

COD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE.

PRAISE THE LORD.

LETTER FROM GEORGE O. BARNES

PENSACOLA, FLA., APRIL 4, 1888.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Wonderful for fish, is this Pensacola. Pretty name that, by the way. Of Indian origin, it is, keeping alive the title of a tribe, long since blotted out. "The Pensacolas" are as extinct as the dodo, or as the bison soon will be, unless our Uncle Samuel makes up his mind to keep them from extermination in his great national preserve, the Yellowstone Park.

But the fish, I began with. There are monsters of from 100 to 200 pounds of what is known as the Warsaw variety—excellent for the table when served in steaks. Then, leading all others for general utility, the incomparable Red Snapper, from five to 50 pounds. Then the Spotted Guinea, five to 15, a superb fish, like a Sea-bass of the North. Then the Amber Jack, as near like a salmon as can be, and as game. Then the salt water Trout, from three to ten pounds; as toothsome almost as its speckled brother of fresh water. Sheep-Heads are known by all gourmands. And Pompano and Spanish Mackerel, rarely delicate. Then the smaller kinds—Black Groupers and White Groupers, shaped like our Sun-perch, with others too numerous to mention, fill out the list. Mullet, the commonest of all and most eaten, I do not mention, though it would be esteemed a good fish, were there not a dozen varieties much better.

At one haul of the seine, at a picnic given by our good captain, the fishermen brought to land seven different kinds, deliciously edible, and two or three kinds that were thrown back as not worth putting in the pot.

To one not accustomed to the "abundance of the sea," the fish "takes" are really wonderful. We often go down to see the fishing smacks discharging their finny treasures, to be packed in huge ice-boxes in the warehouse and afterwards shipped by rail as needed. One hundred and fifty pounds, with appropriate icing, are sent off in a flour barrel. Two hundred pounds in a sugar ditto. At present the beautiful Red Snapper are in greatest abundance. Fancy a gold fish of 10 or 15 pounds weight and you have the average Red Snapper of the Southern waters.

Capt. Peterson left home last Friday week, to be back the following Monday. The floods that caught Pat Jr., and made him a close prisoner at Montgomery for three days, also detained our friend. He gives us quite a thrilling account of his various attempts to break through the cordon of encircling waters. North, south, east and west, he went out on every prospecting engine. But all in vain. At last, he came in 12 hours later than Pat, who quietly waited till the first train went through, and by a very round about route. He, however, had the pleasure, his greatest in life, I believe, of helping poor women and children, to get something to eat, when almost starving on delayed trains; and by his cheery courage and ready help, got trains over had places where they would otherwise have hopelessly stuck. He is so full of sailorly resource, that he must have been an unspeakable blessing wherever he went. And his various sallies in search of liberty brought him in contact with many cases of distress and need. We were cut off from our mail for four days, which was our little trial, among the greater ones suffered by others. It was an unexampled period of high water and will entail frightful loss on some of the railroads. Things are resuming their regular flow once more and no more trouble is apprehended.

Yesterday we all took a sail at Pat Sr.'s expense, across the bay and up the Santa Rosa sound for 14 miles. "Capt. Jack's" yacht-sloop, the "Phantom," took in twice seven of us. The day was charming; the wind fair, the lunch abundant, and consciences light and good. I have rarely enjoyed a day more. We went three miles beyond the "Quarantine." Santa Rosa Sound is that lovely sheet of water, averaging a mile in width, that separates Santa Rosa Island from the mainland. S. R., as previously mentioned, is a little over 40 miles long, by about half a mile wide, and a mere succession of white sand hillocks. A few groves of stunted pines, at irregular intervals; innumerable patches of furze bushes (closely resembling English furze, but thornless); clumps of palmetto in the low swales between the sand hills; and, for the rest, white sand, resembling drifted snow, the whitest I ever saw. The glare would soon produce what is known as "snow blindness" in the Arctic regions. Only one of our party had green spectacles, and this dazzling glare was the only trial of the day.

The sloop came to anchor 50 yards from land and the little yawl transferred us to shore, by instalments. Then we struck across the island, here half a mile wide, for the blue waters of the Gulf. It was hot work, wading through the palmettos, with a treacherous crust that

barely supported our weights; and then over the yielding sands. But we made it at last, and then, mounting the last row of hillocks—Oh! Oh! Who can describe the open sea, rolling in upon its shore with measured beat; waters like molten glass; restless as sin, and as attractive; voices from afar that change and grow upon you as you listen, trying to interpret, but ever mocking inquiry, as to "what the wild waves are saying." I do not know yet which I like best, the thunder beats of the angry surf, that shakes the ground you stand on, or the gentle "swish" of the softly-coming tide, that seems to have no peril in it. Nor have I decided yet whether I like either; when I think of how it lullies and blusters, or deceitfully whispers by turns. It is so beautiful, so cruel. So glorious; so horrible. Blame me not for inconsistency. It is, in heaven, the same. There we have a "sea of glass;" and there—one joy of it—"there shall be no more sea." They cannot have heaven, even, with it or without it. From which I infer, that, once the terrible, the dreadful winnowed from it, the beautiful, the glorious sea, as God once made it, not as the devil has unmade it, shall be the eternal "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

