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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., JUNE 9, 1875.

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Published by request.
THIS AWFUL, AWFUL, AWFUL!
A certain judgment for us all.
Death takes the young as well as old,
He takes them in his arms so cold—
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
I saw a youth, the other day,
Just in his prime, he looked so gay,
He trifled all his time away
And dropped into eternity—
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
As he lay on his dying bed,
Ere long he began to dread,
He says, "O Lord! I see my state,
But now I fear it is too late!"
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
His parents both a standing round,
With tears a dropping to the ground,
He says, "O father, pray for me,
For I'm bound for eternity!"
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
His brothers and sisters a standing by,
A saying, "Dear brother, you're a going
to die,
Your days are spent, your pleasure is past,
And you must go to your grave at last!"
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
A few more breaths may be perceived
Before the young man shall take the leave;
"Father and mother, fareyouwell,
I'm dragged by devils down to hell!"
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
His corpse was laid beneath the ground,
With his brothers and sisters a weeping
round,
With aching hearts and trembling minds—
To think their brother in hell confined—
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
Think, young friends, on what you hear,
And try yourselves to be prepared,
Or like this young man you must go
Down to the gates of endless woe!—
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
O what a solemn scene is this,
To witness such a dreadful case!
It makes me shudder at the thought,
He has his own testimony wrought!—
'Tis awful, awful, awful!
A. MADDOX, 1868.

HIS ENEMY TILL DEATH.

A little time ago I read the plot of Sar-
dou's "La Haine."
"La Haine" suggested to my memory a
curious story of real life which I heard not
many years since. It was no lurid theater
story, but a history of passionate real
life. Would you care to read the strange-
ly-twisted story, I wonder? I take it for
granted you would.
There was a tremendous sensation in the
Thirty-first National Bank one morning
at nine o'clock. The sensation was not a
pleasant one. It was of that sort which
makes one feel as though he were sudden-
ly stricken with a chill. The under-clerks
spoke in whispers, as do those who are in
the presence of a dead body, and the sec-
ond assistant moved about with the pale
face and glittering eyes of one who is la-
boring under intense excitement. No one
spoke to him, and the lower clerks glanced
askance at him under their eyebrows.
The cashier of the bank had been ar-
rested the night before, for forgery, and
the second assistant was the one who had
caused the arrest.
Unfortunately the cashier was guilty.
He was a young man of extravagant life,
son of one of the leading stockholders of
the bank, who had put him into the bank
to steady him down and make him learn
business habits. But the young man was
a rich man's spoiled son. According to
the rule of the survival of the fittest there
was no place in the world for him. Pro-
vidence, however, who does not invariably
work according to Darwinian rules, for
reasons best known to himself, let the
youth alive until he had ruined his father,
half broke his mother's heart, and whole-
ly committed a forgery on the Thirty-first
National Bank. The youth's father, for
the sake of the mother, fought desperately
to get him off, to no purpose. The sec-
ond assistant, Birney Graham, pursued
him with an energy which seemed almost
malignity. The defaulter was convicted
and sentenced to proper punishment. It
served him right. I don't apologize for
him. When a thief is caught stealing he
ought to be punished, unless he is starv-
ing and steals a loaf of bread.
The President of the bank had a daugh-
ter, Alice, aged twenty, blonde, petite, as
pretty as a baby, and with the will and
haughty spirit of a Lady Macbeth. That
to cap the rest. She was as pretty as a
baby, as I say, but the Lady-Macbeth will
and spirit to her gave her delicate pink
and white face a look as unlike a baby's
as possible. Indeed, so far from resembling
a baby, Alice Marlay, blonde and petite
as she was, had much the look of a grace-
ful, high-bred, high-spirited boy. This
jaunty, boyish look made her all the more
beautiful, all the more admired. Oh, yes!
Just so! When a pretty girl of eighteen
looks boyish, that's all very fine; when a
middle-aged woman looks mannish, that's
something very different.
But I wander from my strangely-twist-
ed story. I do not wish to do that.
