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JOHN P. BARRETT, Publisher.

# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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

VOL. 10. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, MARCH 5, 1884. NO. 10.

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T. J. Smith, Clerk, Hartford.
H. B. Kinsolving, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

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

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins on the first Mondays in January and October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

E. P. Barnett, Surveyor, Hartford.
John W. Moseley, Assessor, Whitesville.
F. L. Felix, School Commissioner, Hartford.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—Chapman Crow, Judge, fourth Mondays in March, June Sept. and Dec. John C. Doyle, Marshal.
Beaver Dam—S. S. Stahl, Judge, courts first Saturday in January, April, July and October. S. P. Taylor, Marshal.
Cromwell—F. W. Gilstrap, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October. W. T. Tilford Marshal.
Cerulvo—Henry Tinsley, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October. J. S. Tilford, Marshal.
Hamilton—J. W. Lankford, Judge, Courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October. P. M. Brown, Marshal.
Rosport—T. Robertson, Judge, John Hendric, Marshal. Courts held first Saturdays in January, April, July and October.
Rosine—S. D. Morgan, Judge, Jas. W. Taylor, Marshal, B. W. Lewis, Deputy. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| J. N. Moorman | Mar. 3 | June 2 | Sept. 4 | Dec. 6 |
| James Miller, | " 4 | " 5 | " 8 | " 8 |

BUFORD.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| H. Chapman | Mar. 6 | June 6 | Sept. 9 | Dec. 9 |
| C. L. Fields, | " 7 | " 10 | " 15 | " 10 |

HARTFORD.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R. A. Stevens, | Mar. 8 | June 9 | Sept. 10 | Dec. 10 |
| J. D. Byers, | " 10 | " 7 | " 6 | " 15 |

ROCKPORT.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| R. Duncan, | Mar. 13 | June 13 | Sept. 13 | Dec. 13 |
| W. I. Rowe, | " 14 | " 14 | " 15 | " 16 |

ROSINE.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| W. M. Autry, | Mar. 17 | June 17 | Sept. 18 | Dec. 18 |
| Joel Hamilton, | " 15 | " 16 | " 17 | " 17 |

CROMWELL.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| L. Arbuckle, | Mar. 19 | June 19 | Sept. 20 | Dec. 20 |
| Jno P. Morton | " 18 | " 18 | " 19 | " 19 |

CONSTABLES.

Fordsville—J. W. Payne, Post-office address, Fordsville.
Buford—J. H. Sapp.
Hartford—John E. Bean, Post-office Hartford, Ky.
Rockport—Geo. M. Maddox.
Rosine—P. W. Tabor. Post-office, Sulphur Springs.
Cromwell—S. Leach, Post-office Cromwell.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—Services first Sunday and Sunday night in every month and Saturday night preceding—W. P. Bennett, Pastor.
M. E. Church South—Services third and fourth Sundays in each month—Revs. Hays and Crow, Pastors.
Cumberland Presbyterian—Services second Sabbath at night—Rev. Willis Smith, pastor.
Methodist Episcopal (colored).—Services every Sunday morning and night. Sabbath School at 9 A. M.—Rev. Isaac Horton, Pastor.
Alpha Baptist Church (colored)—First and Third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M.

### LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.—HARTFORD LODGE, No. 156.—Meets first Monday night in each month.
S. E. HILL, 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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HARTFORD, KY.
Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office, Grand Jury room.

CHAS. M. PENDLETON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
and Notary Public.
Office, Market Street, near Post-office,
HARTFORD, KY

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E. D. GUFFY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
OFFICE IN SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Hartford, Kentucky.

### IN THE POOR HOUSE.

**Written Expressly for the Herald.**

BY PROF. JNO. O'FLAHERTY.

Yes sir, I do, indeed, live there,
Unkind the treatment, poor the fare -
I haven't always been so low down,
Once I owned a farm near to town.
How long have I lived here? Six years or so.
I recon time as the seasons come and go—
If by my heart the years I tell,
I seem to have spent an age in hell!
What home do I call this?
Home? The name is quite amiss.
Still, 'tis known as a county charity.
Of human graces, a gem, a rarity.
Angels there? No, not very much.
At least I hope there are few such.
Of what unkindness do I complain?
Nothing special, nothing in the main,
The many small things which touch th' heart,
And make every fibre swell and smart;
The cold regard, th' contemptuous look,
Which my spirit, proud, fain can brook;
The kindly act, intentionally forgot
Too plainly tells of my greatly altered lot.
My age? What matters how old I am,
My home is here, or there, in Bedlam.
My story? And would you like to hear it?
I doubt if these old nerves could bear it.
The eye will dim, the tear will start,
The soul be wrung in its tenderest part.

