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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. 2. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 1, 1876. NO. 8.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for Number of Copies, Week, Month, and Year, and rows for different advertising rates.

TO SALLIE.

The sunshine is bright'ning the meadow
And it's loveliness wakens sweet memories
For thy smile is as bright, and thy face is as fair.

mitted while under the influence of play and liquor, and it was said by some that he had killed half a dozen men in his lifetime.

It was my lot at that time to be compelled to make frequent trips between New Orleans and Vicksburg, and I preferred the steamer of which Sturdivant had taken possession.

A Thrilling Story.

THE FATAL CARD.

A Tragic Story of Early Times on the Mississippi.

Some years ago the Mississippi river was famous for its floating palaces, as the large steamers playing between New Orleans and the ports above were called.

ened to this singular dialogue, now gathered around the table, expecting to see a scene of more than usual interest. The stranger had not raised his hat brim, and none of us had seen his face.

Sturdivant said nothing, but dealt the cards again. The hand was played and Sturdivant was about to seize the stakes again, when the stranger laid down a card and checked him.

The gambler uttered a sharp cry and sat motionless with his eyes fixed on the card, a worn and faded ace of hearts, with a dark stain across the face.

"In God's name who are you," asked Sturdivant, with his eyes still fixed on the card.

"Gentlemen," said the stranger, rising to his feet as we stood paralyzed with horror at the dreadful scene.

I never learned the history of the mysterious affair, for the dead gambler was beyond questioning, and I never saw the stranger again; but I shall not forget the impression made upon me at that time.

A Ten Million Dollar Lump.

A correspondent, writing from California, says that the Centennial fever runs high. "Every body is talking about it, and nearly every man you meet is saving up his dimes for the trip."

Good Templar's Convention.

The Ohio county Convention I. O. G. T. met with Newton Lodge No. 410, Feb 11th and 12th, at 10 o'clock, and was called to order by the President, Benjamin Newton.

Officers installed as follows: A. S. Higgs, W. C. T.; Miss Fannie Richeson, W. R. H. S.; Miss Mollie Chinn, W. L. H. S.; Miss Fannie Newton, W. V. T.; Ben Newton, W. R. Sec'y; B. B. Burton, W. F. Sec'y; S. J. Richeson, P. W. C. T.; J. D. Holbrook, W. Chap; Miss Bettie Richeson, W. T.; Henry Field, W. G.; Ed Field, W. Sent.

Speeches were delivered by Dr. Clements, of Sparta Lodge, Owensboro, and L. D. Cooper, of Newton Lodge. The gentlemen did justice to the cause, and acquitted themselves with honor.

By motion we went into an election of a special Deputy, whose duty shall be to organize new Lodges and revive old ones; adopted. John P. Barrett, Ben. Newton, A. S. Higgs and S. W. Ball were put in nomination.

Committee on the State of the Order made a very flattering report from the Lodges, which should certainly stimulate us to work more faithful in the cause of Temperance.

Convention adjourned, to meet with Mt. Pleasant Lodge No. 887, some time in May. BEN. NEWTON, Pres. A. S. HIGGS, Sec'y. Buford, Ky., Feb. 13th, 1876.

How he Borrowed a Hundred Dollars.

A replied to B for a loan of \$100. B replied: "My dear A, nothing would please me better than to oblige you, and I will do it. I haven't \$100 by me, but make a note and I'll endorse it, and you can get the money from the bank."

The Young Lawyer.

The tie which bound a certain Detroit lawyer to a lawyer's office was severed yesterday, and his parents were happy. They wanted the boy to make a great lawyer, but he was getting along too fast.

But the worst of it was in the family. He had a legal name for almost every thing, and his desire was to prove to his parents that he was just absorbing dead-loads of law.

"Father, file my claim against that baked potato and I'll prove the indebtedness this afternoon."

"I'm going to move for a change of venue unless some other arrangement is made."

"The defendant will now take the stand and be sworn. Now, sir, did you or did you not come out of a Griswold street saloon at 11 o'clock this morning, wiping your mouth with the back of your hand? Tell the jury all about it, sir!"

FROM CROMWELL.

Locked Up. CROMWELL, Feb. 19, '76. EDITOR HERALD:—Great excitement in our town this morning. It would have done you good to be present.

The 22d of February. The 22d of February is the brightest and most cherished in our calendar. By law it is a Federal and State holiday in commemoration of the virtues of the illustrious patriot to whom under God, we are chiefly indebted for the republican freedom we enjoy.

If you tell a Louisville man that he lives in a pauper county, he will be surprised, as well as mortified. Yet, Jefferson now appears on the State records as a pauper county; in other words, there is a deficit of more than \$8,000 to complete the payment of the county's expenses.

BONNY NOOK—CECILIAN, KY.

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood!" There are nights when sleep flees from my eyes, rest from my brain, and thoughts come hurrying, thronging, freighted with the richness—the balm of other days, laden with an appreciation for the home of my childhood.

Nestled on the bank of a romantic stream, with the steam-car whirl and whistle too distant to disturb its usual quiet, we had but to love and be loved; but to mingle in the social circle and create for ourselves that pleasure and delight which others find only in the more public thoroughfare of life.

Hartford has before now been termed a "Sleepy Hollow," and so it may be in a business point of view, but 'tis not typical of that culture and refinement to which its people are ever wide awake; they seek mental and not material gain, and hospitable to a fault—friend and foe may alike receive due deference.

Of times, were it not for the charms of our present little home—our quiet Bonny Nook, I would flee to the arms of its loved ones and quietly nestle in the old homestead near a lonely grave—a hallowed spot. Often I would ask of time to stay his course and change not my ever happy home.

What is in the Bed Room. If two persons are to occupy the same bed-room during the night, says Science of Health, let them step on the weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning.

It was a little too much and the boy doesn't study law any more. He plays with a wood-pile in the back yard.—Detroit Free Press.

From Lincoln, Illinois. [Correspondence of the Herald] In looking over your columns a month or so ago, I noticed a statement taken from the assessor's book of your county, giving the amount of property both real and personal, and amount of tax to be paid thereon.

At the breakfast table, the other morning, a Detroit landlady gave Mr. Jones a severe look and said: "Mr. Jones, I understand you have been circulating injurious reports about my house." "How madam?" "I understand that you said you had used better butter than I have here, to grease wagons with."

FROM LINCOLN, ILLINOIS.

[Correspondence of the Herald] In looking over your columns a month or so ago, I noticed a statement taken from the assessor's book of your county, giving the amount of property both real and personal, and amount of tax to be paid thereon.

Multiply the real estate valuation by two, and the personal by three, and you will be nearer the cash value of each.

STATEMENT OF VALUATION AND TAXES FOR LOGAN COUNTY, ILLINOIS. Valuation of lands, \$3,400,459; town lots, 1,251,076; personal property, 2,930,710.

Total tax, not including taxes paid by railroads, \$219,130.07. BARKIN NARR.

Influence of Women.

It is better for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is rather slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than in a club, tavern, or theatre.

Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we cut the best slices out of the joint at the club dinner for ourselves, and light our pipes and say we don't go out, we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from woman's society is, that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.—Thorburn.

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