THE MERCURY.

PUBLISHED TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.

G. R. Keller. S. W. Keller

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G. R. KELLER, Editor,

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TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1898

Decoration Day Exercises!

The Blue & The Gray —BECOME— Red, White and Blue.

A Great Day In Carlisle.

The crowd in town yesterday was large enough for all purposes, but was nothing to what it would have been but for the rain Sunday night.

The exercises at the Courthouse were presided over by Post Commander Geo. W. McDonald.

Prayer by Eld. F. M. Tinder. Short addresses were delivered by Rev. A. N. White, Eld. F. M. Tinder and G. R. Keller.

The procession to the cemetery was lead by the Carlisle Band playing a funeral march, while ex-Federals and ex-Confederates marched side by side.

The A. O. U. W.'s made a show in the parade.

The Uniform Rank K. of P. under command of W. H. Howe of Moorefield, added much to the procession.

The town was handsomely and profusely decorated.

No accident or incident happened to mar the occasion.

If skeptics longer doubt the reconciliation of the sections, they fail to read the events of Decoration Day correctly.

The Flower Girls were beautiful, under command of Misses Cordelia Hall and Bettie Shaw.

The old soldiers desire to return thanks to the choir for the appropriate singing.

Latest War News.

There is no longer any doubt about the Spanish Fleet being bottled up at Santiago de Cuba, and that Cervera cannot escape.

Before this is read U. S. troops will be landed in Cuba—unless the authorities at Washington change their minds.

Gen. Miles left Washington yesterday for Tampa, Florida, to take charge of the troops bound for Cuba.

A Candidate for Speaker.

[illegible]

BRAVE COMRADE COX.

How He Saved Himself and Another One Decoration Day.

In a little Pacific coast town a few years ago lived an old grand army man who was as unique a character as ever shouldered a gun or wore the blue. Clemente Cox was a living relic of our civil war. He might properly have been called a remnant, for his hardy old frame was not all that it had been before he first made it a target for confederate guns. He said there had been enough of him shot away to make another fair-sized soldier. And yet to see him get around one would not think there was much of him missing.

Sad to relate, Clemente had a weakness which brought him into disrepute. He had an unappeasable yearning for fiery drink. John Barley-Corn was his master, and under his baneful power poor Clemente's life had become well-nigh a wreck. To such a pass had his insatiable thirst for burning beverages reduced him that he was oftentimes thrown upon the charity of friends and the grand army post in which he still claimed membership. His wife, poor woman, was in despair over him and feared that some awful end awaited him. He contributed but little to the maintenance of the household, and she was afraid that would be taken from her. With tears in her eyes she would say: "We were not always so poor. When we first came to California we were quite well off and had things real nice, but Clemente took to drinking and got out of work, and things went from bad to worse, until now we haven't enough to keep soul and body together. Clemente used to have some self-respect and kept himself as straight as anybody. Folks used to call him 'Col. Cox,' but now it's 'Old Cox.' Ah, me, when a man gets to going down hill you can't stop him with a barb-wire fence."

Thus the sorrow-laden soul would relieve herself of a mite of her misery and enlist the aid of sympathizing friends, without which her existence would have been wholly devoid of cheer.

At rare intervals Clemente would brace up without the aid of spirituous stimulation, and his old-time manhood would momentarily assert itself. He was a good sort at the core, and in his semi-colons of sobriety would rail upon himself for his "hog headed low downishness," as he termed his waywardness. For a brief period he would be "a man and a soldier" again, but the seductive stream which sweeps so many human wrecks down into the sea of sorrow would swirl around him again and his sadly impaired strength of purpose would succumb to the terrible tide.

But there was one day in the year upon which Clemente would always be found sober and right minded. That was Decoration day. He would bring out his old shot-worn suit of blue, which all the rest of the year reposed in camphorated security in a closet, and smooth it out tenderly and reverentially. With it on, and a general cleaning up, the old soldier would "hist up his 60 years," and give folks something of an idea of how he looked when he fought, bled and all but died for the union. He would throw off some of the years for the time, but he couldn't limber up that stiffened leg that had stopped a confederate bullet nor conceal a livid scar across his temple that bore witness to the deadly work of a southern

THE BRAVE RESCUE.

saber. Yet when his old "comrades" got in line for a parade, Clemente would throw out his chest and mark time as chipperly as the youngest of them.

