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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. 8. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, AUGUST 16, 1882. NO. 33.

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Beaver Dam—I. H. Baker, Judge, courts first Saturday in January, April, July and October. S. P. Taylor, Marshal.
Cromwell—P. W. Ohstrap, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October. W. T. Tilford, Marshal.
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Rosine—D. M. Hocker, Judge, W. F. Galloway, Marshal, H. W. Lewis, Deputy. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.

R. P. Withers,	Mar.	4	June 2	Sept. 1	Dec. 1
James Miller,	"	4	" 3	" 2	" 2

BUFORD.

P. D. Taylor,	Mar.	8	June 7	Sept. 6	Dec. 6
J. D. Holbrook,	"	10	" 9	" 8	" 8

HARTFORD.

A. R. Bennett,	Mar.	7	June 6	Sept. 5	Dec. 5
J. D. Byers,	"	21	" 20	" 19	" 19

ROCKPORT.

A. N. Brown,	Mar.	22	June 21	Sept. 20	Dec. 20
W. L. Rowe,	"	24	" 23	" 22	" 22

ROSINE.

Wm. Cannon,	Mar.	16	June 15	Sept. 14	Dec. 14
J. D. Miller,	"	17	" 16	" 15	" 15

CROMWELL.

Melvin Taylor,	"	18	" 17	" 16	" 16
E. O. Porter,	Mar.	31	June 30	Sept. 30	Dec. 30

CONSTABLES.

Fordsville—G. W. Brite, Post-office address, Fordsville.
Buford—Thomas J. Bell.
Hartford—H. S. Midkiff, Post-office Beaver Dam.
Rockport—Jas. M. Cassiter.
Rosine—J. F. Wilson, Post-office, Rosine.
Cromwell—J. W. Daniel, Post-office Cromwell.

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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 and fourth Sunday night in each month—Rev. R. C. Alexander, Pastor.
Methodist Episcopal (colored).—Services every Sunday morning and night. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.—Rev. Peter Dent, Pastor.
Alpha Baptist Church (colored)—First and Third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. F. M. HARTFORD LODGE, No. 156.—Meets third Monday night in each month. E. R. MCCHELLS, W. M. H. WEINSHEIMER, Secretary.

R. A. M.—KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No 110.—Meets second Monday in each month. W. H. MOORE, H. P. H. WEINSHEIMER Secretary.

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Office, North Side Public Square,
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"ALL IN THE DRAW."

Bill, Charley and Tim playing cards in the shanty,
Held sacred to poker and the game of old sledge,
'Twas Charley's first "deal" and Timothy's "ante,"
And Bill, "going blind," sat holding the "edge."

Charles look'd at his "pictur's" and said he was "clear,"
And Timothy said he would "stay with his pards;"
"I'll make my blind good, tho' I have nary por,"
Bold Billy exclaim'd, "just gimme five cards!"

Brave Charley came in on a couple of "graces,"
Or otherwise queens, and Tim on two pair,
Charley "filled in the draw," for three little "aces;"
Dame Fortune had blindly assigned to his share.

Tim also was lucky, for a "full," set him thinking
What a fine institution was the game of "old draw;"
And Bill took his five, not an "eye winker", blinking,
To reveal how they "skinn'd" neath his horny old "paw."

"I'll bet you a dollar," cried Charles, "as a feeler,"
Tim "saw" it, and "raised" Jim as many as four;
And Bill, grim as death, "saw" the bet of the dealer,
And Timothy's "raise," and five dollars more:

"They're bluffing," thought Charley, "and now I will skin 'em;"
And "saw" the five "hanler," and "raised it a score;
And Timothy thought, this surely will bring 'em."
So he "saw" the twenty, and "raised" twenty more:

They kept up the betting with heedless impunity,
They put up their pistols, their blankets and knives;
And Charley and Tim were a "busted community,"
For Bill "scoop'd the pot" on four little lives!

- - - - - - - - - - - -

When in the rough shuffle of life you're stuck,
In the midst of misfortune, nary pair in your "pow,"
Don't give up your "edge," keep "rushing your luck,"
And try a new deal—for it's all in the draw!

—*J. H. B. in Arkansaw Traveler.*

REDSTICK;

OR,

Scenes in the South.

BY B. R. MONTESANO, 1882.

