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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., JULY 7, 1875.

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DEATH.

On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
And the starlight gleamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

"A Heroine of To-Day."

WRITTEN FOR THE HARTFORD HERALD,
BY VIOLA.
CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Green had finished the tale of his
woes, and looked at Latta as if to read
her inmost thoughts; but her face was so
inexplicable that he could not discern
whether she was even thinking of that
which was uppermost in his mind.

cause of the girl's excited looks, she would
not have imagined that the depression of
her spirits had in the least degree been
alleviated.

Latta seated herself on the veranda,
and calling Mrs. Ellis to come and sit
down by her, told of what had just trans-
pired, and of her promise.

Mrs. Ellis folded her to her bosom, and
said: "Although I love you most truly,
and it will be like taking a daughter from
my arms, you were right in making the
promise. As soon as your education is
completed, go and redeem your father.—
Be to him all that a daughter should be."

Latta was to start for school the next
afternoon, Mr. Green called around to
see her just before starting. Mr. Ellis
offered him a situation as clerk in a dry-
goods store until he could procure means
to enable him to resume the practice of
the law, which offer was gratefully accept-
ed. He bade Latta a kind good-bye, and
left her as one full of grief.

The last year of school was the opening
of the literary career of our heroine's life.
Her productions had become quite popu-
lar, and her name was spread abroad as
the talented authoress. At the closing
exercises of school, she came forward and
read her address with honor both to her-
self and teacher. She made her exit amid
a perfect storm of applause.

Mr. Green was there. He forgot the
past and dreamed only of the future, while
he watched his daughter with eager eyes,
and his heart was overjoyed at her tri-
umph. He saw his own aspiring and am-
bitious youth reproduced in her, its mas-
culinity toned down and softened by the
beauty she had inherited from her mother.
He had not forgotten his vows of reforma-
tion, but was steadily reaching the posi-
tion he had once claimed in society, and
which he had forfeited. No one, save
Latta and her kind benefactors, knew his
past history. The world said he was Lat-
ta Green's father, who had returned after
long absence abroad.

After school Latta and her gentle friend,
Mary Ellis, returned home. Mr. Green
gave up his rooms at the hotel and came
to board with Mr. Ellis, that he might
daily be thrown into the society of his
daughter, the only tie that bound him to
earth.

Time with its never-ceasing wheel rolled
on as it has done for ages. Mary made
her debut in the world, and soon learned
the vanities that permeate society. Her
beautiful blonde face was greatly admired,
as well as the suavity of her disposition.
Many were the entreaties from Latta's
friend that she too would mingle more
freely in the society of the opposite sex,
but to no avail. She would often say
that her time was so fully occupied with
her writing and the duties to her father
that she could not think of receiving other
than her father's friends.

About a year after the girls left school,
Latta presented to the reading world, un-
der the nom de plume of "Edith," a novel
which was received at once with popular
favor. Mr. Green was not aware of his
daughter's bold venture, in fact, he did
not know that she was writing other than
brief sketches for some literary paper.—
He knew not that the enthusiastic eulo-
gies of the new novel he heard on every
hand were tributes to his daughter's ge-
nius. One evening Latta presented him
with a copy of her book, and blushing
but proudly revealed to him the secret of
his authorship.

The delighted father folded her to his
heart in a close embrace, and said: "My
treasure, God has been good to me in send-
ing you to chase away the sorrow that
would have weighed me down. But I
cannot stay with you much longer. My
prayers are about to be answered. My
stay on earth is almost ended, but I did
not care to live longer than to obtain for-
giveness from you, and my God. I feel
now that my sins are forgiven me.
And I know my daughter will forgive me
when I have been laid in my last resting-
place."

Latta pressed her head to his bosom,
and wept bitterly, telling him at the same
time how dearly she loved him, and how
freely he was forgiven.
He had spoken but too prophetically.
That very night he was seized with ty-
phoid fever, and lingered but a few days.
Latta was ever by his side. She tried
very hard to persuade herself that it was
not death that rested too plainly on his
brow. But the shock came soon enough;
she was made to realize the agony of stand-
ing by and hearing "dust to dust, ashes to
ashes" said over the grave of the father
who had become so very dear to her.—
Not one lie now held her to earth save the
life-rod. Even the faithful and attached
Fido was taken from her. And thus was
she left utterly bereft.

