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"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 1. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JULY 28, 1875. NO. 30.

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A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

The following lines are dedicated to the editor by a very special friend.

"Were ever so many blunders made?
What can the paper mean
By talking of the graceful brooks,
That gander o'er the green?
And here's a t instead of r,
Which makes it tippling rill:
We'll seek the shad, instead of shade,
And hell instead of hill.

They look so—what? I recollect,
'Twas sweet and then 'twas kind,
And now to think, the stupid fool
For bland has printed blind.
Was ever such provoking work?
'Tis curious, by-the-bye,
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

Hast thou no tears? the t's left out,
Hast thou no ears, instead;
I hope that thou art dear, is put
I hope that thou art dead.
Who ever saw in such a space
So many blunders crammed?
Those gentle eyes bedimmed, is spelt
Those gentle eyes bedammed·

The color of the rose, is nose;
Affection is affliction;
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as diction?
Thou art a friedn—the r is gone—
Who ever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing could change,
A friend into a fiend?

Thou art the same, is rendered lame—
It really is too bad!
And here, because an i is out,
My lovely maid is mad;
They drove her blind, by poking in
An eye—a process new,
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy too.

Let's stop and recapitulate:
I've dammed her eyes, that's plain—
I've told her she's a lunatic,
And blind, and deaf, and lame.
Was ever such a horrid hash
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose!

I wish I had that editor
About a half a minute,
I'd bang him to his heart's content,
And with an h begin it;
I'd jam his body, eyes, and bones,
And spell it with a d,
And send him to that hill of his—
He spells it with an e."

THE EDITOR'S RESPONSE.

DEDICATED TO A CRITICISING FRIEND

We only wish that "special friend,"
About a half a minute,
Just had our editorial chair,
And snugly seated in it.
She'd soon relent and change her mind,
And quit it in disgust;
And say this long furore of hers
Was every word unjust·

The printer's path is strewn throughout
With thorns instead of roses;
And every step and turn he takes,
A horrid ghost discloses,
If "special friend" would only lend
Some comfort sweet and cheering,
To help us o'er life's rugged shore
We soon might cease from erring.

Ellinor's Guardian;

—OR,—

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "LADY LISLE," "DARRELL MARKHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

Three months had elapsed since the midnight interview in Horace Margrave's chambers—three months and the Opera House was opened for the season, and three new tenors, and two sopranos, and a basso-baritono had appeared under the classic proscenium of Her Majesty's Theatre; the novel of the season had been circulated by Maudie; Rotten Row was gay with Amazonian equestrians and *blase* lifeguardsmen, with long amber whiskers, as yet untrammelled by red tape; moss roses were selling on the dusty pavements of the West End streets; and Covent Garden was all a bloom with artistically arranged bouquets of rich tropical flowers, gorgeous in color and delicious in perfume,—London, in short, was in the full flood-tide of the season, when Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dalton returned from their honeymoon visit to the Cumberland lake district, and took up their abode in the small house in Hertford-street, furnished by Ellinor before her marriage.

Hers has been a short courtship; all the sweet uncertainties, the doubts, the dreams, the fears, the hopes which make up the poetical prologue to a love-match, have been wanting in this marriage ordained by the will of her late uncle—this marriage, which is founded on esteem and not on affection; this marriage, into which she has entered on the generous impulse of an impetuous nature that has never learned to repress emotion.

Is she happy? Can this cold esteem, this calm respect which she feels for the man chosen for her by another, satisfy the ardent heart of the romantic girl?

