FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer says that he has missed but once in twenty years in having ripe new potatoes on the 4th of July. His seed potatoes are brought from the cellar early in March, and kept in a warm room where they wither and dry up considerably, but when planted in April, they will come up as soon as corn or peas; while potatoes which have remained in the cellar are often several weeks in coming up, and look small and weak compared to those from his prepared seed.

An eastern farmer says: After experimenting with all the varieties of corn, sowing broadcast, in drills, and cultivating by hoeing it, I have come to the conclusion that the best and most profitable way to raise corn fodder, is to plant sweet corn, put your rows three feet apart, plant thick, not more than two feet apart, put in six to eight stalks in a hill, manure heavily, keep it clear of weeds, hoe two or three times, and you will have an abundant crop of the best kind of fodder for milch cows.

GLOSS FOR SHIRT BOSOMS.

Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the drugs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A teaspoonful in a pint of starch made in the usual manner will also give to lawns, either white or pink, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

YELLOW BUTTER.

The Scientific Farmer says that Hungarian grass cut green and well cured, is used by some good Vermont dairymen as a food for butter cows, and they claim that it has the effect to give butter the true summer yellow. It is suggested that Hungarian so cured remains bright and green all winter, and because one of the elementary colors which goes to make green, is yellow, that it is this greenness of the fodder which imparts the yellow color.

GLOVE CLEANER.

Castile soap, white, three ounces; javelle water, two fluid ounces; water, two fluid ounces; water of ammonia, one drachm. Dissolve the soap by the aid of heat in the water, and when nearly cold add the javelle water and the water of ammonia. The preparation should form a paste, to be rubbed on the soiled part of the glove with a piece of flannel.

DOUGHNUTS.

To make doughnuts that will not soak fat; Take one egg, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of melted lard, a little nutmeg and salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted in flour enough to roll nicely, but not too hard; cut in round rings and fry in hot lard.

If an evergreen tree is thin in foliage at the base, lop the tree, leader and all must be cut away. All evergreens, if properly attended to, will make new leaders after being cut back.

The farmer is always ready to stand and talk an hour with a neighbor or friend, even in his busiest season. The merchant that would do this would be considered a poor business man.

It is well at this season that every farmer should impress upon his mind the necessity of so managing his children that they shall grow up to take a deep interest in all matters appertaining to the farm.

It should be borne in mind that every farmer who will take the trouble to keep up a tasteful appearance about his house, not only performs a good work for his own family, but stimulates his neighbors to imitate him. Nothing is more contagious than the desire for gardening when once it gets a footing.

Five plain boiled eggs in a dish are not to be despised, but we can't help thinking that five eggs in the shape of an omelet, "show off" to better advantage. Its golden brown outside makes it delicious, and indeed many who find boiled eggs—whether boiled little or much—indigestible, eat omelet without trouble.

Take sound potatoes, cut them in slices (raw), and put the milk, according to the quantity you wish to make, in a pudding dish; then, after you have put the potatoes in milk, put it in the oven for about twenty minutes; then take out and put the potatoes with the same milk into the saucepan to boil until done; season before you put them to boil.

CREAM PUFFS.

One half pound of butter, three quarters of a pound of flour, eight eggs. Stir the butter into one pint of warm water; set it on the fire in a saucepan. When it boils stir in the flour and boil one minute; take it off and let it cool. Beat the eggs light separately, and stir into the cooled paste. Bake on buttered tins, dropping a spoonful at a time, and do not let them run together. Inside cream—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, two eggs, two cupfuls of white sugar, wet the corn-starch with milk enough to make a smooth paste; boil the rest of the milk; to this add the rest of the corn starch, sugar, eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, lemon or vanilla to taste. Boil and stir until smooth. Set it aside to cool. Split the cakes with a fork and fill with the cream.

SCARLET FEVER.