In the moments of inspiration the
Western man can soar. This voice comes
from the region of Duluth: "That he
set, like a stormy petrel on a fence-rail,
with his face ag in the tempest, a defian-
t of the lightning and the grasshoppers."

A HEART-RENDING SCENE.

Lost in a Fathomless Quagmire—A
Woman and Child Buried Alive.

In Boggs county, on the road leading
from Marshallville to Frumick, Georgia, and
ten miles from the former town resides a
well-to-do farmer by the name of Myrup.

By hard work and skillful management,
his productive little farm, which was the
only property he found was left him by
the enemy, when he returned to his once
happy home at the termination of the late
civil war. His circumstances, so far as
the goods and comforts of earth are con-
cerned, had become even better than they
were when the labor of the field was per-
formed by his own few indolent and much
indulged slaves. And even now his con-
dition might be as pleasant as it is pros-
perous, but for the calamity that has so
recently and in such an unusual and
shocking manner overtaken him.

His amiable and loved wife, who was a
helpmeet indeed, early after breakfast had
taken her infant child about nineteen
months old, in her arms, and had gone off
in search of a fine and favorite milk-cow,
that for the first time had failed to come
the previous evening, to add her daily con-
tribution to the rich dairy of her kind and
grateful mistress.

On coming home from the field to his
dinner, Mr. M. learned that his wife and
sweet little prattler, the two most precious
of all his earthly treasures, had not made
their appearance. Almost frantic with
fear and excitement for their safety, know-
ing that a very large bear had been seen
in the swamp near by only a few days
before, he put out immediately in search
of the missing ones. All the hired men
of the place followed and each taking a
different direction; the whole country was
ransacked for several miles around. The
neighbors, also, as the sad news reached
them joined in the search.

The sun was just sinking behind the
western hills, when as the miserable hus-
band was returning up a small branch
which had its source at this spring, and
as he was still anxiously but almost hope-
lessly looking in every direction. While
walking along he descried in a patch of
luxuriant grass, in a marsh a few paces
off, something like a piece of gingham.
He stood horrified and motionless for a
moment or two and his heart almost stop-
ped pulsating as the thought rushed
through his frenzied brain, that the object
he saw might be his wife's bonnet, and
that both she and his darling boy might
be buried in the fathomless quagmire over
the center of which lay this relic.

Approaching to within a safe distance
of this miry pit he discovered the grass
turned downward and the surface of the
slough broken and depressed, showing that
some living body had fallen in and been
struggling greatly to get out. Very soon
one of the neighbors and two of the freed-
men came up. Mr. M. had already ex-
plored to the depth of his arm in the mire,
but found no trace of the unfortunate ones.
A pole twelve or fifteen feet long was now
obtained and sent down its full length,
but neither could anything be felt nor the
bottom touched. Another rod, longer
than the first, was then fastened to it, and
the same examination made with a like
result. Any further attempts to recover
the dead bodies were therefore deemed
useless. It was accordingly decided to de-
scend, and the party, which had by this time
increased to thirty five or forty persons,
all set out for their respective homes, just
as the pall of night began to warp the
earth in darkness.

At this juncture the state of Mr. M's
mind, who had to be carried away by a
flood, can better be imagined than describ-
ed. His agonizing cries and groans were
pitiful indeed and most painful to hear.
This quagmire had been known to all
the occupants of the farm from its earliest
settlement, but never until then was any
conception formed of its immense depth.
Full thirty feet of it had been sounded,
yet its lowest part, if any it has, is still
to be ascertained. The mean diameter of
the pit proper, for some fifteen feet down
is about three and a half feet.

BETHLEHEM.

A Beautiful Retreat—Commencement
Day—The Pupils and the Work.

