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Newspaper Laws.

We would call the special attention of postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. A postmaster is required to give notice by letter (returning a paper does not answer the law) when a subscriber does not take his paper out of the office, and state the reasons for its not being taken; and a neglect to do so makes the postmaster responsible to the publisher for the payment.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the postoffice, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the pay.

3. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until the payment is made.

4. If the subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the publisher continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it from the postoffice. The law proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

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

TO ADVERTISERS.

The rates we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as any paper established on a firm basis, with a wide circulation, can do business. We desire choice advertisements, and will give preference always to local patronage. We think business men will get value received when they employ our columns in making known their business to our hundreds of readers; and, therefore, ask no one to patronize us out of charity, and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. A glance at our paper will convince shrewd observers of the advantages our columns offer as the best business men in this country are represented in them. We could easily fill our paper with foreign advertisements, sundry humbugs, patent medicines, etc., but are not working on the low principle—inserting stuff in our columns that we would blush to recommend to our readers, at lower rates than we charge home patrons, just to fill up—we charge all alike, foreign and local—and reject all that are not reliable and worthy the attention of our readers. As an inducement to reliable wholesale business houses, we say that the JOURNAL has a larger circulation in four counties of Kentucky than all the other Kentucky newspapers combined.

Advertising Rates given on application.

FARMING NOTES.

Agricultural and Horticultural Selections

Notes here and there of Banded Farmers

COUNTY GRANGE DIRECTORY.

State Grange—Officers—M D Durlie, Beverly, Ky., Master; J M Chick, Hopkinsville, Ky., Treasurer; Eugene Barnes, Georgetown, Ky., Secretary. Executive Committee—S F Gano, Georgetown, Ky.; Chairman, W W Taylor, Lagrange, Ky; R G Hopkins, Pewee Valley, Ky.; J D Guthrie, Shelbyville, Ky.; H C Cooper, Burnettstown, Ky.; Richard Waters, Goshen, Ky.

County Council—Meets at Stanford every 2d Monday in each month. J S Murphy, Stanford, Pres. G G Dodson, Milledgeville, Sec'y. John Bright, Stanford, Business Agent.

Stanford Grange—Meets at Odd Fellows Hall Stanford, every Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Jno. A. Harris, Master; J S Murphy, Treasurer; John Bright, Secretary.

Hustonville Grange—Meets at Masonic Hall, Hustonville, every Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Wm. Lucas, Master; Sue Owsley, Treasurer; E M Yowell, Sec'y.

Crab Orchard Grange—Meets at ——— Hall, Crab Orchard, every Saturday afternoon. G W James, Master; Jacob Gossé, Treas.; S A Middleton, Sec'y.

Hall's Gap Grange—Meets at Hall's Gap every ——— ——— Craig Lynn, Master; Logan Murphy, Treasurer; J E Lynn, Sec'y.

Peuchebrevile Grange—Meets at Peuchebrevile every 1st and 4th Saturday afternoon, at 1 o'clock. Buck Anderson, Master; L V Phillips, Treasurer; Evan, Sec'y.

Turnersville Grange—Meets at the school house in Turnersville, every Saturday afternoon. Dr. S. G. Tucker, Master; J. D. Sharpe, Secretary; A. D. Reed, Treasurer.

Milledgeville Grange—Meets at Milledgeville every Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, over Caldwell's store. Peyton Staggs, Master; Jesse E. Carter, Sec'y. Wyatt Coulidge Treasurer.

Hanging Fork Grange—Meets near Shelby City, every Saturday afternoon. A K Denny, Master; J M White, Sec'y; P Tribble, Treasurer.

The only counties of Missouri that have no Grangers are Butler, Carter, Dunklin, Pemiscot, Reynolds, Ripley and Wayne.

Thus far the organization of the Patrons of Husbandry has proved to be a success. Whether the good name it has acquired will be perpetuated depends upon the ability of its members to show by their works that they possess sufficient administsative, executive and business capacity to carry forward, to successful completion, the grand reforms the order has undertaken to accomplish.

