."

What we need in this country is a kind weather that won't ruin the peach crop—a kind that, with all our infinite variety, we do not now seem to have. Very soon after Christmas the peach crop began to be ruined, and it continues to be ruined with monotonous persistence until the last peach has been landed in the market. It is useless to talk about repealing the resumption [illegible] while the peach crop is being [illegible] every few minutes.—[Ph[illegible] Times.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Going South: Maysville, Helena, Elizaville, Carlisle, Millersburg, Paris, Cynthiana, Covington. Going North: Covington, Cynthiana, Paris, Millersburg, Carlisle, Elizaville, Helena, Maysville. [times illegible]

The steamer Wildwood leaves Maysville every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 11:30 o'clock.

C. F. and P. G. Railroad.

LEAVING FLEMINGSBURG FOR JOHNSON:
5:40 a. m., Cincinnati Express.
9:15 " Maysville Accommodation.
3:30 p. m., Lexington "
7:05 " Maysville Express.

LEAVING JOHNSON FOR FLEMINGSBURG:
(On arrival of trains on the K. C. R. R.)
6:25 a. m. 4:40 p. m.
9:40 " 7:37 "

Mrs. M. C. Bell, Proprietress. Jos Norvell, Clerk. **KIMBROUGH HOUSE,** ONE SQUARE FROM DEPOT, CARLISLE, KY. Large and Elegant Sample Rooms. This house is newly-furnished and painted throughout. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge.

Weitzel Hotel, J. WEITZEL, Proprietor, Lewis Street, FRANKFORT, KY. THIS HOTEL IS ENTIRELY NEW AND has all the modern improvements and conveniences. Rates reasonable. E. B. Weitzel, Clerk.

C. W. JOHNSON, CHAS. SEELBACH, Props. J. DUFFY, C. D. AIKEN, Clks. NEW **St. Nicholas Hotel,** LEXINGTON, KY. STEAM PASSENGER AND BAGGAGE Elevator, and all other modern improvements. Large sample rooms on first floor. JOHNSON & SEELBACH, Props.

PROFESSIONAL.

JOHN P. NORVELL, Attorney at Law, CARLISLE, KY. OFFICE IN ADAIR & BREWINGTON'S building, southwest of the Court-house.

I. M. CHISM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, CARLISLE, KY. Will practice in Nicholas and adjoining counties. Office up stairs, Dougherty building.

ROSS & KENNEDY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, And Solicitors in Bankruptcy, CARLISLE, KY. Office over Deposit Bank, Carlisle.

Charles L. Lytle, Attorney at Law. CARLISLE, KY. WILL PRACTICE IN NICHOLAS AND adjoining counties in the various branches of his profession. Office in the room formerly occupied by Fitch Munger, adjoining Joseph Sailer's.

W. W. KIMBROUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW. *Mt. Olivet, Ky.* Will practice in the courts of Robertson Harrison, Bracken, Mason, Fleming and Nicholas.

W. B. SETTLE, Attorney at Law, MT. OLIVET, KY. COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTENDED to.

J. W. ISHMAEL, M. D. MT. OLIVET, KY. TENDERS his services in all the various branches of his profession. Chronic cases made a specialty.

DR. H. C. BURROUGHS, Physician and Surgeon, CARLISLE, KY. Office on Front street, opposite Mercury office.

DR. G. W. ADAIR, Surgeon Dentist, CARLISLE, KY. WILL promptly attend to all business intrusted to him in the various branches of his profession. All work warranted. Office in Piper's block, Front street, opposite Mercury office. Teeth extracted without pain, by the use of nitrous oxid Gas.

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.

Thos. S. Watson, AUCTIONEER, Carlisle, Ky. TENDERS HIS SERVICES AS PUBLIC Auctioneer in the counties of Nicholas and Bourbon. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office in R. E. Mann's grocery.

House Painting! Glazing, Graining, Paper-hanging, &c., done in the best manner and cheaper than the cheapest. Call on or address H. H. SHELMAN, Carlisle, Ky.

'78 SPRING CLOTHING. '78 The Largest, Finest and Cheapest STOCK OF CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHING IN KENTUCKY AT **LOUIS & GUS STRAUS'.** Lexington, Ky. All-wool Cassimere Suits, $5. Double Twisted Suits, $3. Worsted Coats and Vests at $3.50 We will duplicate all New York wholesale prices at retail.

—NEW— SADDLE AND HARNESS ESTABLISHMENT.

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING to the people of Nicholas and adjoining counties that we have just opened a saddle and harness store in the town of Carlisle, in the building occupied by Spencer Boyd on Front street, where may be found a supply of saddles and harness, embracing a supply of Brushes, Spurs, Curry-combs, Fancy Horse Blankets, And everything usually found in this line of business. Also the celebrated SPURGEON SPRING-SEATED SADDLE. We manufacture all our work and guarantee satisfaction in every respect, and defy competition in low sales. We solicit a share of your patronage. THOS SAMMONS & BRO.

Read! Read! Read! MORE NEW GOODS. ADAIR & BREWINGTON, are in receipt of more new goods, consisting of Groceries, all kinds, Canned and Bottled Goods, Prepared Meats, Glass and Queensware, Wood and Willow-ware, Cigars and Tobacco, &c., &c. COUNTRY PRODUCE. We will pay the highest market price for all kinds of country produce, and also for Furs, Wool, &c. ADAIR & BREWINGTON.

W. H. HOWE, —DEALER IN— Groceries, Hardware *Queensware, Drugs,* BOOTS and SHOES And all Kinds of Country Produce.

FURNITURE HOWARD & DINSMORE (successors to Howard & Mock), are now receiving a splendid stock of Furniture, in sets and single pieces. Window Shades, Picture Frames, Oil Cloths and almost everything pertaining to the furniture business—all to be sold at river prices. Time and expenses to suit all who purchase of us. UNDERTAKING. Metallic burial cases and caskets always on hand. Also hearse and horses. HOWARD & DINSMORE.

FLEMINGSBURG Marble Works J. A. McCANN ..... Prop'r. Monumental, Tombstone, Mantel and Building Work furnished at the lowest rates. Patronage from the surrounding country solicited. Works on Water street, one door south of Head & Singleton's hardware store, FLEMINGSBURG, K