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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, \$1.50
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No deduction from these rates under any circumstances.

As we are compelled by law to pay postage in advance on papers sent outside of Ohio county, we are forced to require payment on subscriptions in advance.

All letters on business must be addressed to JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Baptist—Services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Bonham, pastor.
W. M. Church—Services third Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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A. L. Norton, Clerk, Hartsville.
E. R. Merrill, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—
G. W. Sawyer, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Beaver Dam, E. H. Cooper, Fortsville, S. L. Falkner, Nevada's Falls.
Court begins second Mondays in May and November and continues three weeks each term.

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Hon. Joseph Haysler, Attorney, Owensboro.
R. W. Wise, Judge, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues two weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.
Hon. W. T. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in January and October and continues two weeks each term.

QUARTERLY COURT.
Begins on the 2d Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.
Begins on the first Mondays of January and October.

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J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Abner H. Gosnell, Clerk, Sulphur Springs.
J. B. Howe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

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CLARK DISTRICT—NO. 1.
E. P. Hildreth, May 1, June 1, Sept 1, Dec 1.
F. H. Anderson, 1, 1, 1, 1.
COURT SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 2.
A. N. Brown, 28, 28, 28, 28.
D. J. Wilcox, 28, 28, 28, 28.

CENTERTOWN DISTRICT—NO. 3.
A. T. Coffman, 26, 26, 21, 24.
W. C. Bondler, 27, 27, 27, 27.

BULL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.
Ben Newton, 18, 15, 18, 17.
S. Woodard, 17, 17, 17, 17.

FORSYVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 5.
J. L. Burton, 8, 8, 10, 10.
C. W. B. Collins, 9, 9, 11, 11.

ELLS DISTRICT—NO. 6.
C. S. Melroy, 12, 12, 12, 13.
James Miller, 12, 12, 12, 12.

HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.
A. B. Bennett, 19, 19, 19, 20.
John P. Cooper, 19, 19, 19, 19.

CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.
Melvin Taylor, 21, 21, 21, 21.
Samuel Austin, 21, 21, 21, 21.

HANOVER DISTRICT—NO. 9.
John M. Leach, 21, 21, 22, 22.
T. L. Allen, 21, 21, 21, 21.

SELPHER SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 10.
John A. Bennett, 6, 6, 6, 6.
R. G. Wedding, 7, 7, 7, 7.

BARRETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.
J. S. Yates, 11, 11, 11, 11.
W. H. Cummins, 11, 11, 11, 11.

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COAL SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 2.
Isaac Brown, Rockport.

COAL SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 3.
J. M. Casler, Centerville.
BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.
Eli Chiles, Fordville.

FORSYVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 5.
J. O. Harder, Buena Vista.
ELLS DISTRICT—NO. 6.
Vacant.

HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.
W. L. Maddox, Beaver Dam.
CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.
E. S. Hodges, Cromwell.

HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 9.
A. C. Hill, Hartford.
SELPHER SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 10.
T. A. Kery, Kery.

BARRETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.
Vacant.

POLICE COURTS.
Hartford—F. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.
Charles Griffin, Marshal.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Thomas Stevens, Marshal.
Cromwell—A. F. Managosa, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
J. J. Curran, Marshal, post-office address, Melroy.

Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Monday in January, April, July and October.
W. H. Williams, Marshal, Court held first Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

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HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M. Sec'y.

R. A. M.
KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.
Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEINHEIMER, Sec.

I. O. O. F.
HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.
Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the second and fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.
L. BARRETT, N. G. W. PHIPPS, Sec. B. P. BERRYMAN, D. W. G. M.

I. O. G. T.
HARTFORD LODGE No. 12.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.
REV. G. J. BEAN, W. C. T. Miss ELLEN TAYLOR, W. Sec. G. B. WILLIAMS, L. D.

V. B. RAINS.
ROSINE, KY.,
—DEALER IN—
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Nails, Perfumery, Sponges, Gun Knives, Scissors, Stationery, Pure Wine and Whiskies for Medical purposes.

