

GREEN RIVER REPUBLICAN

VOL. 6.

MORGANTOWN, KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1891.

THE REPUBLICAN
H. E. RIVES, Editor
J. T. RIVES, Publisher
\$1.00 Per Annum in Advance



For Governor,
W. O. BRADLEY,
of Lancaster.

We are authorized to announce A. J. Sneedgrass as a candidate for the legislature for Butler and Edmonson county, subject however to the action of the Republican party.

In one thing at least the last session of the Fifty-First Congress did not disappoint the Republicans of the country—it died on the day it was expected to die. For that much thanks.

Mr. Cleveland has not written a letter for nearly a month, but perhaps he thought it wise to let up for awhile after perusing the last one. He should write one more, addressed jointly to David B. Hill, of New York, and Henry Watterson, of Kentucky.

Are the Farmer's Alliance and Knights of Labor fully committed to woman Suffrage? One would naturally suppose so from some of the speeches made at the National Woman Suffrage convention recently held at Washington. This question is asked in no spirit of captious opposition, but from an honest desire for information.

How many people know that the present silver law is practically a fine coinage of all silver produced by American mines, that is to say, that the 4,000,000 ounces of silver bullion which the Treasury Department is compelled by law to buy each month is more than the average amount produced by all of the American mine? That shows how unfriendly the Republican party is to silver doesn't it?

We desire to specially call the attention of our Democratic friends to a few solid facts, which like all other facts present the only convincing argument known to poor weak doubting human nature: When the McKinley bill was pending, and indeed after it had become a law, you insisted that it was absurd to put a tariff on linen, because this country could not build and successfully operate linen mills. The tariff was put on linen, and the result is, that three linen mills are already in operation in the New England States, while others are being built and equipped as rapidly as possible at Minneapolis, Minn., at Eau Claire, Wis., and at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. So much for one free trade prediction. Now, for another. All during the last campaign the working men were told by Democratic editors and orators that the tariff on tin plates put a tax upon his dinner and dinner bucket, notwithstanding they knew, or should have known, that the tin plate section of the McKinley bill would not become a law until July 1, 1891. Now for the effect of that law upon American industries. Before its enactment not a pound of the plate was made in the United States, now American mills are turning it out by the ton and more than a dozen large mills are in process of erection in various sections of the country, and the tin mines in this country are being for the first time profitably worked, and most important of all, the price of tin plate is to day in Chicago and New York, twenty per cent less than it was last September, and dealers are predicting that it will be still cheaper after the new mills set to work. This isn't a campaign bluster, but it is a plain statement of hard, solid facts, which can be fully proven.

Cardinal Gibbons seems to be level-headed on the women question. Here is a bit of advice he gave them in a recent sermon: "said you are the queen of the domestic kingdom. If you would retain that empire shun the political arena, avoid the rostrum, beware of unsexing yourselves. If you become imbued with political agitation the queenly aureola that encircles your brow will fade away and the reverence that is paid to you will disappear. If you have a vain ambition of reigning in public life, your domestic empire will be at an end."

The Democrats are howling themselves hoarse because the Republican Congress, which believed in keeping the money of the country in active circulation, not in hoarding it, to the public injury, as the Cleveland administration did, has made liberal appropriations. The hawks are not worrying the Republicans who know that the country will get full value reserved for every dollar appropriated, and that the money will do much good circulating among the people than lying idle in the Treasury, and who are perfectly willing to let the people render their own verdict on what they have done.

Dr. James, one of the Republican members of the Constitutional Convention, said yesterday that he was glad The Times was fair enough and penetrating enough to see and publish the political phase of the Lethbridge appointment matter. "I came here," he said, "as a Republican, politically, and a Campbellite, religiously, but with no other determination than to work for fair play to the white State without respect to sect or party. The leaving of the apportionment matter to the Legislature, however, means nothing else but that our party is to be gerrymandered out of what little representation it is entitled to. It is natural for the Democratic party in legislatures to do it. It is the duty of the convention to see that fair play is provided for. If they think it can't be done, they can expect anything but that every one of the 135,000 Republican voters in the State will oppose the new Constitution, and how with these added to the disappointed element in the Democratic ranks, they expect their work to be ratified. I, for one, will oppose it, and I believe all the people of my party in the convention and out of it will do likewise.—Louisville Times.