The Jessamine Journal offers the following receipt for scarlet fever: "Take of blue stone and alum each a piece the size of a black eye pea, pulverized fine, and put into two tablespoonsful of apple vinegar, to which add one tablespoonful of strong lime. Shake the mixture well, and in one hour it will be fit for use. To apply the remedy, wrap a linnen rag around the finger, wet it in the mixture, and wash the throat every six or eight hours. We are told that this remedy has been tried in this neighborhood and proved effectual.

THE Duke of Wellington's monument has just been unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral, after having been twenty years in the course of construction.

With men of small understanding the things they do not understand make the deepest impression.

Small Favors.

Agree, for the law is costly.

Fear is the universal offspring of uncertainty.

Curiosity about trifles is a mark of a little mind.

He who flees from law can not fly from conscience.

He who speedily gives to the needy gives twice.

One ungrateful man injures all that are in distress.

The blast that blows loudest is soon over-blown.

He is every day condemned who is always in fear.

He abuses the absent who abuses a drunken man.

There is hope in extravagance; there is none in routine.

Partial culture runs to the ornate; culture to simplicity.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

Laziness grows on people. It begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.

No wonder that egotists find the world so ugly. They only see themselves in it.

The world may make a man unfortunate, but not miserly; that is from himself.

Recreation is not being idle, but easing the wearied part by change of business.

Truth's supreme revelations come in sorrow to individuals, and in war to nations.

Learn not to judge too rashly of any one, either in respect to good or evil, for both are dangerous.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her companion is humility.

To be covetous of applause discovers a slender merit, and self-conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

A newspaper is the only instrument which can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment.

Some men are as covetous as if they were to live forever, and others as profuse as if they were to die the next morning.

If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but they seldom come when they are wished for.

There are four places to which a universality of passengers are traveling, viz: The grave, the judgment, to heaven, or to hell!

Too much attention can not be bestowed on that important, yet much neglected branch of learning—the knowledge of man's ignorance.

The world is all title page; there is no contents; the world is all face; the man who shows his heart is hooted for his audities and scorned.

The severest punishment of any injury is the conscience of having done it; and no one but the guilty knows the withering ties of repentance.

How a Grief-Stricken Parent Bought a Coffin.

The Memphis Avalanche says: The customer was a stranger, and as he sat down on a coffin box he dropped his arms on his knees, put his fingers together, and his head forward in a bargaining way that forewarned the transfer agent for the coming struggle.

"I'm poor, very poor"—the first line of skirmishers in the attack—"I've scarcely enough to carry the poor boy home that his mother may take one last look at her idol's face"—sniffles making the first column of the advance corps—"I ask you, sir, to pity my condition, and do the best you can for me."

That grave-faced undertaker shook the stranger's hand, and in frenzied and professional sympathy, and in husky tones, said, as he thumped a pine coffin to show its soundness: "Here's a pretty one; strong wood, elegant polish, soft lining, and I'll put it, sir, to you below cost—$18."

"Can't pay it, sir; can't pay it!"—disappearance of agitation. "There's a knot there, and you see the pillow is soiled. It's too dear entirely."

They fought sharply and fiercely, and the undertaker fell back to fifteen dollars, swearing it was giving the case away.

"Well, you will pack it in ice for that, I suppose," said the grief stricken parent.

"Great grave clothes, no! It will cost three dollars to pack it in ice, at the lowest figure."

Hostilities were resumed, and the fight waxed hot, but the threat of seeking another coffin dealer forced the undertaker back to fifteen dollars for coffin and packing.

"Well," said the poor sufferer, "I'm too poor to luxuriate in ice, so we won't pack him. That puts the coffin at twelve dollars."

"No, sirree, it don't."

"But you said the packing cost three dollars, and taking that from fifteen dollars leaves twelve dollars."

"But—"

"You wouldn't swindle a poor anguish smitten father?"—he capped the interrogation with tears and the undertaker disparingly gave in.

"The coffin has no handles," said the parent, blowing his nose.

"Of course not."

"Well, I can't take it then."

"Why, man"—cried the exasperated dealer—"the handles are worth one dollar and fifty cents!"

"You must throw them in, or I'll throw up the trade."