It may not be generally known that the patent issued on the celebrated beehive invented by Rev. L. L. Langstroth, has expired, and that Congress has refused to again renew it, as it has been renewed once before. Hence, all who desire to make them for sale, can do so without incurring any risk of a penalty. The old price was $5 each hive, but they can be made for $2 each, or less.

DON'T FOGET THE GRANGE.

The old saw, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," should be borne in mind. Don't say to yourself when Saturday afternoon comes for Grange meeting: Well, I am so behind with my work; I am tired, and there will be enough there without me; I will not go this time. If all should happen to come to this conclusion, what would be the results? Why, of course your Grange would forfeit its charter, be broken up, and you would lose all the benefits of membership in good standing. But suppose all do not follow your example, but enough go every time to keep the Grange alive in good working order; keep themselves posted up in what is going on in the order in all parts of the State and whole country, by hearing the important circulars read that are constantly finding their way to the secretary, many of which require immediate action on some subject or other—see what you lose! And what does the Grange lose for want of your sound advice? A mistake is made, an error committed that leads to unhappy results that might have been prevented had you been there. But now you ought not to complain. The good brothers and sisters that were there thought they were doing for the best, and are therefore no more to blame for doing what was wrong—but they have thought more right than you for staying away. And that is not all, nor the worst; we are such creatures of habit, that if we stay away once the tendency is, that we are apt to do it again and again, until we lose all interest in the cause, and thus commence a process of disintegration in our order that may lead to ruinous consequences. Let us remember that continued vigilance is just as much the price of success in Grange duties, as anywhere else. It has not been a trifling matter, my friends, to get up this organization. It has been attended with much thought, labor, energy, perseverance, expense, fear, hope, faith, charity, and now it must be saved to bless us and the world by fidelity.—T. R. Allen, Master Missouri State Grange in *Rural World*.

With all the World Against Her.

Fair as the lily, and thrice more delicate, sweet, and beautiful, was Eva Somers, a child of misfortune, parentless and friendless, cast upon the world. Noble as she was beautiful, truthful as she was fair, she had fought the good fight with all the world against her. Conspicuous in public life as every actress is, but coy as a rural maiden off the stage—ambitious as youth ever is, with an aim that sought nothing short of the throne, desiring no eminence save that gained by arduous study and genuine merit. The great diadem, a priceless jewel as it were, seemed almost within her grasp; the public applauded her efforts, the critics praised, and oft and again the perfumed flowers fell at her feet from some strange but ardent admirer, and made fragrant her humble little room until, as all things earthly do, they faded away. Stimulated to renewed exertion, she put forth every effort until the press teemed with her name and fame, and the plaudits of appreciative audiences nightly summoned her before the curtain to accept their tribute of homage to a child of genius.

Faults she had none—too pure for earth she seemed. Proud, beautiful girl, without counsellor, she worked for bread and fame, and she won. Alas! how many win neither, and, footsore and famished, march on through life; while others, in the luxury of ease and the elation of success, roll down the streets in golden chariots, and partake of all the fruits and pleasures of existence. So wags the world: for you the loaf, for me the crust; for you the velvet and satin, for me the rags. Be you the captain and I the private as we march through the world shoulder to shoulder with poverty and riches, while we keep step crime and virtue will touch the elbow. Why is there no Eden, where in tranquil delight the good and the innocent might live secluded from all temptation, and no evil enter in, and the tempter never come? Alas! it cannot be. The mandate: Til time shall end, but a vale of tears this sphere shall be; And with every joy that fills high the cup we drink, the dregs at last taste we. The head and froth to top shall rise and mortal elevate to height of skies, To dwell with angels evermore, the man who is but little lower.