In the meantime, the object of all this pursuit stuck fast in a slough at the bottom of the hill, and was cursing his driver like fury for being the cause of the accident. The pursuers, thinking that he was going to jump out and run, came down on him with a perfect rush; Smith seized him first; but was immediately floored, or rather muddled, that being the prevailing foundation in that neighborhood. Old uncle Joe, distrusting his physical powers, made a rush at him with his pony, and the three went down together. The rest coming up, Whiskers was tied hand and foot; and after a chase after the nigger, who disappeared through the woods like a deer, and a short resting spell, the cavalcade set out on their return. Their arrival in town was announced by a series of cheers from all the children and little niggers in town; such another appearance as they presented would have thrown Falstaff and his army in the shade. First came the doctor on the mule, his hair scattered and full of mud, his hat gone, his coat split down the back, and two large contusions marked where he had come in contact—first, with the pummel of the mule's saddle, when Bob White run over him, and afterward with Whiskerando's fist, at the moment of victory. The rest of the cavalcade was in as bad a plight; and the appearance of Whiskers, tied like a hog and laid behind the foot-board, cursing and roaring like a bull, drew tears of laughter from the assembled crowd. We all bent our steps to the old French Magistrate's office, and Whiskers soliciting my services, Mac was put forward to exhaust his legal knowledge in the attempt to have him committed.

The poster which was the cause of all this tumult, had by this time disappeared, no one could tell how or where, and Whiskers having time to get several planters who knew him to testify to his character, and it being proven that he had just arrived to take possession of a plantation some twenty miles beyond Redstick, he was honorably discharged, much to the disappointment of nearly everybody, who wanted him committed to jail *nolens volens*. The suits which grew out of this escapade were almost numberless. Whiskers sued all who had participated in the chase. Bob White sued the doctor for damages to his mule and to his person; uncle Joe sued four or five who had taken his horses without his consent, and broke them down; the planter whose cow had been killed, sued Tonnerre, and the overseer; and Tonnerre sued the planter for allowing his cow to be in the road; and to crown all, Mac and I were engaged in every case, sometimes I was Prosecutor's Attorney, and he for the defense, and then in the next case it would be reversed. Business came all in a heap and the speeches made in that session of court are the wonderment of the Redsticklans to this day. It is needless for me to inform you, gentle reader, that the poster came out of Mac's trunk; of which it had formed part of the lining for many a year. By a few alterations, cutting out the date and pasting the crevice with red paper, etc., he had gulled the Redsticks completely. His motive was revenge on Whiskers, for cutting him out, but as it turned out profitably for us, he held his tongue, and our villagers still think a great bank defaulter passed through Redstick about that time.

CHAPTER VI.

The cold air was bracing; the frost on the ground
Made the light foot tread slightly and raise with a bound,
The woods were all covered with icicles bright,
Bathing their prisms in the ruddy sunlight,
And we shouldered our shot-guns, all ready to hunt,
The winds of December—to the hunt!—to the hunt!

In the thickly-settled portions of Louisiana, where larger game is scarce, rabbit hunting, in view of the many accompaniments of dogs, negroes, horns, horses, etc, to the sport, is elevated to a degree, as far as fun and excitement are concerned, on a level with fox hunting in Virginia, or deer stalking in the West. Mac and I had joined in the hunt several times, and he was so wound up in the excitement that he almost totally neglected his studies, and spent the most of his time in the back yard of his office, watching the growth and sport of three rabbit pups, for which he had been fool enough to give twenty-five dollars a piece. To hear him talk, you'd believe those mongrel, spotted long-eared hounds were worth all the dogs in the country. A few weeks after he had purchased them, we were invited to participate in a grand rabbit hunt that was to take place at Col. Boomerang's place, about twelve miles from Redstick. Mac could talk of nothing else but this hunt, from the time we first heard of it until we found ourselves on the Colonel's broad porch enjoying the hearty grips of some thirty young Creoles, then and there assembled to participate in the hunt.

It was a clear, cold, bracing December morning, and the parlor being full of girls Mac was soon among them, making desperate attempts at talking French, whilst the rest of us made the necessary preparations for the inroad among the rabbits. In a few moments the Colonel's horn had sounded the starting notes, and more dogs gathered together in a moment than you could shake a stick at. The howling and yelling were terrific, until the Colonel gave them in charge of an old negro whipper-in, who started with them about half an hour before the party left the premises. Mac, however, kept his twenty-five dollars pups with him against the remonstrances of the old hunters who told him they would upset us and run a splendid chance of getting shot. "Never mind, I'll take care of that," quoth Mac, and off we toddled for the old fields, distant about four miles.