Judge Forgy, the delegate from Butler, is an old fashioned gentle man, after my own heart in the matter of "pumpkin pie." That is to say, he is fond of them, and not ashamed to say so. He came to the Frankfort Capital office a few days since and gave me the following from a Texas paper, which he requested should be published as a compliment to the Merriweather Hotel, whose pumpkin pies, he says, are unsurpassed: "How dear to the heart is the yellow backed pumpkin, when orchards are barren of stuffing for pies; when peaches and berries have both been a failure, and berries of no kind have greeted the eyes. How fondly we turned to the fruit of the corn field, the fruit that our children are taught to despise—the old yellow pumpkin, the mud covered pumpkin, the big bellied pumpkin that makes such good use." Of course the manager of Merriweather's will not hesitate to pay our bill of a dollar per pie for this advertisement of his house.

Notice.
All persons knowing themselves indebted to me by note or account are requested to call and settle at once as I must have the money.

E. WARD, M. D.
80 Main Street, Woodbury, Ky.

Salary \$25. per week: W. A. ED—Good agents to sell our general line of merchandise. No padding. Advances will be paid to "LIVE" agents. For further information, address,

Chicago General Supply Co.,

178 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Peoples' Party Meeting.

Pursuant to a call signed by many voters of Butler County a meeting was held in Morgantown, Wednesday 9th, 1891, for the purpose of organizing a Peoples' Party in accord with that organization in other states. The meeting was called to order by Judge Guffey. Thos. J. Ward, was elected president and J. W. Foster chosen secretary. Judge B. J. D. Guffey, T. D. Harrell, W. H. White, J. A. Gardner and J. D. Sharer were appointed a committee on resolutions who, after retiring, reported the following, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, 1st. That we demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver, the same as it was before it was demonetized by the act of 1873.

2nd. We are opposed to banks of issue. No more should be organized, and those already charted should be discontinued as soon as possible under the law.

3rd. We favor the enactment of such laws as will effectively prevent dealing in futures of agricultural and mechanical products.

4th. We are opposed to the alien ownership of lands.

5th. We are opposed to any and all systems of taxation, state or national that has for its object the building up of one class or interest at the expense of another class.

6th. That the means of communication and transportation should be controlled by the government in the interest of the whole people.

7th. Inasmuch as the burdens of the debtor and inspiring classes have been greatly increased by legislation it is therefore indispensable that the government by some well guarded plan loan money to the people at not exceeding two per cent interest, in sums sufficient to enable the people to recover from the effects of the unjust financial policy heretofore imposed on them.

8th. We believe the government should care to each Union soldier the difference between currency and specie at the time he was paid in paper money, with interest added, and to meet such payment Congress caused to be issued a sufficiency of treasury notes, making them full legal tender for all debts, public and private, except bonds heretofore made payable in gold and silver. Such payment to the soldiers would be only just to them, and would be a great blessing to the nation at large.

9th. A convention is hereby called to meet in Morgantown, Ky., the second Monday in May, next to nominate a candidate to represent Butler and Edmonson Counties in the next general Assembly.

10th. We suggest that a State convention be held in Covington, Ky., the 20th of next May, to nominate a People's candidate for Governor and other state officers and all voters of this county who endorse the foregoing resolutions are appointed delegates to such convention if it be held.

J. M. COOK, Judge B. L. D. Guffey, R. V. Jenkins, A. K. Sublett, Morgan Cook, N. C. Flowers and all other voters of this County who endorse the foregoing are hereby appointed delegates to the National convention called to meet in Cincinnati, Ohio, the 19th of May, 1891.

J. E. Sharer, J. M. Cook and T. D. Harrell are appointed a provisional committee for this Con-

gressional district with power to take the necessary steps to perfect our organization in this district.

Persons desiring to aid the organization are invited to address the committee at Woodbury, Morgan County or Davenport, Ky.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing proceedings be sent to the Courier Journal, Green River Republican, Morgantown Gazette, Rochester Sun, Ohio County Farmer, Missouri World and Farmer's Home Journal for publication.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

T. J. WARD, President.

J. W. FOSTER, Secretary.

Asleep Eight Months.

