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CARLISLE, KY.
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OBITUARY

IN MEMORY
OF MRS. MOLLIE WOODWARD, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 29TH, 1897.

After funeral services her remains were interred at Carlisle, followed to her last resting place by many relatives and friends.

Thus passed away a true wife, a fond daughter, an affectionate sister, and a faithful friend. When very young she learned to obey the Gospel, and ever afterward has labored in the Master's vineyard. Her life was full of unselfish acts of kindness to all with whom she mingled. "If all those who were bettered by her influence were to drop but a single flower upon her grave she would sleep beneath a wilderness of bloom." To those in distress her sympathizing heart and hand ever went out. To the orphan she was more than a friend.

KENTUCKY CROPS.

The Kentucky crop report for May is based on 164 reports from 112 counties. The wheat crop, June 1st, averaged 93, a loss of two points during May, but it is much below last year, when the average June was only 61. Franklin county reports an average of 125 and twelve counties give an average of over 100. Marshall county gives the only encouraging report from Western Kentucky. The corn crop June 1st averaged 82, as against 93 for the same date last year. Oats shows a good condition.

Regarding tobacco, the report says: "Little was done toward setting the tobacco crop until the last week of May when a fair season prevailed over the greater portion of the State. This is in striking contrast with this date in 1896, when practically the entire crop had been set and much of it had received cultivation. Plants are mainly reported scarce and small, though in some counties, where a season is still wanting, the plants are reported as getting too large to transplant. The acreage for the entire State averages 63 per cent of the acreage for 1896. Separating the "dark" and "Burley" districts, the acreage for the former is 66 and 62 for the latter. Replies received to special inquiries as to the possible effect of violent destruction of plant beds and written demands for a ...

THE Fiscal Court met Monday to look after various affairs connected with the free pike system, perfecting some of the details of management. But the most important matter they had under consideration was the purchase of the Maysville & Mt. Sterling pike. Hon. L. W. Robertson and Chas. D. Pearce were here from Maysville to represent that company, and after a good deal of negotiation and diplomatic sparring, the Court made a proposition which it is believed, will be accepted by the Company. It is that Fleming county will turn over to the M. & Mt. S. Co. the 85 shares of stock held by Fleming county, together with her ratable share of the funds on hand, and waive all claims against the company for back taxes, and pay them $7,500 in three equal installments, out of the levies of 1898, 1899 and 1900. This proposition is open for consideration until next Monday, and is thought to be a very fair offer, all things considered. The Fiscal Court, as well as all good citizens, desires to end the strife and disorder growing out of this vexed question. We do not desire to see murder and arson become rife in our county, and we do not desire to see Fleming county under martial law and bankrupted financially through the operation of the anti-mob law. Hence we shall be glad to see the question settled on a basis fair to all, even if it involves the pay...

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AFTER four men had been killed and a number wounded by the militia in defense of the negro Mitchell against a mob at Urbana, O., as published in the Courier-Journal yesterday, a later attack on the jail ended in the hanging of the negro to a tree in the Court-house yard. The mob found everything arranged for its convenience in the last assault. The Mayor of the town opened an easy road to the jail doors by ordering away the troops, and the keys of the jail were thrown out to the mob...

Beginning of Good Times.

[Louisville Commercial.]

The McKinley prosperity has really began, and the people will recognize it generally when the tariff is out of the way and Congress has adjourned. The manager of the New York Clearing-house, who is about to take the first vacation he has had in years, and whose position has made him a very acurate observer of business and financial tendencies, says that he is convinced that our people have already entered, without knowing it, on a period of prosperity.

The above "rot" is the food upon which the Republican press hopes to feed the people again. The idea of the people having entered upon "a period of prosperity," and not know it is both unique and untrue, even if the manager of the New York Clearing-house is going to take a vacation.

THIS being the last day, candidates before the silver Democratic primary have been rushing to get in.—[Louisville Times, June 5th.

Dear boys, you had better do the same thing, and you had better persuade your old mother to go with you. This is going to be a bad year for bolters.

SOME of the reports sent from here to the daily press are more sensational than an investigation of the facts warrant: notably the number of pistols said to have been deposited at one of the drug-stores. An interview with the proprietors of that store elicited the information that there was only one weapon, and that a little 22 calibre affair left by a boy, was deposited at their house. The truth is what should be told at all times. That is what the people want to know.—[Owingsville Outlook.

This information coming from the paper published on the grounds must be accepted as the true statement, and proves the falsity of the slanders that were published by the sensational and untruthful dailies, who care nothing for the good name of Bath County's people. The people of the country...

HOW THE WORLD JUDGES.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

The world in this case was represented by the sewing circle of Abington, which met once a week at the various houses of the ladies of the congregation of the church which it represented. There were matrons and maidens, young and old, and among the latter, notice, if you will, Alice Spencer, neither young nor old, but a maiden whose story all Abington knows. Ten years ago Dr. Greyson and Alice Spencer "kept company." There was a quarrel, growing from a trifle, until it ended in a separation, and Dr. Greyson married Maude Hepburn, heiress of the richest man in Abington.

Alice "wore the willow" gracefully enough, neither going into brain fever nor rushing about seeking a mission as a properly conducted maiden in her plight should have done. She is not beautiful, but, in her soft, gray merino, with snowy lace ruffles and a trifle of blue here and there, her sweet, fair face is very pleasant to see. She is gentle and placid, doing her duty well, and always cheerful, yet there comes a frown of pain across her low, white forehead, as the stream of censure flows around her.