After a brisk walk, we arrived in the first old field and the sport began. The field was studded with clumps of blackberry bushes, some not larger than a man's hat, and others towering up as high as our heads. Mac's dogs were a constant source of botheration to us, and the company were much scattered in consequence of their frequent running between our legs. Whilst we were all watching the main pack which was skirting the field, tail up and nose down, Mac's dogs started a little rabbit directly under his feet. Mac gave a shrill yell, and let fly both barrels in the air, whilst the whole crowd simultaneously let fly at the rabbit; when the smoke cleared away, a few feathery clumps of rabbit fur floating in the air, were all that remained of cotton-tail, whilst two of Mac's twenty-five dollar pups were kicking their last, and the other was kiting off at a tremendous pace, on three legs, howling and yelping as if the day of judgment was at hand. Mac himself was minus a coat-tail, and was cussing in French and English at an awful rate. Disregarding our regrets and apologies, he gave one of his defunct dogs a parting kick, whistled to the other, and remarking "that if he couldn't hunt with gentlemen he wouldn't hunt at all," he put off to hunt in a neighboring field by himself.

"Don't go there Mac, the Colonel's Brahma bull is kept in that field."

"Go to grass! you set of cusses," replied that worthy individual, as he slouched his hat and put off for the fence which separated the fields.

"You'll be sorry you didn't take my advice," responded a young man, who, on account of his fragrant breath, generally went by the name of "Onions."

But Mac proceeded doggedly on his way, and we soon had business enough of our own to attend to. Rabbit after rabbit was started and slain, and the sharp crack of Mac's double-barrel, ever and anon, denoted that that individual was doing a good business on his own account. We had plenty of sport, and leaving the part of the field we had been hunting in, he went over to the other end, and commenced poking the bushes to start out cotton-tails. But alas! for Mac, there was other game behind the bushes than that he was seeking. Going up to a large clump, he had no sooner thrust in his barrel, than up and started the Colonel's Brahma; with mane erect and flanks contracted, he was a perfect model of fury, and Mac would have soon been impaled upon his glistening steel-like horns, if the bushes had not intervened. Turning off in a gallop, the Brahma went tearing around the long line of bushes to get at Mac, but you better believe that worthy did not wait for him; the manner in which he used his legs would have been creditable to Lecompte, he steered for a low thorn tree situated about the middle of the field, which was the nearest shelter for him; as he approached nearer to it, he perceived that it was surrounded by a low cordon of thorn bushes, but a glance behind him showed very conclusively that it was no time to swap horses, so pitching into the bushes, he climb the thorn tree without the proffered assistance of the Brahma's horn's, which were kindly offered him, and a glance at the prospects before him was by no means satisfactory. There stood the Brahma pawing the ground, and muttering low bellowings which were the more frightful from their being different from any bull bellowings he had ever heard.

(*To be continued.*)

"Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for "Rough for Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs. 15c. boxes.

Watchman, What of the Hour?

MASONVILLE, KY., AUG. 3, '82.

Editor Herald:

Watchman, on the tower of the peoples' liberty, waiting for the political dawn that shall usher in the promised glad day of our country's salvation, what of the hour? With fraud and corruption in high life and low life, political and social, secular and religious circles, is there any hopeful thing to be said? Or, are the American people at that stage in which the "barbarians" found the ancient Romans profligate, corrupt, weak and effeminate, with a sordid love for a gross materialism and without national patriotism? All history proves that whenever a people have lost all pure love of country, and greed of gain, intrigue for political power, servile adulation and base patronage is substituted instead thereof, that the fullness of time has come and all things are ripe for the irruption of the barbarians. Such was the case with Rome of old, where the gravest political crimes were committed against the people, the people themselves, for the most part, were addicted to the most horrible vices, and perpetrated the crimes whose hideousness caused an offended, indignant God to inspire Attila, Alaric and Genseric, with their barbarous hordes, to ravage Gaul and all the fairest provinces of imperial Rome.

Inspired they undoubtedly were, for one of them denominated himself the "Hammer of the Universe," another, when besought by a monk to turn back and spare Rome, said, "I cannot, an omnipotent power impels me onward." "I am the scourge of God."

