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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. 10. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, APRIL 9, 1884. NO. 15.

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Rockport—F. Robertson, Judge, John Hendrie, Marshal. Courts held first Saturdays in January, April, July and October.

Rosine—S. D. Morgan, Judge, B. L. Boyd Marshal, H. W. Lewis, Deputy. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.				
J. I. Harder,	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	" 16	" 16
ROSINE.				
W. M. Autry,	Mar. 17	June 17	Sept. 18	Dec. 18
Joel Hamilton,	" 15	" 16	" 17	" 17
CROMWELL.				
G. Arbucle,	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—Vacant. Post-office, Sulphur Springs.
Cromwell—S. . Leach. Post-office Cromwell.

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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. WilliaSmith, 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.

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H. WEINSHEIMER, Secretary

R. A. M.—KEYSTONE CHAPTER, No. 110.—Meets second Monday in each month. W. H. MOORE, H. P.
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Cor. of Fourth and Market Sts., Louisville.

For the Herald.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY W. H. CUNDIFF.

On the heights of freedom, ever,
Slowly pace the sentinels vigilant,
And the people shall never,
From Constitutional liberty recant;
But will redeem Freedom's land
From tyrant and cormorant band.

O, brethren, never, never despair,
For we know our true heritage,
In America's land most fair,
Won by Washington, patriot and sage,
And, knowing, we shall redeem
It to be the patriot's trust, the bard's theme.

Then shall future history tell,
And minstrels in chorus sing,
Of the many heroes who fell,
That liberty's bell might ring;
And hosannas shall arise
Evermore to God for liberty that never dies.

NEVA'S SHIP.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

"No sail from day to day!"

These words had become so sadly impressed upon Neva Browning's heart that her lips unconsciously repeated them as she turned, with a weary sigh, from the shore where she had sat and watched for hours.

"What were you looking for Neva?" said a masculine voice at her very elbow

She did not seem surprised, though she had not seen the speaker approaching. She was used to seeing him appear in her path at any moment, like her very shadow.

"You ought to know, James Hudson," she answered briefly.

He uttered a short, disagreeable laugh.

"Ah! waiting for your ship, as usual, I suppose?" he said, with a suppressed sneer in his low sarcastic voice. "But even if it could come back, which is impossible, the one you are looking for would not be in it."

"What do you mean?" she asked, casting a quick, startled glance up to his face, which wore an expression of secret triumph that filled her with strange uneasiness.

"Do you see this?" was the reply, as the young man held up a tiny scrap cut out of a newspaper. "Read that, Neva, and then tell me whether a man like that is worth wasting your life for. You have persisted in rejecting and making miserable one who does love you, hoping he would come back to you yet see how little he has thought of you all these months."

But the girl beside him was paying little heed to his words. The eyes had eagerly devoured the few printed lines, and they seemed to have turned her into stone.

This is what they contained:

"MARRIED.—At Melbourne, Australia, on the 3d inst., at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. William Weston, Mr. Frank Bernard, one of the survivors of the wrecked merchantman *Northern Star*, to Mrs. Alice Lovejoy, of this city.

Neva was silent so long after reading this terrible news that her companion grew slightly uneasy.

"She is taking it wonderfully cool," he said to himself. "I expected her to burst out crying, or to faint, maybe as women generally do in such cases. I don't quite understand it.

Then peering anxiously down into her white, still face, he said aloud:

Well, Neva, what to you think of such a faithless fellow now? Is he worth one of those tears that your pretty eyes have shed for his sake? No; while you have patiently watched day after day for sign of his return, he has been basking in the sweet smiles of some pretty widow who is now his bride. Litte he has cared for your loneliness or grief, while he—"

"Hush!" she broke in, passionately, as her dazed senses began to comprehend his words. "It is not true. I know it is not. There is some great mistake somewhere. Frank would never, never be so false to me."

Mr. James Hudson shrugged his shoulders, with a smile of pitying surprise.

"Ah, well," he exclaimed compassionately, "if you choose to go on lavishing a forgotten love upon some other woman's husband, I see no help for it. I thought you were too pure and proud for that, Neva. But as to its being a mistake," he added, in a different tone, "your own good sense must show you the impossibility of that. There is the whole affair in black and white, so you see it must be true. I was sorry to be the one to bring you this intelligence but—"

"Leave me," interrupted Neva, sternly. "I do not believe it, but whether it be true or not, I do not want your sympathy."