She has been already married six weeks, and she has not seen Horace Margrave, the only friend she has in England, except, of course, her husband, since her wedding day. Not since that sunny May morning on which he took her icy hand in his and gave her, as her guardian and the representative of her dead father, into her husband's arms. She remembered that on that day when his hand touched hers it was as cold and powerless as her own, and that his listless face was even paler than usual under the spring sunshine streaming in at the church windows; but in spite of this, he had done the honors of the breakfast table, toasted the bride and the bridegroom, complimented the bridesmaids, and fascinated everybody, with all the finished grace and marvellous ease of the all-accomplished Horace Margrave And if Ellinor had ever thought that she had a right, for auld lang syne, for her dead father's sake, or for her own lovely face, to be anything more or dearer to Mr. Margrave than the most indifferent of his clients; that thought was dispelled by the gentlemanly *sang froid* of his adieu, as the four pawing bays started off on the first stage to Windermere.

It is the end of June, and she is seated in the small drawing-room, awaiting the advent of morning visitors. They have been a week in town, and Horace Margrave has not called upon them. She has a weary air this morning, and she seems to seek in vain for something to occupy her. Now she strolls to the open piano, and plays a few chords, or a brilliant run, or softly touches the notes of some pensive air, and sings some Italian words; now she takes up an uncut novel from the table, and reads a page or two here and there, wherever the book opens; she walks to an embroidery-frame, and takes a great deal of trouble in selecting and comparing wools, and threading needles, but when this is accomplished, she does not do three stitches; then she loiters listlessly about the room, looking at the pictures, chiefly valuable engravings, which adorn the pale silver-gray walls; but at last she is so utterly weary, that she flings herself into a deep easy chair close to the open window; and sits idly looking down across a lilliputian forest of heliotropes and geraniums into the hot summer street.

She is looking very lovely; but she is not looking at all happy. The rich masses of her dark brown hair are swept away from her broad low brow, and secured in a coil of superb plats at the back of her head; her simple white morning dress is only ornamented by large knots of broad violet ribbon, and she wears no jewelry whatever, except a tiny, slender gold chain, which she twists perpetually in and out of her white fingers.

She sits for about half an hour, always looking down across the plants in the balcony at the pavement opposite, when she suddenly starts, and wrenches the thin chain off her fingers in her agitation.

She has seen the person for whom she has been waiting. A gentleman, who lounges lazily along the other side of the street, crosses the road beneath the window, and knocks at the door.

"At last!" she says, "now, perhaps, this mystery will be explained!"

A servant announces, "Mr. Margrave."

"At last!" she says again, rising as he enters the room. "Oh, Mr. Margrave, I have been so anxious to see you."

He looks about on the crowded table to find, amongst its fashionable litter, a place for his hat, fails in doing so, and puts it down on a chair, and only then looks listlessly up at her and says,—

"Anxious to see me, my dear Ellinor; why anxious?"

"Because there are two or three questions which I must ask—which you must answer."

That peculiar expression in Horace Margrave's eyes which was as it were a shiver of the eyelids, passed over them now; but it was too brief to be perceived by Ellinor Dalton. He sank lizily into a chair; near her own, but not opposite to it. He paused to place this chair with its back to the light, and then said,—

"My dear Ellinor, my dear Mrs. Dalton, what questions can you have to ask me, but questions of a purely business character; and even those, I imagine, your husband, who is quite as practical a man as myself, could answer as well as I?"

"Mr. Dalton is the very last person to whom I can apply for an answer to the questions which I have to ask!"

"And why the last person?"

"Because those questions relate to himself!"

"Oh, I see! My dear Mrs. Dalton, is not this rather a bad beginning? You appeal from your husband to your solicitor."

"No, Mr. Margrave. I appeal to my guardian.!"

"Pardon me, my dear Ellinor, there is no such person. He is defunct; he is extinct. From the moment I placed your hand in that of your husband on the altar steps of St. George's, Hanover Square, my duties, my right to advise you, and your right to consult me, expired. Henceforth you have but one guardian, one adviser, one friend, and his name is Henry Dalton."