"I had it from Martha, Mrs. Greyson's cook," Mrs. Lee said, emphatically, "that Agnes and Lottie Greyson were sent to boarding school against their own mother's will. It is downright cruelty! Why, Agnes is not eight years old, and Lottie just passed six. Mere babies!"

"They say their mother took on dreadfully," said fat, comfortable Mrs. Agnew, looking up from a perplexing gusset; "screamed and cried and clung to the poor little things, as if she couldn't let them go. That hateful Miss Greyson took them away."

"Miss Greyson interferes in everything," said another voice; "for my part, if my husband brought a prim old maid sister into my house, I'd just put her in her place! But, they do say that half the time poor Mrs. Greyson isn't allowed to order her own dinner."

"I never thought much of Dr. Greyson after he gave up practice and went to live on his wife's money," said Mrs. Agnew. "Such a splendid doctor as he was, and doing so much good, had no business to fold his hands and live in idleness, before he was 30 years old."

And so on, and on, and on, till a monster in human form and a suffering, martyred angel were evolved from the Greyson household, and held up to scorn. Even Mrs. Greyson herself had a side slap or two, as being "poor-spirited" and one who took too meekly to being "put upon" by her tyrant of a husband and sister.

Alice Spencer bent her head lower and lower over her sewing, hearing all, but saying no word of defense or blame. Her heart was very sore when these stories, that were not new in Abington, but merely were revised, improved and enlarged whenever the gossips met, were told. She was of a large-hearted nature, forgiving and tender, and when her lover deserted her she sent no ill will after him. She had hoped he would return to her, and she suffered intensely, if silently, when he nursed his wrath so long and then married. But she lived her sorrow down, and wished Dr. Greyson every happiness.

Often, in the delicious days of courtship, Dr. Greyson had told Alice of his sister Margaret, the older sister, who had taken his mother's place when he was a child of three years. She had, from his loving descriptions, learned to think of Margaret Greyson as one of those noble, self-sacrificing women who make the home a dwelling place of all peace and happiness. It had been one of their favorite dreams of the future to think of Margaret in their home, a ministering angel, and to repay her by their devotion for her long sisterly care.

And now, another of her idols was torn down and smirched by evil tongues, and Alice heard of Miss Greyson as a sort of assistant domestic demon, to carry out her brother's wickedness.

She had no power to contradict any of these reports, for Maude Greyson had exhibited the most savage jealousy of her husband's first love, and her manner to Alice was positively insulting.

Pondering on all these things, Alice walked from the sewing circle to her own modest cottage, where she had lived alone since her father's death, five years before. He had been the pastor of the church, and had, by close economy, saved enough to leave his only child a modest competency. There were no money cares to trouble Alice, although she was far from wealthy, and her income was generously shared with the poor of the village.

Followed by her servant, she was entering the gateway of her garden, when a dark figure came from the porch, down the cottage steps, and she started and trembled, as she recognized Dr. Greyson. What could he want with her at that hour?

"Alice," he said, making no formal ...

... the house. We thought the worst of the attack was over, when she suddenly ran downstairs to the kitchen, and, seizing a knife, stabbed my sister. The servants are all occupied—one with Harry and two with my wife. Somewhere I had to look for help, and I went to you."

"Thank you for that," she answered, gently. "Tell me now what I must do."

Deftly she helped him to care for Margaret, whose wound had been dressed, but who sorely needed a woman's nursing. When he had done all required of a physician, she said:

"Now leave me and send one of the women here," and she heard him in the next room vainly trying to quiet the raving woman, whose shrieks were unlike any human sound Alice had ever heard.

It was a long, painful task to make the unconscious, moaning woman comfortable in her bed, but the maid was strong and willing, and Alice tender and accustomed to sickness. As they worked, the other side of the story the world judged so harshly came out.

"You see, miss, I was the only one of the servants that knew Mrs. Greyson was queer like. She was about the house, but the doctor, he watched her constant, night and day, and a bitter time he had, miss, for she took that hatred to him, that I think she would have killed him if she could. It was only when she was asleep and I a-watching of her that he dared to rest. And there was the children, and Harry not five years old, miss, and he looking after them like a woman, or there's no knowing what she might 'a' done to them. It's been better since Miss Margaret came, and if there ever was an angel on the earth she's one, miss—that patient with the poor, daft lady, and that good to the children as you never see. It was easy to hide it from the servants sometimes, but if they had not been dumb some other times it seems to me they must 'a' knowed the poor lady wasn't right in her mind. I hope she'll not have to go to a 'sylum, miss."

"I hope not," Alice said.

"Only the master's about worn out! If he didn't know about giving her doctors' stuff when she's worst, we'd 'a' had to have help long ago."

"Harry!" Margaret called feebly, and Alice was instantly beside her.

"I am Alice," she said, gently, knowing her name must be familiar to Harry's sister. "Your brother asked me to nurse you. What can I do now to help you?"

"Alice!" Margaret said, "oh, my dear, how I have longed to see you! And to meet in this way!"

"No, you must not cry," Alice said, kissing her tenderly; "you are badly hurt and must keep very quiet, but you are willing to trust me to nurse you, are you not?"

"Yes, dear; yes, I am glad to have you here. You know—"

"Yes, I know. Heaven help him," said Alice, choking back a sob; "it is very bitter!"

While Margaret was still too ill to leave her room, Maude Greyson died, raving day and night through weeks of madness. All Abington by that time knew the sad story, for servants will gossip, when ladies stoop to question, and Highlands was the theme of every ...

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