It was while on parade one Decoration day that Clemente was suddenly transformed from a despised vagabond into an honored hero, and his course in life changed for the better. On that day nature had put on her best garb as if in celebration of the event, and seemed to vie with men in efforts to fittingly emblazon the earth with brilliant tributes to the glory of the departed heroes of the nation. The town was gorgeous with beautiful blossoms and bright banners, and the holiday spirit prevailed over all. Civic and military authorities had made preparations for a record-breaking celebration, and the grand army posts turned out to a man.

The city hall was the first center of interest, as it was there that the patriotism of the public speakers was to be on tap at the beginning of the day's programme. Redfaced, loud-voiced orators regaled the populace with lofty flights of pyrotechnical eloquence, and proudly puffed and panted amidst the rolling waves of applause that all but overwhelmed them. Prominent citizens were out in force, in carriages and afoot, to take part in the grand procession, which was to be the principal feature of the day, and women and children thronged the streets gay with the colors of "Old Glory."

Truly, such a turn-out had never before been witnessed in the town on any occasion, and the hearts of the gray veterans were filled to overflowing at the splendid demonstration in honor of their old time comrades who slept beneath the sod. And fuller and prouder than all the rest was Comrade Cox as he took his place in line when the procession was forming. But it was not with the juice of the corn that he was full this time. It was pure patriotism and pride, and so full was he of his feelings that he could not contain himself, and that was why he overflowed at the eyes, and bright drops rolled down his furrowed cheeks and dripped off the ends of his grizzled beard.

"Attention, company!" was the command. "Forward march!" and the creaky joints of the old campaigners limbered up to the inspiring strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Crowds of cheering people lined the streets on both sides, and doorways and windows were choked with women waving flags and handkerchiefs. Through the principal thoroughfares marched the procession and out toward the main cemetery, just beyond the outskirts of the town.

While the enthusiasm of the people was at its highest there came agonizing screams from a number of women who were seated in a family carriage at the intersection of one of the cross streets. The horses became frightened at the band and the general uproar, and reared so and bolted, nearly upsetting the carriage, throwing its occupants to the ground, all but one, a young girl of about 12 years, who clung desperately to the seat as the team dashed wildly into the midst of the procession.

[illegible]

BORNE ALONG IN TRIUMPH.

[illegible]

FRANK H. WELCH.

THEY SLEEP IN PEACE.

Glory Guards with Ardor True the Silent Hosts in Blue.

[illegible]

T. C. HARBAUGH.

Mr. Watterson said in his address to the soldiers at Lexington that "he fights best who knows for what he fights." If all the starving Cubans die before our folks get to them with food, what will our soldiers say they are fighting for?

MAY THE THIRTIETH.

A Day of Proud and Tender Memories, Not of Bitterness.

May 30 is Memorial day—a day devoted to memories of one of the greatest struggles in history and to ceremonies in honor of those who fought in defense of the union.

[illegible]

WILLIAM BOSSER COBBE.

HAIL DECORATION DAY.

Garland the Graves of the Dead and Cheer the Living Heroes.

They are missing! Call the roll, O soldier! ...

[illegible]

IN MEMORIAM.

In sweetest brotherhood
We scatter the buds of May;
Let the flowers fall over one and all,
For we know no blue nor gray.

[illegible]

Honoring the Noble Dead.

[illegible]

The Greatest National Feast.

[illegible]

Remembered Everywhere.

[illegible]

FINDING OF A FATHER.

A Celebration Which Brought New Life to a Poor Old Veteran.

The inmates of the county poorhouse displayed great interest in the carriage which stopped before the gate on the morning of Decoration day.

"You must be gettin' some new boarders, ain't ye, Mr. Wilson?" asked the lame man, who was always making jokes.

"Shouldn't wonder, shouldn't wonder. Or else some of th' old ones here have fallen heir to a fortune and are going away."

It was a member of the town council who came up the path with a stranger.

"Allow me to present Hon. Harrison Hammond, the orator of the day," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Mr. Hammond is interested in the model poor house, and I have brought him out to inspect ours before the ceremonies."

[illegible]

"LET ME SEE THAT PHOTOGRAPH, QUICK."

[illegible]

ELIZA ARMSTRONG.

They Died for Liberty.

[illegible]

Bull Run and Appomattox.

[illegible]

Interesting War Relic.

[illegible]

Millions Honor the Day.

[illegible]

Commissioner's Sale!

—OF—

LAND!

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT.

[illegible]

Monday, June 13, '98,

[illegible]

TERMS.

[illegible]

R. C. KIMBROUGH, M. C. N. C. C.

Commissioner's

SALE —OF— LAND

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT.

[illegible]

Monday, June 13, '98,

[illegible]

R. C. KIMBROUGH, Commissioner.

COMMISSIONER'S

SALE!

