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VOL. XIII. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, APRIL 13, 1887. NO. 15.

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RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XX.

A silence, intense, horror stricken, follows on his words. Miss Roche has fallen back from him, and is now leaning against the wall, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes, large and affrighted, fixed on his.

"Stolen!" she says, the words coming with difficulty through her white lips. "Do they think I stole them?" She shrinks backward against the wall as though she would fain sink through it, and so disappear forever.

"Oh, no! Good heavens! No!" replies he, shocked. "But this man Annerley. It is essential that he should be found and compelled to say where he got them. You say you don't know his address, but surely it may be discovered."

"Have they been thinking that?" says Nadine, heedless of his last words. "And you, have you, too"— She breaks off as though the power to go on is lost to her. Her blanched face terrifies him.

"My darling! Don't look at me like that. Nadine! Who is accusing you? Who suspects you? Be reasonable."

"Lady Valworth suspec's me. I see it all now, though I did not understand before why she was so cold to me all to-day. She thinks most cruelly, most unjustly of me. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Nothing now. To-morrow you must give us any help you can toward finding Mr. Annerley. No doubt," with a quick contraction of the brows," he will be able to explain to us in a satisfactory manner how these jewels came into his possession."

"What a terrible situation," says Nadine, faintly. She covers her eyes with her hands. "If I had only obeyed him. If I had followed his injunctions not to wear these fatal ornaments."

"He advised you not to wear them?" Duran's voice is sharp and keen.

"Yes. But only because he believed them too handsome for me, just now, when we were both poor. Afterward, he said, when he had made his fortune, they would suit me well."

"Did it not strike you that it was strange for a man calling himself poor to be able to purchase such costly things?"

"I did not think. I seldom thought of him." Her tone is low and self reproachful. "How strong is fate," she says presently. "To drive me here—to compel me to wear what I had never worn before. But I am not regretful," cries she, suddenly, with a touch of vehemence. "He will be able to explain, of course. And now Lady Valworth and Millicent will get back their own."

She tears off the sapphire ornament and throws it into Duran's palm with a shudder.

"I must see Lady Valworth. I must speak with her," exclaims Nadine, eagerly. Her cheeks are burning, her hands tremulous.

"Wait until to-morrow."

"I shall not wait another moment. I cannot live with this weight upon my heart." She presses her hands convulsively against her breast. "Take me to her," she implores, faintly.

Seeing the excitement that is betraying itself in glance and gesture, Duran draws her hand through his arm and leads her from the conservatory. The tea room is now deserted, and they pass into the hall without encountering anybody. Midnight chimes from some distant tower, the solemn sound breaking even through the light sparkling dance music that comes from the ball room on their left and that swells and rings through the house.

"The last train is in. I am afraid Lady Valworth will be taken up with her son. He has surely arrived, or is on the point of arriving," says Duran to his companion in a low tone. "Nevertheless, we will try if it be possible to see her alone for even a few minutes."

A servant gives them the information that her ladyship has just passed into the library in momentary expectation of Capt. Boyle's arrival. There they find her with Millicent, whom she has entreated to stay with her, and Sir Thomas.

As Nadine and Duran enter Sir Thomas is expostulating a little on his wife's desertion of her guests.

"It will be but for a little while, a few moments," returns she eagerly. "He must, he will come by this train; and Clarissa" (Mrs. Brand) "has taken my place. I shall not be missed for half an hour, and he is sure to come straight here."

She looks up rather impatiently as Nadine comes into the room. The girl is white as death and trembling with agitation. Going up to Lady Valworth, she lays the sapphire pendant upon the table near her.

"Lady Valworth," she says gently, her voice low and earnest, "it is only just now that I have heard from Mr. Duran about this," pointing to the sapphires. "And your diamond cross—it is upstairs—you shall have it in a few moments. But what I want to say is—is"— She falters. It is evident in her excitement she has forgotten what it was she had arranged to say. "I knew nothing of it," she breaks out at last pitifully, her large eyes fixed with mournful entreaty upon Lady Valworth.

That kind woman is touched to the quick. Indeed, she had never suspected Nadine of being anything but a victim in the matter, although her perplexity during the day had led her into a coldness of manner that the girl had misconstrued.

"My dear child, what a miserable idea for you to get into your head," she cries, kindly. "Come, now, I will have only happy faces round me to-night, when my son is expected. It is his birth night, as you know; we must give him only smiles. As for our lost jewels, to-morrow you will give me any information you can, and probably you will be the one to restore them to me."

She pressed Nadine's hand kindly.

"You should not have told her to-night!" exclaims Millicent, looking reproachfully at Duran.