This beautiful, proud, Alice Marlay,
daughter of the bank President, was be-
trothed to the defaulter cashier. On the
morning her betrothal was sent to pun-
ishment a gentleman called to see Alice
Marlay. He was a tall, slender man,
young, to be sure, but with a sharp, cold
face, which wore a faintly-smearing ex-
pression, as though the man doubted
whether there was anything good, or
true, or kind in his life. It was a pain-

ful look for a young man to wear. He
was a handsome man, too, only for the
mocking, cynical look. The man was
Birney Graham, second assistant at the
Thirty-first National Bank, the persons
who had pitilessly pursued the erring
cashier till he was convicted and sen-
tenced. As Birney Graham sat there
now, leaning his cheek against his hand,
gazing steadily out the window, he seemed
a man who would have hunted his own
brother to death, so cold, so merciless he
looked. Surely this man had had a bit-
ter experience of no common sort. The
faintly-smearing expression deepened in
his face as he heard a light footstep ap-
proaching. Was the coldness of his face
the coldness of a stone, of a lava-bed,
died out upon the surface, but smoldering
with volcanic fires beneath? There are
two kinds of cold faces, you know. Bir-
ney Graham bowed profoundly as Alice
Marlay entered the room. She did not
return the bow. She laid one delicate
hand upon the back of a chair, and stood
looking at him with a haughty, angry
face. Each faced the other steadily,
with glittering eye, and there was that in
the look of each which said:
"I stand here your enemy till I die."
Neither said it in so many words,
though. The girl at length spoke first,
and she said this:
"Have you come here for?"
"To see you, Miss Alice—what else?"
"If I had known you were here I
wouldn't have come in," she said.
"I think you would, Miss Marlay," he
answered, calmly.
She shrugged her shoulders impatiently
but did not reply. What she said was
true. Birney Graham seemed to have a
strange, strong power even over people
who did not like him. The sneer deepened
in his face again, and he bowed mockingly.
I came here to receive your expres-
sion of gratitude, Miss Alice, solely. By
my efforts alone I have been enabled to
send a dangerous character to a just pun-
ishment, and at the same time to save
your father's bank no end of loss. I am
sure you must be boundless grateful to
me. To hear you say it with your own
lips—this is why I am here, Miss Alice,
exactly."
He was curiously like a flint, cold and
hard as adamant of itself, but with the
power of striking fire into the heart of
other materials. Alice Marlay flushed,
and then paled again with anger.
"I did not care much after I came to
know him, for him you have hunted
down," she said, in a low, husky voice,
"although he was an angel compared to
you. I knew of what he had done be-
fore you made it public, and I never would
have married him. He was but a poor,
weak creature, blown about by every im-
pulse. The man I marry must be a
strong man. If you thought to wound
me deeply there, you have failed, thank
God! But I hate you, Birney Graham,
as I never thought I could hate any man
being. All my world knew I was
betrayed to that man. This one pities
me, that one laughs at me, another one
says it is good enough for me, because I
thought myself above my betters. My
name is on the tongue of every gossip and
in the newspapers. Oh! I could murder
you."
She covered her face and burst into
tears; not gentle, girlish tears, but pas-
sionate, burning tears.
"You could murder me?" questioned
Birney Graham, coldly. "Do! Death
at your hands would be sweet."
Alice looked up again, her tears dry.
"But for you," she said, "it would have
been hushed up. What was anything I
had ever done to you that you should
have humiliated me like this?"
"I have done nothing but my duty,"
replied the cold, sneering voice of Bir-
ney Graham. "My dear young lady, I
fear you don't understand law. If I had
concealed your friend's misdemeanor,
knowing what he had done, I should have
been held as guilty as he was. It is what
the law calls compounding a felony, Miss
Marlay. It's really strange, but ladies
never will understand law, I think."
"I never thought you worth minding
before," said the girl, in hot, scornful tones.
"But you have caused my name—my name
—Alice Marlay—to be on the tongue of
every gossip in this city. For this, for the
bitter humiliation you have brought on
me, henceforth I pursue you as you
pursued him. You smile your cold, wicked
smile, do you? You shall see what a weak
girl can do. Mark my words, Birney Gra-
ham. From this day forth I shall fight
you till I die."