The hour came which brought honor and wealth of fame, and among those who sought her acquaintance was one whom the world had favored. I tell not his name on this fair page. His was a manly form, a pleasing face—all smiles, which hid the deceit and vileness of his base nature. Eva Somers knew him as he looked, not as he was, and loved him. He loved her as the vulture and hyena love their weaker prey, and she loved him as the cooing dove loves its cooing mate. Hers was a noble passion—the grand, all-engrossing love; his, one whose deep damnation should melt the type which tells the tale. The metal of the greatest value is often less polished than the alloy, and he had all the refinement of the pure gold, which caused him to pass current as does the counterfeit that oft deceives the adept. He could not mould her to his purpose, and then he began that crusade which made her life a tragic romance, the narration of which now employs the pen of one who knew her well, and would pay faint tribute to rare purity.

Scandal, with its thousand tongues—aye, twice ten thousand—carried the lie the city round, and a sensational press took up the chorus against her. With no bold champion to enter the list—crushed and heart-broken—in her mental agony whither would she turn? Deceived, betrayed (but, though betrayed, still preserving her integrity), forsaken, she fled from the sight of man as flees the frightened fawn before the hunter. Where could she hide herself so no one would know her face, nor point out with scorn and contempt one who had not erred, but who was burdened with a weight of obloquy that only the guilty deserve, yet often escape? Noble girl! would to God that you could have borne up, and have faced the whole world, and, conscious of your well-doing, out-lived the storm!

Shunned as a leper, all night long, all day long, day in and day out, night in and night out, through street and park, byway and highway, she fled pursued by despair. Hither and yon she went and knew not where, and at last sought the waters' edge, that the winter's winds from off the turbulent ocean might cool her burning brain and fevered brow. A maniac laugh escapes her lips: in the dancing waves which bid her welcome she will sink all her sorrows. There is no one to stay her or bid her nay. One last look at the earth around, at the declining sun and heaven's dome above, and then, with a piercing shriek, as if her soul went out, she took the fearful plunge, and sank to rise again, but no one nigh to rescue. And then she sank again to reappear, to sink once more, and to drown as her life bubbled out on the wave-crests. And then she rose, her placid and beautiful face—beautiful in life, but angelic in death—upturned, and drifted with wind and tide, while the eel and the blood-sucker chased about in jolly glee, perhaps to wonder why the harbor's dirty waters should be the finis to a tale of such horror. As the sun went down and night fell upon the ocean and the land, her mortal body floated out to sea, while her immortal spirit went to join the heavenly throng who for ever sing as they cluster about the throne. As pure as the beautiful snow which drifted and blew in the winter gale and melted upon every wave-top, as the winds sough and sigh to the melancholy music of the Æolian harp, her life went out, not because she had ever done wrong, but because she had been culminated and her heart was broken. Persecuted and scorned she fell beneath the weight, and her young life terminated as the peals of the chimes rang in the new-born year.

How the years come and go! To-day we are in the glow of boyant youth; to-morrow, with frosted hair, and tottering form leaning upon a crutch, we look back upon what might have been, but never was. Empires rise and fall; war, pestilence and famine decimate the world; and still, just as she floated, we drift out on the ceaseless ebb and flow of the tide of time. Remorseless time, remorseless tide, as you come and go, to some you bring joy and pleasure inexpressible; to others misfortune dire, and a weight of woe no tale can tell.

The turbulent ocean, with its dark-green waters, and slimy seaweed and monsters indescribable, is as unfathomable as are the mysteries of the hereafter; and the same waves which bury the crime-stained, bear upon their bosom those more sinned against than sinning. Flow on, ye waves! roll on, mighty ocean! and in thy depths hide so much of good, so much of evil. Keep well the secrets; and when the winds whistle and thou lashest thyself in the anguish of fury and lamentation of the wrongs thou wouldst hide from all the world, and the sweet revenge thou hast worked, and the enemies thou hast stranded about the hidden rocks, make place in coral cavern, where the richest treasures lie, for her who lived not long, died too soon—who cast upon thy cold, freezing waters her pure and spotless self, a sacrifice. And when our calumniator casts himself to thy care and trust, then wreak that vengeance, that sweet, that terrible revenge, which time in its course doth aim at as he marches on to set all things even and balance every account. For him summon every monster of the deep—the devil fish, the shark, the sea-serpent—and in their terrible presence, where the hidden and jagged rocks await the mariner, destroy the worthless life of him who, with lie and fraud, wronged one with all the world against her.