To look at this expanse of water, clear as crystal to the beach, because nothing but snowy sand to roll up upon; to feast the eyes on its neutral tints, veiled with the glare of the hot shore; then to lie down upon the dry, soft, white sand, where many storms have thrown up a drift of shells, and select at leisure those that please you most, from the dozens of delicate varieties; while you turn again and again from this to feast the eyes upon the incoming waves, dashing gently, not spitefully, almost to your feet; perhaps this is about as luxurious a bit of sensations titillation as falls to the lot of sinful mortals.

Returning we had to "beat" out of the sound, a short tack to windward and a long stretch to leeward, in nautical parlance, till we weathered the point at the mouth; then fair wind and a grand run home. Had we picked the 365 days of the year, a more perfect one for a pleasant sail could hardly have been found. "Capt. Jack" and his buoyant craft, the "Phantom," "did us proud" that happy day. It was worth much to those of us who want to get strong and well again. I would not take \$1,000 in gold for what I have regained in these 25 days at Pensacola. I don't feel like the man that didn't dare to lift his hand-satchel out of the car, lest his back should break again. Praise the LORD!

And I am really enthusiastic about this glorious climate, for invalids of all kinds. I can speak of it experimentally, for March and April. Others say it is grand all the year round. And I can well believe them. Capt. Peterson says he has not met a single case of malarial disease in the 17 years of his residence here. The yellow fever can only be imported. So it may go to New York. To originate here is impossible. There is nothing to start it. And now that quarantine arrangements are inexorable, there is as little danger of its getting in here as in New York or Philadelphia. It has been, in lax sanitary days, in both those cities. We saw two barques from the Mediterranean in quarantine yesterday. No sickness on board; only filthy ballast that they will not allow to be taken to the city. All has to be dumped at quarantine; vessels thoroughly fumigated and white-washed; and only then allowed to come to the city for their lading. All this precaution, lest the possible germs of disease might impregnate the ship's ballast and be communicated on shore, when the summer's sun strikes it.

The wharves and all the bay front of the city are ballast-built. What a hotch-potch it is, to be sure. Granite from Norway; lava from Naples; soapstone from Finland; clay from Germany; and other earths and stones from other far-away places. One load of ballast came from Australia last week. Isn't it queer? Almost unquarry.

To-day I went down with Pat—*per se* *à la*—to the Navy Yard. Pat, Jr., went on to Pickens to see Geronimo and his braves; his father and I to the National Cemetery to see if the grave of his brother-in-law, who died in '61 or '62, in the Confederate service, could be identified or traced. Once before he had made unsuccessful search. This time we were rewarded. The obliging keeper of the cemetery had unearthed the records and the desired clue was furnished. It was pathetic, to stand over a square block of stone, labelled 1,129, and then to look over the hundreds of others, most of them marking unknown graves, as this had done, till to-day, and to think of the buried bones and hearts lying under the dumb sod; 1,554 in all, to date, lie in the neat enclosure. About ten acres are surrounded by a substantial wall; and the place is thoroughly well kept. The stars and stripes are flying from a tall flag-staff in the centre. My friend was greatly relieved to make this discovery and will send an appropriate monument to mark the spot more fittingly than "1,129" can do. This kinsman by marriage, who lies in this cemetery, is a grandson of the great John J. Crittenden and his name—

—J. Crittenden Coleman. He died at Pensacola soon after the civil war began and up to this day his family have not known just where he was buried. A melancholy satisfaction, to find his grave; but still far, far better than not to know. Capt. Roche, in the paymaster's office here, showed us the kindest courtesy, walking out with us through the blazing sun and over the hot, sandy road to the cemetery; and in every way showing the heartiest sympathy with Mr. Joyce in his search. The keeper of the cemetery, a pensioner of government, who was disabled from active service by a wound received in frontier service, most obligingly did all he could; and to him we were largely indebted for the search in the old record books, that gave the needed clue. He takes great pride in keeping the place in exquisite order, and Uncle Sam gets the worth of his money in Mr. Shea, superintendent of the National Cemetery—Warrington.

Pat Jr. was delighted with his visit to the Indians, as I knew he would be.

These frequent jaunts on the bay are very health-giving and delightful. Tomorrow we want, if the weather permits, to go across to the life-saving station, Santa Rosa Island. Next day to Chico Bay to spend one last day with our dear, noble captain. Saturday we go, God willing, to Mississippi City, 50 miles this side of New Orleans.