A faint, almost imperceptible flush rose
into his face at last. "What had you done
to deserve this, Miss Alice? I will tell
you. Years ago, long before that little,
delicate, blonde face of yours began to
haunt idiotic young men, the founder of
your race in America, an iron-faced miser,
took from my ancestor a little home he
had nearly made his own. That was on-
ly the beginning. From that day down
your race has somehow seemed to eat up
mine. Yes, from that day until the same
accursed fate brought me across your path
and caused me to love your fair face, from
the moment I saw it. That would have
been nothing, only you smiled so sweetly
on me that it made me forget that great
gulf which the world placed between us.

You drew me on, a poor, awkward, hon-
est fool, until I had not a thought or a
hope apart from you; then you turned on
me and laughed at me. In one moment
you changed for all time the honey of my
life to the gall of bitterness. Miss Mar-
lay, what had I done to you to deserve
this? Was it all nothing, think you? I
come of Highland blood, and a clansman
never forgets. If you had not done what
you did, if you had not humiliated me and
nearly broken my heart, then I should
have spared you when my turn came. I
have not one regret, understand. If it
were to do over again I would do it over
again. This is what I came here to tell
you."
She raised her arm slowly, as if it had
been a weapon.
"Go out of this house!" she said.
Somehow Birney Graham never prosper-
ed. He was not superstitious, heaven
knows; but sometimes he half confessed to
himself that Alice Marlay's hate seemed
to follow him like an evil eye. Alice Mar-
lay's father was his friend, but Mr. Mar-
lay shortly resigned his Presidency of the
bank and retired from business. A new
President and new officers were chosen,
and Birney Graham lost his place. He
understood how it came about when he
happened to remember that the new Pres-
ident was the father of Alice Marlay's
most intimate friend. What harm could
Alice Marlay do him? he had asked mock-
ingly. He found out what many another
has found out to his sorrow, that a wo-
man can do a man no end of harm when
she sets her head to it.
Birney Graham had no home worth
speaking of. A childless, peevish, old
father, who ate opium, depended on him
for support, while a half-sister, cross and
vixenish, as only a disappointed woman
can be, hung like a mill-stone about his
neck. These two, the peevish father and
the waspish sister, constituted the guar-
dian angels of Birney Graham's home.
Truly, as he had told her once, he had
not so much peace or joy in his life that
Alice Marlay should have thought worth
while to take that little away from him.
He had few friends. He repelled people
by his cynical coldness, and as the time
went on he became more disagreeable
and unmerciful than ever. He said to
himself he did not care whether he had
any friends or not. He told himself a
falseness. He did care. Nobody can
say the like and tell the truth.
He obtained another situation, not so
good as the one he had lost, but he was
glad to get even that. Then hard times
came suddenly, all the world was turned
upside down and driven out at sea, and
Birney Graham along with it. The luck-
less young man could obtain no work to
keep himself, his peevish old father and
vixenish sister alive. The childish com-
plaints of his father and the nagging and
goadings of his sister drove him nearly
frantic. It was not a pleasant situa-
tion for a gentlemanly young man to be
placed in. It had been five years since
he had the talk with Alice Marlay, but
it seemed to him that her hate pursued him
yet. Only for her he would have still
held his place at the Thirty-first
National Bank, perhaps a better one.
He felt like cursing her, and himself too,
whenever he thought of her.
At last, with the worry and anxiety,
the complainings, the goadings, and nag-
gings, Birney Graham felt sick. As if to
insult his pride and his sufferings, one
day an Overseer of the Poor whom Bir-
ney Graham had subdued many a time,
because he was coarse and talked bad
grammar, came in and said:
"Young man, I think you'd better be
took to the 'hospital'."
"I'll die first!" said Birney Graham,
desperately.
He sprang upon his feet and walked
about the room. Presently he informed
his peevish father and his vixenish sister
that he believed he wasn't so very sick
after all. He really thought he would
take a walk, and maybe something would
turn up. He staggered feebly down into
the street. The lamp-posts seemed doing
a witches' dance. Birney Graham was
half delirious with worry and fever. He
started to walk toward the fields and
the country, thinking crazily that he would
at least get out of the city where they
could not send him to the hospital.
"I mean to walk and walk until I fall
down and die," said Birney Graham to
himself.