"But I've already lost five dollars in this bargain."

"Can't help it. Will you not pity my poverty?"

The handles were thrown in at twelve dollars for the rig.

The purchaser paused and meditated, and the salesman's face wore a puzzled "what-next" look.

"I'm too proud, too extravagant," mused the parent, "what matter pomp and show over death? Away with vanity! I won't take the handles." To the undertaker: Take off $1 50. I won't take the handles."

"What?" screamed the coffin man.

Mildly and logically the parent put it: "You gave me the coffin and handles for $12. You said, moreover, that the handles were worth $1 50. I don't want the handles, and that makes the coffin $10 50. If you say, now, $10 for the coffin, I'll take it."

"No!"

"Then adieu, sir, adieu. I will go where a poor, smitten father, too deep in sorrow for business, can find one who will not take advantage of his situation. Adieu, sir."

"Stop! stop! take it!" called the coffin man, "It's ruinous, but you can have it."

Then the parent pulled out his wallet most plethoric, smiled sadly, and paid over his $10 to the conquered salesman.

No Mercy Will Be Shown Him.

[Courier Journal.]

It is rumored that Col. Craddock, Treasurer of the Kentucky Press Association, having again squandered the funds of the Association in riotous living, if not in Wall street speculations, is to be again tried as a defaulter at the next meeting of that body, and it is confidently believed by those who are to bring charges against him that he will this time be made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. It is thought that he will be condemned to marry one of the many women whose hearts he has broken, and thus atone for at least two of his crimes—defalcation and flirtation. This ought to be done by all means. High-handed crime has stalked abroad over this Commonwealth unchallenged about long enough. It should no longer be suffered to shield itself behind the accumulated, though recklessly squandered millions of a great corporation—the opulent journalistic guild—as it has done for ten long years, and as it will do for ten long years to come if again suffered to buy out the law and shove by justice.

JAILERS.—The following act prescribes the fees of jailers in the future, viz:

1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That the several jailers of this Commonwealth shall hereafter receive sixty cents per day for keeping and dieting each prisoner in jail charged with felony or contempt of court, to be paid out of the State Treasury.
2. All acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.
3. This act shall be in force from and after the first day of September, 1878.

Show Your Hand.

[Cleveland Herald.]

Gen. Butler had the manliness to vote squarely with the Democrats in favor of their jug-handle fraud investigation. He backs up his talk against Hayes by open acts. Many people would like to know if certain Republican leaders who have been as bitter as Butler in their denunciations of the President, are secretly aiding the Democrats without daring to show their hands. Are there traitors in the Republican camp?

Sam. Gaines' Contract.

[Courier Journal.]

In an unguarded hour Sam. Gaines promised all single editors who would come to the Press Convention a Christian county girl and four acres of good land. Cunningham, of the Washington Herald, is preparing to put in his claim.

AN Olive street girl who has just perfected her musical education in Boston, sings more artistically such gems as "Oh, Carry Me Back," "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "Verdi. I am Tired Now," and "I'm a Flotow. I'm Afloat."—[St. Louis Journal.

BEFORE Boston goes entirely crazy over that female barber, she ought to pause a little between beans and ruminate upon the trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair.

After the colored people have memorialized Congress a few times more they will discover that being called the nation's wards doesn't prohibit them from earning their own living.

THE virtue of patience bears such a preponderance in the thing of God that we can neither fulfill any precept nor do any acceptable work without it.

A LITTLE boy who wore striped stockings was asked by a man on the street why he made barber's polls of his legs. His pert reply was, "Well, ain't I a little shaver?"

THE phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

OLD, TRIED, AND TRUE.

People are getting acquainted—and those who are not ought to be—with the wonderful merits of that great American Remedy, the

MEXICAN Mustang Liniment, FOR MAN AND BEAST.

