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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., DECEMBER 8, 1875.

NO. 49.

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For the Hartford Herald.

JENNIE.

BY WILLIAM LAMONT.

Bright and beautiful as May,
Are my Jennie's eyes,
Brilliant as the lingering ray
Of night's queen.
Like the flush of morning light,
In the orient seen,
Are her cheeks, with roses bright—
My own heart's queen!

For the Hartford Herald.

BEAUTY AND HONOR.

BY DEL CROW.

Beauty decks the visage,
But honor crowns the soul;
Beauty hides the real faults,
And mystifies the whole.
Honor, as a crystal stream,
Reflects the gems that lie
Within the soul, and softly beams
As stars within the sky.
Beauty is a fickle thing—
She lends the heart astray,
And many are in sorrow left,
Charmed by her glittering ray.
But Honor, spark of heavenly love,
Effulgent, gleams alone,
And now and then a wanderer
Will claim her for his own.

Talked Himself to Death.

[Doubtful News.]

He got off the morning train the
other day and meandered up into the
city, and stopped in front of a fine
looking residence on Munson street.
He opened the gate, walked up to the
door, and pulled the bell. In a mo-
ment it was opened and he stepped
quickly inside. 'You see,' he said to
the astonished girl, 'I much prefer to
do my talking upon the inside. It is
so unpleasant to have the door closed
in one's face when only half through.'

'He walked into the parlor, and the
frightened girl went to inform her mis-
tress that a sewing-machine man, or
book peddler, had gained access to the
house. The lady entered the room,
and was greeted by the young man of
cheek as follows:
'They call me a blessing—the ladies
do—and I am, madam. I am a labor
saving benefactor to the whole sex.
I have a little invention which I am
introducing—a perfect little gem. It
is, madam, a small silver plated gilt
point concern, which will allow you to
wear the new style pull-back dress as
easily as the breeches.'

'What do you mean sir?' demanded
the lady.
'No longer madam, will you have to
take your meals off from the mantel-
piece. You can sit down as easily
as in the old style barrel-shaped
dresses. When you travel you won't
have to lean up against the water-cool-
er, nor sit on the sharp edged seat arm.
The little invention which will thus
facilitate your movements retails for
only \$1. It is called the semi-cylinder,
double-duplex, non-conductor magical
pull-back dress-fastener, and he
opened his satchel and took out a half
metal and half wood concern, and said,
'Only \$1! You place it under your
skirts this (illustrating with his coat
tail), and when you desire to sit down
pull the right hand string, which you
can have come out in your pocket, and
lo! down you gently float until you
reach the chair. If you desire to get
into a carriage, drop the invention by
pulling this string, put your foot on
the spring, and you'll find yourself in
the carriage in an instant.'

The lady called her husband to see
the invention, and the agent explained
its working to him. As the husband's
eye fell upon the agent, a wicked
thought passed through his brain, and
he determined to be revenged.
'This is a new invention,' began the
agent, 'to enable ladies to draw back
their skirts much tighter than at pre-
sent, and, at the same time, allow them
to sit down. It is called the high-
fangled, drawback and squeezes togeth-
er, new modus operandi. Ladies say I
am a labor-saving benefactor, that I
am an everlasting—'

'Wait!' shouted the husband, 'please
explain its workings again.'
The agent did so.
'Why, that would make a good hay
hoister.'
'Yes,' answered the agent, 'but it is
more particularly designed for ladies.'
The husband sent for his daughter
to examine the invention.
'This is a new unparalleled, upright,

longitudinal, square-shaped perpen-
dicular, two degrees south by four
west, extra strong, sling together and
squash up, pull-back dress invention
which I am selling for only \$1. Ladies
call me a—'

'Hold on!' shouted the husband and
father, 'until I call my other daughter,'
and he walked out of the room, and re-
turned with the hired girl and the
chambermaid,
'You see, ladies,' began the agent;
'this is a flop-over and stand-up-up
magical, tragical, two strings to the
right one in center, invention for pull-
ing back your skirts,' and he went on
for half an hour, during which time
the husband slipped over to the next
house and induced the inmates to come
over and hear the agent talk. He re-
turned with six women and four chil-
dren, just as the agent was winding up
for the fourth time. Escorting one
person into the room at a time, he had
the agent to tell each one about the in-
vention. He stationed a small boy
out in the hall, with a lead pencil, who
was instructed to make a mark on the
wall every time the agent repeated his
story. The stock he had brought in
was exhausted about noon, when he
sent a messenger around the ward to
send in the neighbors, and the agent
was kept telling his story without in-
termission until near midnight.