So the Roman Empire fell—fell, because, first, from Republicanism they went into monarchism, under the Tarquins, whom they finally expelled, but to leave the country to be torn asunder by factions tenfold worse than the kingly Tarquins.

Drifting on to a second period, the mighty Cæsar came, saw and conquered; falling at last beneath the daggers of Brutus and Cassius and their co-conspirators—on, on, till the Senate were but a tool to do the work of such monsters as Tiberius, Caligula and Nero.

Onward still, in a mad career of plunder and intrigue and extravagance and lasciviousness—through vile adultery and fornication to awful incest—robbing the people, through the forms of law, in the name of taxation, till, having dispossessed the great body of the people of money and lands, by a blood-sucking system of confiscations of lands and houses, and contractions of currency (money) they centralized all power and property in the hands of a few men, who, blood-suckers of the people, in turn became blood-suckers of one another. And this was the third and last distinct period of Rome, which culminated in barbarian inroads to "punish this wicked people."

Now, let us trace the analogy between and establish the parallel with modern America and ancient Rome!

Washington and his compatriots established a Republic in North America, where the people were as free as the air they breathed, and the ir rights were as clear as the pure waters with which a beneficent God fertilizes and fructifies the earth; but alas! Even then base men were to be found, who impeached him and derided the government of which he was the father. Demagogues, vile schemers, arose on every side, who, having little merit themselves, and no political truth, sought to rise on the ruins of Washington, Jefferson, and other noble patriots—even at the expense of their country. In order to successfully aggrandize themselves they must needs confuse the people with rotten political economy, humbug them with sophistries, blind them with prejudice, and madden them with sectionalism.

High Protective Tariff measures were hatched, slavery agitation was accomplished, the constitution was cursed, the government was called weak, canting hypocrisy prevailed, sniveling puritanism triumphed, fiery cavaliers unsheathed the sword—plunged was our grand country in a civil war without a parallel in the annals of man, and from which she emerged with a holocaust of victims, a mountain of debt, and, ten thousand cormorants at one public crib, and ten thousand demagogues and political parasites that *wanted* to get there!

For twenty years we have been between the upper and the nether millstone of a crushing debt and thievish capitalists and their agents in Congress, till, with high tariff, Internal Revenue, land and money subsidies to corporations, pensioners, Credit Mobiliers, salary grabs, whisky thieving rings, jobbery and reckless appropriations we are being slowly ground to powder.

Rome, it was said by Tacitus, "abounded with spies and informers," and, to day, this country in its Revenue System has its paid agents and spies on the business of the people. Espionage was the curse of Rome—it is the bane of this country.

In the days of Tiberius and Nero, says Tacitus, "executions and confiscations went on daily." During our civil war the same was the case. Since the war we have been subjected to a ruinous tariff, and other onerous taxation, as well as curtailed in currency by contraction—and all of these rings are analogous to and parallel with Rome of old.

But a day of reckoning is fast approaching, when a maddened "Commune," knowing no law but the law of self preservation, having no issue but war on the pampered cormorants of special and class legislation, will spring like a blind Bengal tiger hither with sightless, reckless fury to rend and ruin you!

Then, oh! me, it will be too late to retrace our wild, thoughtless, unreasoning steps on the political arena; but the fair proportions of the Grand Anglo-American Republic will ascend in smoke and sink in ashes!

Watchman, what of the hour?

W. H. CUNDIFF.

The great value of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all diseases of women is demonstrated by everyday experience. The writer of this had occasion to step into the principle Pharmacy of a city of 140,000 inhabitants, and on inquiry as to which is the most popular proprietary medicine of the time, was answered, that Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound occupies a most conspicuous place in the front rank of all remedies of this class.—*Journal.*

Hickory Slang.

August 11, 1882.

Editor Herald:

Married, at the residence of John Thomas, Sunday, July 30th, at 8 o'clock p. m., Mr. T. W. Wright and Miss Eliza Thomas.

Go to the residence of W. H. Taylor and see the moss-beds there. 440 blossoms were counted at one time on them.

Mr. R S. Taylor rode four days and bought six sheep. Sheep are very dear.

Uncle Dickey Taylor is so feeble as to be almost helpless.

Mrs. Granville Stewart, who has been very low with consumption for a long time, died last Tuesday and was buried Wednesday.