This liniment very naturally originated in America, where Nature provides in her laboratory such surprising antidotes for the maladies of her children. Its fame has been spreading for 35 years, until now it encircles the habitable globe. The Mexican Mustang Liniment is a matchless remedy for all external ailments of man and beast. To stock owners and farmers it is invaluable. A single bottle often saves a human life or restores the usefulness of an excellent horse, ox, cow, or sheep. It cures foot-rot, hoof-ail, hollow horn, grub, screw-worm, shoulder-rot, mange, the bites and stings of poisonous reptiles and insects, and every such drawback to stock breeding and bush life. It cures every external trouble of horses, such as lameness, scratches, swinny, sprains, founder, wind-gall, ring-bone, etc., etc. The Mexican Mustang Liniment is the quickest cure in the world for accidents occurring in the family, in the absence of a physician, such as burns, scalds, sprains, cuts, etc., and for rheumatism, and stiffness engendered by exposure. Particularly valuable to Miners. It is the cheapest remedy in the world, for it penetrates the muscle to the bone, and a single application is generally sufficient to cure. Mexican Mustang Liniment is put up in three sizes of bottles, the larger ones being proportionately much the cheapest. Sold everywhere.

CATARRH IS IT CURABLE? [illegible]

IT CAN BE CURED. [illegible]

A COMPLICATED CASE. [illegible]

Indorsed by a Prominent Druggist. [illegible]

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An Electro-Galvanic Battery combined with a highly Medicated Strengthening Plaster, forming the best Plaster for pains and aches in the World of Medicine.

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R. ALBERT'S China Palace! 35 East Second street, MAYSVILLE, KY. All 50 Cent Store Goods in my Line sold at 40 and 35 Cents. China, Glass, Queensware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, Chandeliers, Silverware, Platedware, Fancy Goods, Britannia Goods, And white, gilt and decorated CHINA DINNER and TEA SETS In great variety at very low prices. [illegible]

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DEALERS IN Rough and Dressed Lumber, Doors, Blinds, Sand, Lime Window-Sash, Brick, Cement, Shingles, And other kinds of building material.

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INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI AND LA FAYETTE RAILROAD, AND Vandalia Line for St. Louis and the West. CONDENSED TIME-TABLE. [illegible] Through Trains. [illegible] A FACT PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW [illegible] JOHN M. KELLEY, Gen. S. E. Pass'r Agt. JOHN EGAN, Gen. Pass'r & Tkt. Agt.

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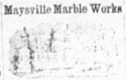
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$2500 A Year Active Agts. $2500 A Year WANTED In every County, to Canvass our line of PREMIUM FAMILY BIBLES: English and German, Protestant and Catholic. [illegible] ALSO ON OUR Grand Combination Prospectus Of 150 Distinct Publications. [illegible] Also General and Local Agents wanted on our Great War Book. [illegible] JOHN E. POTTER & CO, Publishers, Philadelphia.

FURNITURE HOWARD & DINSMORE (successors to Howard & Mock). [illegible] UNDERTAKING. Metallic burial cases and caskets always on hand. Also hearse and horses. HOWARD & DINSMORE.

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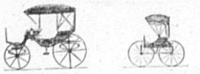
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FREE To All Come and examine my beautiful stock of Jewelry. All My Silver-plated WARE JEWELRY Is direct from the Rogers & Meriden Manufacturing Company. All my goods are of the Latest Styles. I keep everything to be found in a first-class jewelry store, and defy competition in both style and price. Come and see who is the best. All goods warranted as represented. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted. Respectfully, HARRY OGDEN.

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CARLISLE MERCURY.

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

VOL. XII. CARLISLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1878. NO. 25.

SPECIAL NOTICE. [illegible]

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BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, Hats and Caps, we will make big reduction in prices. We call special attention to our splendid stock of custom-made BOOTS and SHOES. SLAUGHTER BROS.

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Carlisle and Nicholas County—Permanent Announcement.