Patent Medicines &c.
Family Medicines and Physicians prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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

VOL. 3. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 8, 1877. NO. 30.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns for advertising rates: Yearly, Half Yearly, Quarterly, Monthly, Single Copy. Includes rates for different sizes of ads and professional cards.

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HARTFORD, KY.
Will practice in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.
F. F. MORGAN.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HARTFORD, KY.
Office west of courthouse over Hardwick & Nally's store.
Will practice in inferior and superior courts in this Commonwealth.
Special attention given to cases in bankruptcy.
F. F. Morgan is also examiner, and will take depositions correctly, and will be ready to oblige all parties at all times.

JESSE E. POOLE, W. M. SWEENEY.
Hartford, Ky. Owensboro, v.
FOGIE & SWEENEY.
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS
AT LAW,
HARTFORD, . . . KENTUCKY.
Will practice their profession in the Ohio county Circuit Court, and in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.
OFFICE—West side of Market street near courthouse.

WM. F. GREGORY.
(County Judge.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

E. D. WALKER, E. G. HUBBARD.
WALKER & HUBBARD,
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS
Special attention given to obtaining discharges in bankruptcy.
JOHN P. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Real Estate Agent,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Will buy, sell, lease, or rent lands or mineral privileges on reasonable terms. Will write deeds, mortgages, leases, etc., and attend to listing and paying taxes on lands belonging to non-residents.

GEO. C. WEDDING,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
AND U. S. COMMISSIONER,
HARTFORD, KY.
Will attend to all business confided to his care in the inferior and superior courts of the Commonwealth.
Office opposite Court House near the Post Office. s40-ly.

\$10 MADR by Agents in cities and country towns. Only necessary to show sample to make sales and make money for anyone out of employment and disposed to work. Used daily by all business men. Send stamps for samples, with price to agents. Address "SPECIAL AGENCY," Kendall building, Chicago.

LIGHTFOOT & WEDDING.
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
Tender their Professional Services to the citizens of Fordville and vicinity, s41-ly.

D. H. H. REDFORD,
DENTIST,
No. 29, Jefferson St., above Second,
LOUISVILLE, KY.
A set of the best Gum Teeth, on Rubber-plate, ten dollars; a set on gold-plate, forty dollars. Also reduction in filling.

Extracting Teeth, 20 Cents.
All work guaranteed. Teeth extracted with pure Nitrous Oxide Gas.

Domestic Sewing Machine.
Domestic Paper Fashions.
Domestic Underbraider.
Domestic Machine Finders.
Domestic Monthly.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING "DOMESTIC" Sewing Machine.
BEST.
Greatest Range of Work.
Best Quality of Work.
Lighting to Sew.

The Auditor has caused the licenses to agents of the Atlas Insurance Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, to be revoked. It refuses to stand an examination, and is not, for that reason, regarded safe.
A girl who can put a square patch on a pair of pantaloons may not be so accomplished as one who can work a green worsted dog on a yellow ground, but she is of a more real value in the community.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times criticizes with severity the Commercial of that city for sneering at Hon. R. M. Bishop, Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, because he is a Christian.

NO KISS.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite To a pretty little tune. Holding up a lovely mouth, Sweet as roses born in June, Will was ten years old that day, And he pulled her golden curls Teasingly, and answered made: "I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

FRAGMENTS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF OHIO COUNTY.

BY H. D. TAYLOR.
CHAPTER XVII.

Although the "oldest inhabitant" does not now recollect when the girls dressed in doe skin, as described in Ralph Ringwood's tales, yet our recollections reach back to the time when they mostly dressed in homespun; and it was no uncommon thing to see men and boys clad in buckskin pants and hunting shirts, with moccasins to suit; a most convenient, excellent lasting dress for dry weather, but a little worse the every day apparel. This was the respectable and well-to do part of the community, however, were provided with "store clothes," brought with them from Virginia, Maryland, &c., which were kept sacred for Sundays, weddings and State occasions; for to be known to your present intelligent, refined and progressive ladies, that a fine dress was a dress for life, and frequently passed as heir-looms from generation to generation, and had not to be re-cut, re-modeled, re-furled, re-buttoned, and corded and spangled with lace, ribbons and all the "A's" that now come in flaunting colors in the ladies' monthlies, and which they read and gloat over with more intense devotion than they do their Bibles.