Aunt Cretia Hocker died last Friday night and was buried at the Alfred Taylor graveyard. INET.

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, lean ness, sexual debility, &c., $1. at druggists. Ky. Depot, ARTHUR, PETER & CO., Louisville, Ky.

Judge Hargiss.

Judge Thomas Hargis, of the Court of Appeals, who has been so much criticised for want of action in the Ashland tragedy cases, was here about a week ago, but hastily passed back over the lines of the Lexington road. It was said that he was on a great political mission.—*Catlettsburg Progress.*

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

Death of David Shreve.

Died, at his home in Breckenridge county, near the Ohio county line, at 8 o'clock, p. m., Wednesday, August 2, 1882, of heart disease, David Shreve, in the 54th year of his age. Mr. Shreve was born in Rockingham county, North Carolina, April 22, 1829. In the year 1839 he moved with his father's family to the farm in Ohio county, on which he was buried, where he lived till the year 1858. He was married December 23, 1857, to Miss Lucinda J. Dalton. He joined the Baptist church at Pond Run, now Pleasant Grove, Ohio county, during a protracted meeting conducted by Rev.'s Carter Kelley and Richard Royal, over thirty years ago. He leaves his wife and four sons, Luther, now at home in charge of the farm; Charles, a merchant at Pattleville; John, a clerk in the store of J. M. Johnson, at Fordsville, and Henry, a clerk for Wilson & Co., at Fordsville. On the evening of the 3rd his remains were taken to the home of his youth, in Ohio county, now the home of his brother Thomas, and venerable mother now in her 85th year, when the funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Calvin Voyles, from the text, "If a man die shall he live again"—Job, XIV chap., 14 vs. After service the coffin was closed for the last time, and his remains were laid by the side of his little son in the family graveyard on the farm. Mr. Shreve had been a deacon in his church for the last seven years and was considered one of the brightest ornaments of the church. He was a model of christianity, was its leader in counsel, and his loss to the church and the community he resided in was the general remark of the many who come here to pay the last public tribute of respect to his memory. For many years, accompanied by his esteemed lady, he visited all cases of sickness and distress near him, and for some years past in the absence of a minister he has performed the last service at the grave of many in the community by prayer, singing, exhortation. He was upright, honest and punctual in all his business transactions, and from what I can learn had not an enemy in the world. His death was very sudden and its announcement to the church and the community was a terrible shock. Mr. Shreve, at 5 o'clock on the evening of his death, was at a wheat threshing at Stephen Phillips', living near him, and as he started home complained of not feeling well. He reached home about sundown, drove up the cows and as he went into the house told his wife she had better go milk as the cows were up. A few minutes after this he called for a dose of laudanum and in a short time called for the second dose, remarking that the first dose had done him no good. He then went to bed and died in a few minutes.

FORBES.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches ermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. pers box.

How They Drop Shot.

A reporter of the Baltimore *American* thus describes one of the many processes of making shot in one of the shot-towers of that city: One of the secrets of the manufacture is mixing of the lead with a certain proportion of a combination of the mineral substances called temper. The temper is fused with the lead, and gives the molten metal that consistency which makes it drop, and without which the lead would be moulded by the sieve, and would form little pencils instead of round shot. When "BB," shot, for instance, are to be made, the lead is poured into a pan perforated with holes corresponding to that size. The little pellets come pouring down in a continuous shower, and fall into a tank filled with water on the ground floor. In their descent of two hundred feet they become perfect spheres, firm and dense, and they are tolerably cool when they strike the water, although the swift concussions make the tank foam and bubble as if the water was boiling furiously. The shot must fall in the water, for if they would strike any firm substance they would be flattened and knocked out of shape. To get the little pellets perfectly dry after they have been in the well, is the most difficult and troublesome process of the whole manufacture. An elevator with small buckets (very much like those used in flour mills) carries the shot up as fast as they reach the bottom of the well, and deposits them in a box 60 feet above the first floor. The water drips from the buckets as they go up, and not much is poured into the receiver above, although it is intended to be a sort of dripping machine. From this receiver the shot runs down a spout into a drying pan, which greatly resembles a gigantic shoe, made of sheet iron. The pan rests at an angle which permits the wet shot to roll slowly down to the chamber below, and the pellets become perfectly dry as they pass over the warm sheet-iron.

OBITUARY.

Published by Request.