Had I a family? Of course I had,
The very thought now makes me sad.
When Mary and I together life began,
We both were happy, brave and young;
She was so comely, blithe and gay,
Her very smile drove care away;
The grass was brighter, greener where she walked,
The birds themselves sang sweeter while she talked.
When she was near, the days were never long,
The hours of labor she beguiled with song.
Ah! Stranger, she was the gold of my inmost life,
My darling Mary, my precious, patient loving wife.
Is she dead? Yes, a mile or two from here.
Her dear remains are lying, mouldering, where,
E'er long at rest myself I hope shall be,
Like her from every care forever free.

Had I children? Yes, sir, boys, two,
As bright and handsome lads as ever grew.
The eldest, my fearless, noble John,
No parents ever had a better son.
Our second boy, light-hearted Joe,
Took sunshine to any place he'd go.
With children and wife my life was blest—
'Twas long before misfortune pressed,
Her cruel hand upon my heart,
Bidding hope and joy, at once depart—
I can't hold back this burning tear,
Its fellows for many a weary year,
Have sought this pale and furrowed cheek,
And made my poor old eyes unwonted weak.

My Mary sickened, grew pale and thin.
I saw the fell destroyer at work within—
A slow decline, consumption, in a breath,
The doctors said, my aching heart said death.
At her side for many a night, for many a day,
For I could not, must not be away,
In vain I hoped the end to stay.
The dark day came, her life went out,
My soul was shaddowed, many a doubt,
Of God's goodness filled, my 'wildered mind,
To curse at Him, I was full inclined.
The years were bleak, and unreal long,
As my jewels left me, one by one.
My youngest lad, my peerless Joe,
On river and raft was fain to go;
Oh! my heart! They brought him home one day,
And by his mother's grassy grave he was put away.
My eldest son sought fortune, West,
For himself to strike, I thought best.
Now, just where he is I do not know,
But noble, true is he, and good I trow.
And so, sir, step by step, adown the hill,
I've come; whether for good ill,
I leave it all in the hands of God,
As onward to the grave I slowly plod.
There, in time, I'll meet my treasures,
And praises sing to angel measures.
Your name? John? John Renwick, my boy!
I fear my heart will break for joy,
That from this life, at last I'm free,
Here, O God! on humbly, bended knee,
My heart, my soul, in love, I offer Thee.

## Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn.

**The Coming Senator From Kentucky and Successor to Cerro Gordo Williams.**

Hon. Joseph C. S. Blackburn, who will succeed Senator Williams of Kentucky, March 4, 1885, is in the 46th year of his age, having been born in Woodford county, Ky., October 1st, 1838. Mr. Blackburn commenced the practice of law at Lexington, Ky., in 1858, but in a few months moved to Chicago. In 1860 he returned to Kentucky, and at the breaking out of the war entered the Confederate army as a private. He afterwards joined the staff of Gen. William Preston, as aide-de-camp, and distinguished himself for daring and bravery in several engagements.

At the close of the war Mr. Blackburn settled in Arkansas, but in 1868, returned to his native State and county, where he engaged in farming, and also the practice of law. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1871 and 1873; was then elected to the 45th, 46th and 47th Congresses and was re-elected to the 48th Congress as a Democrat, receiving 16,799 votes against 5,692 votes for Hord, Republican.

Mr. Blackburn has been a conspicuous figure on the floor of the House, being recognized as one of the strongest and readiest debaters in that body. He had announced himself a candidate for the Speakership of the present House, but withdrew in favor of his colleague, Mr. Carlisle, and threw his influence in that gentleman's favor. Mr. Blackburn now represents the Kentucky district represented in by-gone days by Henry Clay, John J. Crittenden and John C. Breckenridge. He entered the late Senatorial contest in his State with but twelve votes pledged to him, whilst Senator Williams had fifty. Blackburn increased to forty-five, never lost a vote, and finally succeeded in carrying off the prize. He will continue to serve as a Representative until March, 1885. Our illustration is a splendid likeness of the distinguished gentleman.