Ever in Jesus, G. O. BARNES.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Drs. Brown and Lovell successfully removed two large tumors from the throat of a little negro Saturday.

—James McFerran threshed a negro who was attempting to take a walking came from him at Livingston a few days since.

—We learn from the Courier-Journal that R. M. Eldridge, who left here on Thursday for Missouri, was married to Miss Nancy M. Babbitt by Justice Keigwin in Jeffersonville. The newly married couple left immediately for the West.

—John Ferguson, a young man aged about 22, disappeared from his home near this place last Thursday and no tidings have been received from him since. His mother and family are greatly distressed over his absence and silence.

—We regret to learn that M. T. Craft has severed his connection with the Lebanon Enterprise to follow other pursuits. We understand he goes to Pineville to practice his profession, the law. He deserves the best, no matter where he goes.

—A. R. McLean, of Livingston, was up Friday. Mrs. W. L. Owens is improving. Perry White has returned from a prospecting tour in Bell county. Engineer J. W. Flowers is out on the train this week. George Sutton left Friday for St. Jo, Mo. John Mize will start Friday for Macon City, same State. Mark Hardin, of your place, was with us Sunday.

—George Mullins, an old colored man, who had quite a varied experience during the late war, having been taken south and sold no less than three times making his escape and returning to his old home, is yet living near town. It is related here by many reliable witnesses that George many years since, for the consideration of a quart of whisky, picked up a live black snake and bit off the serpent's head while it was yet busily licking out its tongue. He afterwards killed a number in like manner for the amusement of crowds who desired to see the performance. Fact.

The Stanford Interior Journal will remember the local item in its last issue concerning Henry Nall, the inventor of a— It that individual don't get rich in Lincoln county he will certainly die a-trotting some wee patient on his knee.—[Richmond Register.]

A bullet fired from a rifle in the hands of a boy at Lynn, Mass., killed a sparrow, wounded a cat, went through the hat of a pedestrian, broken a valuable vase and shivered a \$50 mirror, and yet the boy called it a poor day for shooting.—[Detroit Free Press.]

—At an election under the local option law in Prairie Township, Holmes county, O., a majority of nearly 300 was given in favor of prohibition out of a total vote of 326.

Being More Pleasant
To the taste, more acceptable to the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. One bottle will prove its merits.
For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Syrup of Figs
Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal.
For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—John Stagles was tried before Judge Boringe, adjudged insane and taken to the Asylum at Anchorage last week.

—Four prisoners escaped from our jail last week, two moonshiners Monday and two murderers Saturday. Yet the jail is in good condition.

—Deputy United States Marshals Rogers and Maggard arrived here Sunday evening with six moonshine prisoners and a lot of witnesses from Breathitt county.

—J. A. Craft was in Louisville and R. M. Jackson in Barbourville last week. Mr. Osborne, agent at Altamont, was here Sunday. M. T. Craft, of Lebanon, is visiting his mother. Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hubert left Sunday on a visit to her parents in Breathitt county.

—Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, while Gran Johnson, deputy jailer, was having a colored prisoner, Jake Dees, carry out the slop buckets, Dees threw the buckets down and made a dash for liberty. Johnson gave him a lively chase, firing three shots and capturing him about a mile from town. Johnson on leaving the jail left the door open and Sam Burnard, awaiting a new hearing and under a ten years' sentence, and Wm. Crawford, held for murderer, without bail, made their escape, going in the direction of Williamsburg. Burnard is 6 feet 2 inches high, about 32 years old, smooth face, dark complexion and eyes. Crawford is over 6 feet tall, full face, small moustache, blue eyes and light complexion. Both poorly clad. Several years ago Burnard assaulted a young woman, and bearing arrest, blew out her brains with a revolver. By some look or crook he failed to do the rope act and went free until last summer, when he killed his brother-in-law and was tried and sentenced for ten years, and was still in jail waiting for the courts to give him a new trial. Poor old Jake Dees only threw a rock at a train and has never been so fortunate as to kill his man, made a bold attempt to get away, but Gran could not afford to do without him.

—The Chesapeake & Ohio reorganization, or something else, has run its common stock down to 1 1/2 cents.

—Jacob Sharp, the New York millionaire, whose name became notorious through his bribing New York aldermen to grant him a railroad franchise on Broadway, is dead at last. There have been rumors of his probable demise during and ever since his trial, it was thought for effect, but it seems that the old man was deeply in earnest.

—Fountain Land and his cousin Sally were brought before the Madison Circuit Court, charged with unlawful cohabitation. The proof was dead against them, but they got clear of the penalty in such cases made and provided by incurring a worse penalty—taking each other for better or worse. A handy square tied the knot right then and there.