From the Memphis Appeal.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 22.
The Bethlehem literary institution, in-
cluded in the corporation of Loretto, situ-
ated about fifty miles south of Louis-
ville, readily accessible by the Louisville
and Nashville and the Louisville and
Paducah railroads, the former passing
within six and the latter one mile of
the academy. Hither called a few days
since by invitation of the superiors,
Mother Bertha Bowles, superior in fitness
for her position, and in all the christian
graces and womanly excellencies of her
sex, to attend the annual commencement
of a bright, beautiful morning in June,
all nature flushed in the luxuriant beau-
ties and bounties of her beneficent Cre-
ator. In a carriage, provided by my cour-
teous entertainer, I found myself ap-
proaching this classic retreat, and was
soon ushered into its tasteful parlors. It
is not my purpose, even though the press
upon your columns would permit, to de-
scribe in detail Bethlehem and its sur-
roundings, venturing only a skeleton
sketch. Though public, being of so
ready access by the great thoroughfare,

yet, if dealing in hyperbole is permitted,
it is the very genius of seclusion, happily
adapting it to the purpose of its adop-
tion, the seeming paradox reconciled in
restricting the view to the academic
buildings and its immediate surround-
ings. The adjacent grounds, constitu-
ing a part of its property, embrace about
seven hundred acres in a high state of
cultivation, and with all the appoint-
ments of a princely Kentucky farm in a
degree, renders the institution self-sus-
taining—furnishing all the heart-com-
forts which so charmed the great stran-
ger in his Ashland home. The ar-
rangements and construction of the
buildings mark the architectural taste of
the designer, and are adapted to the
healthful enjoyment of the pupils—or-
chards abounding in the choicest fruits;
gardens, evidencing horticultural and
floricultural taste; a beautiful grove in
the rear of the buildings, affording a
charmed retreat for the pupils during
hours of recreation, while the front ap-
proach, in its emerald sheen of a shrub-
bery Shenstone might have envied, so
trained by cultured art that the enamored
spectator so confused in the blending
boundaries hesitates where nature ends
and art begins, completes the tout en-
semble of this marvelous picture of ar-
chitecture. Suffice this for the stage, and we
pass to the dramatic persona. Arriving at
the institute the day preceding the com-
mencement, we found the pupils all a
flutter with joy, hope and trembling ex-
pectation. To-morrow would be the
gala-day, and bounding hearts and joyous
eyes chided the lagging hours. The mor-
row came. The spacious gallery fronting
the grove, where were seated perhaps
twelve hundred anxious spectators (Ken-
tucky encourages and prides herself in
re-institutions of learning), was carpeted,
and curiously wrought specimens of need-
le-work and beautiful paintings, produc-
tions of the scholars, adorned the
background, while they, arrayed in spot-
less youth and hope, presented a scene
that would stir the heart of an anchorite.
It was ethereal—aye, a shimmering vision
of wondrous beauty. The exercises, em-
bracing French dialogues, dramas, essays,
awarding crowns for superior literary
merit, distribution of prizes, conferring
diplomas, and farewell addresses, with in-
terludes of instrumental and vocal music,
were admirably sustained in all their
parts by the respective participants, and
space will permit me only to refer
especially to the essays of the graduating
class. The first, "Spirit of Poetry," by
Miss Vallie S. Hulbert, daughter of Col-
onel H. T. Hulbert, of your city, was
handled with a power and construction
creditable to one far beyond her years,
and evidenced all of mental discipline
and laborious application during her ac-
cademical course. Her reading was clear,
emphasis distinct, manner dignified and
self-possessed, presence commanding;
and when bending her graceful form in adieu
to the audience, her large, liquid, lustrous
eyes, half veiled by the overhanging cur-
tains of light, commanded the acclaim of
an unreluctant applause.

Second—"The acquisition of knowledge
requires observation as well as study,"
by Miss Mary Gallivan, of Kentucky,
was perhaps better rendered than that of
either of her class, showing the mastery of
her subject, contending, as she did, with
unconquerable spirit, against disease, of
which she had been a victim for the past
several months, and almost staggering
with absolute debility, causing painful
sympathy on the part of the audience
lest her power of endurance should suc-
cumb; yet with the fire of her soul she
mastered the situation, and, to their de-
light, resumed her seat the proclaimed
victress.