As the sun disappeared behind the
western horizon, the agent began to
show signs of fatigue, but the husband
was as fresh as ever. Eleven minutes
to 12 o'clock, the agent, who had just
completed his yarn for the two hun-
dred and sixteenth time, looked up
gasping. A glass of water was thrown
in his face, and the husband told the
boy to run half a dozen more persons,
for he thought he could finish the
agent now in about an hour and a half.
The boy left to rouse up the neighbor-
hood, to find half a dozen who had not
yet heard the story of the 'invention.'
When he was absent, frequent stimu-
lants had to be given to prevent the
agent from fainting. Shortly the boy
returned, saying that no more neigh-
bors could be found, as they had all
gone on an excursion. The husband
hearing this was in despair, but he had
the agent to repeat the story to him a
couple of times, a couple of times to
the boy and once to himself. When
he had finished, he was so far exhaus-
ted as to be unable to sit up.

A fiendish smile stole across the fea-
tures of the husband as he said:
'Young man, I have hoped for this
moment. I have been haunted almost
to death by agents. The last man that
came along swindled me out of \$2, and
I then took a terrible oath I would be
revenged upon the next man that at-
tempted to seduce me. Now, then,
that I have induced these persons, who
have listened to your eloquence, to
come in, that I might turn your own
weapon against you. You have talked
yourself to death. Thank heaven, I
have succeeded in my revenge. You
can live but a few moments longer,
but before you die I pray you to re-
peat again that well known story.'

The agent braced himself up against
the side of the room, a glass of water
was given him, and he began:
'You see, I have a double-du-
plex—'

And he was dead.
The coroner was summoned, an in-
quest held, the jury returning a ver-
dict that the deceased came to his
death by too much circumlocution of
the law, and they contributed their fees
to the husband, and caused a diploma
to be awarded him as a testimonial of
the good he had done the public.

Any one now passing Munson street
can see a sign hung on the front door
of a fine mansion, which reads:
'AGENTS BEWARE.'

The other day a Vicksburg father,
finding it necessary to reprove his son,
gently said: "Don't stuff victuals into
your mouth that way, my son; George
Washington didn't eat after that fash-
ion." The boy accepted the reproof
without comment, and after pondering
awhile, he remarked to himself; "And
I don't believe George Washington
licked his boy for finding a bottle of
whisky in the shed when he was hunt-
ing after a horse-shoe, either."

"Henry, why don't you keep a sup-
ply of cloves in your pocket?" said an
Albany young lady to her escort at the
Opera House recently; "you wouldn't
then have to run out after every act;
and I don't see why you are so awful
fond of cloves anyhow."

Deferred Communications.

FROM LOUISVILLE.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 29.

EDITOR HERALD:—If A. B. H.
finds so much to excite his wonder and
ridicule in the quiet precincts of the
free State of Grayson, where the good
people with primeval habits, incor-
rupted by contact with the genteel (?),
go about doing unto others &c., in a
neighborly way, what would he say of
the customs of a higher civilization
where people ride in their fine car-
riages with liveried servants and hosts
of the intelligence and integrity of "Our
people," the purity of the ballot box,
the right of suffrage, that glorious boon
vouchsafed to the free American citi-
zen, a boon that cost blood, but now
fostered for filthy lucre, what would
he say of all this? What would a loyal
subject of a well regulated Mon-
archy say or think of our institutions
if he could drop into a crowd of free-
men on the street corner and listen to
one of them tell of the rascality of a
prominent candidate, and how, if he
by any means comes into power, the
affairs of the city will suffer, detailing
a long list of evils that will inevitably
follow, urging them to look well to
their dearest interests, and divesting
their minds of all prejudice, go to the
polls and exercise that sacred privilege
bought with the blood of patriots and
handed down to this generation in
order that they might guard their lib-
erties with jealous care, and then watch
this same liberty-loving blood sucker
go into the closet and arrange for the
payment of a number of the unpurchas-
able freeman? Such an one would be
apt to look upon our mode of govern-
ment as a conundrum hard to solve,
and so it is. Here is a great city of
over one hundred thousand people, in
a furor of excitement over the pend-
ing election, betting their money by the
\$10,000, and ready to fight if any man
will tread on the tail of the coat. It
is demoralizing the whole city, and
all things must give way before the
pressure. If only the interests of the
candidates and their immediate friends
were at stake, we might expect a mod-
erately fair election, but when it is
known that thousands, and perhaps
hundreds of thousands of dollars, are
staked on the issue, it is reasonable to
suppose that no means fair or foul will
be left unused by either party to gain
the privilege. If any of your readers
want to put up a little, and would like
to bet on the judgment of a disinter-
ested spectator, let them bet on Baxter,
because he is in the hands of good
jockies, and they will win if there is
any power in money.