### A VALENTINE.

"A valentine! for me!" Lillian Lester exclaimed, in surprise and delight, as she put out her daintily gloved hand for the embossed envelope the postman held toward her as he met her descending the steps of her home.

One glance at the bold familiar chirography revealed who was the giver of the valentine.

She clasped it in her hand unopened, and started on her proposed errand.

Only alone in her own room, away from the gaze of any rude passer-by, would she look upon what her friend had sent.

"Will this tell me that he loves me?" she thought.

Then she quickened her pace, and never heeded once the cold wind beating against her face, as she dreamed that old, old dream, as old as Eden, and as sweet as it is old.

Reaching home she delivered her message to her father, who thanking her, said—

"You have not forgotten that we are to attend the wedding party of Harry Jones to-day?"

She forgotten!—when Willis Douglas was to be there.

But she only said smiling—

"No papa."

"We must start early, as I wish to leave before it is late. You may stay though, if you prefer."

"I will be ready in time," she answered and hurried to her room.

With eager haste she tore open the precious envelope.

The smile on her face faded, the glad expectant look in her eyes changed to one of angry scorn.

She held in her hand a great, hideous, yellow and red picture, representing a simpering flirt, and underneath the silly caricature were printed these lines—

"Your pretty ways and simple smiles,
Your winks and nods, how they beguile!
You can't deceive the knowing men,
Nor even fools, scare one in ten.
To beauty, honor, heat and sense,
You only make a poor pretence."

Lillian threw it down and stamped her feet upon it, and in her fierce anger could have ground it to powder.

Then she flung herself upon the bed in a passion of big, indignant tears.

By-and-by she grew quiet.

If Willis could be guilty of such an act so insultingly unkind he was not worthy of her love, nor her tears, not even of her anger.

She arose and picked up the hated thing, and thrusting it into its envelope hid it away in her treasured satin-wood writing desk—his present to her on that happiest Christmas she had ever known, only eight short weeks ago.

It was all over now, the bright dream she had cherished those few brief moments while she had unopened in her hand the valentine Willis Douglas had sent.

She was not a sentimental, love-sick maiden, who in reality or imagination would break her heart because of any man's fickleness or perfidy; neither was she one of those who spent their lives patiently waiting for, striving after, the impossible.

She knelt beside her bed and prayed for grace to bear the trial which had come to her, then rose in the strength which God gives to His beloved, and went about her daily duties as the only daughter of a widowed clergyman, and not the keenest observer could have detected a trace of the tempest which had passed over her soul.

Lillian went with her father to the party which she had anticipated with so much delight.

As she entered she saw Willis Douglas engaged in an animated conversation with their mutual friend, Fannie, Jones.

Twenty-four hours before it would have been the most natural thing in the world to have walked over to where they sat and greeted them.

Now she turned in the opposite direction.

She was in no haste to meet the man who had shaken her faith in him and in all men.

After a while the two drifted toward her, and she extended a welcoming hand to each.

Her left hand was placed in that of Willis Douglas.

"Good evening, Lillian; 'left hand nearest the heart,'" the young man said, laughing.

There was no mistaking the look of admiration he gave her, but there was no answering light in the half-reproachful, half-scornful gaze which met his.

Miss Lester was no flirt; she had loved this man, and he was meanly trifling with her; so there came no ready answer to his playful words.

She turned toward her friend Fannie, whose little hand she still held, and exclaimed—

"Why, Fannie, you have lost your opal!"

"Yes, I lost it yesterday. Is it not dreadful?"

"Sad, I think, since it was your brother's last gift, but why dreadful?"

"Opals are fatal stones, you know; to lose one betokens calamity. Something awful will happen to me, I feel certain."

"Do not be so superstitious, Fannie. Nothing awful could ever happen to you, I am sure," said Willis.

He had such a winning way with women, this Willis.

All women liked him, and Miss Fannie would have bartered her soul to win from him, such a look as he had given her friend Lillian a moment before.

All her love shone in her eyes as she answered—

"I believe there never would, if you could prevent it."

Soon after Mr. Lester, coming toward them, said—

"Lillian, I am going now. Good night, Miss Fannie—good night, Willis."

"Ladies, would you like to go home now too? Willis asked, before the girl could answer her father.

"Thank you," Lillian replied; "I am to go with Mr. Cameron."

"Ah, here he comes."

"I am ready at any time," Fannie said, sweetly.