A sad shade fell over Ellinor Dalton's handsome face, and her eyes half filled with tears as she said—

"Mr. Margrave, Heaven forbid that I should say a word which could be construed into a reproach to you. Your duties of guardianship undertaken at the prayer of my dying father, have been as truly and conscientiously discharged as such duties should be discharged by a man of your high position and unblemished character; but I will own that sometimes, with a woman's folly, I have wished that, for the memory of my dead father, who loved and trusted you, for the memory of the departed childhood, in which we were companions and friends, some feeling a little warmer, a little kinder, a little more affectionate, something of the tenderness of an elder brother, might have mingled with your punctilious fulfillment of the duties of guardian. I would not for the world reproach you—still less reproach you for an act for which I only am responsible—yet I cannot but remember that, if it had been so, this marriage might never have taken place."

"It is not a happy marriage, then?"

"It is a most unhappy one!"

Horace Margrave is silent for a few moments, and then says, gravely, almost sadly—

"My dear Mrs. Henry Dalton"—he is especially scrupulous in calling her Mrs. Dalton, as if he were anxious to remind her every moment how much their relations have changed—"when you accuse me of a want of tendeeness in my conduct towards yourself, of an absence of warm regard for the memory of your dead father, my kind and excellent friend, you accuse me of that for which I am no more responsible than for the color of my hair, or the outline of my face. You accuse me of that which is, perhaps, the curse of my existence: a heart incapable of cheerishing a strong affection, or a sincere friendship, for any living being. Behold me at five-and-thirty years of age unloved and unloving, without one tie which I cannot as easily break as I can pay a hotel bill or pack my portmanteau. My life, at its brightest, is a dreary one. A dreary present, which can neither look back to a fairer past, nor forward to a happier future!"

His deep, musical voice falls into a sadder cadence as he says these last words, and he looks down gloomily at the point of the cane he carries, with which he absently traces a pattern upon the carpet. After ashort silence he looks up, and says—

"But you wish to make some inquiries of me?"

"I did. I do. When I married Mr. Dalton, what settlements were made? You told me nothing at the time; and I, so utterly unused to business matters, asked you no questions. Besides, I had then reason to think him the most honorable of men."

"What settlements were made?" he repeats her question, as if it were the last of all others which he expected to hear.

"Yes, my fortune! How much of it was settled on myself?"

"Not one penny!" She gives a start of surprise, which he answers in his most *nonchalant* manner. "Not one penny of it! There was no mention whatever of any thing like a settlement, in your uncle's will. He left his money to you, but he left it to you only on condition that you shared it with his adopted and beloved son, Henry Dalton. This implies not only a strong affection for, but an implicit faith in, the young man. To tie up your money, or to settle it on yourself, would be to nullify your uncle's will. The man that would be trusted by him, could be trusted by you. This is why I never suggested a settlement. I may have, perhaps, acted in rather an unlawyer-like manner, but I do believe, my dear Ellinor, that I acted in the only manner consonant with your late uncle's affectionate provisions for the two persons nearest and dearest to him?"

"Then Henry Dalton is sole master of my—of the fortune?"

"As your husband, decidedly, yes."

"And he may, if he pleases, sell the Arden Estate?"

"The Arden Estate is not entailed Certainly he may sell it, if he wishes."

"Then, Mr. Margrave, I must inform you that he does wish to sell it; that he does intend to sell it."

"To sell Arden Hall?"

"Yes!"

An angry flush lights up her face, as she looks eagerly into the lawyer's eyes for one flash of surprise or indignation. She looks in vain.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Dalton, in my opinion he shows himself a very sensible fellow, by determining on such a proceeding. Arden is one of the dreariest, coldest, and most tumbledown old piles of buildings in all England. It possesses all the leading features of a country mansion; magnificent oak panelling, contemptible servants' offices; three secret staircases, and not one register stove: six tapestried chambers, and no bath-rooom; a dozen Leonardo da Vanci's, and not one door that does not let in assassination, in the shape of a northeast wind; a deer park, and no deer; three gamekeepers' lodges, and not game enough to tempt the most fatuitous of poachers!

Sell Arden Hall! Nothing could be more desirable; but, alas! my dear Ellinor, your husband is not the man I took him for, if he calculates upon finding a purchaser!"