N. B.—No back talk if you back
this judgment and lose, but if any of
your friends act on it and win, as they
are almost sure to do, you can claim a
share, Mr. Editor, as informant, and
we'll divide.

I met Dr. W. J. Berry and Uncle
Josh Render, from your county, in
the city the other day, and they
seemed to have enjoyed themselves
hugely while here. The Dr. is one
that goes to the last ditch and then
kicks back. Quite a number of Ohio
county folks were in the city last week,
but I learned that they got scattered
while storming the city, and some fell
early in the action. Some were car-
ried bleeding from the field, and one
in particular, an old veteran, bandaged
his wounds with a borrowed garment,
and folding a sleeveless gown about
him, silently stole away, while a few
the Dr. and Uncle Josh among them,
held out to the bitter end, and were
overpowered but not conquered. The
Dr. will soon go to Frankfort, I sup-
pose, and if Miss Sallie don't watch
him he will 'take up another coop of
game cocks with him. For the in-
formation of any interested parties, I
will state that good shirts can be
bought for \$1 50. Speaking of shirts,
there was a mystery unearthed in the
upper part of the city a day or two
ago, which bids fair to equal the Nathan
mystery of New York. While clean-
ing the house and moving furniture, a
shirt saturated with blood was found
behind an old bureau, and how it
came there is the mystery. The in-
mates of the house claim to know
nothing about it. The detectives can
now have a bloody shirt case to work
on at home.

I notice a complaint in the HERALD
of week before last in regard to mail
irregularities. I suppose the cause is
owing to the fact that new agents have
been placed on your road, and they re-

quire a little time to become acquaint-
ed with the distribution. One cannot
get into a mail car and perform the
duties of agent in an hour, or a day;
if he does moderately well in a month
he will succeed admirably. The rail-
way mail service is getting to be one
of the biggest things in this country,
all the mails now being distributed on
the cars, each car being in fact a dis-
tributing P. O. A postal car or
railway post-office distributes mails for
route agents and offices, the route
agent separating for his local offices.
The Louisville and Nashville R. P. O.
is as the neck of a funnel through
which all the mail from the North and
East is poured into the South. It
quairs in through Cincinnati, Indian-
apolis, St. Louis, and comes to this
round in a mass where three clerks at-
tack the pile, and then papers and
letters that have traveled together
from New York or Boston must part
company, and by the time the train
arrives at Bowling Green, the entire
mass is distributed, the papers put into
tie sacks and the letters into lock
pouches, and labeled to forty or fifty
different route agents, besides the prin-
cipal offices, such as New Orleans,
Jackson, Mississippi, Shreveport, &c.
Coming North the order is reversed,
all those different agents and post-off-
ices in the South send their mail en
masse to the R. P. O., where it is dis-
tributed and forwarded to the different
lines and cities in the North and East,
Such is railway mail service, hard work
and study is required, and no drones
can succeed.
CITIZEN.

FROM BEAVER DAM.

BEAVER DAM, Ky., Dec. 6.

We have been waiting for something
of thrilling importance to occur, that
we might have an interesting letter for
the HERALD; but, sad to say it cometh
not to our ears.

Rumor has given credence to the re-
port that numerous marriages are to
be solemnized this winter, but this is
untrue, for the great encouraging
movement through the whole country
has converted man to the belief that
one can live cheaper than two.

Drummers are becoming numerous,
almost every train leaving from three
to a dozen in our town; they are offer-
ing goods of every character at less
than granger prices. They sell too
cheap, but then the goods are far dif-
ferent from the quality they used to
sell, it takes four dresses now to wear
as long as one used to and more, but
people don't think so.