Her face looked scornful and determined through all its sorrow, and the man was too artful to spoil the effect of his startling news by arousing her anger and disgust. So, with a look of well assumed anxiety and compassion he left her to her own reflections.

Once more alone, she eagerly scanned, again and again, those fatal lines vainly hoping to find some word that might prove it all a mistake. But no: it was all there in plain black and white, as James Hudson had declared, her lover's own name and the name of the vessel to which he belonged. There was no mistake—there could be none.

"Oh, God!" murmured the unhappy girl, covering her white face with her hands and sobbing aloud in the anguish of her heart, "my last hope is gone. Oh, what shall I do!"

Neva felt that she would rather die than inform her mother of the humiliating fact of Frank's marriage to another. It was bitter, oh terribly bitter, after all her patient waiting, all her unwavering faith.

Mrs. Browning professed to be very shocked and indignant, and tried to display some consideration for her daughter's feelings. But, in her heart, she rejoiced at the turn affairs had taken, and determined that Neva should marry James Hudson at no distant day

They were poor; James Hudson was comparatively rich. He had managed to place them under obligations to him, with the understanding between himself and Mrs Browning that Neva's hand was, if possible, to be the reward of his generosity.

But the girl had been true as steel to her own lover, the handsome supercargo of the *Northern Star*, and though he had been months away, and she had not heard a word concerning him, they could not shake her faith in him, nor make her believe that he was dead.

Now it was all different. She could no longer cling to her belief in Frank, with such proof of his inconstancy before her eyes. So she gradually yielded to her mother's unceasing entreaties, and the day was at last named upon which she would become James Hudson's wife.

It was the evening before the dreaded day, and Neva sat in the little parlor all alone. It was somewhat too early for the accustomed visit of her affianced husband, yet a step in the hall made her start and shudder, so much did she shrink from his unwelcome presence.

She sat by one of the windows, her face half shaded by the curtains, looking out into the moonlight. She did not change her position, for she never met her bridegroom-elect with a loving smile, and she vowed to herself that she never would.

"Neva!"

Like one awakened from the dead, the despairing girl turned at the sound of that voice. In the doorway stood—not the man she dreaded and disliked—but Frank, her Frank, with the same old lovelight in his handsome eyes, the same sweet, sunny smile upon his lips.

"Frank, oh, Frank!"

With one glad bound she was in his arms, sobbing for very joy. Not a single thought of her past doubts, of his reported Australian marriage. Instinctively she felt that all was right, or he would not be there calling her the old, fond names, while he held her so closely to his throbbing heart.

In a little while she had heard the story of his shipwreck, and of the long cruise he had been forced to take in another vessel before he could set his face toward home. But as to the Rev. William Weston, and the pretty widow Alice Lovejoy, he had never so much as heard of them until Neva showed him that little scrap of paper.

Suddenly another step sounded in the hall.

Without a word, Neva pushed Frank behind the window-curtain, and turned to greet the new-comer with a face glowing with radiant smiles.

"Neva! why, my darling, how happy you look to-night!" cried Mr. Hudson in astonishment. "So I am to have a willing bride to-morrow, after all?"

He came nearer and would have clasped her in his arms, but she adroitly evaded him by quickly stepping to one side.

"I am happy, James," she said, still smiling brightly. "Happy, because to-morrow is my wedding-day. But there is another reason for my happiness. Shall I tell you what it is?"

"Certainly, my love," he answered scarcely believing his senses; "tell me what it is."

"Only this, James Hudson," said Neva, slowly and impressively, while her eyes flash with triumph. "It is because my ship has really come home at last."

Hudson reeled backward, as though he had been struck.

"The *Northern Star*!" he grasped with pallid lips.

"I did not inquire its name," said Neva, coolly, "but that does not matter, since it brought back to me the man I love."

And obeying her slight signal, Frank stepped from behind his screen and confronted the rival who had so nearly cheated him out of all that he held dear.

A few hot words passed between the two men, as Frank charged the other with his baseness, and wrung from him the confession that he alone was the author of that false marriage notice. But the game was up, and Hudson retired, defeated, from the field.

Our heroine's wedding day was not postponed, but the bridegroom was the handsome supercargo, who had sailed away so many months ago in "Neva's Ship."

Civilization vs. Natural Right.

BY WILLIAM HENRY CUNDIFF.

Civilization is an organized and more or less enlightened condition of mankind, with more or less security to life, liberty and property.

