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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. XII.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, MAY 5, 1886.

NO. 18.

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Courts held second Saturday in January, April, July and October. HAMILTON—J. W. Lanford, Judge; P. M. Brown, Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October. ROCKFORD—T. Robertson, Judge; no Marshal. Courts held first Thursday in January, April, July and October. ROSINE—J. J. Layton, Judge; D. L. Baldwin, Marshal. Courts held first Saturday in January, April, July and October. FORESVILLE—J. J. Harder, March 4, June 3, September 2, December 2. Joseph Miller, March 6, June 5, September 4, December 4. BEFORD—C. L. Fields, March 8, June 8, September 8, December 8. J. McKinstry, March 2, June 2, September 1, December 1. HARTFORD—R. A. Stevens, March 9, June 9, September 9, December 9. J. D. Byers, March 15, June 12, September 11, December 11. ROCKFORD—R. E. Dunson, March 20, June 19, September 18, December 18. W. L. Jones, March 11, June 11, September 10, December 10. CROWWELL—J. P. Minton, March 16, June 16, September 16, December 16. L. Arubuck, March 18, June 18, September 21, December 21. ROSINE—W. M. Anny, March 15, June 15, September 15, December 15. A. S. Anny, March 23, June 23, September 23, December 23. FORESVILLE—J. W. Payne, P. O. Fordville. BEFORD—George H. Lanham. ROCKFORD—George M. Maddox. ROSINE—W. L. Miller, P. O. Horse Branch. CROWWELL—G. W. Martin, P. O. Crowwell. CHURCH. BAPTIST—Services second Saturday and Sunday of each month; Rev. J. S. Coleman, pastor. M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—Services third and fourth Sundays in each month. Rev. P. A. Edwards, pastor. CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN—Services second and fourth Sundays and Sunday nights in each month. No pastor. METHODIST EPISCOPAL (colored)—Services every Sunday morning and night. Sabbath school at 9 A. M. Rev. B. J. Ward, pastor. ALBA BAPTIST (colored)—First and third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Rev. C. H. Howell, pastor. RICHEY'S PILLS. THEY ARE GUARANTEED! Princeton, Ky., Oct. 20, 1885. To the Editor of the Herald: Please tell your readers that RICHEY'S PILLS are guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in the treatment of biliousness, constiveness, headache, torpid liver, chills, etc. They are purely vegetable and highly sugar-coated, and cost only 25c per box. I strictly enjoin my druggists to refund money in all cases when they fail to give entire satisfaction. Everyone who gets a box, therefore, is requested, if not thoroughly satisfied, to go back and report and get their money back. T. E. RICHEY. RICHEY'S PILLS are sold on variance by Thomas & Kimbley, Hartford, Kentucky. 431f

THE DISAPPOINTED.

ELLA WHEELER WILSON. There are songs enough for the hero, Who dwells on the heights of fame; For those who are disappointed, For those who have missed their aim. I sing with a cheerful cadence For one who stands in the dark, And knows that his last, best arrow Has bounded back from the mark. I sing for the breathless runner, The eager, anxious one, Who falls with his strength exhausted Almost in sight of the goal; For the hearts that break in silence, With a sorrow all unknown; For those who need companions, Yet walk their ways alone. There are songs enough for the lovers, Who share love's tender path; I sing for the one whose passion Is given and in vain. For those whose spirit contrives Have missed them on the way, I sing with a heart overflowing This minor strain today. And I know the solar system Must somewhere keep in space A prize for that sport runner Who barely led the race. For the Fall would be imperfect Unless it held some sphere That paid for the toil and talent And love that was wasted here.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY HELEN FOREST GRAY.

HER PIERY was not in a good humor that day, as she sat at the breakfast table, pouring out coffee for her husband, and dispensing the bread and butter to three plump little Pierys. She was a handsome, over-dressed woman, with a good deal of false hair, frizzed and braided on the top of her head, and a complexion that bore remote witness to the constant use of cosmetics. And Mr. Piery, at his end of the table, was evidently ill at ease, as he broke his egg and nibbled diligently at his roll. "But what is I to do, my dear?" said E., after a brief silence which was by no means peaceful. "Do?" shrilly retorted Mrs. Piery. "Why, what do other people do? Are we to keep a home for the indigent poor? Or a refuge for the widowed and fatherless?" "My dear, my dear," pleaded Mr. Piery, who was a small man, with thin hair and spectacles, "you may be a widow yourself, some day."