The cool November air struck his
cheek and entered his lungs and stimu-
lated him unusually. He wandered on and
on, out toward the open country, over a
smooth turnpike road which led he knew
not whither. At length, when the sun
sank slowly behind the western hills,
Birney Graham sank, too, unable to go a
step farther.
Next morning a rich lady's coachman
told his mistress that there was a tramp
out in the stable, sick, and not able to
move on.
"The country's full o' them tramps,
mum," said the coachman.
The mistress was a slender, petite lady,
with a delicate beautiful, though sharp,
haughty face. It wasn't the sort of face
a beggar or erring sister would have ap-
peared to from choice.
"Lead him to the station and put him

on the train to go back to the city where
he came from," said the lady, sharply.
"I'll kill him, mum, for to do that to
him. He's very sick, mum."
"But what'll we do with him here?"
asked the lady, still more sharply.
"His very clean and decent, mum,
and there ain't no smell of liquor on him,"
said the coachman, very humbly.
"O'h!" said the mistress, sarcastically,
"I shall air the best bed-room, shall I,
and make a fire in it?"
The man looked at first as if he was
uncertain whether his mistress would
discharge him or give him a whack
across the shoulders with her riding-
whip if he spoke his mind, but presently
he did speak it, nevertheless.
"If you'll excuse me for saying it, mum,
he could be brought in here on the kitch-
en-floor and a bit of rug put under him.
You wouldn't want it said that you let a
human creature die when you could have
saved its life, would you, mum?"
The lady colored faintly at this. "Where
is the fellow?" she asked.
The man lay on the stable floor. An old
blanket was rolled and placed under his
head. Alice Marlay followed the coach-
man silently, and stood and gazed a mo-
ment at the seemingly dying tramp. For
this was the country home of Alice Mar-
lay's father, and the lady was Alice Mar-
lay herself, lingering on in the country late
in autumn. She stood and looked at the
unconscious tramp, as I said. He was
very pale, with long black hair, and he
was frightfully thin and wasted. He was
"entirely clean and decent," as the man
had said.
"Ye have him carried into the kitchen,
Brown, and take care of him for the pres-
ent," said the mistress. "As soon as he is
strong enough you can send him to the
hospital."
The tramp half-opened his eyes and
murmured wondrously:
"I mean to walk and walk till I die.—
They can't send me to the hospital when
I'm dead."
Something familiar in the look and voice
of the tramp arrested the attention of Al-
ice Marlay. She stooped and looked at
him narrowly, and almost shrieked with
surprise.
"Have mercy!" she exclaimed.
"The last time I saw you, Birney Graham,
you laughed at me to my face when I
spoke of vengeance, now your life depends
on my word. I have only to let you die,
Birney Graham. I told you I would hate
you and injure your life long."
Something in her voice and words seemed
to rouse and fix his fluttering faculties.—
He opened his black, wandering eyes, and
fixed them steadily on her face, with a light
in them which was a half-recognition.—
God knows what could have been passing
through the man's head in his wild, weak
delirium. I don't know what he meant,
and he himself never knew. But with his
burning, black eyes still fixed on the face
of Alice Marlay, this is what he said:
"The hyena will open graves to obtain
food!"
The strong-willed mistress of the man-
sion shuddered. "Get him into the house
as quickly as you can, Brown," she said
in a scarcely audible voice.
A low coach was brought and the man
was lifted upon it. The mistress super-
intended the removal.
"Be careful there!" she said, in her sharp
tones. "Are you lifting a pig?"
She lifted his head herself.
The man was carried into the genial
warmth of the coal-fire, made as comfort-
able as might be, and a physician sum-
moned immediately. Then the sharp-
tongued mistress of the great house disap-
peared. She went to her own room and
locked herself in. What she thought
about during an hour there no mortal
knows, but when she reappeared she was
very pale, and her delicate, proud face
looked like the face of one who has been
fighting the fight with himself and—lost
the battle.
"Housekeeper," said Miss Marlay,
"have the best bed-room prepared, if you
please."
"The best bed-room," echoed the house-
keeper, doubting if she had heard aright.
"That was what I said," answered Miss
Marlay.
Birney Graham lay in the best bed-
room for weeks, "hovering between life
and death," as the people who write novel-
es say. One day he suddenly came to
himself and turned his head weakly on
the pillow, toward Brown, who sat beside
him, and said:
"Is this the hospital?"