Carlisle is situated about in the center of Nicholas County, of which it is the county seat. It contains 1,500 inhabitants, has a fine brick Court-house and other public buildings, and a beautiful public square, six churches, the Kentucky Normal School, two flouring mills, a dozen mechanic shops, five dry goods stores, two good hotels, several manufactories and many other kinds of business, and a county paper with a good circulation. Carlisle is on the Maysville branch of the Kentucky Central Railroad, thirty-three miles from Maysville and sixteen miles from Paris. It is surrounded by several tributary towns and villages. The famous Blue Lick Springs is but ten miles distant by a good turnpike. Nicholas County lies entirely within the Blue Grass region, and most of her surface is rolling and exceedingly fertile. The fine Blue Grass pastures and heavy corn crops make Nicholas one of the best counties in the State for stock, to the raising of which much attention is devoted. Emigrants seeking first-class homes and society will find them here.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

The quiet snow is falling,
And the winter winds are calling,
And the hopeless little day is drawing slowly to an end;
Beside my lonely fire,
My thoughts to thee aspire,
And my spirit in the silence grasps thy spirit hand, my friend.

In the pleasant summer weather
We wandered on together,
By the silver singing river and lowly lying meadow land;
When our love had newly thrilled us
And its raptures newly filled us,
And we questioned not nor doubted, two children drew hand in hand.

For us the birds were singing,
For us the winds were bringing
Sweet scents from wraith-like lilies [illegible] in the pond,
And the blue sky [illegible] love us,
And the roses bent [illegible]
Laying fresh red lips [illegible] like lovers over fond.

Dost remember [illegible] at the trysting
How I [illegible] by thee, listing
To the little Spanish ballad that such mournful burden bore?
Here in [illegible] life of sorrow,
Toil [illegible] struggle for to-morrow,
[illegible] burden haunts me and pains me evermore.

Sometimes when twilight lingers,
And the rain with phantom fingers
Comes softly tapping at my window, where I sleep alone,
I put off my outward seeming,
And, in happy boyish dreaming,
I seem again to clasp thee, and again thou seem'st mine own.

I feel thy dear arm twining,
I see thy fond eyes shining,
And I press again the smiling of thy tender rose-red mouth,
And the star of Hope is o'er us
All the happy years before us,
And there is naught but melody and breezes from the South.

But, ah! the bitter waking,
The hopeless, weary aching,
For the love that, unforgotten, can never more be mine,
It vanished like a shadow
Of a bird's wing on the meadow,
And I linger still awaiting God's good appointed time.

Oh, love so slightly spoken!
Oh, vows so lightly broken!
Ye cling around my manhood's heart with passionate despair;
And fill with bitter sorrow
Each newly dawning morrow,
Until the heavy burden seems more than I can bear.

Thy love was like a blossom
In the river's shining bosom,
And it floated lightly, lightly, with the sunlight smiling o'er,
My love is like the river
That, rolling on forever,
Will hold that summer blossom in its depths forevermore.

BILL AND THE WIDOW.

"Well," said Ed. Wilbur, one morning, as he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table into the bright eyes of his little wife, "wouldn't it be a good joke to get bachelor Bill Smiley to take widow Watson to Barnum's show next week?"

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her, he's so awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out the clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a young girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed., "but I'll have to lie just a little. But then it won't be much harm under the circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but just as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed started, and while he is mowing the fields we will take a look at Bill Smiley.

He was rather a good-looking fellow, though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hairs, and he had got in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good soul, and so he was. He had as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, with a new house and everything comfortable, and if he had wanted a wife many a girl would have jumped at the chance like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—and when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he was so sweet on, thought he had never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a mud-turtle into his shell, and there was no getting him out again, though it had been noticed that since Susan had been a widow he paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning, Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news up your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed., "only Barnum's show that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his girl are going to see it. I was over to old Sockrider's last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy, and was scrubbing up his harness, and has got that white faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking widow Watson to the show. He's been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him, for she must be dreadfully lonesome; and then she has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak up to her. By jingo, if I was a single man I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he left Bill sweeping, and put his ear to the key-hole and listened, knowing that the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young bagrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare, I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the start of me in the first place!"

