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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. 4. HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KENTUCKY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1878. NO. 37.

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Baptist—Services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding.—W. P. Bennett, pastor.

M. E. Church South—Services third Sunday and Sunday night in each month.—Rev. W. W. Cook, pastor.

Methodist Episcopal—Services fourth Sunday and Sunday night in each month—Rev. J. A. Humphrey, pastor.

Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon James Stuart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morton, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford. Deputies—G W Bunger, Hartford, S P Taylor, Beaver Dam, E H Cooper, Fordsville, S L Falkenson, Ceralvo.

Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon J A Murray, Judge, Cloverport.
Hon Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
E L Bullenger, Jailer, Hartford.

Court begins on fourth Mondays in March and September; continues two weeks each term

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. Newton, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. K. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sanderfur, Attorney, Hartford.

Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

Armistead Jones, Assessor, Hartford.
Col. W. H. Porter, Surveyor, Cromwell.
Thos. H. Boswell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
R. P. Rowe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAGISTRATES' COURTS.

	Mar	June	Sept	Dec
CANEY DISTRICT—NO. 1				
H. Baltsell	2	1	5	4
P H Alford	1	4	4	5
COOL SPRINGS DISTRICT—NO. 2.				
A N Brown	26	24	26	26
D J Wilcox	25	25	25	27
CENTERTOWN DISTRICT—NO. 3.				
A T Coffman	22	22	23	24
W P Render	23	21	24	25
BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—NO. 4.				
John Holbrook	15	15	16	17
S Woodward	16	14	17	16
FORDSVILLE DISTRICT—NO. 5.				
J L. Burton	9	7	10	9
O W B Cobb	8	8	9	10
ELLIS' DISTRICT—NO. 6.				
C S McElroy	11	11	11	12
James Miller	13	10	12	11
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.				
A B Bennett	18	18	18	19
John P Cooper	19	17	19	18
CROMWELL DISTRICT—NO. 8.				
Melvin Taylor	27	27	27	30
Samuel Austin	28	26	28	31
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 9.				
John M Leach	21	19	21	20
T L Allen	20	20	20	21
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT NO. 10.				
John A Bennett	6	6	6	7
R G Wedding	7	5	7	6
BARTLETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.				
S Yates	13	13	13	14
G S Hamilton	14	12	14	13

CONSTABLES.

A list of the Constables of Ohio County and their Post Office address:

CANEY DISTRICT—No. 1.
W W Ezell, Rosine.
COOL SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 2.
Brown, Rockport.
CENTERTOWN DISTRICT—No. 3.
M Cassbler, Ceralvo.
BELL'S STORE DISTRICT—No. 4.
D. A. Webb, Bedar
FORDSVILLE DISTRICT—No 5.
Jo I Harder, Fordsville.
ELLIS' DISTRICT—No. 6.
Vacant.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 7.
W L Maddox, Beaver Dam.
CROMWELL DISTRICT—No. 8.
Emery, Cromwell.
HARTFORD DISTRICT—NO. 9.
Vacant
SULPHUR SPRINGS DISTRICT—No. 10.
T. J. Kerby.
BARTLETT'S DISTRICT—NO. 11.
Vacant.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—W. H. Cummins, Judge, second Mondays in January, April, July and October.—W. H. Griffin, Marshal.

Beaver Dam.—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.—Thomas Stevens, Marshal.

Cromwell.—A. P. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October—Jas. W. Daniel Marshal..

Ceralvo.—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.—Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.

Hamilton—Wm. Hamilton, Sr. Judge, post-office address Mellenry, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. W. D. Hamilton, Marshal, post-office address Mellenry.

Rockport—J. W. Duke, Judge, Riley McDowell, Marshal. Courts held third Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

Rosine—R. R. Wedding, Judge—J. F. Lewis Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in March, June, September and December.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M.
H. WEINSHEIMER, Secty.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. A. B. BAIRD, H. P.
Comp. H. WEINSHEIMER, 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 from them to do so.
L. BARRETT, N. G. WM. PHIPPS, Sec.
B. P. BERRYMAN, D. D. 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.
D. E. THOMAS, W. C. T.
E. R. MURRELL, W. Sec.
GROSS WILLIAMS, L. D.