"Get ready then," Mr. Douglas answered to this girl so eager to accept his escort, but turned toward Lillian with such a look of pain in his handsome eyes.

As she decended the stairs ready to leave, Willis stood at the foot waiting, and whispering to her in a voice at ne envating command—

"Wait up for me. I shall come to the house as soon as I have been home with Fannie."

"Very well," the girl returned coolly enough.

"Lillian! Lillian!" Willis commenced impetuously, as an hour later he entered the cosy room where Miss Lester sat with hands tightly clasped and head proudly erect.

Whatever this man had come to tell her, he should not find her grieving over his insult.

"Why do you treat me so cruelly? I love you, darling, love you better than any one else in this world, and you—

"You dare to tell me this after what you sent to-day?" she interrupted passionately.

The girl had risen and stood with folded arms, and was a picture worthy any man's admiration with her flaming cheeks and wrathful eyes, and pretty parted lips.

"To-day? Lillian, I have sent you nothing. I do not understand"

"I will help you then"

Swiftly she left the room and soon returned with the valentine in her hand.

"Allow me to return you this. I am not accustomed to such attentions."

He examined the envelope.

He opened the valentine and read the printed lines.

The surprise, the pain, the wrath in his face revealed to Lillian that he was innocent of the wrong she had imputed to him.

He tore the valentine in pieces.

What was it that dropped from the envelope and rolled to Lillian's feet?

It was the fateful opal.

"Give it to me, Lillian; I will return it to its owner. How glad I am you know now I did not send it"

"Forgive me, Willis."

"My darling Lillian."

He folded her in his arms; he bent until his lips met hers in a long passionate kiss.

When they looked once more into each other's faces there was no need to voice their love in words, for in the eyes of each was the memory of that caress.

What Mr. Douglas said to Miss Jones when he returned he opal I do not know, but when, six months latter, cards announcing the wedding of Willis Douglas and Lillian Lester were issued, the name of Fannie Jones was not upon the list.

**Hopeless Epilepsy Cured.**

"The doctor pronounced my case to be one of hopeless epilepsy," says our correspondents, W. C. Brown, Attorney at Law, Judsonia, Ark., "and declared death to be my only relief. *Samaritan Nervine* has cured me." Get it at all druggists. $1.50

### Say "No."

A boy's success in this world, and his salvation in the world to come, depends largely on his power to say "No." Man fell because he could not say "No" when temptation assailed him, and men are falling every day for the same reason. The men who have conquered the adversary and triumphed in the midst of temptation are the men who have power to say "No," and to stick to it when they have said it. Moses, refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; Joseph, spurning the temptations which assailed him; Daniel, who could not drink the wine of Babylon, though it came from the royal table; these are the men who have proved more than conquerors and whose names are held in everlasting remembrance. Learn to say "No," at the proper time, and let your no be like that of the woman whose boy, when advised to consent to something which she had refused, said:

"When my mother says no there is no yes in it."

Many a person says no, but there is, after all, a yes inside of the no. Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay.—*Christian at Work.*

Mental physiology permeates all our rational reforms.

### HEREDITARY TAINTS.

**Some Revelations on A Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All.**

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence, and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished, the son, an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child achieve the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities, and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation, which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens This lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably and at uncalled for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first, they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing; then again they would come in such violent forms, that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth. Afterwards, my feet and hands swelled so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort. I realized what the difficulty was, but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy, which was recommended to me by a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind. To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well and am in the best possible condition, owing, wholly, to Warner's Safe Rheumatic cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift, to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday, an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized by saying, "Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look."

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned this remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, the photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had."

"For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried everything, and, at last, went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely."

"And you can cordially recommend it?"

"Yes, indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever known of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I belive that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from sources, the authority of which cannot be questioned. They conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary traits can be removed by the use of the proper means.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

### Texas News.

WEST, TEXAS, Feb. 16th, 1884.

*Editor Herald:*

Since my last communication, we, in Texas, have had nothing but cold disagreeable weather, and I fear it will kill a great deal of the small grain, oats in particular, wheat is not hurt much as yet, and looks splendid.

The farmers are now getting ready to replant the best oat fields and if nothing happens, will yet have plenty of that grain.

Stock looks very bad owing to the protracted cold weather.

Health is very good.

Corn planting will not begin as early as usual, in fact the farmers of this country are very late with their work.