Civilization has done much to elevate man; but, now, let man elevate civilization. Let him see to it that all intelligent men and women are granted suffrage, and have full representation; that all children are trained and educated; that compulsory laws are enacted to this end, and to put down the tyranny of money or property rule. Let us have no money aristocracy, no land monopoly, no "corporations without souls," no high tariffs to make poor laborers and consumers serfs to rich manufacturers and monopolists; but let every man buy in the market he chooses, pay taxes only for governmental purposes, have land (which he can not well do, if the Public Domain is granted to railroads,) and grow up with the country. These are Natural Rights which Civilization, so called, has not entirely given.

Were Society and Government organized on a better basis, were social and civil institutions established in such a manner that all men and women would be free and equal—justice and equity given to all, and the natural and inalienable rights of every individual secured forever, then we should call this "freedom" and civilization in the highest.

But Society is graded according to bank accounts, etc, and not by mentality and morality; Government by party dictation and corruption funds, and not according to strict constitutional forms.

Although we have a pretty fair form of government, the main fault lies in our system. Certain natural inalienable rights of all mankind are not fully secured, such as comes by the Divine decree, which condemns man to labor.

All should have land, pure air and water, comfortable houses, and every natural element or material with which labor may create wealth for labor, and not for money lords, or nations, or governments. This is the kind of national wealth—individual wealth for all.

O, yes, says one, he is going in for socialistic principles! Very good. Now, what of it? Has not every civilization under the sun adopted more or less of socialism? Look at our public school system, our navigable rivers, the English Poor Law System, the Public Domain of the United States and of the government in India! Did not Jere Black think the road-beds of all the railroads, "by right of eminent domain," belong to the people? Did not "Jeff Davis & Co.," think and argue that all the forts and arsenals and ship yards of the South belonged to the Southern States, or the people thereof, "by the right of eminent domain?" Has it not been argued that the Legislature had no right to cede the navigation of Green and Barren rivers to the Green & Barren Rivers Navigation Company, because they belong to the people "by right of eminent domain?"

Then, if certain plats of ground occupied by forts, etc, and road-beds and rivers are the people's, then all lands and streams; every mountain, hill, valley, ocean, lake, river and spring belong to the people "by right of eminent domain."

All are a grand and goodly heritage of God's children. Earth, air, fire and water have been deeded to the whole race of man, from Adam's fall, forever, by Jehovah!

We can conceive of no intelligent definition of the meaning of the terms, 'eminent domain,' other than the natural rights of the people in reality, their fee simple in the soil, water, etc. Undoubtedly, if we accept Holy Writ, we are bound to admit man has fallen heir to the world and everything in it and on it

You may say that the words 'eminent domain' apply to public property. Well, then, if this be so, you have just socialism so far as they are applicable. You embraced so much communism. What else can it be?

There is abroad in the world a clannish system among the rich and opulent—business leagues among business men, professional societies and unions among doctors and lawyers. Combinations and syndicates of monied men, as well as great landed proprietors, are ever striving for the more complete mastery over the common herd.

But, when the poor laborers are more fully enlightened, and better organized, then will providence send them a great leader, and it will be farewell to *large, private* land-owning, and corporation, capitalists political economy! No more, then, shall either landlordism or money-power, in the hands of a few, make slaves of the many.

The Friends.

Mr. R. T. Bentley, a member of the estimable community of Quakers at Sandy Springs, Md., says he was severely affected by rheumatism in his right hand. Mr. Bentley applied St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, and by its continued use, in a short time, was completely cured.

Rockport Ramblings.

ROCKPORT, KY., March 31, 1884.

Editor Herald:

Mr George Myers and everyone of his family have measles. These are the only cases here.

Riley McDowell sold a house and lot to his brother Richard. We welcome so good and staunch citizens to our town.

Joe Shultz, R. J. Fulkerson, J. H. Fulkerson and W. P. Graves all started with rafts from here to Evansville last week. The best of luck attend you, gentlemen.

Mrs. Oma Bennett, of Ceralvo, visited Mrs. Nettie Reid last week. Also Miss Bertha Hill, of Rochester, is visiting her Aunts, Mrs. Callie and Nettie Reid.

The last few pretty days have put the farmers to work in fine spirits.

We were glad to see Al T. Williams out Saturday. He has almost recovered from a badly fractured and dislocated thigh. In this remarkable case, Dr. Layton again asserts his surgical skill.

