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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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[For the Herald] DRIFTING. BY HER. L. S. H. Drifting with the tide— Floating down the stream, On and on we glide, In a waking dream.

A LAW ROMANCE. The Curious History of a Boston Title to Real Estate.

Of the locality of the parcel of real estate, the history of the title of which it is proposed to relate, it may be sufficient to say that it lies in Boston, within the limits of the territory ravished by the great fire of November 8 and 9, 1872.

estate to him was then a void devise or no devise at all; and his parcel of real estate being in the eye of the law simply a part of an undivided residue, was, of course, liable to be sold for the payment of the legacies contained in his father's will.

Peter Rogers had, indeed, been devised in 1800, if not before, by the acts of his sister in taking possession of and conveying away the estate; but as he was a non-compos during the whole of his long life, the statute of limitations did not begin to run against him, and his heir in tail, namely, John Rogers, the oldest son of his then deceased brother, John, was allowed by Mass. Gen. St., c. 154, § 5, ten years after his uncle Peter's death, within which to bring his action.

conspicuous on the front of which may now be seen his initials, "J. S.," cut in the stone. While the estate which once belonged to Mr. William Ingalls was passing from one person to another in the bewildering manner in which we have endeavored to describe, Mr. Ingalls had himself, for a time, looked on in amazement. It finally occurred to him, however, that he would go to the root of this matter of the title. He appointed a skillful conveyancer to trace that title back, if possible, to the book of possession.

clined to look more complacently upon it, being again in undisturbed possession of his old estate, now worth more than before, and in the receipt therefrom of an ample income which will enable him to pass the remainder of his days in comfort, if not in luxury. But though Mr. Ingalls is content with the final result of the history of his title, those lawyers who are known as "conveyancers" are by no means happy when they contemplate that history, for it has tended to impress them with a full sense of the ground upon which they are accustomed to tread, and how extensive is the knowledge and how great the care required of all who travel over it; and how they are more disputed than ever, when, as so often happens, they are requested to "just step over" to the registry and "look down" a title, and are informed that the title is a very simple one and will only take a few minutes, and that So-and-so, "a very careful man," did it in less than half an hour, last year, and found it all right, and that his charge was five dollars.

A Tough Dog Story. The Lexington Press is responsible for this: "In this city there lives a bank officer who has a favorite dog of great intelligence; one that has been his constant companion for years, and has intelligently watched his master's ways all the while. The dog happened on one occasion to be in the counting-room of another bank about the hour of closing, and discovered the teller counting out his funds, watched the operation intently until the pile of bills had been completed, and the estimates were being made. The figures and the count did not tally, and the teller turned to his desk to make some further search for funds, when the dog lifted himself quietly up to the level of the desk, took the entire pile of bills in his mouth, and walked deliberately and quietly away. The teller finished his search, turned to recount the funds, when lo! there was none to be found. What had become of it? The wicket in front was closed, and there was no human being near. Startled, he turned just in time to see the dog pass out of the door, and to his amazement had the wad of greenbacks in his mouth. His canine dignity seemed to be in no part of a hurry, for neither bank officers nor bank dogs ever so forgot that etiam cum dignitate, which is one of the inheritances of that vociferous, as to get in a hurry; but falling into the slow, dignified step required when following his master, he made direct for his own bank, where he walked in and deposited his gains in the corner on the door of the vault. Nor did he yield willingly to its surrender to its owner, until the superior moral perception and moral suasion of his master had been evoked. Was this instinct, or was it reason, or was it both?"

Three Daughters Suffocated—Dangers of Romance Reading. The Polonio family, one of the most distinguished in Florence, has been thrown into great excitement by the inexplicable suicide of three of its daughters. A week ago Mme. Polonio walked till a late hour, with her daughters in the gardens of Palace Sapia. The young ladies seemed in good spirits, and, no apprehensions were entertained. The next morning they did not make their appearance, and were at last discovered in a small apartment, suffocated with the fumes of charcoal. The youngest showed faint signs of life, but shortly afterward expired. The girls had shown great skill in executing their sad action. The youngest aged fifteen, had, it appeared, made the arrangements the night before. A brazier filled with charcoal was placed in the small apartment, and a pile of coals was near to be ready to feed the fire. The greatest mystery pervades the affair, but it is supposed the sisters had distorted their minds by the inordinate reading of wild romances and works of peculiar theories. They were in the habit of sitting up at night for the perusal of these dangerous volumes, and hence their non-appearance did not at first create surprise on the morning of the fatal discovery.

STANLEY IN AFRICA.