The Civil Rights Bill.

A Mobile (Ala.) correspondent of the *Courier-Journal* tells of a novel enterprise which is being set on foot in several cities of the South. He says:

"While the people of the South are much exercised about the possible passage of the civil rights bill, and many are denouncing it very bitterly, there are some who are taking it quite philosophically, and are even making arrangements in view of its passage, to turn it to profit, and by which they may recover the fortunes which were swept away by the Lost Cause.

"In this city an enterprise is being set on foot of a very novel character. The projectors propose to go out upon the plantations and select about one hundred of the blackest, greasiest, filthiest, longest heeled and stinkingest negroes that can be found, take them, just as they are, bare-footed, half naked and dirty, buck and wench alike, and start with them for the North. I learn that Cairo, Cincinnati and Louisville are the first objective points. In these points, say Cairo first, twenty will be taken. Application will be made there to the Illinois Central railroad for sleeping car berths. If this is refused, as is anticipated then civil suits will be commenced against the roads. Then on to Chicago, application will be made to the Grand Pacific, Palmer, Tremont and Sherman Houses for first-class rooms for five each of these negroes; the bucks demanding the range of the bars, smoking rooms, bath-rooms, barber shops, dining rooms and gentlemen's parlors, the wenches the run of the halls, parlors and ladies' ordinaries. Then McVicker's, Hooley's and the Academy of Music will be put through. Then excursions will be made on the night trains—Pullman cars—whenever it can be ascertained that bridal parties are going or the cars half filled up. To Cicinnnati, another objective point, about twenty more will be taken. The Burnet House will be made headquarters for the present, but as soon as their grand new hotel is opened application will be made for twenty rooms for these cuffies in that elegant house, and constantly during the day the bar, parlors and smoking rooms will be occupied by these greasy Africans. At night the theatres will be visited, and the sleeping-car dodge will be put into operation. From Cincinnati excursions will be made to Dayton, Columbus, Pittsburgh and places of that class.

From Louisville parties will be sent over the Northern sleeping-car lines to Indianapolis. The Bates House, Palmer and Mason will in turn be filled by these flowers of the South. In proper person these dusky maids and gaff-heeled youths will pay their respects to Senator Morton when he shall return to that over-inflated city.

THE King of Siam is reported to have engaged an American gentleman, Mr. Alabaster, to translate the Indian Procedure Code into Siamese, previous to its being introduced as the law of Siam.

The University of Virginia.

We all naturally have the feeling that what is interesting to us must have some interesting features in the eyes of others, and so we are often lead into the descriptions of scenes and personages that have not the slightest interest to our auditors. But I trust I can claim the interest of the young at any rate, and I feel sure there are many who although Time has left his mark by the streaks of silver in their hair ahd the prints of his fingers on their cheeks, yet within whose bosoms beat young hearts, will surely feel an interest in the perusal of a short sketch of the University of Virginia. And perhaps they will find pleasure in comparing the present phases with those in vogue in their youth.

The University of Virginia is one of the oldest as well as one of the best institutions for the higher branches of learning in our land, and it is especially dear to us as it is peculiarly a Southern school. Founded as it was, by a man whose fame needs no mention at my hands, in the year 1825, it continued to rise until at the beginning of what is familiarly known as the "late unpleasantness," it had reached almost or quite the enviable position of the first in the land.

By the outbreak of the war it received a blow from which it has not yet fully recovered. Its professors and students were called to defend their country, and right nobly they obeyed. But once more its faculty is complete, and if the Southern States would only extend to it the patronage it so richly deserves at their hands, it might in a few years take the lead of the colleges in the United States, in point of numbers as it has in the mode of instruction and its high standard of scholarship. It is *their* college and it is to their interest to build it up; and why will they persist in sending their sons to Northern institutions when they have at their very doors an institution second to none in the United States, I might almost say in the world? Here the student is placed upon his honor as a gentleman and as it is to his own interest to observe due decorum in his deportment, and as there is no stern list of laws frowning upon him he is naturally led by the dictates of his conscience to preserve inviolate the rules of civilization, but when he oversteps these bounds such a feeling of scorn is exhibited by his fellows that not many suns rise and set ere he takes to himself the wings of morning and—disappears. It is essentially the place for the Southern gentleman to complete his education. And as the course is purely eclectic, it depends entirely upon himself whether or not he leaves with his honors. The student must make a certain per centage on a written examination or he never sees his degree.