—OF—

HOUSE AND LOT!

NICHOLAS CIRCUIT COURT.

[illegible]

Monday, June 13, '98,

[illegible]

R. C. KIMBROUGH, M. C. N. C. C.

We have several Tobacco Transplanters carried over. They are dirty and shop worn, but otherwise as good as brand new. Former price was $75. We will sell them with a written guarantee to do the work in a first-class manner for $35. Call and see them.

THE R. C. KING HDW. CO.

3,8000 Cresent Bicycles Sold in 1897 Speaks Volumes

For the popularity of the best Wheel sold for the money in the whole country. Five times as many sold in Carlisle this year as any other makes. Cresent name plate goes on all Cresent Wheels. No shams.

Star Clothing Hall. SMITH & VEACH, Agts.

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1898

98 Call up "98" when you want to communicate with The Mercury by Telephone. 98

[illegible]

E. R. WEBSTER & Co's OWL BRAND FLAVORING EXTRACT ... PURITY FLAVOR STRENGTH

PERSONAL.

Judge J. P. Norvell went to Covington Friday on legal business.

Mrs. B. H. Talbott and son are visiting her parents at North Middletown.

Thos. H. Pickrell, cashier of the Farmer's Bank, went to Cincinnati Friday.

T. M. Fleming, the Flemingsburg horse man, was here Saturday looking for horses.

[illegible]

BRIGHT BITS.

[Jas. Allen Cynthiana Democrat.]

Commodore Schley pronounces his name as if spelled "sly." Cervera is also pronounced sly.

We are opposed to any union with England unless she agrees to take back the English sparrows.

[illegible]

REV. J. C. MOLLOY'S LECTURE.

The lecture to be delivered in the Presbyterian Church on Thursday night of this week, by Rev. J. C. Molloy, of Maysville, on "Waterloo and Napoleon" is deserving of the patronage of all cultured people.

[illegible]

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The Harrodsburg Democrat says: "The appended news item appeared in a leading Kentucky newspaper the other day, written by one of the proprietors. Can any newspaper man in Kentucky fail to guess the identity of the writer:

[illegible]

Stock and Farm.

[illegible]

Bought Mule Colts.—Thomas Whaley, of Moorfield, was here last week and bought mule colts as follows, to be taken at weaning time: on Prickly Ash, one of Samuel Lathram for $50; one of Thomas Everman for $50; one of Geo. A. Shrout, of Washington Branch, for $55; west of town, one of Jacob Warner for $50; one of Tarlton Jones for $45, two of Jefferson Dawson at $65.—[Owingsville Outlook.

BIRTHS.

[illegible]

DEATHS.

Fitzgerald.—At her home in this city, on Thursday night last, Mrs. Thos. F. Fitzgerald. She leaves a husband and three children. Burial at Paris Saturday.

McConnaughhay.—At his home at Jackstown, on Sunday, May 29th, 1898, Wm. McConnaughhay, aged 68 years. Burial at East Union yesterday. Two grown children survive him.

Barr.—On Saturday afternoon, May 28th, 1898, "Buggie," four year old son of A. J. Barr. Burial at Carlisle Cemetery Sunday afternoon. This is the second child Mr. and Mrs. Barr have lost in the last few weeks. "Budgie" was one of the brightest and prettiest children in the county.

O. A. R.

[illegible]

Right-of-Way Map.

[illegible] ... W. S. Fant, Dr. H. T. Bell, Enoch Carter (col.) Thos. Powers (col.) Miss S. E. Barnes, Mrs. Margaret Caldwell, P. T. Stoner, Waller Sharp, John Peters, E. E. Peck, Boe Botts (col.) Mrs. Malissa Nixon, Susan Jackson (col.) John Benny Jones (col.) Chas. Lane (col.) J. W. Clark, and John B. Jones. The located line follows very closely the preliminary survey. It will require 38.77 acres of land on which to build the road through this county, exclusive of the depot grounds at Sharpsburg. The depot will be located on Miss S. E. Barnes' land, the most convenient point for the town.—[Sharpsburg World.

Hospital Staff.

The Board of Public Safety Thursday appointed the staff officers of the Louisville City Hospital. They are as follows:

Consulting Surgeons George W. Griffith, F. C. Simpson, W. O. Roberts, W. C. Duncan, J. H. Holloway, A. M. Vance, H. H. Grant, James Chenowith, H. S. Burke, George S. Coon, J. T. Bryan, [illegible] Dills, August Schachner.—[Louisville Post.

JACKSTOWN.

[illegible]

LICKING

May 28, 1898.