Ed could scarce help laughing outright; but he hastily hitched the bags on his shoulder and with a low chuckle at his success, started to tell the news to Nellie; and about 5 o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy on his way to the widow's. He jogged along quietly, thinking of the old singing school days and what a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering [illegible] if [illegible] have more courage [illegible] up to her, until at a distance of about a mile from her house he came to a bridge, where he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the planks, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, nor paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumbfounded at his piece of ill luck. After awhile he stepped out of his buggy and getting down on his hands and knees, looked into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fish rubbing against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and young Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow—and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road, to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he went around the bank and waded along so as not to stir the mud up, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and come out with his teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? a wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa! whoa! Stop, you brute, you, stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel run over it making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his fist into it, stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then, making a desperate spurt, he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs stuffed the other things beneath. Now, the horse happened to be one he got from 'Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and he took it into his head to stop at her gate, which he had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the gate and her face toward him while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little streams of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked to come in. No, he was in a hurry, he said. Still he did not offer to go. He did not like to ask her to pick up his reins for him because he didn't know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him and saw a white faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider! He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly to his errand. The widow would be delighted to go, of course she would. But wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry he said, he had to go on to Green's place.

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's are you? why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"Thunder and lightning! what a scrape!" said Bill, as he hastily clutched the pants from between his feet, and was preparing to wiggle into them when a light wagon driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said—

"Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimming."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the young man that had a race after the horse just now?"

"No, sir, I am not! You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow said—

"Just pick up those lines, will you, please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; then he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," said she; "and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

(You see she had on a nice new dress, and a pair of new gaiters, and she wanted to show them.)

"Oh my;" said Bill earnestly; "you'll find it chilly riding, and I wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased with this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her little feet out with a long silk necktie over the end of it.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a necktie?"

"Yes," said he, "I bought it the [illegible] and I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

"But," said she, "it was careless;" and stooping over she picked it up and made a motion to stuff it in between them.

Bill felt her hand going down and making a dive for it clutched it in his hand and held it hard and fast.

Then they went on quite a distance, he still holding her hand in his and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a hill, and one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill; "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start which came near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't, said Bill. "I've got—that is, I haven't got—oh, dear I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," she said tenderly "What is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave his hand a little squeeze and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got out her smelling bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Will was just taking his breath for a mighty sigh and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head; and covering her face with her hands gave way to tears and smiles, it is hard to tell which. Bill was "right side up with care" in a moment, and leaning over the seat humbly apologizing and explaining when Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than have Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was likely to burst with laughter, but he beckoned to his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then Ed. got him to go home with him, hunting up slippers and socks and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all wormed out of bashful Bill, and they all laughed as they sat at the tea-table that night, but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

THE sleep of memory is not its death; forgotten studies are certain aptitudes gone to sleep.

LOVE'S LUNACY.

The Vagaries of a Former Admirer of Nilsson, Who Has Transferred His Affection to Miss Astor, and Persecutes Her With Attentions.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

When Nilsson was playing her first engagement in New York she was greatly annoyed by the persistent attentions of a man named Charles Busch, who had a mania for falling in love with notable or beautiful women. He annoyed Nilsson so greatly that he was at last arrested and placed under bonds for his good behavior. Soon after he became infatuated with a daughter of Mr. William Astor, and he obtruded himself so much upon her notice that he was again arrested and sent to an insane asylum on Ward's Island. About a year ago he escaped and has since been living with his relatives.

Last week Mr. Astor called at the Jefferson Market Police Court and asked for a warrant for Busch's arrest, stating that the man had renewed his obnoxious attentions; that he dogged his daughter's footsteps, loitered about the church she attended, haunted the sidewalk day and night in front of his residence on Fifth avenue, and wrote the young lady scores of anonymous notes. Early Sunday morning, the 26th of May, Busch was arrested as he was sitting on Mr. Astor's door-steps. He was asked what he was doing there, and he answered, "Taking the air."