Hiram McCooley, of Springport, Jackson County, Mich., has been fast asleep for eight months. Last July he lost the power of speech, was taken sick, went to bed, and has not spoken or opened his eyes since. The other night he began to flow from his eyes and ears, and suddenly he came to his senses. The doctors are dumbfounded by the phenomenon and explain it by the supposition that some blood became clotted in his brain, which prevented it from becoming active. He remembers nothing since he went into the sound sleep, but can recall everything previous to that time. During eight months the functions of the body remained quiescent, the man neither opening his eyes nor speaking a word. McCooley is a married man, and has of late been granted a pension for service in the war of 1812.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves

indebted to me by note or account

are requested to call and settle at once as I must have the money.

E. WARD, M. D.

80 Main Street, Woodbury, Ky.

Salary \$25. per week: W. A. ED—Good agents to sell our general line of merchandise. No padding.

Advances will be paid to "LIVE" agents. For further information, address,

Chicago General Supply Co.,

178 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

It is a plain statement of hard, solid facts, which can be fully proven.

CAMP FIRE COLUMN.

This column is given to the soldiers of the late war, and for which we solicited contributions. It is our desire to make this column an interesting feature of the paper, and we hope to receive incidents and stories of camp life from ex-soldiers each week.

Netter's Raid.

Its Attack on Whippleville Bridge December, 1861.

It was M. E. Cartwright who rode ahead and ordered supper at former Godard's.

Capt. Netter wore a slick cap on the raid. During the fight the Rebels shot it off his head.

The Johnnies, in their sleeping apartments, fired through an opening at the bottom of their shanty.

It was John Richman, of Co. E, who went in and threw the Rebels out, like throwing rats out of a corn crib.

Jessie Everly was shot in the foot, K. M. Grable in the stomach, John Armstrong in the left arm, Mart. Cartwright in the right side at the waist, John Mahan in the right knee.

The night we rode up to Mr. Randolph's house for the purpose of leaving me, Mr. R.'s son, who belonged to the 11th Ky. Inf., was at home spending the night. You could have played seven up on his shirt tail as he went across a ten acre lot in his night clothes, barefooted, over the frozen ground.

Comrades, you must not think we were low spirited or down in the mouth. While we were concealed in the hills it was not the case. We enjoyed ourselves hugely, except comrade Everly, who took a hearty cry every day on account of his wife and children.

Dr. Crittenden, of Gordonville, treated us while we were in the hills wounded.

Mrs. Isaac Neely, the best lady in the world at that time, came once a day with warm water and sponged and poulticed our wounds.

The Rebels fire struck on us. They offered large rewards for us, but we were not for sale.

An ex-Rebel soldier told me there were 10,000 men in pursuit of Netter when he crossed Green river.

None of our boys exhibited the white feather. Netter would have attacked five hundred Rebels the same as he would twenty-five.

Let's hear from some of the boys who were there.

BROOKLYN, KY.

As I have been living in Kentucky since 1861, I consider myself a Kentuckian by adoption.

I enlisted in Kansas, and as the Rebs were offered me more than any paper in the State, I thought I would pitch on some brush to make a light.

As we went after Morgan's guerillas, we had stopped to water our horses and old "Reb" Shurt, as we called him, came running down the point taking now far ahead Morgan's men were. L. J. Freeman asked him to surrender. He drew his gun, and I drew mine. Free man caught "Red Shirt's" gun, and he let loose and surrendered.

Let us hear from you, Jim, through the Camp fire.

J. J. SALTIN, Kansas Dragoons.

HURE, KY.

Look out bogal those in blue of the 17th Ky. Cavalry especially.

Here I come with a load of old

dry rails to light up the Camp fire to illuminate the dreary years of the past. Boys of Company G, where are you? Do any of you know the doctors name and address that doctor us at Hopkinsville in June and July, 1861?

Where are the boys of the Green River Battalion?

Now boys, when we ate "hard tack" and "sow belly" together it made a strong tie of friendship that will last until death.

Let every comrade write through the Camp fire.

JOHN D. MCGAULAY, Co. G, 17th Ky. Cav.

Notice.

Granville Allen, Post No. 73, G.

A. R. meets at Morgantown Saturday before the second Sunday in each month. A full attendance is requested at each meeting.