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MOTHER'S FRIEND. MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. The time has come at last when the weary mother is relieved to this very critical period by the use of this medicine. It is a most valuable remedy for the mother, and it is a most valuable remedy for the child. It is a most valuable remedy for the mother, and it is a most valuable remedy for the child. It is a most valuable remedy for the mother, and it is a most valuable remedy for the child.

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KANSAS TALK.

An Interesting and Profitable Letter Descriptive of Western Welfare. HOWARD, KANSAS. EDITOR HERALD:—Having received numerous inquiries from my friends in Ohio county, most of whom are readers of the HERALD, concerning this part of Kansas, if not too great a tax on the part of your readers, I shall answer them through the columns of your paper. Howard, the county seat of Elk, is situated in the Elk river valley, thirty miles North of the Indian Territory and is, at present the terminus of the Southern branch of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. This little city has a population of 2,000 and is enjoying a healthy growth. Good agricultural business has been made of brick and stone, are fast taking the place of the little wooden structures, built eight or ten years ago when the town was in its infancy. Only a few weeks ago, true to Western enterprise, or "git up and git," our county voted by a large majority to erect a \$40,000 Courthouse, which, when completed, will add much to the appearance of the town. The location is a lovely one on ground which appears level at first glance, but really slopes in two directions toward the river, which makes a sweeping curve toward the South at this point; but its course, as it flows on its way to multiply the waters of the Arkansas, can be distinguished for miles by the fringe of trees on either side, which in contrast with the green prairie beyond, of varied hues, covered with cattle and handsome farms, make a charming picture that would delight an artist and command the admiration of all.

Although this county is yet quite young, with respect to settlement and organization, in some respects it is now older than Ohio county. General improvements are greater and land is higher. But I do not want the latter fact to discourage any one who may entertain thoughts of immigrating to this "sunny clime." For I assure you one can more easily, pay a higher price for land here. Tobacco is not the staple. The staple commodities here, are either directly or indirectly necessities of life, and consequently will always command a fair price. The soil is of a rich, undulating, limestone formation, and in the valleys will produce from sixty to eighty bushels of corn per acre. The price of land is almost entirely controlled by location, with respect to market, varying from five to forty dollars per acre. Corn, oats and millet are the principal agricultural products of this county. Owing to the fact that this is the great stock raising part of the state, very little wheat is sown, although it could be grown to profit. As yet, the native grass is enjoying almost entire possession, but it has been discovered that blue-grass will grow here readily, and certain Kentucky dealers in blue-grass are receiving large orders from this part of Kansas.

The matter of health should be one of vast importance to those seeking a permanent location for themselves or families, and I am sure a great deal can be said in this respect, in favor of Elk county. With no swampy lands or stagnant water for miles around, there is no malaria or chills here, the air is perfectly pure and invigorating. The many streams, including the river, have a swift current of clear sparkling water, coming largely from innumerable springs. With these conditions it could not be otherwise than "distressingly healthy," as the few physicians here are ready to affirm. There is nothing to induce disease, but every thing to induce health. The climate is delightful. Although the past winter was one of the most severe ever known here, from all accounts it was several degrees colder in Kentucky. The most disagreeable feature is the "gentle zephyrs," and they serve an excellent purpose, for wind and mud cannot exist long together. One soon becomes accustomed to this feature of Kansas. You soon learn to pull your hat down over your ears, and let the wind have its way. I regret to say that Kansas has gained a reputation on the great temperance question, which she does not deserve. Under the present law, Kansas practically has free whisky. The sale of intoxicants is entirely in the hands of the druggists, who are neither required to give bond nor pay a license. These so-called druggists are provided with blank statements for their customers to sign, specifying that the liquor is needed for medicinal purposes—the applicant to state his disease. These statements are not sworn to, and are only attested by the druggist. Considering the extreme healthfulness of the country, it is amazing to go into one of these drug stores (saloons), and look over the statements on file. The number of persons who are almost daily affected with "sore throat," "head ache" and "general debility," is simply astonishing. Under these conditions, it is not strange that apothecary shops should be numerous—almost any little town can support two or three; but 'tis seldom the proprietor knows anything about pharmacology. It is said, that out in the frontier towns one only has to purchase a barrel or two of liquor, a half dozen bottles of "St. Jacobs Oil" and a few bottles of "Warner's safe cure" in order to engage in a first-class drug business. Those who framed the present law may have had good intentions, but they evidently placed too much confidence in the integrity of the average Kansan. I regard the local option law, in force in various parts of the South, as far more effective, and until Kansas enacts a law circumscribing the powers of the druggists, I shall never feel advocating her claims on her prohibition principles. The more I ponder over this temperance question, the more I am convinced that the only solution to the problem is through education and Christianity. Stop the demand, and the supply will not last long. In conclusion, I will say that I regard this as the Eden of America, for farmers. Here they pump water for their cattle with wind mills, and do their plowing sitting on a spring seat with a box of cigars by their side, while in the East they walk behind a plow until they have no distinct idea whether they or shoving it are the horses pulling it.