Notwithstanding the women of those days were free from the galling claims of fashionable foolery, they perhaps exclaimed like Joan: "Woman's work is never done;" for many were mothers with a family of small children, who arose at break of day, milked the cow, cooked breakfast, cleared up the house and table, spun, sewed and knut, until time to cook dinner, and after dinner, without taking a fashionable sleep, washed, worked in the garden, or resumed her wheel or needle, until milking or supper time again approached, which duties and labors being completed, she seated on a button or mended a rent in some one's wearing apparel, and then sang her dear little ones asleep, not with the aid of the piano or guitar, but the lute, cheering him of the spinning wheel. "Oh, Heavens!" cries the model ladies of the present day, "what poor degraded slaves were the ladies of those days! Where were the Sue Anthonys and Stantons to raise the battle cry of freedom?"

Alas! the poor bewigged ladies of that day lived in happy ignorance of the refined philosophy of the present times. They were befuddled and blinded by that now exploded lolly of love and affection for their husbands and children. With strong, natural shaped bodies not distorted by pulleys and laces and stays, not powdered with cosmetics and dyes and paints, not swartled in bustles and paddings, they could draw full invigorating draughts of pure forest air. They could run, jump, ride and even fight Indians equal to—and in fact were the peers of the now contemned and tyrant lords of creation.

But the poor creatures they had no refinement or learning. No, they never spent whole days and nights in reading foolish extravagant novels, distorting nature and filling their minds with vain and impractical notions of life. They did not lux in bed and read the New York Ledger from week to week, nor had they learned to greet their worst enemy with a kiss, and express the utmost joy at meeting her, and then criticize her whole dress and action with the utmost spleen when she had left. No, the minds of the ladies in "those good old days," like their bodies, grew up strong and natural and vigorous, and grasped and held to the true objects and aims of life—"To multiply and replenish the earth." To cultivate and encourage the love, esteem and prosperity of their husbands and children. To this end they were content to labor from morn till night, ready on a pinch to turn out, drop corn, burn brush, or do any other jobs to help on in a pinch of work. To do this end they were willing to wear the same dress and bonnet from year's end to year's end.

Ah! what a happy arrangement of nature is the oblivious grave, where we peacefully rest, unawakened by the iron car and shrill whistle of modern progress. How it would grieve the souls of our grandmothers to see the very fortunes they had labored to accumulate, squandered in the "so called" refinement of the present day; to see the whole savings of their honest labor squandered on a bonnet or handkerchief—to see all—dancing to the tune of the "Devil take the hindmost."

The reader must not infer that our grandmothers were all model house-keepers. It is the peculiar trait of some intellects to continually take hold of the wrong end of everything, and by the time they get things turned right, if they ever do, they have lost much time and labor, and let important matters suffer for want of attention. It requires a philosophic mind and strong will, to adopt the great secret of life, which is, to have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Without this rule a household or a farm is always a confused jumble; things are done in a hurry, and never well done.

The men of those days were composed of the industrious, hard working farmers,

Facts for the People.

This is the heading of a circular issued to the voters of Citicoma, Ky., by a committee of citizens favorable to Local Option. At a mass meeting of the citizens held in the Methodist church, the Secretary presented the following statistics as furnished from the books of the Depot Agent and Police Records:

Received at Princeton depot between May 1, 1874 and July 1, 1875—
56 bids whisky and brandy 2,340 gal.
263 " " " 720 " "
21 kegs " " 100 " "
14 " " " 70 " "

Total 3,230 gal.
Received at the same place between May 1, 1876 and July 1, 1877—
33 bids whisky and brandy 1,369 gal.
11 bids " " 229 " "
10 kegs " " 189 " "
27 " " " 785 " "

Total 1,865 gal.
Showing that during the fourteen months, under the Local Option Law, 1,365 gallons less of whisky and brandy, and 4,000 gallons less of ale and beer, were sold in Princeton than during fourteen months immediately preceding the adoption of said law.