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Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 45 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it—Trial bottle free at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 33 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from pain and soreness and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, 50c each at A. R. Penny's Drug Store."

SALT.

Seven-bushel barrels at \$1.75 at 1500 Hamilton, Rowland.

THOMAS D. NEWLAND

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the democracy.

JUDGE W. S. PRYOR,

Is a Candidate for re-election as Judge of the Court of Appeals from this, the 1st District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

A CARD.

Parties who wish legitimate, steady, work come will address Hawkeye, Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE. My House and Lot of 1 1/2 Acres, at the Soar-barn, large garden, good house and all the out-buildings, fruit trees, &c. Adjoining Henry and Smith Baughman. I want \$500 for it, which is very cheap. Alex. Martin, Stanford.

FOR SALE.

House and 25 Acres Land
Two miles South of Stanford on Neal's Creek. Address me at Carlisle, Ky. W. CRAIG.

S. C. DAVIS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

MT. VERNON, KY.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children. 27-4.

To Farmers of Lincoln and Casey.

I have bought the "Pride of Nelson" Stiles' patent. We can save you 50 per cent. on square rail fence—we will make your old post-and-rail fence stand as long after it falls down as it has stood, and stronger than it ever was for five cents per panel. A. B. MCKINNEY, Casey, Ky. W. F. MCKINNEY, Agent, Stanford.

F. BRID, S. G. HOCKER, SEC. A. C. SINE, SUPT.

STANFORD

PLANING MILL COMPANY

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Weatherboarding, Ceiling, Finishing Lumber, Mouldings, Sash, Etc. Sash, Doors and Blinds always in stock.

MILLINERY!

We have received and are daily receiving our elegant line of Spring Millinery. We have left nothing undone to make our stock first-class throughout. Besides our Millinery, we will have a well selected line of Embroidery Material. Call and examine our stock. Store on Lancaster at 10 COURTS & CO.

SADDLERY!

J. T. HARRIS has opened on Lancaster st., next door to the Interior Journal office, a first-class stock of saddlery goods, which he will sell privately during the week and on every Saturday and court day will hold auctions, where he will dispose of all kinds of harness and saddlery goods.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect fit Guaranteed. Give him a Trial.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Is Receiving His

MERCHANT TAILOR,

H. C. RUDPLEY,

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H. C. RUDPLEY,

FOR RENT.

House and lot on Duvalville pike, near toll-gate, lately vacated by W. M. Zimone. Four acres of land in lot and garden. Apply to A. D. ROOT, Stanford, Ky.

LUMBER YARD!

I have purchased the lumber yards of Messrs. George D. Weaver and J. M. Bruce and will open a big yard at the one purchased by Mr. Weaver. Besides lumber in rough and dressed, I will carry a large line of window sashes, doors and shingles, laths, posts and the picket fence formerly sold by Mr. Weaver. S. G. HOCKER 13-137

DR. W. E. PENNY. FRANK V. HERBERT, D. D. S.

Penny & Herbert,

DENTISTS,

Office on Lancaster st., opposite the court-house. All work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT.

The greatest reduction in prices ever known at WALTER FIELDS' first-class shoeing and repair shop. Thanking my friends for their past favors I solicit the same in the future. All kinds of work done in the best of style and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay. Anything in iron or wood that you want give me a trial and be convinced. WALTER FIELDS, Turnersville.

1871. 1888. Lebanon Planing Mill,

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Frames, Casings, Base Mouldings, Mantels, Brackets, Cornices, Stairs, Newels, Balusters, Verandas, Store Fronts, Shelving, Counters, Flooring, Siding, Shingles, Laths, Rough and Dressed Lumber. Send for prices before buying elsewhere.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

W. H. JACKSON & CO., PROP'RS.

LONDON, KY.

Good turnouts and saddle horses always for hire on reasonable terms. London is the most convenient point on the railroad to reach places in the mountain section of the State.

A. OFFUTT, Proprietor, - - LEBANON, KY.

Good turnouts and saddle horses always for hire on reasonable terms.

London is the most convenient point on the railroad to reach places in the mountain section of the State.

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SHIRT,

The Best in the

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR,

4th and Main,

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NEWCOMB HOTEL.

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop., Mt. Vernon, Ky.

JACKSON HOUSE.

LONDON, KENTUCKY.

CAPT. FRANK B. RILEY, PROPRIETOR.

Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished, First-class Fare and Reasonable Prices. Day and night Trains are met by Police Porters of this Popular House. 207-4.

R. S. MARTIN. BROOKHEAD, KY., MAY, 1887.

Albright & Martin beg to inform their many friends and customers of the change in firm name to

MARTIN & PERKINS,

The new firm hopes not only to sustain the reputation of the old, but intends to make many improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which will be to the interest of our customers. We will devote special attention to our Natural Leaf brands