Mrs. Rachael Arnold, daughter of Uncle John Campfield, died at her home on the night of the 28th inst.

Drs. Layton and Maddox are attending our friend, Al Chapman and several of his family, who have measles. It is unfortunate to be thus stricken down, especially at this busy time of year.

There's a derth of news now. Even the proprietors of the birth and marriage business seems to have suspended. I hope no umbrage has been taken at anything "Sugs" has said.

And Dickens' dutchman is as dead as a carpenters' bench. Poor, prison-loving Langheimer; fifty of his seventy-five years of life were spent in prison; and although not a prisoner at the time of his death, he desired and was allowed to remain there to die. Eugene Sue had his Wandering dutchman, an ocean legend has its Flying dutchman, but of all the dutch, give me Dickens' dutchman. Inimitable Dickens allowed Langheimer to die where he found him, but he had to burn Mr. Krook up by spontaneous combustion to get rid of him By the way, spontaneous human combustion is a question upon which I respectfully invite opinions. Byron said a man would take to "wine or women." He ought to have said, perhaps, wine, women as hobbies. But Dickens never burned up poor, world-famous Krook inadvisedly; for almost every treatise on medical jurisprudence has a chapter upon this subject; then Henry Watterson and the great Dr. T. S. Bell, of Louisville, firmly believes in it. But as for my little part, indeed I've yet to believe that a human body, three-fourths water, will burn spontaneously. I don't care how much whisky he drinks. If I did, my first act would be to take Governor Knott's hard drinker's oath, who, on hearing his drunken chum had been burned up by his breath catching on fire as he blew out a candle, swore in his fear and contrition, that, so help him God, he never, no never would—blow out another candle.

Reid, Haden & Co. owe Mrs. Currens and daughter, Misses Jackson, Duke and Miller many thanks for their most welcome visit to the Crowned Queen, who is attracting so much attention at their store. "The man that hath no music in himself, nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils. Let no such man be trusted." By an arrangement of Dr. Maddox and Prof. Short these ladies visited the modest Queen, bringing sunshine, broken only by laughter's rill, with them, and oh, what a delightful little time they had chiseling sweet concords into time and tune. Miss Jackson's excellent voice, so splendidly trained and her perfect control of the instrument, tell of her culture and love of music.

Satis verborum.

SUGGS.

Obituary.

Died, at the residence of her father, near Rochester, March 26, 1884, little Gabie T. Moore.

Little Gabie was twelve years and nine days of age; she was like the flower that grew up and blossomed in a field of waving grain, when the harvester came gathering his grain for his store. The beautiful flower was gathered in with the golden sheaves. So it was with little Gabie, she grew up in the very innocence of childhood, loved and admired by all, yet when the Savior came gathering his children, the little girl was found among the selected treasures Oh! what a treasure was she; kind and loving in disposition, mild and becoming in her ways. She always won the hearts of those she met. Sickness came upon her while just in the beauty of childhood. She was taken from her playmates and laid upon her bed where she lay for several days, watched over and nursed by affectionate parents and many kind friends. Yet affectionate care and kind attention, could not relieve the little girl's sufferings

'Sleep on Gabie the battle is o'er,
There is naught for you to fear,
Your friends must mourn for a while,
That you have left them here."

HAYNES.

Philpot Notes

PHILPOT, Daviess Co., Ky., March, 31.

Editor Herald:

Seeing that the HERALD has no correspondent from this place, I thought perhaps some of its many readers would appreciate a few lines concerning this locality. I have been a resident here only a short time, and therefore, my knowledge of the "ways of life" of the people of this community is very limited. I can see though, that we have an industrious well-to-do class of farmers. They who make farming a deep study and take advantage of all the modern improvements in agricultural implements, and study the art of improving their farms so they will not only yield large crops for the present, but to maintain their fertility and be profitable for years to come. The farmers are very late this Spring. Many are not yet done burning plant beds. Nearly all of them here canvass their beds, saying it brings the plants on earlier, as nothing can destroy them or impede their growth. The tobacco crop and stock raising are the chief industries. Owensboro is one of the best tobacco markets in the State, and judging from the immense amount being taken there daily, I think she gets her share of the productions of this and adjoining counties.

The question of gravel roads is now being agitated in this county. Travel has almost been suspended in a great many places this winter, on account of muddy roads. I think if the county would gravel her roads and not let them out to companies to make money on, that the people would help all they could to gravel the roads and freely pay the toll after they were graveled.