She looks at him with not a little contempt, as she says—

"But the want of feeling; the outrage upon the memory of my poor uncle!"

"Your poor uncle will not be remembered a day the longer through your retaining possession of a draughty and uncomfortable house. When did Dalton tell you that he meant to sell Arden?"

"On our return from our tour. I suggested that we should live there—that is, of course, out of the season."

"And he——?"

"Replied, that it was out of the question our ever residing there, as the place must be sold."

"You asked him his reasons?"

"I did. He told me that he was unable to reveal those reasons to me, and might never be able to reveal them. He said, that if I loved him, I could trust him and believe in him, and believe that the course he took, however strange it might apear to me, was, in reality, the best and wisest course he could take."

"But in spite of this, you doubt him?" he asked, earnestly.

"How can I do otherwise? Of the fortune which I have brought to him, he refuses to allow me a penny. He, the husband of a rich woman, enjoins economy—economy even in the smallest details. I dare not order a jewel, a picture, an elegant piece of furniture, a stand of hot-house flowers; for, if I do so, I am told that the expenditure is beyond his present means, and that I must wait till we have more money at our command.

Then again, his profession is a thousand times dearer to him than I. No briefless, pennyless barrister, with a mother and sister to support, ever worked harder than he works, ever devoted himself more religiously than he devotes himself to the drudging routine of the bar."

"Ellinor Dalton, your husband is as high-minded and conscientious a man as ever drew the breath of human life. I seldom take the trouble of making a vehement assertion; so believe me, if you can, now that I do! Believe me, even if you cannot believe him!"

"You, too, against me," she said mournfully. "Oh, believe me, it is not the money for which I wish! it is not the possession of the money which I grudge him; it is only that my heart sinks at the thought of being united to a man I cannot respect or esteem. I did not ask to love him," she added, half to herself; "but I did pray that I might be able at least to esteem him."

"I can only say, Ellinor, that you are mistaken in him."

At this very moment they hear a quick, firm step on the stirs, and Henry Dalton himself enters the room. His face is bright and cheerful, and advances to his wife eagerly; but at the sight of Horace Margrave, falls back, with a frown.

"Mr. Margrave, I thought it was part of our agreement that——"

The lawyer interrupts him——

"That I should never darken this threshold. Yes."

Ellinor looks from one to the other, with a pale, frightened face.

"Henry, Henry!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Dalton, what, in Heaven's name, does this mean?"

"Nothing that in the least can affect you, Ellinor. A business disagreement between myself and Mr. Margrave; nothing more!"

His wife looks away from him, scornfully, and turning to Horace Margrave, rests her hand on the scroll-work at the back of the chair in which he is seated.

It is so small an action in itself; but it says, as plainly as words could ever speak—

"It is he whom I trust, in spite of you, in spite of the world."

It is not lost on Henry Dalton, who looks at her with a grave, reproachful glance, and says—

"Under these circumstances, then, Mr. Margrave——"

"I had no right to come here. Granted! and I should not have come, but——"

He hesitated a moment, and Ellinor interrupted him—

"I wrote to my guardian, requesting him to call on me. Mr. Dalton what is the meaning of this? What mystery does all this conceal? Am I to see my best and oldest friend insulted in my own house?"

"A married woman has no friend but her husband; and I may not choose to receive Mr. Margrave as a visitor in *our* house," Henry Dalton says, coldly and gravely.

"You shall not be troubled any longer with Horace Margrave's society, Mr. Dalton." The lawyer rises as he speaks, and walks slowly to the door. "Good morning." He has his hand upon the lock, when he turns, and, with a tone of suppressed emotion in his voice, says to Mrs. Dalton, "Ellinor shake hands with me." She extended both her hands to him. He catches them in his, bends his dark head over them for a moment, as he holds them in his grasp, and then says, "Forgive me, Ellinor, and farewell!"

