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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."
VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JANUARY 13, 1875. NO. 2.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year... \$ 2 00
Ten copies, one year... 10 00
Twenty copies, one year... 20 00
An additional copy, free of charge, to the
getter-up of a club of ten or twenty.

MOUNT TABOR.

On Tabor's bright a glory came,
And, shined in cloud of lambent flame,
The awe-struck, hushed disciples saw
Christ and the prophets of the law.

Loved him to be painting then. Was it
in remembrance of some one else that Sir
Arthur had named his youngest child
"Maria?"

"I think their fault lay in looking at
the dark side of things, instead of the
bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself
at present. You will keep turning to
that gloomy point, where the scenery is
all obscure, nothing bright but the great
moon itself; and that shined right in your
face."

The voice was Sir Arthur Saxony's.
Maria paused in her speech, and Mr
Yorkie unwillingly retired towards the
drawing-room. Raby, in the frenzy of
the moment, darted up the end steps,
staring her by his sudden appearance.

It is impossible for some men to be near
such beauty and not suffer from it once
in their lives.
"Very suddenly," returned Mrs. Ash-
ton, in a marked tone, made tart for the
benefit of Maria.

He was not ill when he was here. He was not
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when he was here.

THE WEDDING TRUCK PLACE.
Although they were in truth but children,
he not 19 she just 15. One evening at 8
o'clock, I saw from my cotter the pretty
bride, attended by her sister and a bevy
of fair young girls, accompanied by papa
and mamma with a crowd of friends, set
off for the church. She returned with
the bridegroom, the happy, loveliest
creature I ever gazed on; and there was
music, and dancing and feasting, and
laughter, all night long in the brilliant
house. About a year later, all was dark-
ness and tears, and the wedding truck
place had been six days old—one-half
of the newly born children of Cuba tall
victims to this terrible malady—and the
young mother lived but a week after its
burial, carried off by a galloping con-
sumption, a dream of a life.

MARIA SAXONYBURY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.
AUTHOR OF "RUBY LENSE," "VERNE'S PRIDE,"
"THE MYSTERY," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"
"THE CHAMBERLAIN," "A LIFE'S
SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER III.

MARIA SAXONYBURY.

The golden light of the setting sun was
falling on a golden room. It is scarcely
wrong to call it such, for the color pre-
vailing in it was that of gold. Gold-
colored satin curtains cushioned chairs,
gilt cornices, mirrors in gilded frames,
gilded consoles whose elate of the richest
lapis lazuli cloze with costly topaz, paint-
ings in rich enclosures, and golden orna-
ments. Altogether the room looked a blaze
of gold. The large window opened upon
a wide terrace, on which rose in the heart
of the wind, its glittering spray dancing
in the sunlight, and beyond that terrace
was a fair domain, stretched out far and
wide; the domain of Sir Arthur Saxony-
bury.

"As it is for me," observed Maria. "I
was there once, when a little girl, but I
remember nothing of it. A cross woman,
half governess, half maid, who was hired
to talk Italian to us, is all my recollection
of the place. Last year and the year be-
fore, when we were wasting our time in
Paris and at the baths of Germany, doing
mamma more harm than good, I urged
them to go to Rome, but nobody listened
to me. I have an idea that I shall be
disappointed whenever I do go. We are
always, when we expect so much."

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the dark side of things, instead of the
bright," laughed Maria. "Like yourself
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all obscure, nothing bright but the great
moon itself; and that shined right in your
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CHAPTER IV.
THE BLOW TELLING HOME.
In December, business took Sir Arthur
Saxonybury to London. He paid a visit to
the artist Coram, but he did not see Raby.
His easel and chair were there, but the
former had no work in its frame, and the
chair was empty.

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A PICTURE FROM LIFE.
A young man just entering upon life.
The only son of his mother, and she was
a widow. He had sisters, fair and gentle
girls, who labored hard with the needle
to earn a comfortable support for their
old mother and themselves.

LOVE-MAKING IN CUBA.

A Very Pretty Picture of the Pro-
cess—Romance of the Ozotea.

Havana Letter to Chicago Tribune.

Last summer two sisters, who lived im-
mediately opposite—there in that low
house—used to come to the terrace nearly
every evening at sunset. They were
about 18 and 15 years of age, and both
very pretty. The oldest, Lola, was a
black-eyed, raven-haired beauty, with a
well-grown, well-developed form so
common among Cuban women and so
rare among Cuban men. The youngest,
Panchita, was more delicate in make,

"I have been studying the Folly all this
time. It is so fascinating it must look like
the ruined Roman temples we have been
speaking of, as they must look in the light
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A Kitchen Fire Started with \$1-
100 in Greenbacks.

Milwaukee News, Dec. 25th.

H. Grote keeps a saloon and boarding
house at 193 Second street, and, to all ap-
pearances, is doing a good and prosperous
business. He is a thrifty individual, and
is given to operating somewhat in stock-
markets. He doesn't keep, as a usual
thing, a vast amount of money about the
house. Day before yesterday, having a
note against him that was rapidly ap-
proaching maturity, he obtained some-
thing over \$1,100 with which to satisfy it.
Wrapping up this comfortable sum in an
old newspaper, he stowed the bundle
away in a bureau drawer, and where he
intended to let it remain until it was wanted
to liquidate the claim against him. In
his family is a girl, a sister of his wife,
named Melia Merelink, a bright little
fascinating young lady, about nine years
of age. A part of Melia's duties is the kindling of the
matutinal fire, and yesterday morning, as
usual, she was the first one stirring in
the house. Not having enough indus-
trial hands, she remembered the roll
of paper in the drawer, and getting it out
put it in the stove, where she soon had
a beautiful fire in full blast. When the
master of the establishment arose, he
missed the money, and a little inquiry
demonstrated the fact that the \$1,100
had gone "where." In the elegant tan-
gerine of the late lamented James Fitz-
Jr., "the woodbine twined." The state
of the atmosphere in that boarding-house
can be better imagined than described—
the fire was immediately extinguished,
but as it had been under good headway
for at least two hours, the stove was
empty of money as a reporter's pocket-
book.

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