



# EVENING BULLETIN.



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

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### THE GREENHOUSE.

Through roof of glass the sunlight streams,  
 Life, light and warmth are in its beams,  
 The air is filled with odors sweet,  
 And blossoms bright the eye do meet;  
 The missions of these flowers fair  
 Are various as the names they bear;  
 They side by side in beauty bloom,  
 Some for the bridal, some the tomb;  
 These shall the brow of beauty grace,  
 Or wither in a costly vase;  
 These may to some poor sufferer bring  
 The thought of childhood and of spring,  
 The Mayflowers' fragrance sweet recall  
 The babbling brooks, the old stone wall  
 On which he stood, that he might see  
 The bird's nest hidden in the tree,  
 This rosebud, ere its leaves unfold,  
 May tell a tale that's very old,  
 Yet always new and sweet to hear  
 When first it falls upon the ear;  
 O buried long in some old book,  
 In token of some word or look,  
 The owner wondering some day why  
 She kept that flower so old and dry,  
 To prima donna these are tossed,  
 He caring little what they cost,  
 Her music so his soul has thrilled,  
 And with her charms his heart is filled.  
 This bunch of violets, fresh and bright,  
 Ere sun shall set another night,  
 Strewn round a narco's, thy bed,  
 O'er which a mother's tears are shed,  
 May then be shut from light away,  
 To wither with the lovely day.  
 Ye pinks, what fragrance ye exhale!  
 Yet in that hand so still and pale,  
 And with the brow where genius glowed,  
 And lips from which such beauty flowed,  
 Your sweetness and your life shall fade  
 Within the silence and the shade,  
 With hopes of many a true, warm heart,  
 Of which his life had formed a part,  
 O! Mother! Earth, within thy breast  
 It is not all that's laid to rest,  
 When our loved ones to thee we trust,  
 To mingle once again with dust,  
 Our hope, ambition and our pride,  
 The greensward o'er thy mound doth hide;  
 Our minds in darkness grieve, nor see  
 The light that may arise from thee.  
 The skillful gardener trains with care  
 The vine and the exotic rare,  
 And so the mother florist trains  
 Her flowers with much of care and pains.  
 They side by side in beauty bloom,  
 Some for the bridal, some the tomb,  
 —Mrs. J. W. Norcross, in Boston Transcript.

### "Ignorance."

The following article, contributed by a valued correspondent, is so true, and so thoroughly illustrates the matter treated, that we publish it verbatim:

"There is nothing so annoying to those which are brought into contact with it as ignorance is. Ignorant people are unable to understand those things which the average mind should comprehend at once. Education opens the mental vision, as it were, and presents to the thinking mind a vast panorama of beauty, while to the coarse and vulgar eye of ignorance there is nothing attractive.

"Daniel Webster once said that no ledge is power and his great dictionary is adequate proof that he was no slouch himself in the education line. I have often saw people who became the victims of their fellow men because they were not informed upon things of which they should have obtained a nollidge, while others who had obtained a thorough education could take a pencil or a piece of chock and add up anything.

"If I had a child and could give him an education or a sheep ranch, I would give him the education and then let him acquire the sheep ranch. If I had a son and could give him a large herd of cattle or a good education, I would educate him, and he would get a sore-back mule and a Texas steer and let nature take its course.

"I knew at one time a boy who was bent upon going to collidge although his folks was poor and he persevered for fifteen years through thick and thin till he came out with a diploma and a tape worm. You can acquire almost anything at collidge from a Greek education to a hectic flush. Another young man who I knew first as a poor boy with red hair, applied himself at his studies patiently and industriously till he was a good pensman, and then he wrote a check by which he got \$2,000 and eighteen years in the penitentiary. Other boys would have been contented with ten, but he was ambitious and

once said that he would not be satisfied with any little fool petty-larceny racket.

"I can count over among my own acquaintances a hundred I should cackle-late who had as good opportunities to acquire a prominent position in life as I did, but they would druther catch catfish and curse their future with ignorance and vice. Had they applied themselves while young, they might as well have been in the Legislature as I for they possessed the same natural heaven born genius that I did if they had improved it as they ort.

"When I was young I tackled the more difficult branches with great ardor and before I was nineteen years old could reduce fractions to a common denominator readily with one hand tied behind me.

"Do not dispise learning. Men stand in Congress to-day as the result of thorough and studious labor in school who otherwise would perhaps be unknown, unhonored and unprung. They worked hard at school while other boys were out at recess. They toiled on at noon eating their bread and cold beef with one hand while with the other they worked out their sums in algebray.

"If George Washington had neglected his studies in his youth, where would he have been to day? He would have filled an unknown grave, instead of resting in a stone milk-house at Mount Vernon with hundreds of Americans coming there day after day to shed the scalding weep over him. Adams & Jefferson, Forepaugh, Alexander the Great, Jesse James & Queen Victoria were all alike poor boys, but they acquired a nollidge of the spelling book and slate early in their lives and now they are well heeled.