Catharine Ross, wife of Evan Ross, of Coos county, Oregon, died May 22nd, 1880, age 88 years, one month and ten days. Mrs. Ross was born in Virginia, April 13th, 1792, and was married to Evan Ross on September 7th, 1809, with whom she lived 36 years. She was the mother of 14 children, 12 are still living. Since the death of her husband she has lived with her children. In the Spring of 1875 she came to Oregon with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Old and feeble as she was she stood the journey very well. For about ten years before her death she was not able to walk on account of injuries received by a fall on the ice. She had been a great sufferer but bore it with patience always saying the Lord will be done. For a long time she was almost as helpless as an infant but everything was done for her children who affections and kindness knew no bounds. The day before she died she sat in her chair and listened attentively to a discourse preached at the house of her son-in-law where she was then stopping. A short time before died she said "that is the stroke of Death and shortly after that, it will soon be over." Her last words were, "come Lord Jesus, come quickly." Her funeral sermon was preached in connection with sister Bonebrak's from first Thes. 4th chapter and 13th and 18th verses. Thus we are passing away, the Lord bless the afflicted ones. J. G. MOSER.

According to request I now take the pen to try to give some sketches of dear mother's life and death; but before I will have to say something about dear father, who has left us thirty-five years ago, but his looks seem as pleasant as then. He was a dear father to us. Father and mother journeyed together 36 years belonging to the M. E. church ever since I can recollect. Father went home first one cold November evening. Dear father closed his eyes on earthly brightness to open them in the ineffable splendor of the Son of Righteousness; his last words concerning Death was "the Lord's will be done." The precious hymn he used to sing so often is so fresh in my mind I will speak of it.

I wish not a tear at my grave to be shed,
But all join in praising the Lord.

November 22nd, 1845, dear father woke to find the day breaking, and his way worn feet pressing the living green of the fields beyond the swelling flood. His hands left the Bible wide open to tell us the way he had trod, with way marks like footsteps to tell us the way he had gone up to God. Dear mother lingered at the river's brink 35 years after father went home to that better land. She waited and watched wistfully for the gleam of light across the dark river that should show the gate unclosed for her. Sometimes she would become almost discouraged waiting so long. In the year 1869 she was taken with a weakness and lost her speech for a few days, then recovering she became so she could walk about the room some, though the weak spells still followed her as long as she lived, and every spell she grew weaker and weaker till she passed away. In the year 1865 we carried her in a chair from Iowa to Coos Bay, Oregon. She wanted to see her children who had come to this country. She said she wanted to tell them once more that Christ was crucified for them. For some months before she went home her mind was clouded by the infirmity of old age. She waited at the margin of the river like a stately wreck drifting helplessly, yet still held in the shifting sands by its broken anchor. Yet how precious to us was this worn and faded legacy. For some months before she crossed the river she was very restless, wanting to go home; we would try to comfort her by singing for her and carrying her around the house in our arms, for that was all the way we could comfort her. Sometimes she would lose her children, then she would almost go beside herself. Sometimes she would talk of her father and mother, brothers and sisters and children just as if they were present with her. Often telling us how to do our work, and that to do just like she did when we were little around her feet. Seemed to enjoy herself perfectly calm. Oh! it was so touching to see the dear old familiar light break over her almost unwrinkled face, and dear hand moving the cover on the bed, pinching them with her trembling fingers, her faithful tongue murmuring names of her girl-hood and her spirit. Sometimes fluttering at the prison bar of her poor wearied body. Sometimes her mind would be clear and strange for a few days when she would join with us in singing. At last when her feeble spells would come on her, she was wanting to go. She would say "let me go, let me go." These verses would seem to comfort her most, we would sing:

"Let me go why should I tarry,
What has earth to bind me here?
Why but toils and care and sorrow?
What but death and pain and fear?
CHORUS.
Let me go 'tis Jesus calls me;
Let me gain the realms of day,
Bear me over angel's pinions,
Longs my soul to be away."