Third—"Sweet are the uses of adver-
sity," by Miss Emma Noonan, of St. Louis,
an acquaintance of the writer for the
past three years, was treated with in-
genious argument and glittering sophisms,
but the fair one failed to convict the
writer with the correctness of her deduc-
tions, and the heart's prayer went up
that the beautiful girl might never test
the affirmative of the propositions ad-
vanced in her tasteful essay.

Fourth—"Memory, the warden of the
brain," by Miss Nannie Embry, of Flo-
rence, Alabama, was eminently creditable
to her as the daughter of Alabama, her
adopted State, as well as Tennessee, the
State of her nativity. Her ideas, forcibly
expressed, were clear and persuasive,
and her diction chaste and almost fault-
less.

Fifth—"The Great West," by Miss
Ella Nevitt, of Kentucky, embraced a
very comprehensive idea, was circum-
vented by the youthful reader, and if her
prognostication of the coming wealth and
greatness of the west are in the realiza-
tion of the future, then will the country
of which it is but a part, attain a politi-
cal power and grandeur which to the
present seems almost fabulous.

And now, having taxed you far beyond
self-prescribed limits, and with grateful
acknowledgment to Rev. Father H.
Mertens, of Bethlehem, the accomplished
gentleman and learned theologian, who,
with right royal hospitality contributed
to render my visit pleasurable, I bade
adieu to its classic shades. The parting

hour arrived, it panged, 'tis past, but
while memory lasts its scenes and inci-
dents will float up a grateful remem-
brance in the future of your waferer.

The Tale of a Sugar-Bowl.

TOLD BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was during festival week. Hunt's
was full to repletion. So were the men
and women who came out of there. I
was in getting supper. A consequential,
important chap stalked down the room,
strode up to the side-table in front of me,
stood his cane by the side of the table,
slammed the sugar-bowl back against the
wall, subsided into a chair, crossed his
legs, and waited. Waiters, full-armed
and empty-armed, were rushing in all di-
rections, but none paid any attention to
the chap in front of me. He looked puzzled
and out of patience. The fellow in
front of him left, and another took his seat.
In a moment a waiter was taking his order,
but still my friend waited. This, however,
was too much for him to bear. He began
to mutter under his breath, and pouted on
the table with the saltcellar. In the dis-
he wasn't heard. It was getting interest-
ing, and I forgot to eat, watching him.
He was getting red in the face, and com-
menced to beckon to the waiters, but could
not catch their eye. He half-started once
or twice to leave, but his hunger con-
quered his ire. He now took his cane
and began to hook for the waiters' legs as
they went by. For some time his fishing
operations were unrewarded. He was
getting desperate. He hooked savagely
for my fellow's legs and floored him.
Oh, what a waste of eatables was there,
my countrymen! The waiter did not
know what tripped him, but supposed it
was the foot of my hungry and im-
patient friend. The waiter, accordingly,
when he had wiped the mashed potato
from his nose, asked him fiercely what he
was doing with his feet. This question
took him by surprise, and he replied that
he did not know. Why did he ask? The
waiter looked at him as if he thought him
a fool, and marched off with a lot of
cracked china and broken victuals.

By this time the fellow in front of him
had left, and a third man had seated him-
self there. A waiter was promptly on
hand and took his order. This was too
much. He sprang on the next waiter
who passed, and dragged him to the
table.

"Hav'n't you ordered yet?" asked the
trembling captive.
"Ordered yet! That is nice. No, I
hain't ordered yet, you thick-skulled ab-
origine. Where's your eyes? Hunt's eat-
ing-house! Why don't you hunt? I've
been hunting an hour for something to
eat on this table, and I hain't found any-
thing. You bring me a porter-house
steak quicker'n lightning, or you'll find out
whether I've ordered yet."

The waiter slunk away. My indignant
friend turned around to the table, read-
justed his cane, settled his vest, showed
the sugar-bowl out to the end of the table,
and felt inclined to grow more paci-
fic.

Instantly a waiter was at the table.
"Ordered yet?"
"Yes, I have ordered yet."

The waiter shoved the sugar-bowl back
to the wall and vomited. My friend
looked daggers at the retreating waiter,
and pushed the sugar-bowl out to the end
of the table again. In an instant another
waiter was at his side.