"Does it look like an 'ospital?" queried
Brown, indignantly.
Birney Graham thought about it two
or three minutes before making up his
mind. "No, it doesn't," said he finally.
"Whose house is it?"
Brown told him, also that he had been
found sick and was taken in and tended
like a president, by orders of Miss Mar-
lay.
"Whose name did you say?" said Birney
Graham, feebly.
"Marlay, Miss Alice Marlay," said
Brown, speaking as though he thought
the patient had lost the sense of hearing.
"Wasn't Miss Alice Marlay married
long ago?" asked Birney Graham, still
more feebly.
"No, she wasn't and ain't," replied
Brown.

Birney Graham turned his face to the
wall again in silence. Brown went out
and announced to the mistress that her
patient had come to his senses. Miss
Marlay returned with Brown, a changed,
softened look on her face. She had
watched Birney Graham day after day,
held his thin hand in hers and bathed his
hot brow, and all these days and weeks
a conflict had been going on in her soul.
Hate cannot last forever; though love
can.
A strange, new, intense feeling was
growing in the heart of Alice Marlay. It
was not hate. Was it love? Birney
Graham seemed to be asleep when Alice
Marlay stepped noiselessly to his bedside.
He seemed not to see her or to hear her.
But he was not asleep. He was trying
to gather strength to open his eyes and
come face to face with Alice. After that,
when she came in, simply a nod of recog-
nition passed, nothing more. He was
too weak to thank her or to quarrel with
her. A week later he was able to be
dressed and lie on a sofa. Then he sent
for Miss Marlay. He thought now he had
strength to look into her face, and while
he looked thank her for all her kind-
ness to him. She came in softly, a little
pale and trembling a little. This man,
Birney Graham, lying there helpless as
a babe, so weak even then that Brown
could easily have frightened him to death,
had nevertheless come to have a strange,
sweet power over her. She sat down
upon a little rocking-chair beside his
sofa. He looked at her steadily with his
intense black eyes.
"I had thought," he began. Then he
stopped. This beautiful face, pale with
emotion, this was the face of his old, lost
love, his first and only love, whom he had
worshipped—ah! God knows how wildly!
He turned away from her and buried his
face in the cushions, and broke into pas-
sionate sobs. He was so weak, so very
weak, yet.
The heart of Alice Marlay gave a might-
y throb, till it ached in her bosom, then
it lay deathly still. She hesitated a mo-
ment, a little short moment, then she took
Birney's thin face between her hands and
turned it back toward her again and kissed
him on the mouth.
"Birney, dear Birney!" she whispered,
in a voice ineffably sweet and tender.
He laid one wasted arm about her, and
they both wept together a little. It is very
sweet to mingle happy tears.
Just because the two were so strong,
and proud, and unforgetful—for that very
reason they will love each other with a
mighty love, which shall endure when
common loves are all forgotten, love which
shall hold together till death parts them,
and after that day comes that no other
mortal can ever fill the place left vacant
by either.
"The man I marry must be a strong
man," Alice Marlay had said. The man
she married had hardly strength to step
from the sidewalk to the carriage on his
wedding-day. But he was a strong man,
for all that, and his name was Birney
Graham.
Alice Marlay's father was a practical
old gentleman with no nonsense about
him, and best of all, no snobbery about
him either. He cared precious little for
Highland blood and that rubbish, and
thought the world was wide enough for
everybody, and one person was as good
as another so long as he behaved himself.
When his daughter's choice was announce-
d to him, he received the news in a fash-
ion peculiar to himself.
"Why couldn't she have taken him five
years ago?" said he. "I'm not always
asleep when my eyes are shut, and I
thought then she could not do better.—
Birney Graham is one of the few men I've
known in my time who had a head on 'em.
If she had married him five years ago
she'd have saved a sight of nonsense and
I'd have had a son to help me all this
time."
So you will understand the "hidden
meaning" of the remark Father Marlay
made when his approval was asked for
the match.
"Ye's, ye's! It's the strangest thing in
nature that people can't learn any sense."

A Boil on the Nose.
It is a little thing, but it is a source of
untold misery to the unlucky proprietor.
We suppose you have had one? Al-
most everybody has.