Corn is worth from 30 to 40 cts. per bushel; wheat, 90cts; oats 35cts; pork 5cts; stock cattle about 9 dollars round, good cows and calves, 25 to 30 dollars; horses from 15 to 75 dollars, owing to condition etc; lands unimproved, 3 to 5 dollars per acre, improved, 5 to 25 dollars owing to improvements.

My family and I receive the HERALD regularly, and it is always a welcome visitor. For fear I worry you and your readers I will close. With good wishes for you and yours, I remain an old Kentuckian.

WOOD MARTIN.

### Murder at Smallhous.

SMALLHOUS KY, Feb. 25th, 1884

*Editor Herald:*

As there has been a murder committed at this place, I think it is right that the facts in the case should be made public lest the innocent might suffer. First, I will say no person living here or near here was concerned in the affair. The facts are as follows: On Tuesday evening, 19th of February, there was two rafts, under the control of Ezekiel Fleerer, blown into the timber and finally tied up at this place. During the storm, all hands wet and cold, Fleever got leave to use a vacant house and all hands camped in it. After they got a fire built, a negro man commenced joking about the hands being scared during the storm. It is said all appeared in good humor except one negro, who commenced cursing and drew a pistol and shot the negro who commenced the joke, placing the pistol against the side of his bowels, he shot him through. The next morning Fleerer hired Joseph Robertson to take the wounded negro to South Carrollton, where he died Thursday. The negro that done the shooting went on with the rafts. These are the facts as told me by Mr. Fleever.

The river is falling slowly, it lacks just 4 feet of reaching last years mark. The storm the 19th, was very severe here, some damage to buildings and fence. T. M. R.

### The Muffled Drum of Post No. 11, G. A. R.

At a regular meeting of Sergeant Remus J. Whittinghill, Post No. 11, Grand Army of the Republic, of Fordsville, held Thursday, February 21st, 1884, the following tribute and resolutions of respect was adopted by the Post, and the adjutant was ordered by the Post to comply with these orders:

The angel of death has entered within our midst, and taken from us, one of our brightest lights, our friend, our brother, our comrade Robert E. Edge, has departed this life, and with hearts sorely stricken, we offer this tribute to his memory. It has been said that death loves a shining mark, and truly no mark more brilliant than our dear departed comrade, could have been selected for its unerring aim.

True to the order, loyal to his country and gentle to the extent of his heart's promptings, he best exemplified his noble nature by his noble deeds.

His genial smile, will no longer ligten up our meetings, his gentle speech no longer be heard at our gatherings, nor will we greet as we were wont to do, the calm expressive face, beaming as it were, with kindness and benevolence.

He has gone before us, to meet the reward of his righteousness, and his trust in the one living God will, we are assured, secure to him the blessings of the divine grace, which was his faith on earth and his trust in the great hereafter.

*Resolved*, That we will pay our last tribute of respect to our deceased comrade, by draping the Post hall in mourning, and the officers and comrades are ordered to drape their badges in mourning, and wear crape on their left arm for thirty days, in token of respect to the memory of our deceased comrade. May his soul rest in peace.

*Resolved*, That we set apart, a page in our record book, sacred to his memory, and therein shall be inscribed this our tribute thereto. "Comrade Edge, entered into the service in Company B, Third Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, and served in that company and regiment till expiration of term of service." He died at his home near Fordsville, Sunday February 10, 1884, aged 43 years.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his bereaved family and inserted in the Hartford HERALD.

JOEL G. SAPP,
Commander Act.
EDWIN FORBES,
Adjutant.

### Panther Notes.

PANTHER, KY., February 4, 1884.

*Editor Herald:*

The cold wave from the Polar regions has disappeared from this vicinity, and old Boreas on a big bender, is giving us a foretaste of March. The mud is terrible and our roads are nearly impassible. "The voice of the turtle" is not exactly heard in the land, but the air is blue with the big cuss-words of mired-teamsters as they hurl the denunciations against unlucky road overseers "one of whom, I am which" as our friend, Artemas Ward, would say. I noticed a nice little poem in your paper, penned by my old friend, Professor John O'Flaherty. It is a gem. I knew the Professor was one of our best Teachers, was a ready and fluent debater, and as old Mortality would say "a master hand at prose," but I did not think he ever courted the muse. Let him try his hand and come again, and favor your readers with contributions from his ready and facile pen.