The University is situated in a very healthy section of Virginia, about ninety miles from Richmond. On either side mountains are looming up, and on the summit of one of these is the home of Thomas Jefferson its illustrious founder.

Charlottesville is about a mile distant, picturesquely situated, its church spires and metal-roofed houses reminding us somewhat of a city in the distance; but on closer inspection we find it retains in a remarkable degree the distinctive characteristic of a small village, for there is a surprizing amount of gossip and every body is made thoroughly acquainted with what every body else does.

The elevated position of the buildings of the University affords, from the top of the rotunda, a very extensive view of the surrounding country.

The rotunda is the main body of the College building, containing, besides the Library, nearly all the lecture rooms and the Public Hall. In front of the rotunda and sloping downward by easy gradations is the lawn, on either side of which the dormitories of the students and the Professor's houses are situated. The imposing vestibule of the rotunda is surmounted by large pillars, ornamented at top and bottom by large finely carved marble blocks, and its floor is made of marble. The pillows in front of the Professor's houses, supporting the high ceilings of the porticoes, are built each in a separate style of architecture.

On either side of the lawn rows of shade-trees are situated, beautifully setting off the whole. The ranges are next in importance to the lawns and are situated in lines parallel to and distant about forty yards from them. They are dubbed, in consequence of the situations in respect to the lawns, East and West Range, Monroe's Hill, Dawson's Row, Carr's Hill, and the different cottages, as being boarding places in connection with the grounds, are deserving of mention, but want of space forbids my entering into details of them. So I turn to the

LIBRARY.

One of its distinctive features is the fact that it is a perfect whispering gallery, probably, owing to its rotund form. The faintest whisper is distintly heard in a distant part of the room. Facing you as you enter, is a statue of Jefferson, on the base of which is the inscription: "Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and father of the University of Virginia." This is surrounded by a neat iron fence. Around the walls hang portraits of its most distinguished Professors many of whom are no more, and that of the faithful Secretary, who has for many years been at his post, but whose steps are now growing feeble, is there too, painted and presented to him recently by Mr. Elder, the celebrated Richmond artist.

The Public Hall, the Infirmary, the Hotels, where regularly three times a day we flock as crows to a cornfield, the Labratory, the Dissecting Hall, the halls of the Literary and secret societies, all deserve some mention but time and space forbid me to enter into a full description of them separately; but it sets salivary glands in such commotion even to think of "boss" (the vernacular for dessert), that I am tempted to write something in regard to the manner of conducting our hotels. We have boss twice per week, and any one of us had rather "cork" (fail in class), or "cut lecture" (stay out, "play hooky" as we said in our early days) than miss our dinners on "boss days."

The great lack of the University now, is a gymnasium and baths, and we are busily at work trying to raise funds for the purpose of erecting it. An address has been issued to the friends of the University, calling for assistance in this great work, and those who are best acquainted with the enterprise are confident of success. May it succeed!

JEEMS JARVIS.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA., May 24, 1874.

Large Tunnels.

The largest tunnels in the world have been constructed in Germany, and most of them for mining. The great tunnel of Freiberg is 24 miles long; the Ernest-August, 13½ miles; the Georg at Clausthal, 10¾ miles; the one at Shemnitz, 9½ miles; and the Mont Cenis, 7½ miles. These are the principal works of the kind in Europe.

In the United States there is the Hoosac tunnel in Massachusetts, measures 5 miles in length; the Sutro, in Nevada, 4 miles; the Sierra Madre, which is to be 12 miles; and the San Carlos and Union Pacific tunnels, which are under 2½ miles in length.

