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In 1870 we carried a stock of about \$5,000. In 1887 we carry a stock of about \$750,000.

This is a record that has had few parallels in the business annals of the country.

Truth, honesty, exceptionally low prices and close and personal attention to our business are the factors by which may be attributed the result.

We open this season under more favorable auspices and with much more enthusiasm than ever before and beg to direct the readers' attention to our extraordinary display of

WINTER WRAPS.

- Wool Newmarkets from \$3.50 to \$20.00
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And 100 distinct styles of Misses and Children's Cloaks beginning as low down as \$1.25 and up to \$14.00. Our

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is filled to repletion with all the latest novelties at ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES!

J. BACON & SONS,

425, 427, 429 E. Market St., above Preston, LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. H. MCKNIGHT & CO

Entrance 328 and 330 Main and 231 Fourth Ave. Mr. McKnight is now in the Eastern markets shipping us the latest and finest productions of the American and European looms in

Wilton, Moquette, Velvet, Body and Tapestry Brussels and Ingrain Carpets, Oriental and Smyrna Rugs and Carpets, Lace and Portiere Curtains and Decorative Art Goods.

We are now better prepared than ever to exhibit our stock, which is the largest and best we have ever shown.

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DRESS-MAKING AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

DESIRES to inform my friends and the public generally that I have opened a purchasing agency in connection with my Dress-Making Department, and would respectfully solicit my friends to call and confer with me in the purchase of goods, and also to give me their entire satisfaction with any order entrusted to me. I charge you no commission, and desire for suitable and suitable goods.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER.

WEDDING TROUSSEAU. Made up in the latest and most fashionable styles. A specialty. By permission will refer to the following persons: T. F. Eaton, D. C. H. Hahn, General Manager Northern News Co.; C. E. Overstreet, Golden Inn; J. D. Gilman, Western Reporter. Jan 1. 1887. 108 W. Jefferson street, Louisville, Ky.

BAPTIST SONGS.

[PRICE REDUCED.] The best, cheapest and most popular collection ever published for the use of Baptist Churches. Contains about two hundred of the old favorite songs, and about forty of the latest and best. In full cloth, single copy, postage paid, \$ 20. Fifty copies, " " " 2 00. Fifty copies, " " " 7 50. A. C. CAPERTON & CO., Louisville, Ky.

MOROUGH BUSINESS EDUCATION.

THE LOUISVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE. STRATTON Corner Third and Jefferson Sts., LOUISVILLE, KY. ENTRANCE, No. 406 THIRD STREET. MOROUGH, B. W. DENNARD, WHITEHART, TELEGRAPHY AND ENGLISH TRAINING. For Catalogue address Chicago as above.

WHEELER CARRIAGE CO.

Main bet. Eighth and Ninth Sts., LOUISVILLE, KY. MANUFACTURERS OF FINE VEHICLES.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made working for BABOUCHE, STURGES, BUGGIES, FLETCHERS, Etc. Respectfully invite their friends and customers to call on them, and which they are offering at low prices than the same quality cars can be purchased in any market, south by

The country had been trained to simple ways and honest, frugal, and we learn what a dollar is worth by actually earning it, under the laws of imperative necessity, has a tremendous advantage over the town. The country school is the inferior to the town or city school, not only for its curriculum, but for the fact that the country boy is trained to work from the time he can pick up corn cobs to run the kitchen stove till he goes out to his own home. The country boy has a mile or so of walk to and from school, which gives him vigorous appetite and health. The country boy or girl is face to face with practical realities. He sees how slowly money is made on the farm, he is brought from youth up the nature of saving; he has the nature of saving first explained to him every day in the week; he is not exposed to the temptations of the saloon or ball-room, he is not tempted to be a ladies' man before he has come to use a name on his downy cheeks. He may be a trifle rude, he may get lonely in company; but in the long, lonely years of his life, he has had such a hard struggle to school, barroomed in summer and stogie in winter, whose mother cuts his hair with the sheep-shears, that lends the chap that goes to the city school with the richest shirt and fancy alpines, and whose head is shaved with the lawn-mower in the barber-shop. Such has been our observation, and we think we know what we are talking about. Speaking from experience, we never see a boy with such a sturdy as those we devoured while the homes were reeling at the end of the plow land. The boys we envied forty years ago, because they wore cambric trousers, taught at the school, have dropped so far back in the race that we have almost forgotten them. The daps who had plenty of money at college, and the city-bred fellows, have not been, as a rule, heard from since; while the boys who were plain clothes and kept close to their books in the old college, are leading the thought in Iowa and other States to-day.

A Born Lady. An aged truckman bent under the weight of his good carpet. He had tucked his feet under the seat and staid into the gutter out of his reach. Twenty little clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament, and smiled at the look of bewilderment. Nodding ventured to speak to him, and the old man's young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the look in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the clerk. The clerk, who had been looking at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter, where it lay for some time. The young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the look in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the clerk. The clerk, who had been looking at each other and at the fair young woman. The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter, where it lay for some time. The young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the look in her dainty, gloved fingers, and handed it to the clerk.