He is gone. She rushes out on the landing-place, and cries after him—

"Mr. Margrave, guardian: Horace, come back—if only for one moment, come back!"

Her husband follows her, and catching her slender wrist in his strong hand, leads her into the drawing-room.

"Ellinor Dalton, chosen between that man and me. Seek to renew your acquaintance with him, or hold any communication whatever with him, that does not pass through my hands, and we part forever!"

She falls sobbing into her chair.

"My only friend," she cries; "my only, only friend, and to be parted from thus!"

Her husband stands a little distance from her, earnestly, sadly watching her, as she gives passionate vent to her wild outburst of emotion.

"What wretchedness! what utter wretchedness!" she says aloud. "And no hope of a termination to it, no chance of an end to our misery!"

[Continued next week.]

Going to the Dentist.

I like to come across a man with the toothache. There's something so pleasant about advising him to stuff cotton into the tooth, to use camphor, creosote and peppermint, that I always feel better after giving it. I have had an aching snag, and know just how it feels. It used to wake me up at nights, and make me mad at noon, and set me to sweating early in the morning. I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knitting needle pushed down on the root was excellent; and another said that opium was an excellent thing; and others said that it must be dug out by the dentist. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor and opium, until I got black in the face. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheek, applied mustard, held my head in the overn, and the ache still ached. After the third week I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went. The dentist was glad to see me. He said that if he could not take that tooth out without hurting me he would give a million. I got easier as he talked, and I concluded not to have it pulled. I started dowd stairs, but a jump caught me, and I rushed back. He said he would look at it; perhaps it did not need pulling at all, but he could kill the nerve. By dint of flattery he got me into the chair. Then he softly inserted a knife and cut away the gums. I looked up, and said I would kill him, but he begged me not too—said the cutting was all the pain there was in it. He finally got me to lie back and open my mouth, and then slipped in his forceps, and closed them round the tooth. "Ohsorodorordonbordosoforor!" I cried, but he didn't pay any attention to it. He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled. Great spoons, but didn,t it seem as if my head was going! I tried to shout, grappled at him, kicked, and then he held up the snag, and said, "There I guess you won't feel any more aching." I leaped down and hugged him; I promised him ten millions; I told him to make my house his home forever; I hugged him again. I shook hands with everybody in the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me, I was so happy.—*Danbury News.*

Ringing for water.

A Passenger in a rail road express train became thirsty.

"Where's that 'ere boy with the water can?" he queried of his next neighbor.

"He has gone forward to the baggage car, I suppose," was the reply.

"Wall d'ye s'pose I kin git him back here again?"

"Certainly," said the other, "you have only to ring for him," and he nodded towards the bell-line that ran above their heads.

No sooner said than done. Before any one could prevent it Rusticus had seized the line and giving it a tremendous tug. The consequence was at once obvious: three shrill whistles were heard, half a dozen brakemen ran to their posts, and the train came to a stand still with a suddenness that started half the passengers with astonishment, and caused every man next to a window to hoist it and look out to see what was the matter.

In a few minutes the conductor, red and excited, came foaming into the car to know who pulled at the bell rope.

"Here, mister, this way; I'm the man," shouted the offender, drawing all eyes upon him.

"You!" said the conducter. "and what did you do it for?"

"Cos I wanted some water."

"Wanted some water?"

"Sartain, I wanted the water boy, and my pardner here in the seat said I'd better ring for him as we do at the hotel, an, so I yanked the rope. Will he be along soon?" And, by the bye, what in thunder be you stoppin' for?

The shout of laughter that greeted this honest confession was too much for the conductor, and he had to wait till he had got his train under way again before he explained the mysteries of the bell rope to his verdant customers.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"I think I have seen you before, sir. Are you not Owen Smith?" "Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody."

The Arkansas Way of Disposing of a Rival.

Arkadelphia Standard.