LIGHTFOOT & WEDDING.
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
Tender their Professional Services to the citizens of Fordsville and vicinity.

THE CRUSADES.

BY ASTRA.

Where the Palm tree nods to the passing breeze,
And the Orient catches a breath from the seas,
Where the fig and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the song-bird never is mute;
Where the Rose of Sharon smiles serene,
And the Moss Rose first by the world was seen;
Where the Moslem's charger scours the plains,
The Crusade City in stillness reigns.

Upon Syria's fair and fertile plains,
Of whose great achievements scarce remains
A monument to remind the passer-by
Of the mighty deeds that were here to lie
Dead with those who for glory fought,
And whose life-blood purchased the glory sought,
A noble cavalcade once appeared,
Upon whose proud ensigns the Cross was reared.

With banners unfurl'd this mighty host
Rushed to the conflict with bosoms crossed;
Fierce Orthok, with his minion Turks,
Spared profane the altars and holy works
To beat the Palmers, who upon the knee
Besought the Holy Sepulchre to see;
The Moslem Chief, with rude disdain,
Refused the humble boon they would obtain.

High above the clash of arms and battle's roar
Arose that war-cry, chilling Moslems to the core,
Of the Lion-Hearted Richard coming to the fray;
The turbaned Turk, appall'd essays to pray
To the great Mohammed, Prophet of Alkoran,
Imploring defence against that iron-hand;
The false pretentions of their crafty Prophet-King
No Heavenly aid to the blinded Moslems bring.

The brave Saladin, with his warring Turks,
Plants his CRESCENT standard 'neath the outer works.
And the Holy City soon is undermined;
The Moslem Prince, to mercy o'er inclined,
Sends the conquered Christians to his friendly Tyre.
A noble action, one the Christian must admire;
Success alternate the Cross and Crescent crowns,
And glorious deeds of chivalry the war renowns

"God wills it," sounds the glad war-cry,
We'll on to vict'ry or in battle die!
Fast falls the gory battl-ax, and Moslems fall
Victims to the wrath of Him who rules o'er all.
There human figures clad in armor white,
Mounted on snowy steeds ascend the nearest height;
Adhemar points to those as sent from Heaven,
The promised aid to all its heroes given,

The drooping spirit of this mighty host revives
Godfrey leads on and o'er the Turk his charger drives,
As fiercely he mounts to victory bought with blood—
Pacifying all to save the Holy Rood.
At mid-day, as the kindly orb of Heaven
Is looking hotly on the contest striven,
A knight in shining armor stands on Olive's height,
Points on to victory, glory, God and right.

Kate's Prince.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

"There now you're banging that door again, Miss Jennie; I declare to goodness you children would worry the patience out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sallie," I said panting, after a race to get in the house first—a race I had won, for Lil and Cissy were yards behind.

"Never mind, indeed!" cried Sallie "and there's your fine cousin coming down to-day from London. I wonder what she will say when she sees you racing about the meadow like so many wild colts, and your arms all brown and scratched, and the hooks off your dress. I never saw such children, never."

Sally was our housemaid, parlor-maid and nurse-maid all in one; and it used to seem to me that she spent all her leisure time in quarrelling with the cook and snubbing us; but for all that one of my principal recollections, during the fever I had so long, was waking at all times to see Sally's red face watching by my bedside; and I know she did all cook's work for six weeks as well as her own, when poor cook had such a sad accident and cut her hand.

We three—Lil, Cissy and I—had a long discussion about cousin Kate and her visit; and we all felt what dreadful little ragmuffins we should seem to her for I'm afraid we had been running wild; though papa only used to laugh about it, and would come into the school room when mamma was busy with us over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry, "Now then, girls, the sun shines, and the birds are calling. Out with you! Learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterwards why this was. Papa had a horrible nervous dread of our growing up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family; and I had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why cousin Kate's coming to stay with us," said Lil.

"I know why she's coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for fear I should show my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her up new warm milk and an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy solemnly; "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs Speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden seat under the trees. She's sure to get well there."

And so we did, for cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three girls stood back, quite in awe of the well-dressed, fashionable-looking body, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender affectionate way, saying: "My dear child, we are so glad to see you."