I am proud to see that this county is thickly settled with nice church buildings and comfortable school houses. Religion and education are well supported.

Success to the HERALD and Ohio county is the wish of SCEASICKS

Follies and Foibles of Women.

At the annual meeting of the National Women Suffrage Association o Massachusetts in Boston Tuesday, Miss Nancy Willard Covell, speaking on "The Reason Why," said that she had been called upon to fill the unwelcome part of telling some of the follies and foibles of women. After making some sharp and facetious comments on the self assumed greatness of man and his oppression of women, Miss Covell spoke of the marked difference in compensation paid women for rendering the same service as men, and tended that the fact that woman was paid less was due to her lack of the power of the ballot, which was claimed to be worth fifty cents a day to any laboring man. Speaking of the different vocations of life, she contended that, because woman had never opposed man in entering her sphere, in becoming cooks, milliners and dressmakers, she had outdone him in fairness. In speaking of the condition of women of to-day, she said all that girls are taught is to be pretty and hide their faults and read love stories and crochet and make sponge cake, until some one asks them to marry. So the poor creatures through fear they will miss their chances and fail to marry begin, very early to pinch themselves in some places and pad themselves in others. Sometimes they wear clothing enough to founder a ship, and again it is pronounced "lovely" to appear without any to speak of. With the injunction ringing in their ears, "whatever you do, be pretty," girls paint their lips and crock their eyebrows, and take opium to make their eyes soft and arsenic to make their complexion clear. It was an unfortunate day when Paul or somebody else said that the joy of woman was her hair. What nameless and untold tortures has this appendage of the human body not been subjected to? It has been filled with "rats" and "mice," heroically pulled out by the roots to make the forehead high, glued to the forehead with extract of quince seed, and again brought over the eyes in tangled snares. It has been curled on overhot irons, and then allowed to float free far down the back; it has been puffed and frizzled and powdered and curled and greased and banged, done up high or low, made longer or shorter, or dyed black or blonde, in strict accordance with the caprice of the fickle goddess of fashion, Does the Grecian bend require them to look like a dejected monkey, straightway they become limp in body, and chatter that they do not do it because it is fashion—it is perfectly natural for them. To day they drag innumerable yards of dry goods through the streets, and to-morrow they appear in tie-backs so close that it is at the risk of their lives that they attempt to board a railroad train. Now the head is surmounted by a bonnet the size of a postage stamp, and then by one larger than an umbrella. Sometimes women are supposed to have hips, and then, everybody no matter how slender, grows broader than a donkey with paniers. Then hips are abolished and no trace of them can be discovered. If snakes and bugs become fashionable as ornaments, the snakes and bugs become "perfectly lovely," and the very girl who shrieked at the sight of a spider, simpers, "simpers, "they are just too lovely for anything." When Iris scent beads become fashionable, one has only to wait a little, and every woman becomes a walking rain bow. Now cardinal is the rage, and then old gold; now mitts, and then twelve-button gloves; now plesting, and then ruffles; now hems, and then facings; now waists are long and the ribs are laced down until there adhere to the liver, and then waists get shorter, and an opportunity is given to breathe. In short, woman's enslavement by fashion has resolved life for her into an eternal game of "wigwag," and until she escapes this bondage there is no mental life for her. All this, the speaker contended, is the outgrowth of the oppression of man in not giving woman an opportunity to develop herself mentally and in not giving her a social position equal to his own.

Converted to Christianity by Ingersoll.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the American Ambassador to Turkey, says he was converted to Christianity by Col. R. G. Ingersoll, the blatant Radical and loud mouthed atheist. He was inclined to be skeptical as to the divinity of Christ Ingersoll presented his peculiar views, with which Wallace was much impressed, but said he was not prepared to agree with him on certain extreme propositions. Ingersoll thereupon urged him to give the matter careful study expressing his belief that Wallace would, after doing so, accept the "Ingersoll view." For six years he studied searched and thought. At the end of that time he said: "The result is the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth is not only a Christ and the Christ, but that he is also my Christ my Savior, and my Redeemer." If Ingersoll's talk could have a similar effect upon every one, the clergy would do well to engaged him as an evangelist.—Hopkinsville *New Era*.

Rev. J. W. Waldrop, Owenton, Ky., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters greatly relieved me of general debility and indigestion."

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