Married, on the 27th inst., at the residence of Aaron Leet, Esq., Clinton G. Fitts and Miss Emma Leet.

On Thursday next, Mr. Gip Cary, C. S. Commissioner for McLean, and Miss Jennie Price Gibson, eldest daughter of Cook Gibson, will be united in the bonds of matrimony. "Gip" as he is familiarly termed by his numerous friends, is a rising young lawyer, a self-made man and his intended bride is one of our most charming young ladies and my heartiest wish is "Bon Voyage."

Died suddenly, on the 27th inst, in the Brushy Fork vicinity, Mr. Richard Iglehart, of spinal meningitis. He was a good citizen, in the prime of life and leaves a wife and six small children to mourn his irreparable loss.

Since yesterday morning, when I began this letter, we have had, and are now having a terrible rain. It seems as if a second deluge were upon us. The entire country is flooded, I do not think that in the same time, that I ever saw a greater rain-fall, the bridges are torn up and all out and now it is impossible to get along the roads, and it will take many days before they can be repaired sufficiently to allow any wagons thereupon.

And now my dear Mr. Editor, will you allow me to say something in regard to your local correspondents. You should be a happy man, for you seem to have secured the services of a corps of talented and ready writers. I take a great deal of pleasure in reading their newsy and readable letters, and a prominent gentleman tells me that this is the great charm the HERALD has for him, that he can learn everything of note transpiring in the county by reading the correspondence. Long may they write for the HERALD, and I am in hopes Mr. Campbell will give us another of his inimitable temperance poems, and not forgetting Professor O'Flaherty, would request of his facile pen, something as good as his last contribution. More anon, VERITAS.

### Club Rates.

We will furnish the following papers the following club rates:

Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Courier-Journal, one year, cash in advance, for.....$2.50.
Hartford Herald and Weekly Louisville Commercial, one year cash in advance, for.....$2 30.
Hartford Herald and Farmers' Home Journal, Louisville, one year, cash in advance, for.....$2 50.

tf.

### Keep out of Debt.

On the threshold of a new year the best advice we can offer is contained in the four short words, "Keep out of debt," says a popular writer. This should be taken especially by the young men. One of the most fatal steps a young man can make is to contract a debt. It mortgages his future. It means in nearly every case that he is living beyond his means. Debt is what ruins so many of our business men. They begin with small accounts, and as their business increases their accounts, and finally their habits of living have become so expensive that the debt begins to far exceed the returns of business. The result is failure, disappointment and disgrace. A young man starts out in life. He is quick, apt and successful. He gains the confidence of employers and acquaintances. He is honest and upright, and merchants had rather have a bill against him than not. He is flattered by the confidence that is reposed in him. He buys fine things, goes in good society, and from a frugal mode of living he gradually branches out into an expensive style. At first his debts were small and he found no trouble in meeting them. But they have now become a burden, and to straighten things out necessitates a vigorous struggle Self-denial comes harder than it once did, and the debt becomes a matter of worry that will not be quieted. If sickness comes, instead of having a fund to draw on, there is a deficiency that each day's illness makes larger and more difficult to wipe out. Things have changed since long ago. Then it was customary for the young man to practice self-denial in his youth, to hoard, gain competency and enjoy leisure in the years beyond the line that divides youth and old age. Now it seems that the young man works on a different principle—his aim is to enjoy the sweets of life at once and save the labor and self-denial for a future day. There is enough of pleasure—healthy, joyous pleasure—that comes with legitimate and successful work, so that young people can afford to live slower for a few years that they may be better able to enjoy the years that follow.

Thrift is a stranger to these times The tendency is in the opposite direction. Debt-contracting is the rule, not the exception. Nothing should be more carefully avoided by young people.—*Peck's Sun*

Breaches of mere etiquette, and a want of common tact make thousands of men's lives unhappy, who, by attending to these details, would live pleasantly enough and make plenty of kind friends. Such small courtesies are often like the drops of oil poured upon an engine in motion, making our complicated social machine work smoothly and peaceably, and not seldom affording the means of avoiding grievous dislocation of its component parts.

THE FIGURE ON THIS Paragraph denotes the Number of Weeks until your time is out. An immediate renewal is solicited.

THE MARK ON THIS Paragraph denotes that your time has expired and that we would like to have you renew and pay all arrearages at once. We cannot send papers any longer for a longer time than paid for.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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