But all tunnels sink into insignificance compared with that which it is proposed to run under the Straits of Dover. Investigations into the nature of the strata of rock lying between the Continent of Europe and the coast of England reveal the fact that a deposit of clay extends from the mouth of the Thames to Dunkirk, on the northeast coast of France. This clay is from 400 to 500 feet thick, and is both impermeable and homogeneous. It therefore points out the line of its course as the most feasible route for the proposed tunnel. The distance, however, is about 80 miles between the two termini.

The Inventer of Paper Collars a Kentuckian.

As we do not remember having ever seen in print anything on the subject of the invention of the paper collar, we conclude to tell what we know about it. In 1830 and 1831 there lived in the town of Somerset, Ky., a gentleman by the name of Walter Kendrick,—and, we believe a brother of a well-known jeweler of Louisville—a tinner by trade, who made shirt collars of paper in the village of S. Mr. Kendrick would take nice, smooth, heavy paper, such as we find with fine ribbon, and cut the colar to suit, and with some machinery he had for his work he would put a very handsome finish to them. We have heard Mr. E. D. Porch, Sr., speak of the beauty and finish of these collars many times—Mr. K. prided himself on his ingenuity, and was a great favorite with the people. He, like his brother, was a great Sabbath school worker, and had the reputation of being one of the best teachers the Sabbath school had.—*Cor. Louisville Commercial.*

THE TRADE PALACE,
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
$15,000 Worth of Dry Goods at
GREAT BARGAINS!
Now is the time to purchase Goods at
BOTTOM PRICES, WHOLESALE & RETAIL!

A Large Stock of Domestic Dry Goods Offered at the following Low Prices.

Calico, standard brands, per yard, 8½ and 10; heavy brown cotton, yard wide, 10; bleach cotton, yard wide, 10c., fine brown cotton, yard wide, 10c; Hope bleach cotton, yard wide, 12c; Lonsdale bleach cotton, best, yard wide, 15c; Fruit of Loom, best, yard wide, 15c; Wamsutta bleach cotton, best, yard wide, 18c; New York Mills bleach cotton, best, y'rd wide, 19c; Lonsdale cambric cotton, best, yard wide, 20c.; heavy bed ticking 12½ to 25 and 30c. per yard; heavy ten-quarter bleach sheeting 35 to 37½c. per yard; heavy five-quarter bleach pillow cotton 18 and 20c per yard; heavy paper cambric 10c per yard; heavy brown drilling 15c per yard; spool thread, Clark's and Coat's, best 200 yards at 75c per dozen, or three for 20 cents. All other staple goods in same proportion.

Fancy Dry Goods.

$3,000 worth of dress goods regardless of cost; black and fancy alpacas at 35c worth 60; black and fancy alpacas at 50c worth 75; fancy grenadines at 10c worth 25; fancy grenadines at 25c worth 50; fancy grenadines at 50c worth 75. Poplins at 12½c—cost 25—worth 40; piquas 15 to 50c worth double the money. Black gros grain silk $1 00 worth $2 50 and $2 75. Scotch ginghams 12½ to 25c. Table damask, fancy colors, at $1 worth $1 50. Oil cloth, yard and a half wide, for tables, best 75c per yard. Corsets 75c a pair.

Notions, Hosiery and White Goods.

Ladies' white hose $1 per dozen. Ladies' kid gloves 75c. Ladies' handkerchiefs 10c each or three for 25. Napkins 75c per dozen.

A full stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps, and queensware, at low prices.

Agency Stanford Woolen Mills—20,000 yards of Jeans; 5,000 yards Linsey and Flannels; 5,000 pounds yarn; 100 pairs of Blankets, all weight, offered in exchange for wool.

WANTED!

20,000 pounds of wool for which the highest market price in cash or goods will be paid.

The above stock having been purchased strictly for money, can be sold for cash at such low prices. You are invited to call and save money. No trouble to show goods.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Kentucky papers are now disputing as to which county is entitled to the honor of being the birth-place of the late Chief Justice Robertson. Some claiming Garrard, and others Mercer county.