Busch was summoned in the afternoon before the Court to answer the charges against him. He is a man of medium height, and slightly inclined to be stout. His age he gave as forty-seven years. He wore a full beard and mustache, which, like his hair, was thin and well sprinkled with gray. His eyes were deep blue. His face was a common, frank one—not handsome or otherwise noticeable. He wore a dark suit of better than ordinary quality, and his silk hat was beginning to be shabby. He talked in good English with a slight German accent, and said:

"I have long tried to make the acquaintance of Mr. Astor's daughter—I am not sure about the name—but have never been able to do so. Four years ago this month I was passing Mr. Astor's house at twilight. Miss Astor sat at the window, and our eyes met; and, as I could not have an opportunity for a personal meeting, there was a fascination to me in lingering about the house, and in seeing her as she came in and out of the house. About three years ago Mr. Astor complained of me, and I was sent to Ward's Island for a year. But I was satisfied that the young lady was unhappy because I was held aloof from her.

"Last February I followed her to church. As she was going home I met her, and I thought she returned my salutation. Shortly before this last I again followed her to church—it was the Church of the Transfiguration. I took a seat a little way, away from her. She caught my eye and motioned to me. I took a seat directly behind her. I did not rise on one occasion when all the rest of the congregation arose. She noticed this, and motioned to me again. Then I arose with the rest. I have written short notes to her—not, however, addressed to her name, nor signed with my name. I dropped them in Mr. Astor's yard. I left out all names because I didn't know who would pick up the notes."

In answer to other formal questions, Busch said he kept books for his brother Edward, manufacturer of chemical thermometers at Nos. 60 and 62 Chatham street, and that he was a musician and a teacher of the piano. At the conclusion of the examination His Honor held Busch in $1,000 bail for his good behavior, or committed him to the Island for six months in default of bail. He also ordered that Busch be examined at the Tombs as to his mental condition. Busch was locked up in the Jefferson Market Prison, and he will probably go back to the Insane Asylum.

Adventures of a Queen Bee.

[Correspondent Bee Journal.]

Last season I introduced eight queens, the same day, to as many hives. A part had swarmed naturally, and the balance were artificially swarmed; the queens were all well received, and in due time were laying. By the way, one of the eight that was introduced to number fourteen met with quite an adventure before she reached the hive. The bees in said hive had been very irritable for several weeks, and would show their pugnacious disposition on approaching the hive, without any provocation whatever. I was very particular to approach this hive with care when giving them a queen. I held the cell near the entrance, and with my knife pushed open the lid. Just as the queen started out of the cell an angry bee came out of the hive and started after her; she ran about six inches on the alighting board and then turned to give battle; but it was as decisive as short; she had no more than turned facing her antagonist before the worker was in her vice like embrace; the queen curved her abdomen under the worker, stung and dropped her instantly. She turned round and walked into the hive as unconcerned as though nothing uncommon had happened. The abdomen of the worker contracted, she crawled to the edge of the alighting board and dropped off. This was all one before the queen had been out of her cell one minute, and was the first time I ever saw a queen sting a worker.

WATERFORD, New York, has the champion absent-minded young woman. She was recently married, and a few days after had her furniture insured, but the next day appeared before the agent and wanted the policy changed, explaining that she had forgotten that she was married, and had had her maiden name inserted in the policy.

KENTUCKY CENTRAL R. R. TIME TABLE.

Going South	Leave	Going North	Leave
Maysville	[illegible]	Covington	[illegible]
Helena	[illegible]	Cynthiana	[illegible]
Ellisville	[illegible]	Paris	[illegible]
Carlisle	[illegible]	Millersburg	[illegible]
Millersburg	[illegible]	Carlisle	[illegible]
Paris	[illegible]	Ellisville	[illegible]
Cynthiana	[illegible]	Helena	[illegible]
Covington	[illegible]	Maysville	[illegible]

C. F. and P. G. Railroad. LEAVING FLEMINGSBURG FOR JOHNSON. [illegible] Cincinnati Express. [illegible] Maysville Accommodation. [illegible] Lexington. [illegible] Maysville Express. LEAVING JOHNSON FOR FLEMINGSBURG. [illegible]

General Directory.