You feel it coming long before it really
puts in a decided appearance. Your nose
feels tight and straight, and it aches in
a little, needle-like pain, and you are pain-
fully conscious of the fact that you are
the possessor of a nose.
Whenever, for any cause, you begin to
be more conscious of owning one organ
of the body than another, then be assured
there is disease there. A person in per-
fect health knows no ears, no eyes, no
limbs, no feet—they are all concentrated
in one comfortable feeling that he is sound
in every part.
As your nose grows worse you begin to
consult a hand-mirror, and set it up
against the window for a better light.
Your nose is like a painting—it requires
a full head of light; and indeed it looks as
if it had not only been painted, but var-
nished.
Hourly it loses its fair proportions, and
assumes no particular shape. It twists
first to one side, and then to the other;
and it bulges out like a broken umbrella,
and the space under your eye is puffed
and baggy, and the eye itself shows signs
of going under.
Your wife wants to go to a ball or an
opera about that time, but you are too
much disfigured to venture, and she is
sulky in consequence, and spitefully says
she wishes she had married a man who
wasn't everlastingly having boils. And
she adds that she might as well have
been Mrs. Job, and done with it.
Your small children eye you curiously
and tell you confidentially that your
nose looks just like old Blazo's when he's
sick; and they embrace the first oppor-
tunity of asking their mother "if she
thinks father drinks."
Everybody you meet asks you if you
have been fighting. People in the street-
cars stare at you and whisper about
small-pox, and move farther off.
School girls giggle when they meet you,
and from small boys you get saluted in
this wise:
"Say, nose! where are you going with
that man?"
How earnestly you watch the rising
and swelling of your tormentor! No cul-
tivist of roses ever watched the unfolding
of some new and rare variety of rosebud
with any more solicitude.
How long it is coming to a head!
Everybody laughs at your uneasiness
and tells you to be patient.
How slow the time is in passing! Will
it never be next week? Why doesn't the
abomination break? Will it leave a scar?
What did make it come? Will there be
more of them?
Why didn't you appreciate your felicity
when you hadn't any boil?
At last, after you have completely given
out and have become resigned to a per-
petual boil on your nose, the swelling
suddenly collapses, the "core" comes out,
and—
"Richard is himself again!"

Franks of a Georgia Cyclone.
[Atlanta Herald.]
Colonel Parker Brown, a well-known
citizen of Henry county, came to town and
related further incidents of the great cy-
clone of last Saturday. He states that
Colonel Matthew Johnson, an old citizen
of Henry, tells him that when he first
noticed or heard the rumbling noise, he
saw a body apparently about the size of a
fodder stack and pretty much the same
shape, or more like a funnel, which came
twisting and turning like the spinning of
a top, and litterly wrung great trees off at
a uniform length from the ground, like a
lawn mower. He noticed all through the
air smaller bodies the same shape, which
appeared to be drawn to the larger one,
and as they would come in contact with
the larger or parent funnel, the noise pro-
duced resembled the sharp crack produced
by slapping a board on a body of water.
Thus, as these smaller "satellites" were
gathered to the large one, it grew larger
as it advanced. Mr. Dick Hightower,
who lost one eye in the war, was severely
hurt, a piece of scalding striking him on
the other eye, which, it is feared, will de-
stroy the sight. Mr. Hightower was
lifted up and thrown forty yards against
a barn. The chimney to his two-story
house was lifted up and pitched top fore-
most into the well, completely filling it
up. The houses on his place were lifted
from the sills and turned completely
around. It was noticeable that all the
houses were carried off down to the first
floor, as smoothly as if a knife had been
passed through it. Sixteen families living
eight miles above McDonough, were left
without shelter. A meeting of citizens
at McDonough yesterday, authorized the
Judge to draw \$1,000 from the county
treasury and apply it to the needy, and
a committee was appointed to look after
them. A piece of plank three inches thick
was blown half a mile, striking a fence
rail going through as nicely as if it had
been done with a mallet and chisel.
Other most remarkable incidents are re-
lated, which time prevents noticing.
"Please don't," said Augustine Bro-
wn to a person who touched her foot
under the table. "My heart is old and my
boots are new."

Benton, Maine, has a School Board en-
tirely composed of women.