Mrs. E. M. Miller, consort of W. S.
Miller, and daughter of Thomas O.
Austin, deceased, departed this life on
last Thursday, after lingering many
months with consumption. Many re-
latives and friends mourn her loss.

Mr. G. F. Mitchell and W. H.
Barnes, after an illness of eight and
three weeks respectively, are convales-
cent.

Misses Lelia Addington, Mattie Ber-
ry and Belle Barnes were visiting our
town last week, and we trust enjoyed
their visit.

The long looked for lottery money
has at last reached home, and is being
rapidly disbursed by the commissioner.
The lucky ones, both male and female,
shout for joy when they see the hun-
dred dollar bills being counted out to
them, for money is these times.

Our friend, "Ali Ben Hamad" called
on us the other day; he reports all well
in Egypt, and darkness being dispelled.
Rev. E. M. Crow delivered a fine
sermon at Goshen to an appreciative
audience.

Business has been active during the
past few weeks and still improving.
JUNO.

POINT PLEASANT.

PT. PLEASANT, Ky., Dec. 6.

EDITOR HERALD:—The grange and
farmers of this community met some
time since and formed a tobacco assoc-
iation, for the purpose of having their
tobacco classed, prized, shipped and
sold on their own account. The assoc-
iation first rented L. M. Patterson's
large and well appointed tobacco house,
situated at Point Pleasant, on Green
river, for one year for the sum of \$200.
They also elected H. J. C. Linley their
agent, who agrees to pay rent, furnish
hogheads, class prize, ship, sell, and
pay over to each member of the assoc-
iation the proceeds of his tobacco for
seventy-five cents per one hundred
pounds. With the well known integ-
rity of Mr. Linley, as well as his ex-
perience and skill as a tobaccoist, we
may reasonably expect to realize all our
tobacco will bring in the Louisville
market.
J. P. R.

LETTER FROM SPRING LICK.

SPRING LICK, Ky., Nov. 29.

The all-absorbing topic of conversa-
tion among us at this time is, tobacco.
As yet, no sales have been made of any
material importance, but the prospects
are favorable for a brisk trade in this
article of production, in a very short
time. It is supposed that the price
will range from five to six dollars per
100 pounds. Messrs. Chick & Co. of
this place, received one crop last week
for which they paid six dollars for leaf,
and four dollars for lugs.

Messrs. A. G. Rowe & Bro. will
start for Louisville about the 10th of
next month for the purpose of pur-
chasing an entire new stock of dry
goods, groceries, and, in fact, every-
thing usually kept in a first-class coun-
try store. Their new store is now com-
pleted except some inside painting,
which they will have done this week.

Mr. Strasburger who has a saw mill
near this place, has just returned from
Louisville, whither he went a few days
ago to make engagements for a lot of
lumber. He reports trade dull in the
lumber business, and prices for all
sorts of lumber except walnut, at a low
ebb. The latter he says is in very
great demand, and a good article will
command highly remunerative prices
to shippers.

It is intimated that two young
would-be horse thieves were caught on
the rail road a short distance from this
place not long ago, and thirty-nine
lashes were well "laid on" their backs,
after which, they were released and
allowed to go on their way rejoicing.
We have been unable to ascertain the
names of any of the parties.

Several car loads of lumber and
hoop-poles were shipped from this place
last week.
It is evident some ill-designing per-
son attempted this morning to cause
a wreck on the rail-road by throwing
huge rails, and old cross ties on the
track in several places between here
and Caneyville. It is to be hoped
some every effort will be made to
prevent the evil one, and that justice will
be meted out to him.
R.

THE OHIO COUNTY CONVEN-
TION.

Met with Rock of Safety Lodge No.
14, I. O. of G. T., at Hamilton, Ky.,
Nov. 9th 1875.
The Convention was called to order
by Bro. S. W. Roll, President. The
first business was the election of offi-
cers.—Bro. Ben. Newton, President;
C. McK. Hamilton, Vice-President;
Jno. M. Torrance, Secretary. The
President then invited Bro. G. W.
Bain, P. G. W. C. T., to the chair, who
appointed the several committees and
started them to work. Bro. B. is a
whole souled Good Templar and a
worker.