LEGAL.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS. Police Judge, L. F. Mann; Marshall, John W. Barnett; Clerk, B. H. Robinson; Assessor, J. N. Ross.

CIRCUIT COURT. Circuit Judge—G. M. Thomas. Circuit Clerk, T. J. Glenn. Court convenes 4th Mondays in March and September.

CRIMINAL COURT. Criminal Court convenes the 4th Mondays in [illegible] and August. Criminal Judge—T. F. [illegible] Attorney—A. E. Cole. Clerk—T. J. Glenn.

COUNTY COURT. Judge—A. J. Banta. Attorney—I. M. Chism. Clerk—John A. Campbell. County Court—Second Monday in each month. Court of Claims and Levy, second Monday in October. Quarterly Court, Judge Banta presiding, jurisdiction concurrent with Magistrates in Carlisle District, and from $50 to $100, in the County at large. The 4th Monday in January, April, July and October.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Sheriff—James Hillock. Deputy—Jno. Herrin. Assessor—Samuel Colville. Surveyor—James D. McConnaughay. Jailer—Robert Kincart. Coroner—Bryson Smith.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS. District No 1—James Hook; third Wednesday in March, June, September and December. L. Abner, last Saturday in March, June, September and December. W. J. Kenton, Constable. District No 2—T. M. Sharp, 4th Friday in March, June, September and December. Geo. Brashers, 1st Friday in March, June, September and December. M. A. Poisal, Constable. District No. 3—Thos. Blake, first Saturday in March, June, September and December. G. R. Hughes, 2nd Wednesday in March, June, September and December. E. T. Mann, Constable. District No. 4—James Seebee, 2nd Friday in March, June, September and December. Jno. M. Clevis, 3d Saturday in March, June, September and December. Daniel S. Talbott, Constable. District No. 5—Jas. McCracken, 2nd Saturday in March, June, September and December. J. M. Scott, 4th Saturday in March, June, September and December. W. McConnaughay, Constable. District No. 6—W. R. Hopkins, 2nd Thursday in March, June, September and December. I. M. West, third Thursday in March, June, September and December. Brush Myres, Constable.

CHURCHES. Baptist Church—Preaching second and fourth Sundays at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night. [illegible] Eld. A. N. White, Pastor. Presbyterian Church—Preaching first and third Sundays at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night. Sunday-school 9½ a. m. Rev. Henry M. Scudder, Pastor. Methodist Church—Preaching second and fourth Sundays at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night. Sunday-school 9½ a. m. Rev. Morris Evans, Pastor. Christian Church—Preaching every Lord's day at 10½ a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer-meeting Wednesday night. Sunday school 9½ a. m. Eld. B. F. Ricketts, Pastor. Services by the Episcopal Mission Church, at Piper's Hall, the third Sunday in each month. Sunday-school at 3 p. m. Rev. G. A. Weeks. Catholic Church—Services second Sunday at 10 a. m. Father Hickey, Pastor.

SOCIETIES. Masonic—Daugherty Lodge No. 65. Stated meetings, Saturday night on or before the full moon in each month. W. O. Saunders, W. M. L. M. Campbell, Secretary. Nicholas Royal Arch Chapter No. 41. Stated meetings fourth Thursdays in each month. W. H. Squires, H. P. W. O. Saunders, Sec. Adoniram Council No. 3. Stated meetings fourth Thursday in each month. J. A. Chappell, T. I. G. M. A. O. Brewington, Sec'y. Knights Templar—Carlisle Commandery No. 18. Stated meetings fourth Friday of each month. J. A. Mathers, E. C. W. W. Howard, Rec. Odd Fellows—Carlisle Lodge No. 135—Meets every Friday at 8 p. m. C. W. Munger, N. G. Jno. A. Campbell, Sec'y. Encampment meets second and fourth Tuesdays in each month. F. M. Peale, H. P., Jno. A. Campbell, Scribe. Knights of Honor—Stated meetings every Tuesday at 8 p. m. Jno. N. Ross, Sec'y.

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