Capt. J. C. Ray and Mr. J. P. Hulsey left this place one day last week for Pike county, for the purpose of capturing the desperado, Ambrose H. White, charged with murder, and who escaped custody, and has since set the authorities at defiance. They state he was captured just before their arrival there by two brothers named Cox. and afterward, in attempting to escape, was shot and killed by one of the Coxes. It appears that White had been on terms of intimacy for some time past with a girl that one of the Cox boys wished to marry, but, the girl preferrihg White, was preparing to leave the country with him. This excited the anger of Cox, and he, with his brother agreed upon White's capture. Being on intimate terms with him, they rode up to the house of the girl, where White was, and he, being unsuspicious of danger, greeted them kindly. He was sitting on a chair, with his gun across his lap, and, while one of the Coxes engaged him in conversation, the other got behind him, and at a favorable moment seized him from behind and pinioned his arms, while the other presented a revolver at his breast and disarmed him. White then tried to beg off, promising to leave the country and not harm them. They refused to release him, when White asked the privilege of getting a drink of water. When on the way to the well he broke and run, and was shot by one of the Coxes through the body, but ran some distance before he fell. Cox then ran up to him, when White begged him not to shoot him, as he was already a dead man. Cox replied, "No d—n you, you might get up, so look out for your head—here goes," and fired, shooting him through the temple, killing him instantly. The other Cox had his hands full in managing the girl, who showed pluck and a disposition to defend White with her life. Pike county is thus rid of a very desperate and dangerous man, and though his taking off was to satisfy personal revenge rather than violated law, the people of that county have reason to be glad of it. If Pike can now get rid of the Coxes it would be all the better for it.

Why He Killed Him.

Courier Journal, 17th.

It will be remembered that dispatches to the *Courier-Journal*, from Boone county, detailed the unprovoked shooting of a man named Millener by a stage driver named Webster. A correspondent of the Commonwealth has the following in reference to the shooting: Some facts connected with the shooting of Millener by Webster might throw some light upon the matter. In 1864 Aleck Webster, a brother of the homicide, was a Confederate soldier. He came home to Crittenden, and surrendered under the cartel. He was sent to Williamston jail by the commanding officer, who ordered the guard to "lose" him on the road. The prisoner became aware of the sentence, but could not escape, and at a point a half mile above Crittenden he was killed, and his friends were refused his body. The man Millener was one of the guard and with fiendish brutality fired into the boby of Webster after life had been for some time extinct. I have this from a credible source. My informant lived in the neighborhood of Crittenden at the time, and says it is reliable. If true, it will be regarded as a mitigating circumstance in what seemed to be a cold-blooded murder.

A Terrible Death in the Sewer of Clinton, N.Y., Prison.

It is reported that Filkins, who for assaulting and robbing an express messenger on the cars at Albany, was sent to, Clinton, and who subsequently escaped a year ago, and was not heard from afterwards, never succeeded in leaving the prison. It now transpires, says the Albany *Argus*, that while men were engaged in cleaning the main sewer under the Dannemora prison, they came upon the skeleton of a human body lying at the bottom of the sewer and quite submerged in filth. A close examination revealed that it was the remains of Filkins, who had died there after escaping from the corridors of the prison down through one of the water closets, in a vain hope of gaining his liberty by passing through the sewer and out of its mouth, which is strongly closed with bars of heavy iron secured at either side in walls of heavy masonry. The officers consider this version of the manner in which he probably met his death as the most reasonable, for they are aware that two men a short time ago, endeavored to effect an escape in this way, no one but Filkins had disappeared since a previous cleaning of the sewer, and that no one could possibly have reached the location occupied by the skeleton other than through the water closet.

The Indianapolis *Sun* has taken high rank among the political newspapers of the country, and is edited with marked ability. It is fearless and candid in the discussion of leading questions of reform, especially in currency and finance, and its general make-up presents attractions equal to any Weekly in the country. For terms see advertisement elsewhere.

They now call retired printers ex-press men.

Mr. Smith's Verified Dream.

Morristown (Tenn.) Gazette.