The committee on credentials report-
ed fourteen delegates, whose reports
were favorable.
The committee on the state of the
Order reported as follows: We find
that several Lodges have gone down,
but we believe there is enough, if they
were rallied together, to re-organize
every Lodge that has gone down in the
county, so we must take courage and
go to work and ask God to assist us
and bless our efforts; and, if God is on
our side, what need we care for the scoffs
and sneers of the opposers of Temper-
ance. We also recommend that the
convention system be kept up, also that
each Lodge will appoint a committee to
visit the Lodges that have gone down,
and build them up; we also recommend
that the Chair appoint a County Deput-
y to see to that work. Bro. S. W.
Roll was appointed County Deputy,
and we hope to hear of good work.
Lodges that have gone down may ex-
pect a visit from Bro. Roll. Newton
Lodge No. 410 was selected as the
place of holding the next convention,
and 11th and 12th of February, 1876,
the time.

Our meeting was a very pleasant one,
Bro. Bain delivered a public lecture at
night, which resulted in twelve names
to Rock of Safety Lodge. Nine joined
that night, and seven or eight since.
So our efforts were not in vain. We
hope to see a goodly number at our
next convention, as a good time is ex-
pected.
JNO. M. TORRANCE, Sec.

LETTER FROM CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, Ky., Nov. 30.

The readers of the HERALD will
perhaps expect some apology by me(?)
for the late absence of my correspon-
dence from that paper, but I am glad
to say the fault is not mine. I have

rather promptly filled my reports, and
I was a little fearful that my lust had
"busted" the press, but have ascer-
tained that it did not appear owing, as
printers say, to a crowd of other mat-
ter, and others in the corps of corres-
pondents, whose communications I was
always glad to see, may know their
reports were not published for simi-
lar reasons.

The bridges and roads about Crom-
well have lately been put in passable
condition, and I hear the city officers
chatting among themselves that the
streets shall be improved this week.

Mr. Tilford has been shipping hoop-
poles for some time from this place,
down the river.
Mrs. Daniel, daughter and son, have
returned from Louisville.
Mr. Montague, of California, is vis-
iting his brother, Judge Montague, of
this place. He seems to be a pleasant
gentleman, and can interest one high-
ly with his descriptions of the "Golden
State."
N. ROWLEW.

RETROSPECT.

BY VIOLA.

"Twenty years ago," mused an old
maid, one cold winter evening, as she
sat in the chimney corner with her
knitting lying idly in her lap; her spec-
tacles were pushed to her forehead,
while she drew from the reticule at her
side a huge red and black silk hand-
kerchief and applied it to her eyes, and
an old gray cat, her only companion,
lay sleeping at her feet.

"Ah me!" she sighed. "Yes, just
twenty years ago to-night—what chan-
ges have come over my life since then.
Bright visions of my youth have faded.
I am now what the world terms an old
maid of forty. But can I allow my-
self to dwell upon the scenes of twenty
years ago. To-night wounds that I
deemed healed have broken afresh,
and the scenes that I hoped buried
have come vividly to my mind."

Oh, to bury my memory in the
stream of Lethe, extracting from it all
sad memories, recollections of other days,
vain wishes I am; for the past can
never be wholly buried in oblivion.
One glance of the face that I have
striven to forget have ruined my feel-
ings to-night.

"Pussy," and she gently stroked the
cat's head, "Pussy, my only com-
panion, and truest friend, listen to the
sad story of my youth:"
"I had, as most every girl of sixteen
has, a lover, and one on whom I be-
stowed the purest of human affection.
With him the world was an earthly
Paradise; when separated, I dreamed
and thought only of him. Thus four
years sped by on golden wings. On
my birth day, completing my twenti-
eth year, he was to lead me to the
altar."

"So implicit was my confidence
that nothing would have shaken my
trust. Ah! and she heaved another
deep sigh, "little did I know the ter-
rification of human mind. Neither
had I a guardian angel to whisper in
my ear that I was laying my heart on
so false an altar, had I, when the shock
came, it would not have been so severe.
I was adorned on the evening set for
my marriage in my wedding apparel,
awaiting the coming of my then sup-
posed future lord. But he never came!
Only a wee note of his illness reached
me. The shock was indeed terrible—
wounds were made in my heart that
can never be healed. For years I dare
not look on the face of him, but to-night
the temptation was irresistible. I
looked, and the past came rolling back
like some great avalanche, almost con-
suming my being. Friends and relatives
have departed to their far-off
home, leaving me alone to mourn over
my fate. The world calls me fastidi-
ous, cross and ugly. But, could they
Lift the veil
From the hidden recesses of my soul,
They would find anguish there untold."