Cousin Kate threw her arms around mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face from our sight. We did not see any more of her that day; but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps, fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower, having been crossed in a love affair with the housekeeper at a neighboring farm! We girls got to think of our cousin's illness as a kind of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet gentle cousin, fell off the very next day, when we took possession of her, and led her round our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies and pleasant meadow.

This desire to show her attention, came natural to us; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again, but slowly wither away.

She had come to us in the spring, and the months flew by till it was the height of summer; and many and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker, much weaker than when she came, a walk across the lawn to the old garden-seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said, one day when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't any doctor make you well."

She looked at me with a wild strange gaze which almost startled me, before she replied, and then in a way that made my heart beat, she sobbed out.

"Only one—only one!" and then as if to herself, in a low whisper, she added, "and before he can come, I shall be dead—dead!"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened gazing at her till my sisters came back, when, as we frequently did, we sat down about her; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat on the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands, which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet, so as to look up in her gentle face, which had now become calm with its weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"No, no," I said, "don't ask; she isn't so well to day."

"Yes," she said quietly, raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one, then," cried Cissy eagerly, "one you have never told us before."

There was silence for a few minutes and as I gazed up in Kate's face I saw her eyes close, and a sort of spasm twitch her lips; but the next minute she was quite calm, and then with the leaves whispering round us, and the twittering of the birds coming now and again from the distance, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Once upon a time in the days of long ago, when people were very, very happy on this earth, there lived a prince who was young and handsome and true. Nearly ever one loved him, he was so manly and yet so gentle."

"And he loved a beautiful princess," put in Cissy.

I saw the spasm cross cousin Kate's face again, but it was calm directly after, and she went on.

"No dear," she said, "he did not love a beautiful princess, but a poor simple girl who loved him too, with all her heart, and they were so, so happy."

"Yes, and they were married, and lived happy ever after," cried Cissy. "Go on."

"No, Cissy, they were not, for the poor, handsome, young prince had enemies—cruel bitter enemies—who slandered him, and said that he had made false keys and opened the treasure chests of a great man, and stolen away his gold and precious stones."

"Oh!" whispered Cissy, now deeply interested.

"And," continued Kate, "they took the poor prince, and there was a great trial, and though he declared he was innocent, the wicked people who slandered him and bore false witness against him, prevailed; and the great judge said that he was to be cast into prison, and wear heavy chains, and be kept there for twenty-one long years."

"Oh!" cried Lin.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know, and then the simple young girl who loved him went and unlocked the prison gates, and struck off his chains and set him free."

"No—no," cried cousin Kate, and her voice altered terribly, so that I was alarmed, though I could do nothing but gaze up in the wild face before me for now a change came over it. "No," she cried, "the poor girl could do nothing but sit and weep, and feel her broken heart beat—beat—beat, in its own prison, wearing itself out till—till she died, and, and—Oh, Frank! Frank! what have we done that we should suffer this?"

I leaped up to throw my arms round her, while my sisters shrank away alarmed; for cousin Kate turned from us with a bitter wail, buried her face in her hands, and threw herself half over the arm of the old garden seat, sobbing in a wild hysterical way. "Kate, dear cousin Kate," I sobbed; but even as I spoke there was a hasty step on the gravel, the bushes were dashed aside, and the shadow of a tall man was cast over us.

"Kate—darling!" he cried, catching her in his arms, as I was thrust rudely aside. "I am innocent and free."

She did not hear him, for she gave a faint gasp and sank back insensible.

We three girls were almost stunned; but we saw the tall, thin, pale-looking stranger hastily lift poor Kate from the seat and literally run with her to the house, while we followed more slowly.

As we reached the porch it was to meet papa running out and in a very short time he returned with the doctor. But this doctor was the wrong one; the right one had come to us at the garden seat, and it was his words that brought dear cousin Kate back to life, and in the course of a few months to health.

For Frank Roberts was reinstated in the Government offices from which he fell—in a higher post, one which gave him the confidence of the higher officials; while the man through whose treachery poor Frank suffered a year and half before, died confessing that he had been the guilty party alone.