Calculating the whiskey a \$5 per gallon—which is a low estimate when sold by the glass—and the beer at 30 cents per gallon, and we have \$8,825 saved to the drinkers of Caldwell county in fourteen months. And still the cry is Local Option does not good—more whisky sold now than ever before.

From the Police Records it appears that the fourteen months preceding the vote on Local Option, there were thirty arrests for drunkenness, and only four during last year.

From the Jailor's books it is shown that for one year, ending May 1, 1875, his fees against the corporation of Princeton for commitments for drunkenness were \$77.05. During the last year, not a cent. While it is true that many more arrests might have been and ought to have been made, yet this was also true under the license law, and the above is a very fair showing of the working of the law.

Successful Men.

Who are they? They are the men who, when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more valuable than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves by a life of sleep and recreation. They set up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties, doing by daylight what of another man, and by night that of another. A banker of high integrity, and who started in life without a shilling, said the other day:

"For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours."

Let not then any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother or sick sister, or unfortunate relative, for this has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. It is the path which men have often trod—thorny enough at times, at others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable; but the way was cleared, sunshine came, success followed—then glory and renown.

Hancock Items.

PELLVILLE, July 27, 1877.

In your paper of July 21st, I see correspondence from this point, in confirmation of which, permit me to say, the fact is not told, but to elaborate that subject fully, would lay your Ohio county history in the shade, consequently I will desist.

I have been a subscriber for your paper for sometime, and consider it one of the best local sheets in our country. We, of Pellville, propose a club for your paper, and hope soon to send you a good number of names, thereby extending to you a hearty welcome in our midst, for we believe you will fairly and honestly represent us as Democrats, as well as those of your own county.

W. A. HEVZ.

We clip the following from a letter of Rev. T. E. Richey to the Western Recorder:
Before closing permit me to state that in addition to my work for the Recorder office I have also been doing something for Bethel College. Some eight or ten young men have promised me to go there as students at the beginning of next session. Bethel College has grown into favor with the people everywhere I go. Everybody seems well pleased with Prof. Waggener as president of the College and also with his professors as faculty. But, as I propose to speak more fully of this institution soon, I desist for the present only adding that the very best thing to do is to enter Bethel College next fall as students. But more about the College in future.

Neither Dirrell, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, nor any member of the banking house of the Rothschilds, nor August Belmont, nor Judah Benjamin, the first lawyer of London, can obtain board or lodging at Judge Hilton's tavern, while American, English, and German adventurers and black-legs with diamond breast-pins and plecthoric purses, are welcome to carouse with the fastidious Boniface as long as their money holds out. Hilton's tavern is a very remarkable concern.

The boy whose health is too delicate to have a row in his mother's garden, can always find constipation enough to dig fish bait for three hours.

Take all sorrow out of life, and you take away all richness, and depth, and tenderness. Sorrow is the furnace that melts selfish hearts together in love.

Mr. Webb's Excursion.

(Detroit Free Press.)
If you had looked into the corridor at the Central station yesterday afternoon, you would have seen a long, shiny nose sticking through the barred door of cell No. 4, and you might have heard a lone voice crying out:
"Patin' me in here won't make a bit of difference! I'll rip and tear all the harder when I get out!"

His name is Webb. He is the oldest son of an old farmer in Greenfield Township. He was in town the other day with produce, and just as he was ready to leave the market, a boy approached him and asked him if he didn't want to buy a church excursion ticket for half price. It was to be a beautiful excursion, the boy said, with ice-cream, and lemonade, and handsome girls, and beautiful views all over the boat, and there would be soft music by the band, sweet singing by the choir, and shady angles would be hovering near to pick up the awful good children who tumbled overboard.

"I'm right there, bub," replied the oldest son, as he went down into his vest pocket for a quarter; and he further said that he'd been for years hankering to go on a boss excursion up the river.