N. C. Flowers, Commander, like me.

W. C. Closs, Commander like me.

MORGANTOWN, KENTUCKY

Life of General Sherman.

No literary announcement of the year is of greater interest to the general public than that of a comprehensive "Life of General Sherman," which is about to be published and sold through agents by the noted house of Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia. Admirable biographies of Grant and Sheridan, complete to the time of their death, are already familiar to the public, but a life of the third great commander, to finish the series, has been lacking. The various biographies of Sherman hitherto published have necessarily been incomplete; and even his own memoirs, written in 1875, said almost nothing of his intensely interesting early life, and not a word, of course, of the more than twenty years of social activity and fraternity with old comrades since the war.

The work which is now to be issued will splendidly supply the widely felt demand for a history of the great strategic commander.

It is being written by General O.

O. Howard, a man of fine literary attainments, who knew Sherman better than any other of his comrades now living, and ranked next but one to him in the army, and by Willis Fletcher Johnson, whose ability as a historian is familiar to the reading

public of America through his former unusually popular works, which have had millions of readers, and the sales of their first editions enriched an army of book agents. That this history of Sherman, the last of the great Generals, will surpass all others in popularity is not to be doubted.

The story of this great General's career is of a marvelous march from the mountains of time to the sea of eternity. Of the three great war heroes, Sherman was by far the most interesting personality. He was the best known to the public and the best loved for his genial disposition and warm sympathy with the popular heart. He has joined his illustrious compatriots in the eternal bivouac of the dead. His is the life to study—to emulate—and is a profound inspiration. The forthcoming volume will tell the whole story of his marvelous career, and from the authorship engaged upon it, we are assured it will be told in a way that will enthrall the attention and interest of every reader from first to last. It is a book every American will want and one every American youth should read. It will doubtless be the best life of the great chieftain published, and we predict for it wonderful popularity.

ASK FOR A COPY OF THE NEWLY PUBLISHED

GOUSSSEN'S HONEY OR TAR

CURES. THIS CELEBRATED REMEDY

COUGHS FOR THE LAST 20 YEARS.

OLD CONSUMPTION FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

PREPARED BY RICHARDSON-TAYLOR & CO.

BY LOUIS MO.

order at once and try for the Premium.

WIN A GOLD FOR ONE EAR OF CORN.

money back. Bring in your wagon and secure your fertilizer.

Second shipment will be too late for early planting.

March April May

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Take all remedies. \$1. six fl. oz. Prepared only by J. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating.—*August Flower the Remedy*.

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—*August Flower the Remedy*.

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, faint-finding, over-easy habit about what is set before him when he is there.—*August Flower the Remedy*.

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him.—*August Flower the Remedy*.

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools.—*August Flower the Remedy*.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE CEMENT

Mr. Douglass' Shoe Cement is a cement which cements shoes.

It is a cement which cements shoes.

</div

HOME FROM SCHOOL

The first of age was on his looks
The boy's youth was strong and strong
Through a great pain had lost his ring.
The brilliancy of his life's long day
Was dimmed by the twilight gray.
With his countenance pale and wan,
His eyes of many summer's past,
And down her bloomless, withered cheeks
She still to every tear fast,
Whom she loved so well on her feet.
He gripped her hand and gently said:
"Are the boys home from school?"
She gently pressed the withered hand
Through the years had been her rule;
As in his wife she saw again.
Her children gathered at her side;
She saw each child happy face.
Once more she felt their warm embrace.

She saw the liove of the years—
Each boy had a round chair,
And then again the smiling face
Bowed the old man's silvery hair,
As bedding over him with a sigh
In tender voice she made reply:
"The boys are home from school!"

—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Settings

THE OLD MILL

A Weary Tramp That Won the Young Miller a Wife.



O I KNOW any thing about the ruins of this old mill? Well, yes, stranger, I should say one does. It belongs to me, or rather to my wife, what there is of it. I tell you I have much to do with this old mill."

The speaker was dressed in homespun, a bit appeared to be a thrifty farmer of forty-five. I had taken a walk before breakfast one morning in an apostolate, east Texas town, where I was attending court, and was standing by the ruins of the old mill when he came up. The roof had fallen in, windows and doors disappeared. The old water-wheel had crumbled to decay and green ivy covered the ruins. The dam was now leveled to a road, and a cabbage-patch had taken the place of the mill-pond.