At the Capital of King Utesa—An Extraordinary Naval Display and Other Native Festivities. New York, November 10.—The Herald publishes this morning a telegraphic synopsis of the letter received in London from Stanley. He says Livingstone was wrong in reporting that the Victoria Nyanza consisted of five lakes. Speke, correctly states that Victoria Nyanza is one lake, but Speke's two islands are peninsulas. The river Shineey is the principal feeder of the lake. Nile yet discovered. Stanley had several conflicts with slave-dealers on the lake. On one occasion he was attacked by 100 natives, armed with spears, in thirteen canoes, who were repulsed with a severe fight. Three natives were killed.

Moody's Preaching or Sankey's Singing.

There is a dispute as to whether Moody's preaching or Sankey's singing has had the more powerful influence in the Brooklyn revival. The minister has often brought the audience to tears, and so has the preacher. It seems as though the "canticles of love and woe" had often thrilled the souls of the hearer when the appeals of the exhorter proved ineffectual. Multitudes have gone to enjoy the songs of Sankey who would never go to listen to the sermons of Moody. It is very likely that, if Moody had carried on operations by himself there would have been no such interest in the revival as had been exhibited. No doubt there has been preposterous exaggeration in the praise of Sankey's singing by people who know little about music or singers. But still his solo singing has been superior to that of the solo singers in most of the churches, and he occasionally resorts to rather striking vocal artifices that are uncommon in church singing. Moody and Sankey work well together; they supplement each other; there is a thorough understanding between them; and, though we could not decide which of them has had more to do with the revival, we would not say that Sankey had the less to do with it.

A Transatlantic Pigeon Post.

Experiments are now in progress in England, in training a variety of carrier pigeon indigenous to Iceland, the object being to establish if possible, a pigeon transatlantic mail between the United States and England. The bird is of great docility, intelligence, and spirit, and is naturally ocean-bounding. Its speed is over 150 miles per hour, and it is said to be able to return to its habitation from any part of the world. A pair of these pigeons recently carried dispatches from Paris to a lone spot in a wild and rocky part of Kent, within miles of London, in one and a half hours. Should the present efforts to educate the birds prove successful, next summer will find an almost daily ocean mail in practical operation, as it is believed that the flight from continent to continent can easily be accomplished between sunrise in one hemisphere and sunset in the other.

An Irishman, on arriving in this country, took a fancy to a Yankee girl and wrote to his wife.

"Dear Nora, these melancholy lines are to inform you that I died yesterday, and hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I recommend you to marry Jerry O'Rourke and take care of the child. From your affectionate husband till death."

Tweed's Faithful Wife.

They were married when the man was a chair-maker, and they might have had a happy career had the former remained honest. They lived in a plain manner, mingled with mechanics society, and were the parents of two boys and two girls, good looking and healthy children. The era of meretricious splendor has come and gone like a dream. The girls are married. Each had a diamond wedding, and each has sunk in obscurity and poverty. The two sons once held fine appointments in the service of the King, but they are now only lounging around the City Hall. The mother is in widow's desolation. The ill-gotten wealth is almost all gone. A million and a half has passed into the hands of her lawyers, and her husband is still a prisoner. A seely and corpulent old man, inhabiting a pair of rooms in Ludlow Street jail, is all that is left of one who has been Alderman, Congressman, chair-maker and lawyer, Commissioner of Parks, Public Buildings and Docks, State Senator, and for seven years the autocrat of this city. The only redeeming feature is the faithful wife, who is reducing herself to poverty in hope of obtaining her husband's release.

Why Don't You Learn a Trade.

This question was pronounced in your hearing, a few minutes since, to a young man who had been for several months unsuccessfully seeking employment as a clerk or salesman in some of our leading houses. Complaining of his ill-luck, one of his friends, who knew he had mechanical talent, but doubtful whether he could make himself useful either as a clerk or salesman, put the question to him, which we have placed at the head of this article. The reply was, that a trade was not so respectable as a mercantile occupation. Under this delusive idea, our stores are crowded with young men who have no capacity for business, and who, because of the fancied respectability of doing nothing, waste away their minority upon salaries which cannot possibly liquidate their expenditures. Late, too late in life, they discover their error, and before they reach the age of thirty, many of them look with envy upon the thrifty mechanic, whom in the days of their boyhood, they were accustomed to deride. The false views of respectability which prevail in the fashionable society of the present day, have ruined thousands of young men, and will ruin thousands more.—Kentucky Advocate.

The large man in the black hat who goes into offices and asks for a pencil and slip of paper to write a few words, and then carries off the pencil—he will never go to heaven.

Elisha Phillips, of New England, after twenty years' service in the penitentiary, has dug up the money he stole from the bank, and will begin life anew, as it were.

Rhode Island has about two thousand more scholars in her Sabbath-schools than she has children of a school age.