Congress has fixed the 22d day of this month for final adjournment, and we presume it will close at the time fixed. A desperate effort will be made to reach the civil rights bill, and pass it, before the 22d.

The average Ohio Radical in the mining districts is now experiencing something of the sweets of negro freedom and negro insolence. The striking white miners have been replaced by the ebon skins, imported from Kentucky and Arkansas, and a speck of war clouds the skies. The blacks imported are said to be insolent and devilish in the extreme, and if they are not "cleaned out" very soon we will be surprised.

The sad and terrible tragedy which occurred near the Kentucky river bridge in Jessamine county recently and which resulted in the murder of an unsuspecting man and the suicide of the murderer, has startled this entire section of the State. Death is terrible in any form, come when and where it may, but to be slain in the prime of life, by the hands of a kinsman enraged, if not crazed, on account of money, is more terrible than in any other form.

From the *Courier-Journal* of Saturday last we learn of several serious accidents—the most terrible being the burning to death of a Miss Smith at a school exhibition in Bowling Green, Kentucky.—Her dress took fire from an exploded coal oil lamp Another girl, aged seven years, living in Indiana, was trying to kindle a fire with coal oil and was burned to death. The third accident was the explosion of 1000 pounds of nitro-glycerine, four miles from Shreveport, La., which shook the city like a young earthquake. The fourth was the damage of $2,000 to the Lunatic Asylum at Lexington by fire.

Pick up any paper you may, published anywhere, from Maine to Florida, or between the Atlantic and Pacific, and you will read the sad recital of murders, suicides, and other great crimes. In looking over the columns of a Louisville daily paper for a month, we counted no less than 44 murders, 28 suicides, 9 rapes, 7 robberies, and 13 cases of manslaughter, besides numerous other offenses from the small theft to the taking of thousands. Crime is upon the increase in proportion to the increase of intemperance. While we advance in all that serves to make up a great and glorious country, these evils seem to keep apace.

Mr. Thos. M. Green, editor of the Maysville *Eagle*, and Mr. Thomas F. Hargis, a candidate for Circuit Judge in the 14th (Ky.) district, are having quite a war of words. Mr. Green asserting that Mr. Hargis, as a lawyer, mutilated the records of a court, and the latter gentleman denying the charge and calling Mr. G. a liar, slanderer, coward and many other not very endearing epithets. If this bit of a "fuss" don't bring about "pistols and coffee for two," then we are mistaken in the grit of which Tom. Green is made, and the pluck of the other man. We object to all such battles as the one now being waged by these two men. It is strange that their friends did not counsel them to a different way of settlement.

Something about Etiquette.

Half the world appears boorish and uncouth to the other half simply because people are not taught manners. Parents, to whom alone children must look, often neglect their manners entirely, leaving them to come up any end first. I have carefully prepared a few general hints on etiquette, applicable to both children and adults, and if any one is benefitted by them, my labor will be amply repaid.

Never pass your plate for mashed potatoes more than six times, especially if there is company at the table.

Never reach across the table for butter. Wait until it is passed, and then take only a small bit, as butter at thirty cents per pound, and the banks charging two per cent on A 1 paper, are apt to discourage the head of the family.

Don't wipe the back of your neck with your napkin, no matter how hot the day is.

Never take more than ten good-sized biscuits, no matter if the plate is passed twenty times.

Don't use your finger to stir your coffee. The handle of your knife is more fashionable, and if you want to be real aristocratic take a spoon.

Refrain from wiping your mouth on the table-cloth if possible. Some ancient writers favor the practice, and I believe a few kings yet persist in it, but your coat-sleeve is much more handy.

If there is watermelon on the table for dessert, and you have eaten five or six pieces, and the plate is passed again you should shake your head and reply: "No, thank you, I never did care much about watermelon."

An evening call on a young lady should never be made in the forenoon.