We took seat on a moss-grown log by the side of the ruin, and he continued:

"I was with Stonewall during the war, and had some pretty tough times, some narrow escapes and some hard traps, but the lone call and hard tramp that this old mill once caused me made all of my war experience seem, at least for a time, like a pleasure trip. This was the first mill built on Cedar creek, and was built many years ago by old man Ben White, who lies up yonder on the hill."

"After the surrender our army was disbanded, and the most on us was pretty close run. We had nothing and no way to get anything. I was only about twenty-one then. I was strolling round looking for something to do, and I happened along this road one morning. Well, that morning the wheel was in action. The gate was blisted and the water was skurrying through. Old Ben White was standing in the door. I says:

"Morning, sir! Can I get a job here?" He took off his spectacles, wiped 'em, put 'em back on and looked at me.

"Soldier?" says he.

"I was a soldier till the surrender," replies the old boy, says he.

One of them stood behind down at Stone river. The other's lying up there on the hill—shot in front of Richmond and come home to die, and the old man took off his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. Did you ever work in a mill?"

"No."

"Well, that don't make much difference, said he; business is picking up, and you can stay. I'm getting old. I'll pay you what I can afford to. We can tell better in a week or two. Have you been to breakfast?"

"I have not," I said.

"Well, go to the house," said he. "Tell Kitty (that's my daughter, the only one the Yanks didn't kill) to give you breakfast; and come back, and we can work on the dam to day. There's some leads that need stopping."

"So I went over the hill to the house. I still had my Confederate uniform on, and Mrs. White met me on the porch. I saw tears on her cheeks, and I suppose the uniform reminded her of her own boys. I told her I was going to

WE DEDICATE IN THE BIG WHEEL AND FIRE.

work for Mr. White, and that he sent me over for breakfast. So we went in and she called Kitty, who soon had my breakfast on the table. Kitty was about four years younger than I, the picture of health, cheerful and robust. Her sparkling eyes kindled a spark in my heart that never went out. After breakfast I went back, and Kitty went with me to tend the mill while her father went to breakfast. She showed me the leeks in the dam before he went.

In fact, I worked a week patching up the old dam, and after that I worked on the mill and on the farm and in the garden. Drove the produce to town, and sometimes I had more attached to the place and to her than to my old home land to Kitty. How I did love that girl!

I was never so happy as when listening to the song of her voice. I shall never forget the evening spent in the big front room around the open fire-place when I was Ben White's hired man. Ben and Martha, and Kitty and I, used to crack monkey-wREN and bubbles in the old fireplace, and Kitty would sit by the fire, while the winter wind was whistling outside.

It was a most brilliant weather for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiarly known as the "whistling-willie," is on the farm of Colonel Wesley Eller and was dug by the Colonel's father some forty-five years ago in the depth of forty-five feet, when, no water accumulating, it was abandoned.

Some time after a strong current of air was noticed rushing in and out of the hole, and a flat stone with an inch-and-a-quarter hole bored in it was fitted over it. Into this hole a whiffle was fastened, which changed its name as the air was drawn up or down, and it was soon found to be a reliable weather-barometer. In settled weather the whiffle was silent, but in a storm was coming on, its approach was heralded by a warning shrill of the whistle as the air rushed out of the hole. When the storm passed, and clear weather came the current of air ceased and was replaced by the soft and faint whistle told the story of the approaching tempest.

It is a most reliable weather-barometer for those who understand its ways.

In the town of Green Valley, Catawissa, N. Y., there is an interesting country, familiar

WV COUNTY

MARCH 10, 1861.

Happenings.

over it falling at a rapid rate.

Member of Rochester, in our town this week.

The people of town have an entertainment for us.

Rules for the Green River.

Not been passed yet.

Quarterly Court opened up last Friday with a large docket. It is moving along very nicely with its work.

Owing to the lack of space we failed to insert the resolutions sent in by the Farmers' Alliance of Little Muddy.

We do not know who was in town last Monday, as we were not here, but learned that a good crowd was here.

L. W. McIntyre is erecting a photograph gallery near the Farmer's House and will soon be ready to do your photographing.

Any merchants wishing to advertise their spring stock in time for Circuit Court should bring their "ads." in at once.