This and many other good old hymns we sang to try to cheer her on her way. Sometimes she would join her feeble voice and help sing. At last on Sunday morning our dear Lord came for her, she woke to find the day breaking and her way worn feet pressing the living green of those fields beyond the swelling flood, this precious empty body with its broken wheel, we laid beneath the withered turf. While the chilly winds sobbed across the Bay around us as we passed out of Katching slough into Coos river seemed to say our judgment was nigh, even at the door the burdens of life where we lay our burdens down; burdens that she has borne so nobly, so patiently and unselfish, through the heat of the day. While evening twilight is deepening now let me go for the day breaketh, but above another jewel is set in the crown of redeeming love, another new name was written on a never perishing white stone, another ransomed one clothed in white raiment, to go no more out, is singing the new song with unfaltering tongue. Dear mother is with us no longer. Her hair which was white as snow, was parted one Sunday forever. On her head lying soft and low. The traces of sorrow had vanished. Her faced beamed with smiles that was calm. The expression "I am gone home to rest. This burden of life I lay down."

MRS. ELIZABETH WALLACE.

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Shall We Meet Again?

The fiat of death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from that great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade, in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps.

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throw the world to-day, will disappear as footsteps on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death, until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the face of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feast.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to Paradise; we do not want to go down into the damp graves, even with princes for bed-fellows. In the beautiful drama of Ion the hope of immortality, is so eloquently uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they shall meet again; to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among those fields of azure' my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in above that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe." GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Queer Uses of Birds.

Did you ever see a candle made out of a bird? I suppose not, unless you have been in the Faroe Islands, and very few people visit their lovely shores. The inhabitants of those islands live in a very simple and old-fashioned way, and nearly everything they use is a home-made article. Thousands of sea-birds build their nests on the rocks there, and the young birds are "as fat as butter." The islanders take these young birds, run wicks through their bodies until they are soaked with grease, light one end of the wick, and there's your home-made candle.

Another kind of bird is used in Australia as a substitute for confectionery. It is a species of parrot, called loray, which feeds on fruit and grain, and has a place in its throat where all the sweet parts of the things it eats collect and form a kind of honey. As soon as an Australian savage shoots one of these birds, he puts its bill into his mouth, and squeezes its throat, and sucks away just as boys do with oranges. Then he picks the feathers out and sticks them in his hair, and after that he takes the bird home to Mrs. Savage to be cooked. Perhaps, when Mrs. S. is in a particularly good humor, he brings a loray or two home to his woolly-headed family without first extracting the "nice part."

In a great many cities in tropical America black vultures (or turkey buzzards, as they are commonly called in this country) do the most important part of the street cleaning. They devour everything they find which would be liable to decay, and so they keep off pestilences, or at least prevent their coming from that cause. It is against the law to molest the buzzards in any way, and, as they march around the streets or sit at their ease in the sunshine, they seem to be well aware that they are city officials, and of quite as much importance as the Mayor himself.

In China, tame cormorants are used to supply the markets and the tables of their owners with fish. Rings are placed on their necks, loose enough to allow them to breathe, but too tight to admit of their swallowing. Then they are taken to a fish-pond or stream, strings are fastened on their legs, and they are allowed to "go a-fishing." They dive and bring up the fish, and, while they are struggling violently to swallow what they have captured, they are drawn to the shore by the string, their prey is taken away from them, and they are sent in to try again. When the baskets are full the rings are taken off, and the cormorants are allowed to do a little extra work on their own account. If human laborers were treated in this way, there would certainly be trouble, but, as far as known, these feathered employes have never organized a strike.

It is no longer the fashion to use hawks and falcons as bird-killers, but pigeons are made to do duty as letter-carriers, and at the seige of Paris they formed the best means of communication with the outside world. Thirty miles an hour is the usual rate of their speed, and they sometimes travel even faster. The bird's object in making the journey is to get back to its young squabs, from which it is taken away before being employed in this way; and as it is kept in a dark place and without food for eight or ten hours before being let loose, it no doubt considers the point from which it is sent a good place to get away as soon as possible.

The use of birds are "too numerous to mention." The most important of the many good things that they do for us is to keep the worms and insects, that destroy vegetation, from becoming too numerous.

If all the birds should suddenly die, meal and flour would soon become very scarce and high, and thousands of people would starve. Boys would find that their fathers couldn't afford to give them much money to spend, and everything would be dearer than it is now.

Leaving out such robbers as the crows, birds are among our best friends; and children who kill them and rob their nests, "just for fun," do a great deal of harm to themselves and everybody else.

Some time ago, an association of "Bird Defenders" was formed among American boys and girls, and this honorable society is one of those which certainly ought to live long and prosper. —*Golden Days.*

A timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters will strengthen the nerves and