Oh! those happy days when the roses were coming back day by day into cousin Kate's cheek, and when Frank, who was down at the old place every Saturday to stay till Monday, used to be sent to play and romp with us girls. I can hardly believe that thirty years have glided by since then, but so it is; and to this day we call dear old gray whiskered Frank, "Kate's Prince."

The Modern Catechism.

Question.—Who changed the original contract, whereby the bonds were made payable in gold, when they should have been paid in coin and greenbacks and thus donating five hundred millions of the people's money to gold gamblers.

Answer.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who demonetized silver in order to put more of the peoples money into the pockets of gold gamblers?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who enacted the law for the resumption of specie payment and contraction of the currency, so as to break up and destroy the people of the West in order to still further put money in the pockets of Eastern nabobs?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who inaugurated the national bank law, in order to perpetuate the national debt and still further pamper the rich lords of the untaxed bonds?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who are opposed to the repeal of the resumption law?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who were opposed to the repeal of the odious bankrupt law?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who refused to pension the Mexican soldiers and to equalize the bounties to soldiers and sailors of the late war?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who stole the Presidency and seated a man not elected by the people?

A.—The Republicans.

Q.—Who are the friends of the people and in favor of equal taxation?

A.—The Democracy.—[Rockport (Ind.) Gazette.

Indebted to the Democrats.

The people of the United States are indebted to the Democratic party.

1st. For the remonetization of silver.

2d. For the repeal of the odious bankrupt law,

3d. For the law prohibiting the further contraction of greenbacks.

4th. For the cutting down of appropriations $85,000,000, and thus saving that amount to the people that the Republicans wanted to squander. These results have been gained by the persistent agitation of the Democratic press, and Democratic Congressmen.

STATE SCHOOL FUND.

The Percentage Consumed in Its Management.

[From Bowling Green Pantagraph.]

As there had been a wide spread misapprehension as to the amount consumed in the management of the common School Fund of this State the Teachers' Institute for this county, recently in session in Odeon Hall, appointed a committee to investigate and report on that subject. The committee appointed presented the following, which was accepted and the county and State papers requested to publish it:

To the President of the Warren county Teachers' Institute and the members of said institute assembled:

We, your committee appointed for the purpose of investigating the annual cost incident to the management of the Common School Fund of this State, would respectfully report to this honorable body, that having investigated the reports of the state auditor for the years ending June 30, 1877, and June 30, 1878, we find that the total amount of school money estimated to have been paid into the treasury for the school year ending June 30, 1877—$923,855.08, total number of white children for same year, 459,253; per caput paid each child for said year $1.90; total amount expended in the management of said fund, $51,274.28 and the rate per cent. of expenditure on each dollar, 5½ per cent.; also that the total amount of school money estimated to have been paid into the treasury for the school year ending June the 30, 1878, $823,614..85; total number of white children for same year, 470,323; per caput paid each child for said year, $1.65; total amount expended in the management of said fund, $47,581.89, and the rate per cent. of expenditures on each dollar, 5-7-10 per cent. The above report is respectfully submitted for the consideration of the Institute. This the 22d day of August, 1878.

JAMES C. SIMS,
C. C. MCCUTCHEN,
J. M. SIMMONS.

Please Stop My—What?

Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is duty—please stop my—beef? Oh, no! times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something that costs me a large amount of which I wish to save. Please stop my—tobacco? cigars and snuff? Oh, no! not these, but I want to retrench somewhere. Please stop my—ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? Not at all? pride must be fostered if times are so hard, but I believe I can see a way in saving in another direction. Please stop my—tea, coffee and needless, unhealthy luxuries? No, no, no, not these; I can not think of such a sacrifice; I must have something else. Ah! I have it now my paper; I must save that. I will stop my paper; that two dollars will take me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially of brains.—[Exchange.

OUR CHINA LETTER.

KIU KIANG, July 24th, 1878.