If you are a young man toiling on, your fathers toiled, in worn out and barren fields, if you would like to live where the soil rewards the tiller, where the grain waves and sparkles in the morning dew, and swells the crib in the fall; where the very air breathes strength, energy and happiness; if you would like to live where honest effort is rewarded, where the banners of prosperity wave, and the gaunt specter of starvation is not seen, come to Kansas. C. M. B. Oregon Letter. LEBANON, FEB. 16, 1886.—Having waited a long time for news to accumulate sufficient to fill a letter, I have to take what there is on hand, and make the most of it, for things become old, fast, or faster, than the new occur. We have had the finest weather imaginable the past winter. I am positive that there has not been two weeks at any one time that I could not have found fresh strawberry blooms in my pasture, since the 1st of October 1885, and now the fields are literally white with them, while, from the press reports, are frozen solid. Some of our farmers are exhibiting bunches of blackberries in all stages, from the blossom to the ripe berry, and that is the second crop grown in the open air. The weather has been just right this Spring for getting crops, and has been made the most of by our farmers. I learn through the HERALD that you had a glorious revival of religion in dear old Hartford, some of the hardest cases being converted, none of them took like Zachens; Luke, Chap. XIX vs. 8-9. But things have changed since he was here. We have an ex-robber here—a Virginian—a school teacher, and a man you would take at first sight to be a leader of the people. I thought it would please him to see some of "Suggs" efforts to get his idea before the people in his Patrick Henry style, so I gave one of "Suggs" best to Newman, he read it, and I sat waiting to go into ecstasies over what I thought would be his encomiums. Witness my surprise, when I saw in a very impressive manner, he decried it as: "I think—you—Suggs—is—rather Quixotic." Well, I did not know what to say, and while I was thinking what would be a good reply, he went on, "with—this—difference,—this Quixote—upsets windmills,—instead of being upset by them." I wish Nancy Jane Jones to tell me what to do with this man, whether to let him alone, or do him some harm. I am as proud of the old HERALD as if I had been one of its able contributors, and helped to make it what it is. Long may it wave. J. W. SETTON. Geo. C. Wedding. The following very creditable notice of our townsmen from the Western Recorder, and is by a gentleman, than whom, few stand higher in the estimation of Baptists and the public generally: "Geo. C. Wedding, a prominent and talented member of the Hartford Bar, who joined the church during the late revival, was licensed to preach the gospel, at the regular March meeting of the Baptist church at Hartford. He is a young man of great promise, possessing talent and genius, and fine literary culture and is with all, a ready writer, by which he has already distinguished himself. His convictions to preach the gospel seem to be of a deep, intelligent and scriptural kind, which together with a great proficiency already attained as a public speaker, give hope of great usefulness in the near future. Last Sunday night he made his debut in the pulpit in the Baptist church in Hartford, to the great satisfaction of all who heard him."—Dr. J. S. Coleman in Western Recorder. A Reliable Article. For catarrhes, psch, and a desire to get such goods as will give the true satisfaction Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., the druggists, leads all competition. They sell Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, because it is the best Medicine on the market, for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Primary Consumption. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Samples free. Liver Pills. Use Dr. Gunn's Liver Pills, for Sal-low Complexion, Pimples on the face and biliousness. Never sickens or gripes. Only one for a dose. Samples free at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's. 182f

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., says he was, for many years, badly afflicted with Piles, also Diarrhea; the pains were almost unendurable and would sometimes almost throw him into convulsions. He tried Electric Bitters and got relief from first bottle and after taking six bottles was entirely cured and had gained in flesh eighteen pounds. Says he positively believes he would have died, had it not been for the relief afforded by Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. Faith Increasing. BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1885.—Some time ago, I had a patient suffering from Bright's disease. Urine nearly half albumen, with casts. Used all the regular remedies. Of no avail. Began to give Warner's safe cure, but had little faith. First bottle, patient began to improve, and after half a dozen bottles was entirely cured of kidney trouble. Have since prescribed it in many instances with success.—J. D. A. POHLE, M. D. 759 Michigan St. Fits! All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. 11 19 17f.