Moses Smith, living about six miles west of this place, is a well known, industrious and well-to-do farmer, and a man whose word is respected by his neighbors. He recites a very remarkable case of premonition of danger through the agency of dreams, which we think of sufficient interest to repeat. Mr. Smith has been a widower for years, and occupies his house alone. By economy and thrift he has managed to accumulate about $800 in gold, which he kept in a wooden box in his bed-room. For two nights in succession he dreamed that robbers broke into his house and carried off his golden treasure. The second occasion of the vision happened last Wednesday night week. Thursday he had made arrangements to visit this town on business, but the singularity of the dream was so impressed upon his mind that before leaving home, he removed his gold from the box and hid it in a hollow stump in the field. Thursday evening upon returning to his home he found his house had been broken into, and ransacked, and the box in which his treasure was usually kept bursted open and scattered on the floor. He is well satisfied that had it not been for the timely warning by dream, he would have lost his gold.

Forgery and Suicide.

Paris True Kentuckian.

Mr. James A. Turner committed suicide in Montgomery county, on Saturday last. He had been forging the name of his brother-in-law, Jas. F. Turner, of Cincinnatti, for some time past, two checks on some of the banks, and one at Owingsville. The forgeries having been discovered, Turner left and went to Canada some two or three weeks ago. He returned as far as the residence of Richard Goodpaster, on Friday last, having walked from Paris that day. He laid in Mr. G.'s orchard that night, and on Saturday morning went to the house. He was in a wretched condition, having taken a large dose of arsenic at daylight. Mr. Goodpaster thought he was bordering on delirium tremens, from his actions. He undressed him and induced him to lie down. Word coming to the sheriff that Turner was at Goodpaster's, he went out to arrest him in the afternoon. After serving his writ, Turner told the sheriff that if he would come out the next morning he could take him without any trouble, as he would then be dead, as he had taken a large dose of arsenic. The sheriff at once sent into the city for Dr. Duerson. When the doctor reached T.'s bedside he found him in a dying condition. He died in about one hour after the docter's arrival.

What the Grangers Mean.

OAK WOODS, Ohio Co., Ky., *July 12.*

EDITOR HERALD.—As there seems to be an idea prevalent in this county that the Patrons propose to work against all who are not Grangers, by your permission I will correct that mistake through your paper. I emphatically assert that we propose no such thing. We simply propose to work for ourselves, and let others do the same. In other words, we have set up our own ladder, and intend to climb it. Other professions may set theirs by ours, and climb as high as they choose. If they can get higher than we can, all right. We have no objections to that. We will not put our ladder across theirs, and we do not want them to put theirs across ours. If they do, we will get it off if we can. Every other profession have their associations, and we claim the same privilege. We claim to have just as many privileges as any other profession, and no more. And we are just as free to act in political matters as we were before we joined the Grange. All we ask is *justice*. If you can find room for this in your paper, you will oblige a friend. COUSIN GRANGE.

Pin 'em Back.

A saucy Alabama editor says: Pin 'em back ladies, pin 'em back! Don't be ridiculed out of a darling fashion, even if it did originate among the demi-monde of Paris. Pin 'em back, draw them tighter and tighter. Sit sidewise let impertinents stare, in short just have your own sweet way as usual. We can stand it if you can. Pin 'em back! Let the boys talk as they please about studying anatomy. Pin 'em back—they may try for fifty years and cannot show any better anatomy than you can. So pin 'em back, girls just as tight as you please.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes I did," said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

"Is Mr. Brown a man of means?" inquired a lady visitor of Aunt Betsey. "Yes, I should think he was," replied Aunt Betsey, "as everybody says he's the meanest man in town."

A Louisville girl reports her first love affair thus: "When Philander told me he loved me, I was mighty tuk with it and cottoned to him directly, and he sat a-grinning like a baked skunk.

Reports from all over the State indicate that the recent heavy rains have been very general and much damage has been done.