The length of a call at the house of a young lady depends somewhat on circumstances. If the old man comes in with a shot-gun, the call shouldn't be prolonged over an hour.

It is not in good taste to ask a young laky how much her set of jewelry cost. It used to be until they got to patronizing the dollar stores so extensively; but now it is considered the height of ill breeding.

Children should never be whipped in presence of company. Call them your little darlings until the callers go away and then hunt up the axe-handle and remark: "Now, then, you sassy brat come here!"

It is not proper to bow to a lady four blocks away on the street; but the right way is to run through the alley and head her off.

If you are at a party, and a friend yours desires an introduction to a young lady, the proper way is to first ask her consent. Tell her that his father owns a brick house, 5,000 acres of pine land, fifty shares in a gas company, and a paving contract, and she'll consent with such alacrity as to astonish you.

In church, never rest your feet on the back of the pew in front, and don't stare at the minister through an opera-glass.

If you are one of a party making an evening visit and fruits and nuts are passed around, don't fill your pockets until some one else has had a chance. One must be self-sacrificing about such things.—*M. Quad in Fireside Friend.*

THE Prophet Elijah has informed a New York medium that the city shall be laid in ruins within a twelvemonth. We will wager that the *Herald* will be issued next day with the best local account of the catastrophe, and a map of the burnt district.—*Chicago Times.*

RAILROAD and STEAMBOAT LINES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE R. R.

KNOXVILLE BRANCH.

STANFORD.

	LEAVE.
Livingston and Richmond Mail, South	2:00 P. M.
Louisville Mail, North	9:01 A. M.
Freight, No. 21, South	4:30 A. M.
" No. 17, "	8:00 P. M.
" No. 18, North	9:15 A. M.
" No. 22, "	6:15 P. M.

RICHMOND JUNCTION.

	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
Livingston Mail and Express	2:35 P. M.	2:40 P. M.
Louisville	8:50 A. M.	8:55 A. M.
Richmond Accommodation	8:45 A. M.	2:45 P. M.
Freight, South	4:45 A. M.	5:15 A. M.
" "	8:15 P. M.	8:40 P. M.
" North	8:20 A. M.	8:55 A. M.
" "	5:30 P. M.	6:00 P. M.
Richmond Freight	5:00 P. M.	6:30 A. M.

ELIZABETHTOWN & PADUCAH R. R.

COMPLETED TO PADUCAH.

ON and after Monday, July 17, trains will run as follows:

	Leave.	Arrive.
Elizabethtown	10:05 a m	6:20 p m
Rockport	2:51 p m	2:15 p m
Owensboro Junction	3:47 p m	1:35 p m
Nortonville	4:43 p m	12:10 p m
Princeton	6:45 p m	10:00 a m
Cumberland river	7:55 p m	8:42 a m
Tennessee river	8:10 p m	8:30 a m
Paducah	10:25 p m	6:00 a m

Passengers leaving Louisville on 8:30 a m train make close connection at Elizabethtown with 10:30 a m train.

D. BRADSHAW, Gen'l Pass. Ag't. D. HOOK, Superintendent.

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

Short Line Railroad

FOR

CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

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WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only line with which passengers from the South make direct connection at Louisville with through car for New York, avoiding from 7 to 10 hours delay incident to and arriving one train in advance of all other lines. Time from Louisville to New York,

ONLY THIRTY-ONE HOURS.

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The only rail line running between Louisville and Cincinnati making direct connection with all trains for the North and East.

Tickets for sale "via Louisville and the Short Line" at all tickets offices in the South and Southwest.

GEORGE SKINNER, Gen. Sup't.
S. S. PARKER, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

STEEL RAIL! DOUBLE TRACK!!

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The Great Short Line from Cincinnati or Columbus East!

Saving 87 to 116 miles, and arriving on trains in advance at NEW YORK.

Saving 20 miles, and arriving 6½ hours in advance at BALTIMORE.

Saving 12 miles, and arriving 8½ hours in advance at WASHINGTON.

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Nashville to Memphis without change.
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Avoiding all Ferries and Transfers.

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