Rev. J. B. Lemon is holding a big meeting in his big tent situated on Alfred Hildreth's farm. Hundreds are attending every night.

Miss Mattie Boone is visiting friends and attending the meeting this week.

W. H. Cottingham sold a horse at Flemingsburg the other day for $100.

Wm. Jolly and wife spent last Sunday with the family of W. L. Teel, near Cowan.

Will Humphreys caught a catfish Saturday that weighed 15 lbs.

HEYMAN Will Receive This Week:

A Case of 36-Inch Percales
Worth 12½c, which we will se'l at 7½c per yard.

One Lot of Ladies' Vests,
At only 10c each. Sold everywhere for 12½c.

One Lot of Bleached Vests,
Sold elsewhere at 10c. Our price only 5c each.

Something New in White Piques
At 20 cents per yard. Cannot be matched for less than 35 cents per yard. . . .

We Have a few Wrappers
Left, which we will sell from 75c up. . . .

New Sash Ribbons. Kid Gloves
In White and Colors. Call and see these goods. The prices will interest you.

Ladies' and Children's Hose
We have still the Best Quality of Ladies' and Children's Hose in the town at 10c, 15c, 25c and 50 cents.

Hundreds of Good Things
Await you here. Call and see them. . . .

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

G. L. HEYMAN,

Always The Lowest.

Reduced Prices!

LADIES, the season is advancing, but we still have a nice, full stock to select from. OUR PRICES ARE REDUCED, and we can give you

A beautiful Hat for very Little Money.

Don't fail to see our stock. . . .

MRS. G. M. BROOKS.

+At Your Mercy!---$7,000 Worth+

CLOTHING, SHOES and HATS!

Not a day, not an hour, not a minute, not a second, will we wait to reduce this stock. Sober minded people know that business is overdone here in this line, and we have entirely to many goods, and the only way we see out is to cut the life out of things.

BELOW WE QUOTE PRICES THAT WILL MAKE US FAMOUS WITH EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE COUNTY.

---CLOTHING! CLOTHING!---

65 Men's Suits, assigned stock, regular $6 ones now $3.00.
Men's $18 suits, now $13.50. Men's $15 suits, now $11.00.
Men's $12 suits, now $9.00. Men's $8 suits, now $5.50.
Men's $5 suits, now $3.50. Men's all-wool Pants $2.00.
Blue Cottonade Pants 35c. Moleskin Pants 65c.
Boys' Good style all-wool suits worth $5.00 now $3.90.
Boys' All-Wool suits worth $4.00 now $3.00.
Boys' Suits as low as 75cts.

-Hats! Hats!-

Men's $3 Stiff Hats now $2.25.
Men's $2 Stiff Hats now $1.25.
Men's $1.50 Alpine Hats at 98c.
Straw Hats at your own price.

25c Neckwear now 19c.
Sample Neckwear worth 25c. now 15c.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

100 Pairs Ladies' Slippers 3's to 5's worth $1 & $1.25, now 65c.
Ladies' Good Style Slippers worth $1.75, now $1.25.
90 Pairs Men's Tan Shoes worth $2.00, now $1.29.
A 50c Cane with every pair of Helman & Betman's Fine Shoes for the next 10 days.

60 Dozen Sample Underseirts worth 50c, now 29cts.
Choice of any Collar in the house 12c, worth 20c.

100 Men's Shirts worth 100 now 67½c. 10 doz Shirts worth 50c, now 38c. 400 Sample Shirts worth 75c & $1.00 now 50c.
100 Men's Work Shirts worth 50c. and 75c. now 38cts.

We will give $50.00 in Gold to any one that will visit our store and find this advertisement to be a fake. We mean business, and will exert every honorable method to reduce our stock. Cut out this advertisement and bring it with you.

SCRIVENS' Drawers worth $1.00, now 75c.

Yours With a Big Stock,

H. C. LEE, C. O. D.

AS OLD SPAIN GOES DOWN,

SO DO THE

Prices at The Racket Store.

Millinery Bargains!
Such as you have never heard of before will be given all all who enter our store this week. We mean what we say

Fine Line of Footwear.
We can also show you the Finest Line of FOOTWEAR in this town at prices to please all.

A Look at our Clothing
Will convince you that we are here for business. . . .

Straw Hats . . . .
See that Sample Line of MEN'S FINE STRAW HATS

WE are crowded nearly all of the time, but if you come in and cannot get waited on, sit down or come back, for we are just as sure to sell you as Uncle Sam is to whip Spain

THE RACKET STORE!

B. F. JONES & SON,

Originators and Promoters of Low Prices for all of the People.