Editor Herald:

At this side of the ball we call the earth we have no political campaigns—men are born to office, or else pay down the cash and buy one. Hence, men used to a republic and democratic privileges feels deeply the loss of having no one to "lectioneer" him, as the peaceful(?) citizens of Kentucky have at this season of the year. As the first Monday in August approaches it brings to my memory the good days of yore, when water melons, five-cent ginger cakes and free fights were the order of the day; when all the boys from the surrounding country were "in town" in new linen trowers and calico shirts and broad hand-made woolen suspenders, and all the "town boys" were up in arms like game cocks in a barn-yard or black and tans at a log-rolling, each with a jealous look-out for the rights and honor of the fraternity. I even now, as I write, see a crowd gathered at the old public well to see a negro dance or a foot-race, and another crowd over on the diagonally opposite side of the old court-house to see two intoxicated men decide, by muscle and gas—chiefly the latter, the relative merits of two competing candidates.

But politics are not—or is not (which?)—my business, and I presume the professionals—which seems to include the majority of your citizens, from the lists of "announcements," will decide that I am not qualified to make any suggestions. Before you receive this the election will have passed and some one will be elected, and some one else will be gratified by knowing how many friends he has who would have preferred him. But in looking over your paper for a few weeks past, I have been amazed to see such methods employed to carry political ends. I beg to offer a few suggestions as a neutral party and a friend to all concerned in your recent contest, and point out a few inconsistencies in the methods too generally employed to further political ends, which, I think, are founded in a misapprehension of the effects such measures are calculated to have on intelligent minds. 1st. There seems to have prevailed the notion—which I think essentially wrong—that to secure an election, all that is necessary is to disqualify one's opponent, by whatever method that may be done. If A and B are candidates for County Clerk, for instance, and A can make it clear that B is disqualified for the office, does it logically follow that A is competent? Or, suppose, as in the late primary contest between Messrs. Smith & Cox, if Mr. Cox saw proper to vote for his neighbor, Berry, a few years ago, for the Senate, is he thereby disqualified to keep the books of the county in an eligible shape? Or, if his brother-in-law happens to be a good pensman and adapted to fill the office of county clerk, is he thereby any less calculated to fill the duties of the office? On the other hand, Mr. Smith, who is an acknowledged gentlemen, who was a successful man in every department in which he has served, is he any more or less calculated to fill the office efficiently because the perquisites or extra fees have amounted to a few hundred dollars to his opponent in the past? It occurs to one far enough from the scene to judge impartially that all such personal assaults are ill-timed and wholly wide of the issue. The voters of Ohio county generally know the men coming before them for office, and offices are not made for men; but, like the Sabbath, men are supposed to be needed for the offices. So the rational and better method would be for each and all to submit their names as willing to undergo the sacrifice of the trust, and let the people vote in a good humor and select the man of their choice.

A second mistake, as it appears to an outsider, is that of impugning the purity of the motives of opponents about matters that do not justify it. I am not one who would recommend that the official career of men in office shall not be properly guarded. But take the late mileage question. I would give any of the gentlemen involved in that dispute or challenge of honor the credit of having more sense than to resort to overcharging to the extent of a few miles as a means of gain. I think either name thus far involved in that matter in Ohio county represents a man who would not attempt such a thing as a known fraud of the kind implied; so would it not have been better for each one who was under the necessity of any explanation to have stated the facts concerning himself, which I presume was true of all such cases, that the whole thing was due to an oversight in not carefully computing the distance, but taking the commonly estimated distance, which is critically almost sure to be wrong. If one representative can make it so clear in his own case that it was due to incorrect data, does it follow by any kind of inference that his colleagues have drawn mileage to which they knew they were not entitled? Hence, I submit that it is the highth of folly to imply dishonor in the motives of our public men on such small grounds. If a man's house or life was guarded by no stronger sense of honor in his neighbors than his honor is, no one could sleep in safety. We would have to adopt the habits of the feudal ages or the Texas frontiermen, and wear swords and pistols in our daily intercourse with our neighbors.