The ticket read that the boat would leave the dock sharp at 9 o'clock a. m. of Thursday. The oldest son was on time. He went to the foot of Woodward avenue, and kept his eye looking for the steamer Norwalk. He didn't see any white-robed children surrounded him. At ten o'clock the oldest son pulled out his card, walked up to a knot of men and remarked:

"Has this excursion gone?"
"That excursion," replied one of the men as he read the ticket, "took place three weeks ago this morning."

"And I'm left!"
"Yes, sir—you are just twenty days and some odd hours too late."

"I paid two shillings for this ticket," grimly observed the oldest son. "It calls for an excursion. I've got bread and butter and ham, and a pint bottle full of tea in this basket, and I'm going on this excursion or know the reason why."

"There are several reasons why," laughed the crowd.
"Gentlemen, trot out your steamboat!" said Mr. Webb.
They laughed again.
"Gentlemen, I give you just two minutes to pull your old steamer around here!"

More laughing.
"Gentlemen, I'm no blowhard. I want my rights, and I'm going to have 'em. I ain't going to plunk down two shillings in cash, sit up half a night to grease my boots, sew on buttons and oil up my hair, ride twelve miles in an old wagon and find the boat gone, and not let folks know how I feel about it. Bring on your boat!"

"We don't own any boat," they answered.
"Can't help it—I hold you responsible. Paw your old boat around here or I'll climb the whole town!"

He put down his bundle and went in, the odds being eleven to one. He hadn't spit on his hands over three times before he was all twisted out of shape, and a good share of his body jammed into an old cheese box. A policeman pried him out, untied the knots in his legs, smoothed out the kinks in his spinal column, and led him away to the station.

"Don't that call for an excursion?" demanded Mr. Webb, as he slammed his ticket down before the captain. "It does, if I know how to read, and now where is the excursion?"

"Gone," was the brief answer.
"Well, I hadn't gone. I'm right here. I'm waiting for that boat, and if she don't come I'll wade up and down this town like a festive cyclone! I'll give you just two minutes to put me aboard of the excursion!"

The Milkmen of Naples.

I must tell you about the Neapolitan milkmen, for they are funny fellows. They do not have a milk-wagon and horse as our milkmen have, or even a pail or dipper. They have only three-legged stools tied to themselves (so that when they want to sit down they are all ready), and they drive their cows and goats before them to the different houses, and milk them at the door in a bowl provided by each customer. No chance of watered milk there you see.

That is not the queerest part of it, though. As I have said, Italian houses are very high—five, six, and seven stories often, with a different family on each floor. Even the palaces (palaces) of the rich are divided in this way. To the first floor (not the ground floor) there are sometimes from eighty to one hundred marble steps leading up. On this step a duke may live, on the next above, some one lower in rank, till it would not be impossible that the duke's land-dress might live in the seventh story of his palazzo. These uppermost families usually take goats milk, because the goat can go up stairs, even to the top floor, and be milked in full view of the customer!

Part of little Paolo's pleasure was in patting the goat that came up to his grandmother's door, rubbing its little nose, and giving it roasted chestnuts to eat. After it was milked, the goat would turn and skip down the stairs so briskly that the milkman could not begin to keep up with it. —[St. Nicholas for August.

The number of new manufacturing industries, of varied kinds, springing up all over Kentucky is unprecedented. Ten years from now Kentucky will be a great manufacturing State in spite of all fogies, fossils, barnacles, skin-flints and growlers. [M. and M. Advertiser.

Foreign papers believe that Europe can take 2,000,000 head of cattle from the United States every year, the limit of cattle rearing having been reached in many parts of Europe. Figure up yourself what that would come to in the way of revenue to the United States at \$75 a head. The impression abroad is that Americans are not acting with reference to the export of beef as vigorously as they might.

Letter from Newville.

NEWVILLE, KY., Aug. 4, 1877.
Editor Herald:

We are a picnic-going people down this way, and have a jolly time as a rule. We attended one at Riley's Station on Saturday, 28th inst., given by the ladies and gentlemen of that vicinity, which was quite a nice arrangement, as all enjoyed themselves splendidly—dancing, chatting, and lastly, but not leastly, eating. Some of the parties can "stake the skates" on a regular hoe down dance. One fellow said he had bought himself a regular built suit of store clothes, and was going to throw the boys from Riley's Station how the thing could be did, and the way he gave us the new step of ante bellum tottery (chicken in the bread tray) with his No. 11s, was ludicrous indeed. The picnic was one of the nicest, with few exceptions.