Carroll Bradley and Bluford Embrey gave us a very pleasant call Monday, and dropped a few wheels into our contribution box.

Uncle John Leach has taken unto himself a widow of near Cromwell, and will soon bring her here to battle the storms of life. We welcome them.

New bridges are under contract one across Panther creek, near William J. Mansfield, and across Sandy creek near Esquire Pendleton's old place.

W. A. Helm has sold his stock of goods to W. R. Dabbs, and he will continue to run the confectionery and bakery. Success to you Will, is our wish.

J. H. Bennett, if he is in jail, is making himself useful. He can be three rates at one time in a steel trap. He has a company of men who wants.

W. H. Smith visited Huntington and vicinity last Sunday and Monday and found that all was quiet with the world. The mechanics, which have been playing havoc there have quieted down.

Tom Neal and Norman Fener have received positions under the new law one hundred and the other twelve dollars per month. We do not think it will be long until every one who has applied under the new law will receive theirs.

A. W. Ells, the lock keeper of Woodbury, gave us a pleasant call and a dollar besides just Monday. He informs us that over 100 rats have passed through the lock at that place since January 1st, and over 50 more were sent over the dam.

Quarantine Court.

Following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

The following is a list of the Justly County jury: O. M. Hamill, J. H. Northam, Standard Planer, C. P. Whitaker, E. V. Miller, and David Rogers.

IN MEMORIAM.
Died, February 27th, 1861, at his home near Sunny Lane, this county, Dr. G. C. Cobron, of that awful disease, consumption, after several days of suffering.

Dr. Cobron was about 46 years old. He was a faithful and true member of the Methodist church, having been an earnest worker in that church for many years.

When the dark and cruel days of war put in its appearance, Dr. Cobron was one of the brave boys that went to his country's rescue.

Although quite young, still he unflinchingly faced the enemy until the struggle was over. Returning from the battle-field, he commenced the study of medicine.

He entered the field as a physician in 1878, and continued to practice his profession until the monitor death claimed him as his.

When called upon to visit the sick he would always go, in many cases where not a cent was in sight for him.

Dr. Cobron was a good Christian gentleman, and will be greatly missed in his community, especially by the poor class of people. Rev. Summers preached his funeral service to a large number of relatives and friends.

He was buried at the old family burying ground at Uncle Newton Orange's, in the presence of hundreds of sorrowing friends. Dr.

Cobron leaves a wife and eight children to mourn his departure, together with a host of others who will miss him as a physician, a friend, and as a true, noble Christian worker.

He was particularly fond of his children, and always expressed himself as wanting to live to see them grow to be men and women, but he said it was the Lord's will he was ready and willing to surrender to his command. His last words were: "I am prepared to die. It is such a great relief to know that I am a Christian." I hope we all will meet him where there are no sorrows and disappointments.

Very truly,

A. H. Teek,
Morgantown, Mar. 17, 1861.

An Incident of the War.

The following incident was related by Dr. Morehead during the delivery of his sermon last Sunday night.

After the battle of Gettysburg a lieutenant was assisting in caring for the dead and wounded, when he found a heartless young man, scarcely old enough to serve in the army, who was mortally wounded. The kind hearted officer inquired of the dying man if he could do anything for him. He answered "No." "Won't you have me bring you some water?" "No." "Can I write a letter to your friends at home?" No sir, I have no friends that you can write to now," replied the dying man. "I will do something for you," inquired the officer. His soft blue eyes looked him in the face and he whispered in a low, sweet voice: "Please look in my cartridge-box and get my little testament out." He did so. "Now turn to the 13th chapter of John and read the 2nd and 3rd verses." He did so and read: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you to prepare a place for you and it I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there you may be also." Then in a still faint voice he said: "Now read the 14th verse." He looked up and read: "I leave with you my peace I leave with you not as the world giveth, give unto you a full and your head be crowned another let it be afraid." The dying man whispered: "That peace I leave. Thank you sir. Good bye, good bye" and his spirit was gone from the battle-field forever.

South Hill.

Be patient, hub, the creek is up and I couldn't get to you.

The messes are plentiful and infestingly. Be careful boys.

Saw log men are having a fine time getting their logs to market.

South Hill is on a boom as there are two new store houses and another blacksmith and wood shop going to be built in the near future.