A 3d feature in our political machinery which is amazing, is for a good honest farmer to announce himself as a candidate for assessor or constable &c., and be explicit in his views upon the intricate problems of finance or international law, and such questions. In the first place what connection can there possibly be between the duties of a coroner, for example, and a national system of finance. There are indeed but few men competent to have an intelligent opinion upon such a complex problem, and yet the issues of a local campaign are not unfrequently made upon such questions. Suppose one of your merchants should offer for sale an article of merchandise and should solemnly inform his customer that it was his opinion that in case of war between England and Russia that the owners of old ships in the United States were not barred by the treaty of Washington from selling those ships to the Russian government, any more than they would be from selling grain or beef to the English., what effect would that have upon the value of the article for sale or its fitness for the customer's use. But I need not illustrate the point further. With these suggestions, which will be forgot ten before the next election, I leave the subject with one general remark: that is, if the above policy were adopted in local compaigns, all concerned would be relieved from a very ridiculous inconsistency. The late primary contest and its results, reminds one of a prize-fight, with the candidates as contestants and their friends as seconds and backers. There is no real anger, but still the blood is drawn with every blow, and when one party is declared by the umpire to be whipped, then all go, with bloody noses and blue(?) eyes, and drink and shake in perfect harmony(?). The cards in one paper are of the most warlike portent, and the next week the call is to fall in line and vote for the man so vile and corrupt only a week before. O, "consistency thou art a jewel!" W. G. BENTON.

MARRIED.—At Virginia, Nev., on the 4th inst., by the Rev. Father McGrath, Ah Wan, Esq., and Miss Nan Ying; the following was the ceremony: "Ah Wan you likee this one piecee woman much good?" "You bet!" "Nan Ying you likee this one piecee man way up good?" "Me likee this piecee!" "Ah Wan, you never catchee no more woman but this one piecee, d'ye mindee that?" "No more catchee." "Nan Ying you catchee no more man but Ah Wan, d'ye understand that?' "All lightee." "Then in the names of the Almighty, I callee you all samee one piecee meat."

Sulphur Springs Items.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Sept. 12, '78.

Editor Herald:

The little city of Sulphur Springs has the appearance of a hospital, as nearly everybody in it is sick.

Mrs. Mart Mitchell dropped from her chair, on the 8th inst., and expired before her husband, who was in the same room, could reach her.

Several mad dogs have been killed in this neighborhood in the last few days, and the Sulphur Springs' pups will rest more quietly at home under or on the bed than they will promenading our streets.

Courting Buggs seems to be the order of the magistrates.

A fish weighing 30 pounds was caught by some of our boys a few nights since, and we have not heard fishing named since. The boys may be fishing with a different bait for dry land snapping turtles for all we know.

Mr. Samuel Crawford, of this place, has gone to Texas in search of a fortune. He may go to tailoring there; but one thing certain, he had a great dislike for *Taylors* while here.

We were pleased to see Mr. James T. Moore, of Hartford, with us on Friday and Saturday last. Come again, Jim, and you shall have a full bucket of water near at hand.

Mr. J. C. Bean, one of our oldest and most reliable citizens, departed this life on the 10th inst. He died in the Christian faith; and, although it is a hard trial for the bereaved family to bear, they should console themselves with the thought that he is in a better and brighter world. DOT.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

In Memory of Dr. J. M. Heaverin.

At a called meeting of Cromwell Lodge No 420, A. Y. M., the undersigned were appointed a committee to draft suitable resolutions relative to the death of J. M. Heaverin. The committee thereupon submit the following:

WHEREAS—That inexorable leveler of human nature, death, has removed from this life our lamented brother and co-laborer in the Lodge below to rest in the Grand Lodge above, over which the Grand Master and Architect of the Universe presides. Therefore be it

Resolved—That the membership of Cromwell Lodge have heard with feelings of deep regret of the untimely death of Bro. Heaverin, lately an industrious and faithful member of this Lodge, after a life of usefulness and honor to himself, his friends and his country, he has been compelled to lay down the implements of our Order, and his good name is no more called in the ranks of the living.

Resolved—That in the death of our worthy brother, Cromwell Lodge has sustained a grievous loss, his family a kind husband and an affectionate father.

Resolved—That we follow the remains of our dear brother to his grave, where he is quietly to rest till the morning of the resurrection, when he will be summoned to his eternal reward.

Resolved—That we tender our warmest sympathies to the afflicted family of our dear brother in their bereavement, and that a memorial in the minutes of this Lodge be inscribed to the memory of him whose death we sadly mourn, and a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, and a copy also to the Hartford Herald for publication.