"Have you ordered?"
"O! your've very attentive, ain't you!
How long since you was took? Yes, I've
ordered."

The waiter along the sugar-bowl back
to the wall and passed on.
"Look a-here, young man," said my
friend, but the waiter did not hear him;
and he finished the remark in an under-
tone, addressing it to his eyes. This time
he put the bowl out to the end of the table
very emphatically, and made some remark
to the effect that he thought it would stay
there.

A Lightning Calculator.
Burlington Hawk-Eye.

Burlington rejoices in a prodigy, and
in the mathematical line at that. Indeed
it is a perfect wonder, and our education-
al men and teachers will find a great deal
of instruction as well as pleasure in inter-
viewing the child, a bright boy of nine
years. His name is Alfred T. Talbot,
and his parents live at No. 1,223 North
Main street. The boy's health is rather
delicate, so that he has not been sent to
school a great deal, but he can perform
arithmetical feats that remind one of the
stories told about Zerah Colburn. He
was always bright, and possesses a remark-
able memory. We heard of him the other
day, and in company with two or three
members of the school-board, went to the
home of the prodigy for an interview. He
was marvelously ready with answers to
every question. Our easy starters, such as
"Add 6 and 3, and 7 and 8, and 2 and
9 and 5," were answered like a flash, and
correctly every time. Then when we got
the little fellow at his ease, one of the di-
rectors took him in hand. He said:

"Three times 11, plus 9, minus 17, di-
vided by 3, plus 1, multiplied by 3, less 3,
add 7, is how many?"

"Nine," shouted the boy, almost before
the last word was spoken, and the school
inspectors and the newspaper man looked
at each other in blank amazement. Then
the other inspector tried it.

"Multiply 5 by 13, add 19, subtract 19,
divide by 2, add 7, multiply by 9, add 15,
divide by 7, add 8, multiply by 3, less 13,
add 9, multiply by 7, divide by 9, add 13,
divide by 11—how many?"

"Ninety-six!" fairly yelled the delighted
boy, clapping his hands with merriment
at the amazement which crowned the
countenances of his interviewers, and the
inspectors turned to the newspaper man
and said, "Take him, Mr. Hawk-Eye."

Then we did our best to throw the boy.
As fast as we could speak, without punc-
tuation, we rattled this off thus:

"Add 24 to 17; multiply by 9; divide
by 2; add 33 per cent, multiply by 16; ex-
tract square root and 9 divide by 2 of 1;
add 119 divide by 7; times 44; square
the quotient and multiply by 17; add 77
and divide by 33 how many—"

But before we could say the last syl-
lable the boy fairly screamed:

"One hundred and twenty-seven and
seven-eighths! Ask me a harder!"

We had seen enough, and with feelings
amounting almost to awe we left this won-
derful boy. We talked about his mar-
velous powers all the way down. Finally it
happened to occur to one of the inspectors
to ask the other inspector:

"Did you follow any example through to
notice whether the boy answered it cor-
rectly?"

The tone of amazement gradually passed
away from the inspector's face as he faintly
gasped:

"N-o-o, not exactly, did you?"

Then the first inspector ceased to look
mystified, and began to look very much
like Mr. Skinner did when he got the
Nebraska fruit, and they both turned to
the gentlemen who represented the litera-
ry department of the expedition, and said
lugubriously:

"Did you?"

But he only said:

"The B. & N. W. narrow-gauge will be
owned, not by eastern capitalists, but by
the people through whose country it passes."

A Delicious Drunkard on Murder
Rent.

Mayfield (Ky.) Monitor, 26.