"In the spring the young man's face lightly turns to thoughts of love," but persons in middle age whose powers are weakened by blood taint and corruption, get satisfactory results from the use of Warner's safe cure. "No Plume has gone," said he. "Yes," said Mrs. Piery, pretending to be busy with her needle, "I'm not used to have fine ladies in my kitchen." "But if you will lend me an apron—" "No, I thank you, Mrs. Oswald Piery," repeated the housewife. "You will find the newspaper in the hall. Perhaps the advertising columns may interest you." "We are sisters," said the young widow, with a quivering lip. "Will you not call me Plume?" "Oh, no, we're no relations at all, in reality," said Mrs. Abel Piery, weighing out ounces of sugar and pounds of flour with an unerring hand. "And really, your name is such a peculiar one. Jane, or Martha, or Eliza, would have been more to my taste. Perhaps, however, with a keener, side-long glance, 'you have been on the stage'?" "No," said Plume, "I was taught when Oswald married me. But what do you mean about the advertising columns of the papers?" "Situations, you know," said Mrs. Piery, reaching over the railing-bun. "Bridget, you have been at these raisins, as true as I live! There's half of 'em gone since I was here last." "No, mum, I haven't!" sharply retorted Bridget, who was used to these kitchen skirmishes. "Sure I never lifted a house before where they counted the raisins and the lumps of coal, and I don't suit, mum, it's a month's warning from to-day, if ye please." "Situations!" repeated Plume, half afraid of Bridget's warlike demeanor, half puzzled at her sister-in-law's words. "Yes," said Mrs. Abel, tartly, paying no attention to Bridget and her skillet. "In a glove factory, you know, or a fancy store, or even as nursery governess or attendant to some elderly invalid. For, of course, you know," with another of those oblique looks that made poor Plume feel so uncomfortable, "you must work for a living. We are not rich enough to support all our relations. Abel's salary was reduced last year and no one knows how strictly I have to economize in order to make both ends meet. And a strong young woman like you ought to be ashamed to sit down on a sickly man with a family, like my husband, because—"

"Stop—ah stop!" said Plume, lifting up her hands, as if to warn of some invisible terror. "He said I was welcome. He told me—"

"That's just like Abel," said Mrs. Piery, scornfully. "He take in all creation if he could. He never stops to think whether he can afford it or not."

"I am sorry that I intrude," said Plume, with dignity. "It shall not be for long. I will look at the newspapers at once."

"Yes, that's a deal the best plan," assented Mrs. Piery, ungraciously. "Of course you won't mention our little chat to Abel. He might be vexed; and, after all, I'm only speaking for your good."

Plume looked at her with an expression of tone which somehow made Mrs. Abel Piery feel as if she were shrinking up like a withered walnut in its shell.

"Yes, I know," said she. "But you need not be afraid; I am not a bear, to make mischief in any one's family."

Mrs. Piery felt very uncomfortable after this little conversation was ended.

"How she did look at me!" thought she. "But I only spoke the truth, after all. We can't be burdened with her piety. She has no matter what she says, I believe she is an actress! No one but an actress could ever put on such royal ways as that!"

Half an hour afterward, when the bell rang, and some one inquired for Mrs. Oswald Piery, Mrs. Abel nodded her head to the eke she was taking out of the oven.

"Company already," said she "and gentlemen company, as I live! Well, if this is the way she intends to go on, the sooner she suits herself with a situation the better!"

Mrs. Piery had been secretly anxious for an opportunity of quarreling with her sister-in-law. Here it was at last; and when the old gentleman with the glossy broadcloth suit was gone, she bounded into the parlor with a spot on either cheekbone like signals of war.

"So you have been receiving company, Mrs. Oswald?" said she.

"Yes," Plume innocently answered. "Gentlemen company, too!" cried Mrs. Piery.

"It was Mr. Van Orden, my husband's lawyer," explained Plume.

"Oh, I dare say!" said Mrs. Piery. "All that sounds very well; but I have the character of my house to look to—and—"

"He is coming back with a carriage," hurriedly spoke Plume. "I am to go to his wife's house at once. Mrs. Van Orden is willing to give me the shelter which my own husband's relatives grudge me!"

"I wish her joy of her bargain, I am sure," said Mrs. Abel Piery, with a toss of the mountains of false hair that crowned her head.

And so the two women parted, in no spirit of amity.

"I dare say she'll go straight to the store," thought Mrs. Abel, "and invent a pitiful story for my husband's benefit. And Abel will make a great fuss—Abel always was soft about his relatives—but I shan't mind it. I always have been mistress of my own house, and I always intend to be, Oswald's widow or no Oswald's widow."

Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a little apprehensive when her husband came in to tea. For when Abel really was angry, his anger signified something. But to her surprise he entered all smiles, and rubbing his palms, gleefully.

"No Plume has gone," said he.