"The pen is might'er than the soard and a thorough nollidge of grammar is better than a farrow cow in fly time. If it was the last words I could utter I would say: Get wealth if you can, but if you can't, get an education and marry rich." —Nye's Boomerang.

### A Lady's Complaint Against the Customs.

A lady fashionably attired called upon Deputy-Collector David W. Gray at the Custom-house, and said she had a silk dress which she desired to send to her dress-maker in France for certain alterations, and wished to know if she could do so and have it returned free of duty. When the dress was made and sent her from Paris full duty was paid, and she thought it ought to be her privilege to send it back for the necessary changes without being required to make further payment. Mr. Gray politely informed her that the Customs laws made no provision to meet the case as she desired it, and as he was governed altogether by those laws, he could see no way for her to escape the duty. The decision thus given excited her greatly. She expressed herself freely concerning the injustice of the Government and left in a huff. —Baltimore Day.

—Fish cakes: Take any sort of cooked fish, well picked from the bones, and mince it. Put the heads, fins and bones into a stew-pan with sufficient water or stock to cover them; add one or two onions, some herbs and a little pepper and salt. Now put to the fish a third part of bread crumbs, a little chopped onions and parsley, and season with white pepper, salt and a little mace, if liked. Mix these ingredients well together, and then make into small cakes with white of egg, a little melted butter and anchovy sauce. Fry a nice brown, keeping a plate over the top while doing. Strain off the fish stock, thicken it with butter and flour, add catsup and a glass of white wine, then put it back into the stew-pan with the cakes and simmer gently for a quarter of an hour.

### The President of the Lime-Kiln Club on Slang.

"If Brudder Pizarro Grant am in de hall to-night he will please step for'd," began the old man as Samuel Shin struck the triangle and sent its quivering notes dancing along the ceiling.

Brother Pizarro was present, and he stepped, his eyes having a squint of alarm and his knees losing their sand with every motion.

"Brudder Grant," continued the President, "you am a young man on de doah-step of life; you war wery tight pants an' a wery short coat, an' a wery narrow hat, and you look decidedly wretch-er-chee. De great world am befo' you. If you begin right, no man dares bet two to one dat you won't sit in a Governor's cha'r befy' you am fifty. If you begin wrong it will be safe to bet 1,600 to nuffin' dat you will bring up in State Prison befo' you am ten y'ars older."

"Yes, sah, Ize tryin' to start right," said Pizarro, as Brother Gardner stopped to swallow a pint of water.

"I hope so—I hope so, but I doubt it, Brudder Grant. Ize had my eye on you fur some leetle time back. I doan' tink you would lie or steal or burgler or forge, but you has fallen into one very bad habit. De odder day you met a friend in front of my cabin, an' when he axed if you war gwine on de excursion you replied dat you would 'gasp to gurgle.' On anoder occashun I heard you remark dat you would 'nix to murmur.' Again, you observed dat you would 'sigh to stiffe. Only an hour ago you told Waydown Beebe to 'cheese it,' an' you advised Pickles Smith to 'bet his sweet life.' What does all dese sings mean, Brudder Grant?"

"I doan' know," replied the victim, as he stood on one leg and scratched his head.

"Nor I, either. Ize looked up de Latin an' French an' German an' Greek languages, but I can't find any sich expreshun as 'hire a hall,' 'see you in de grave-yard,' or 'I should smile.' Why do you make use of 'em?"

"I doan' know."

"Den stop it! If plain English am not good 'nuff for you to 'spress your thoughts in, I'arn Spanish or Chinese. It am all right for a sweet young gal who has been frew college to remark dat she would titter to grin, but sich 'spresshuns doan' sound well comin' from a young man. If I should go home to-night an' tell my ole woman dat I would perspire to eventuate, or lithograph to animosity, she'd look me straight in de eye fur thirty seconds an' den would come a climax, in which my hat, head an' a broomstick would be all mixed up.

"Return to your seat Brudder Grant; go back an' sot down wid a determination to avoid slang an' do your talkin' squar' from de shoulder. When you git tired of beef go into a grocery an' ax fur codfish in plain English, an' doan' use any mo' oratory dan am necessary to secure full weight an' git rid of a quarter wid a hole in it. We will now purceed to split de reg'lar order of bizness down de back an' let out de sleeves. —Detroit Free Press.

—The Gazette Maritime de Commerce, in its news regarding ocean disasters, relates the following curious example of the formidable power of molecular forces: The Italian ship Francesea, loaded with rice, put into port on May 11, at East London, leaking considerably. A large force of men was at once put on board to pump out the water contained in the ship and to unload her; but, in spite of all the activity exerted, the bags of rice soaked in water gradually and swelled up. Two days afterward, on May 13, the ship was violently burst asunder by the swelling of her cargo.