Well, Buford has taken a rise very recently, as she now sports a regular string band, and the most important feature is that all parts are played to perfection on a drum. Well, that's curio; don't know what kind you drum it are, suppose it might be a small tenor, from the first roll that I heard while trying to make my exit out of the small end of the "horn."

I suppose, if we could move Buford up a road, and half-size Buckhorn, the boys might make it a paying business to start immediately for Grayson Springs, as a combination of such musical talent ("Drum" and "Horn") would certainly win for the boys an immortal fame that they posterity will never let sink into oblivion.

Manfred speaks in plain terms of some hard stock not yet disposed of. Well, yes, guess that's so. I know that, if the communication had not been too freely aridged, others might have been incorporated in that hard stock, that will be as difficult to get off as an old rifle with no flint, the frozen too soft, and the powder wet. But don't you up, Manfred; you still have a chance, if you should be so fortunate as to attain to the size of a man.

Quite a crowd attended quarterly meeting at Pleasant Hill Church (Methodist) on last Sabbath.

We are informed that Rev. W. W. Cook has been requested to lecture upon the Mode of Christ's Baptism, at Pleasant Hill, 3rd Sunday in August. Quite a number of persons will be present when it becomes a fixed fact.

Whooping cough is very prevalent in an adjoining neighborhood, and is proving malignant with children.

Merchants are very busy just at this time doing nothing. Business of all kinds stagnant.

Mr. Ellingwood, formerly a druggist in Owensboro, but recently of the Glenview neighborhood, came to his death a few days ago by imprudently getting in front of a moving blade, to make a horse pull, while the machine was in motion, and was badly cut with the blade and otherwise injured. So much so, that it produced lock jaw, which terminated fatally.

Mr. O. O. Brown, recently of South Carrollton, has cast his lot among the citizens of Newville, and will keep a first class store, where the people can get good goods at their own price—if they will pay enough for them. Mr. B. says he, too, is fond of good company.

We are now having a nice shower, and there's no telling when we may expect any fair weather, so long as the "Drum" continues to fool the clouds; as a small cloud, on hearing the solemn roll of that drum, mistakes itself for something of larger magnitude, and supposing the tone of that drum to be heavy thunder, imagines itself to be something on a large scale, and we are pretty well drenched in consequence of it. Please tout your Horn from the topmost summit of Hoover's Hill and call in the boys and let's have peace.

Success to the Tho's Thumb of Pleasant Ridge. Mooooo.

Prejudice.

How many of our opinions are influenced by early bias! how few of us can claim that we are free from the taint of prejudice! It is the enemy of truth, the chief obstacle to science and philosophy; the foe of reason. It is a veil which clouds perception, a moral narcotic which stupefies conscience. It blinds judges, and defeats the administration of Justice. It is the parent of intolerance and bigotry. It enables unprincipled men to rise to dangerous eminence, and is the most essential and potent bulwark of oppression in every land. Its eradication cannot be too early or earnestly sought by those who would inculcate sound economic principles among the masses.

Those Chinese immigrants who, on landing from the steamer at San Francisco the other day, had to be escorted to the Chinese quarter of the city by a strong body of police, to keep them from being devoured by hoodlums, must have felt that this "anyland for the oppressed of all nations," this "boasted land of liberty," this "free hearts' only home," was a fraud. They will surprise their countrymen at home with the intelligence that while we welcome the people of all other nations to our shores with open arms, we welcome them with fire-arms.

Foreign papers believe that Europe can take 2,000,000 head of cattle from the United States every year, the limit of cattle rearing having been reached in many parts of Europe. Figure up yourself what that would come to in the way of revenue to the United States at \$75 a head. The impression abroad is that Americans are not acting with reference to the export of beef as vigorously as they might.