The dying man whispered: "That peace I leave. Thank you sir. Good bye, good bye" and his spirit was gone from the battle-field forever.

The Honest camp of Sons of Freedom will meet at the court house in Morgantown on Saturday the 12th instant. Monday is the 14th instant. At 10 o'clock a.m.

W. T. Howard, Capt.
A. H. Itys, Q. M.

Mr. T. Lovelace, who eloped with Mrs. T. B. Lovelace a few days ago, has returned to Princeton, Ky., and is in the possession of Mr. Lovelace's bugle. The bugle was captured by the rebels and looted in their charge against Princeton, and Lovelace has recovered it.

General Oberholser is to be married. His wife is the former Mrs. Lovelace.

General Oberholser could, at the close of the war, call almost 2000 officers and men, having a sufficient number made by his forward.

Wishing great success to your paper & remain the old man of South.

Yours,

General Oberholser could, at the close of the war, call almost 2000 officers and men, having a sufficient number made by his forward.

General Oberholser could, at the close of the war, call almost 2000 officers and men, having a sufficient number made by his forward.

Our Correspondents.

All communications must be sent to this office on Monday to insure publication otherwise they may be crowded out. Write plainly on one side of the paper and spell all proper names accurately. Let your communications be short and to the point.

Munstellville.
Special Correspondence.

I will write again next week if this misses the mark.

Mr. John E. McKinney moved to this place to day to work in the timber woods.

Mr. George Durkee was in town on the 6th inst. representing San-tag, of Evansville.

Died, on the 3rd inst. Annie Brown, daughter of T. B. Brown, of heart disease and measles.

Our U. S. Pension Agent is having good luck. He gets a pension for the boys every now and then.

Mr. Wm. Pendley is visiting Mrs. Mayhugh's daughter. He is as lively as a cricket for a man of his age.

Mr. Bud Westray is very sick with the measles. Bud says he would not have had the measles for \$50.

Miss Annie Mayhugh received a fine organ as a present from her mother. Now boys, come and let's have music.

Mr. Letch Brown says if he can't sell his land he will go back to Adairville, where he bought the ring for a Christmas present.

Rev. Mr. Doyle has moved here from Ohio county. We have plenty of reverends, there being four in town. The town ought to be safe.

Rev. Jas. Burden said the other day that he had the measles forty years ago and now had a basket of them. People don't often have backsets forty years afterward.

BASKET.

Rochester.
Special Correspondence.

The foreman of the Sun is sorely afflicted. He has a sty and a boil.

He is not feeling very religious at present.

"Blooded" stock is selling at very high prices here at present. Mr. Robert Tanner bought a 23 year old filly for \$25.00.

The other night our little town received quite a scare. The cause was a false alarm of fire. It proved to be a man who had imbibed too much "ranglefoot," who was ringing the ferry bell and shouting for the ferryman.

Saturday March 5th, will be a memorable day in the annals of Rochester. It was the day upon which the school tax was voted.

From sunrise until after dark our little town was in constant excitement. The anti-tax men fought nobly and well to protect their homes and property from the tyrants of high tax. But their efforts were little against the trickery of their opponents. The polls closed with three majority in favor of the tax, with five votes to be contested. We do not know what the decision will be.

EL VENADE.

NOTICE.

Dissolution of Partnership.
The firm of Mendel & Tanner has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. L. Mendel & Co. will pay all debts due from said firm of Mendel & Tanner.

All business intended to said Mendel & Tanner must pay the same within thirty days to L. Mendel & Co.

L. Mendel & Co. will continue the business.

Morgantown, Ky., Feb. 26th.

J. D. TANNER.

J. MENDEL.

ISAAC MENDEL.

Mrs. J. A. Stewart died.

Mrs. J. A. Stewart died yesterday last week at her home in Limestone, Ky., and her remains were brought to Coney Fork burying grounds for interment. She was the wife of Prof. A. A. Stewart, well known in our county, and the daughter of our worthy citizen, John Turner, of Berry's Creek vicinity. We extend our sympathies to her many friends and relatives.

E. WARD.

Attorney At Law.

Real Estate Agent and Notary Public Room No. 1, Summer's Building, Greenup, Ky.

W. T. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS

INSURE

WITH

A. THATCHER.

PATENTS

INSURE