V. B. RAINS,
W. W. EZELL,
M. A. EDMONSON. } Com.

A Woman in the upper end of the town is so extremely fond of entertaining friends that her husband calls her Misery, because she loves company.—Like the man in this town who addresses his wife Illwind because she blows no good.

An exchange, a few days ago, announced: "A report of Rev. Mr. B——'s very able sermon is crowded out of this issue by a press of more timely matters." On another page we found a column devoted to base ball, and a half column to a horse trot.

EDUCATIONAL.

W. L. HAWKINS, - - EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 18, ... 1878.

Keep the people posted upon the value of intelligence over vice and ignorance.

Intelligent people are law-abiding—produce more than they consume—they enrich—beautify—build up—and circulate money and create diversified industry—which gives employment to people. Intelligence pays.

A man was flogging his son on his knee, when the young one bit him. The father said: "What are you biting me for?" The son replied: "Who beginned this war.

An Irishman was told by a teacher that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month, and one guinea the second. "Then be jabers," said Pat, I'll begin the second month now.

Miss Phebe W. Sudlow, Superintendent of schools at Davenport, Iowa, has been appointed professor of English language and literature in the Iowa State University, with the full salary of $1,700.

Thou shalt not covet the Professor's salary.

Mind your stops. A compositor, in setting up the toast: 'Woman—without her, man would be a savage,' got the comma in the wrong place, which made it read: Woman, without her man, would be a savage.'

If you would have your child brought into contact in the school-room with men and women of culture, see to it that such men and women are secured for teachers.

Go to the Institute—take pencil and paper and make full notes of methods, plans and lectures too.

If you hear Mrs. H. complaining of the dullness of her scissors, please don't tell her that they were dulled doing service as assistant editor, this week. You want now, will you?

The proposition has been made in Chicago that colleges and normal schools shall have a Professor of Current History and Business News, whose duty it shall be to teach students to understand the news of the day. He would have to be sharp as a tack, for many things appear these days that are "trumps," to all save the writer.

Get a scrap book; and when you find an article in any of your papers which you deem valuable—a recipe for something you need or any matter to which you may wish to refer hereafter, cut it out and put it in your scrap book. Keep it classified as best you can, so as to render it easy of reference—keeping all the recipes at one place. You cannot conceive, if you have not tried it, how valuable and practically useful such a book will become in a few years. The book does not cost much and the time taken in cutting out and pasting in will pay largely. Try it.

Dr. Willard, of the Chicago High School, declares that school room walls, for the sake of pupil's eyes, should be tinted with a pinkish, greenish or bluish tinge, and the lessonboards should be green, brownish or drab in color. He adds that it is a mistake to think that the board be black to make the chalk mark distinct, and that though the relief and comfort to the eye may seem slight, it amounts to a great deal, taking day after day.

Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

There has been a great deal of discussion as to the practicability of the co-education of the sexes; and it remains an unsettled question. An English paper speaking on the subject says: "To send men and women to the same college is to presume that their calling in life is the same; that to revolutionize the relations of the sexes is to convert woman from the partner of man into his competitor; and that the entire movement of which this measure forms one feature noticeably produces in woman an aversion to maternity, as well as some disqualifications for its highest duties."

Ruskin never said a truer thing than this: "If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; and if pleasure you must toil for it." Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

As school instruction in almost all cases is but preliminary education, or the foundation of that education which people get in the world afterward, the prime object should be to create a thirst for and love of knowledge and to prepare the mind to think clearly and to reason logically. If these matters be well attended to there will be little time left within the necessary limits of our system of public school education for mere ornamental acquirements. At all events educational accomplishments beyond these should be provided and paid for by parents, or should be acquired elsewhere than in the public schools. A good, solid and practical American education, and one that will not foster distinctions of race or nationality, should only be sanctioned by the Government or those who have charge of our system of public instruction.—[New York Star.

These four lines contain the entire alphabet:

"God gives the grazing ox his meat,
He quickly hears the sheep's low cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift his praises high."

A boa constrictor at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens swallowed an army blanket under the impression that he was getting a new kind of raspberry short cake.

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