A handsome youth being questioned
by a rather stylish lady as to his occu-
pation, replied that he was "an adjust-
er of movable alphabets." He was
simply a printer.

A young lady on answering her lov-
er's letter, wrote thus: "I chewed the
stamp all to thunder, for I knew you
licked it."

A stranger kissed a La Crosse girl
by mistake, and was then licked by
her two brothers for being mistaken.
He then deliberately kissed her for be-
ing who she was, and was licked for
being impudent.

A young lady on answering her lov-
er's letter, wrote thus: "I chewed the
stamp all to thunder, for I knew you
licked it."

A Grange cotton Factory in or near
Natchez, Miss., is proposed, with a
capital of \$60,000 in \$25 00.

The probability is that Grant will
precipitate the country into a war with
Spain.

A Way of His Own.

Judge McManama has a way of do-
ing things entirely his own. A few
days ago the trustees of the Cincinnati
Southern Railroad were presented be-
fore the grand jury of Grant county
for obstructing the turnpike road from
Waynesville to Williamstown, which they
had purchased for \$30,000, and were
tearing up at their pleasure. The
judge instructed the grand jury to in-
dict. They deliberated for five days,
when they declared they could see no
ground for indictment.

"Mr. Clark enters up a fine of \$5
each against these men for contempt of
Court," shouted the Judge, and he dis-
charged the panel from further service,
adjourned the regular term of Court;
called a special term for next day; had
a special grand jury sworn, instructed
them severely as to his requirement of
them, wrote out the indictments, took
them into the grand jury room, and
made the foreman sign them and re-
port them to the Court.

To one not versed in the law, this
looks like a very high-handed way of
transacting business.

From the Frankfort Times.

Paris, Bowling Green, and Morgan-
field have each a splendid Court House
that cost \$125,000 apiece.
Married recently, Andrew Johnson,
jr., son of the late President, to Miss
Kumthugh, of Warm Springs, North
Carolina.

The Cincinnati papers declare with
the utmost confidence that the car will
be running through from Cincinnati to
Chattanooga over their completed
"Southern Railroad" within less than
fifteen months from this date—Decem-
ber 2, 1875.

A London dispatch in the New York
Herald says, that the Royal Geograph-
ical Society met again to honor Mr.
Stanley for his successful African ex-
ploration. Speakers declared there
was nothing in the gift of the society
too high for his reward, and he deserved
a reception on his return like that
accorded to Spink and Gann, in the
old Burlington House, when they re-
turned after the discovery of the Victo-
ria Nyassa Lake.

A Cuban Joan of Arc commands a
detachment of the rebel army. She
leads the insurgents in person, dressed
in a riding habit, and mounted on a
fine horse, and is as brave as a lion.
Should she fall into the hands of the
fiendish Spaniards of the Barriol or
Santiago de Cuba stripe, a worse fate
than martyrdom at the stake awaits
her.

Two-thirds of the babies born in
1875 are boys.
An Englishman was boasting to a
Yankee that they had a look in the
British Museum which was owned by
Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nuthin," re-
torted the Yankee; "in the museum
at Boston they've got the lead pencil
that Noah used to check off the ani-
mals that went into the ark."

It took the Atlanta constitution to refer
to that beautiful new Jerusalem where
"the beautiful forms of pin-back
angels fit among the streets."

A Vincennes, Ind., man and his
wife after a stand up fight of an hour,
concluded to call it "a draw." She
drew about six handfuls of hair out of
his head.

Advertising pays. A Toledo man
advertised for a servant girl, and one
of his three wives knocked at the door
in less than five hours after the paper
was out.

A young man employed on Com-
merce street is six feet eight inches
high, and weighs a trifle over a hun-
dred pounds. They judge by his ap-
petite that he is hollow clear down, and
think of amputating one foot and using
him for a stovepipe. Norwich Bulletin.

Babies are not named Hanny Ward
as much as they used to be, but they
are still famous for paroxysms of true
inwardness.—Cincinnati Times.

When a stranger asked a Detroit
girl, whom he met at a party, if she
was married, she promptly replied:
"Not quite, but I've sued three or four
chaps for breach of promise."