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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., OCTOBER 13, 1875. NO. 41.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, \$ 1 00
One square, each additional insertion, 50
One square, one year, 10 00

[From Harper's Weekly.]

The old clock on the mantel,
Has chimed the hour of eight;
Papa has issued orders,
The children must not wait.

THE BLACK TULIP.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

Author of the "Count of Monte Cristo,"
"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," "The Vicomte de Bragelonne,"
"Le Capitaine Corcoran," "The Three Mousquetaires,"
"Le Chevalier de Valmore," "The Iron Mask," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAMILY CELL.

The incident just related was, as the reader has guessed before this, the mischievous work of Mynheer Isaac Boxtel.
It will be remembered that, with the help of his telescope, not even the least detail of the private meeting between Cornelius De Witte and Van Baerle had escaped him.

stead of flowering for Cornelius, it would flower for him, Isaac he also, instead of Van Baerle, would have the prize of a hundred thousand guilders, not to speak of the sublime honor of calling the new flower Tulipa nigra Boxteliana—a result which would satisfy not only his vengeance, but also his capidity and his ambition.
Awake, he thought of nothing but the grand black tulip; asleep, he dreamed of it.

nance, he descended from the tree, took a ladder, leaned it against the wall, mounted it to the last step but one, and listened.
All was perfectly quiet, not a sound broke the silence of the night; one solitary light, that of the housekeeper, was burning in the house.
This silence and this darkness emboldened Boxtel; he got astride on the wall, stopped for an instant, and, after having ascertained that there was nothing to fear, he put his own ladder from his own garden into that of Cornelius, and descended.

ous Boxtel—raising his livid face from his hands in which it had been buried—"If he has them he can keep them only as long as he lives, and—"

which her father had just spoken, "You will have the family cell!" This vision lasted but a moment—much less time than we have taken to describe it—Gryphus then proceeded on his way, Cornelius was forced to follow him, and five minutes after he entered his prison, of which it is unnecessary to say more, as the reader is already acquainted with it.

At this thought Cornelius fell into a gloomy despair, from which he was only aroused by an extraordinary circumstance.
What was this circumstance? We shall inform the reader in our next chapter.

The Independent publishes the following epitaph from a tombstone in Chattanooga county.
Neuralgia worked on Mrs Smith
Till 'neath the sod it laid her;
She was a worthy Methodist,
And served as a crusader.