Things were getting exciting. Three boys and two girls outside. Although he felt pretty sure what the answer would be, for this was no new subject of discussion in the Howard family, Jack could wait no longer. So he plunged into the matter. "I say, grandma, the fellow that was with you, was he a man down at the store with I can hear one for ten cents an hour." "But, my child," interrupted grandma, "you know it isn't money your father cares about. It is money he puts to yourself, but to others that he fears. Aren't you captain of 'our nine' now, and didn't mamma make you a pretty lawn tennis suit last week? Can't you be satisfied with safe pleasures, that will not endanger the lives of yourself and your friends?" "Bah!" said naughty Jack; "women are always filled with it; what did they know about risks?" "But, my child, papa is not a woman, and he says it is your father and not your mother who is the prudent you can't be trusted with such a dangerous thing. He said this morning that you were not to be allowed to go with a boy who had a rifle, as we would not let what sad accident might happen."

"Le-lie-hoe!" came once more through the spring air, so impudently that Jack picked up his hat and rushed out of doors to have a discussion with his chums, who all apparently separated, and Jack, cross and dissatisfied, sat on the back piazza, refusing even the large piece of cake mamma brought to coax him back to good humor and compensate for his disappointment. Just as the clock struck four he might have been seen cautiously creeping out of the side gate, not striking in his usual manner, whistling a merry tune, but smacking down the back street, where on the corner waited Chester Brown and Bob White, each with the rifle which he had hired without his parents' consent. After some urging Ned Bartlett consented to go too and the fun.

It was an afternoon in early spring. Very tree and bush was clothed in its very best sort of delicate green, and as the boys walked through the wood-path, over by the creek and up the side-hill street with "spring air" and "spring eyes" visible, one could not believe they were going on so cruel an errand. Although they seemed a "happy-go-lucky" set, they were not so happy-go-lucky as they seemed. Why? Because dissatisfaction made their hearts feel heavy as lead. Although Jack would not acknowledge it for anything, there was a big lump in his throat; but then, when Chester Brown had promised to lend him his rifle, and he was going to find a good time for once, he said to himself, Just then a robin began his cheery tune right over their heads. This was a mere mad to his busy mind; but when he was thinking for the first time what he was to begin their early spring housekeeping.

"Bang!" went Chester Brown's rifle. "Bang, bang!" answered Bob White, and they had the satisfaction of feeling they had performed a great feat. Two big boys had shot one little bird, which lay quivering and dying at their feet; their tender souls unfinished forever. Now, Jack was not altogether a bad boy, and his heart was always somewhat suffering. When he saw the death throes of this robin, in his excitement he matched the rifle from Chester Brown's hand to put the bird out of its agony. "He said I was to kill one, and I did it," he said to himself. Just then in the confusion, Ned Bartlett stooped to pick up the robin, and, quicker than it can be told, Jack shot his friend. "Did he die?" you ask, horror-stricken. "He did die?" you ask, horror-stricken. "He did die?" you ask, horror-stricken. "He did die?" you ask, horror-stricken.

Our Little Folks. THE CRUISE OF THE FLEET. The children are down by the shallows at the water's edge. They are setting their feet to the ripple and foam. How slight is the current that bears it home! How light is the spray that bathes it home! There are three curly heads all alert for the boat. There are six dimpled knees in the sun and the sand. And O, what a shout, what a fervent embrace, when the frail little vessel comes safely to land! Their father's smile who rides on the main. He rides in a vessel that laughs in the breeze; his feet are bent back by the ripples, and his hand is the arm that steadies the main. And what is the arm that steadies the main? It is the arm that steadies the main. It is the arm that steadies the main. It is the arm that steadies the main.

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Household and Farm

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Do not be alarmed at the raising of blood from the lungs. It is one of the very earliest symptoms of consumption...

Removing the Horns. To take the horns of the calves, a correspondent of an exchange says as follows: "The operation of deborning a calf is so simple, and so easily performed, that one feels almost ashamed to describe it for publication..."

General Hints. The women of Kentucky who are harvesting the grain was cut with sickles as it was 2,000 years ago, and is threshed with flail.

Deaths. Multiple announcements were made of deaths in various parts of the county. Mrs. Barbara L. Willet, at her home, Carlisle, Ky., on the 18th inst., at the age of 87 years...

It was an old original doctrine that women have no souls. They might as well philosophize on such a subject as they would on the question of the existence of God.

It is ridiculous to talk about the "exhausted land" in the West. The soil is not exhausted, but it is not being properly cultivated.

It is a well known fact that the soil in the West is not exhausted, but it is not being properly cultivated. The soil is not exhausted, but it is not being properly cultivated.

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Mrs. Maria K. Geary, nee Moore, died at her home in Carlisle, Ky., on the 18th inst., at the age of 87 years. She was a well known farmer and a member of the Baptist church.

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