On Tuesday night, the 22d inst., Daniel
Galbraith called at the residence of
Joseph Jones, to whom he is related by
marriage, and spent the night. Galbraith
had been drinking hard for several days,
and was laboring under the impression
that some one wanted to kill or rob him.
On being assured by Mr. Jones that his
fears were unfounded, he retired for the
night, and said nothing further on the
subject. On Wednesday he asked Mr.
Jones to go with him to the residence of
Mr. Phillips, to whom he paid a debt he
was owing, and of whom he obtained more
whisky. As they returned home Galbraith
again expressed the belief that some person
wanted to kill him. Mr. Jones paid little
attention to this, but told him it was not
true, and leaving Galbraith to go to the
house, went about his business on the
farm. The next seen of Galbraith he was
in the house with an ax in one hand and
a knife in the other. Mrs. Jones started
to come in, and he told her if she did he
would kill her. Becoming alarmed, she
sent for Mr. Jones. By the time he ar-
rived Galbraith had discovered Mrs. Jones'
child, which was sleeping on the bed near
him, and started to it, saying that they
were going to kill him and he intended to
take the child with him. Seeing which,
she started to the rescue of her child, when
Galbraith, lifting his ax above its head,
told her that if she or any one came in at
the door he would split its head open. On
arriving at the house and seeing the situ-
ation, Mr. Jones dispatched a messenger
for a gun and to summons his sons, who
were at work in the field. During this
time Galbraith was standing near the child
with his knife waving near it, asserting
his intention to kill it, and threatening
the same for any one who attempted to
rescue it. He several times drew the knife
across his own throat, as if contemplating
suicide. Once, as he looked upon the
sleeping babe, he said that he was going
to shed innocent blood, and wished to God
his was pure. By this time the mes-
senger had returned with a double-barreled
shot-gun, and the boys had reached the
house. Mr. Jones' second son, Labe,
snatched the gun, ran to the window, and
told Galbraith to leave the child or he
would shoot him. Seeing that he (Gal-
braith) was about to strike, he fired. As
he did so Galbraith dodged and struck the
child at the same time, the knife passing
through the flesh on the side of its right
wrist. At the same instant James and
Joseph Jones, Jr., rushed into the room,
the first catching him by the knife arm,
and the second taking hold of the ax, when
a desperate struggle followed. After Labe
fired he threw down his gun, and jumping
in at the window, joined his brothers and
got possession of the ax, with which he
struck Galbraith on the head and knocked
him down. This he had to repeat some
four or five times before they could man-
age him, after which he was securely tied,
and, while attempting to take the knife
from him, its point entered his left nostril
and split his nose nearly to his eyes. Dr.
Diamkes informs us that his skull was
broken in one place and probably frac-
tured in another. He told his sister yester-
day to apologize to Mrs. Jones, that he
would not have tried to kill her baby, but
he wanted to die himself, and thought if
he would kill it some one would kill him.

An Awkward Muddle.

Our friends in Taylor county are not a
little embarrassed by a slight technical
irregularity in the holding of the late term
of their Circuit Court. Judge Wickliffe
being absent, Major Thos. C. Winfrey,
of an adjoining Judicial District, was
chosen Special Judge. It is now claimed
that Major Winfrey did not possess the
legal and constitutional qualifications for
the office of Special Judge, and that conse-
quently all his acts as such are invalid.
We learn that, in pursuance of this view,
the County Judge of Taylor county has
been discharging, upon writs of habeas
corpus, all prisoners that have been ar-
rested upon warrants founded on indictments
returned at the last term of the Circuit
Court; and that attorneys who have judg-
ments and orders of sales rendered at
that term are not much disposed to have
them executed.

The grounds of the opinion that the
proceedings are invalid are as follows:
The General Statutes changed the law
on the subject of Special Judges, by pro-
viding that the attorneys of the Court,
when for any reason the election for a
Special Judge is necessary, shall elect an
attorney of the Court then in attendance,
having the qualifications of a Circuit Judge.
The words italicized were not in the Re-
vised Statutes, but were added in the
compilation of the General Statutes.
(Hence the oversight in selecting a Special
Judge.)

What are "the qualifications of a Circuit
Judge?" For an answer to this ques-
tion we must go to the constitution of the
State. Section 22 of article IV of that
instrument, among the other qualifica-
tions, says that a Circuit Judge must
have been "a resident of the district for
which he may be a candidate for two
years next preceding his election."

As Major Winfrey did not reside in the
Seventh Judicial District in which the
Court was held, it is argued that he did
not possess the qualifications of a Circuit
Judge, and hence was ineligible.—Lati-
non Standard.