"Oh, it is better so—much better," says Nadine. "It would have been horrible to wear that stolen ornament a moment longer."

At this moment the door is thrown wide open, and a tall man enters the room. Lady Valworth, with a little cry, rushes forward to greet him. She has forgotten everything, except that this is her son, and that he has returned to her.

But a movement on Nadine's part checks her. The girl, too, after an instant's stunned surprise, has taken a few steps forward and thrown out her arms in the direction of the new comer.

"Why! There he is! There he is himself!" she cries in a clear voice, touched by excitement. "Now he is come, he will explain all!"

"He! What should he have to explain?" demands Lady Valworth, stopping short and fixing a stern glance upon her.

"He will tell you how he got the diamonds, the sapphires, that he gave me!" returns Nadine eagerly, her eyes brilliant, her lips apart.

Some color has risen to her face.

"What farce is this you would play, girl?" exclaims Lady Valworth, in a low but terrible tone.

"That"—pointing to where the tall figure stands in the doorway—"is my son—Granit Boyle!"

"Madame! that is—Paul Annerley!"

CHAPTER XXI.

Granit Boyle, his face absolutely livid, comes straight into the center of the room. The glaring chandelier betrays the deadly pallor of his face, the cold gleam in his eyes. He has had sufficient time, during the troubled words that passed betwen his mother and Nadine, to understand that the game has been played out and lost. He might still deny, give oath on oath, put all to the touch, and defy actual discovery; but to what end? Who would believe him innocent among those with whom he cares to associate, even should the law absolve him? In the future the fate of the outcast, the leper, should be his. She would be the chief witness for the prosecutions—she, with her soft voice, her pure eyes! What chance would he have against her, even though judge and jury acquit him? His world would believe in her. And it is this same voice that has betrayed him—the dearest voice on earth to him!

He goes slowly up to the girl who has ruined him and lays his hand upon her shoulder. For the moment it seems he has forgotten that there is any one in the world but her.

"You!—you here?" he says.

There is immeasurable surprise but no anger in his tone; his glance dwells upon her lingeringly, tenderly as ever. He is lost in one of the old dreams. It is his last.

"Tell them," entreats Nadine eagerly. "They have been imagining dreadful things. I told them you were returning to England soon, but I did not know it would be to-night. Paul, let them know at once—at once—how those stones came into your possession."

In her extreme anxiety, she lays her hand upon his arm. Duran makes a movement toward her, but Massareene, by a gesture, stops him.

"You still believe in me, then?" says Boyle, in a curious tone. "You have had faith all through? You have never understood?"

"I do not understand now," cries the girl nervously. "Oh what is this?" She shrinks from him and presses her hand against her heart. "Why do you not speak?" she cries again affrightedly. "One word will reassure me. Yet you are silent. How pale you are. What horrible thing am I to learn? Lady Valworth has called you her son. Oh surely that is"—

"Madness on the part of Lady Valworth," interruts he, with a short laugh. "To disown me would have been her wiser plan."

"What is this you say?" cries Nadine, in a low voice, faint, horrified. "You do not deny that you are Grant Boyle?"

"No."

"You are not, then, Paul Annerley?"

"That's true."

Nadine staggers back from him, and presses her hands to her forehead as if in pain.

"And what of this, sir?" demands Sir Thomas, coming forward.

He has lost all his pompousness, his magisterial air has deserted him. He looks old, distressed, shocked. Every now and then he glances back to where his wife is sitting, with her arms thrown upon the table near her and her head lying humbled upon them. He has taken up the raised head, her glance riveted upon Boyle, as though fascinated.

"That I have not gained your entire heart I know," continues Granit, in the same low but impassioned tone. "But I am satisfied with the knowledge that no other has gained it. Come! what is there to wait for in this land? Your heart, if not quite mine, is still your own. If you follow me it is to gain a slave who will call your lightest wish a dear command. Come!"

Again he takes her hand. Softly this time—with gentlest care; and the girl, as though in a dream, suffers herself to be led toward the door. A step or two she goes, then stops confusedly, and raising one little pink palm presses it convulsively to her brow.

"You hesitate, my love! But why, why?" whispers he, still with his glowing eyes on hers, his grasp growing warmer. "Nay, consider! Would you send me out into the cold, the dark, forlorn, lost, without the one sweet thing I crave, whose presence will restore to me light and hope and joy? Oh! have pity, love! And remember, too, you are mine! Mine only! If I have sinned it was to gain means to make a home for you elsewhere. For you I have resigned fortune, home in my own country, honor—all! Now, when every man's hand is against me, you, at least, will not draw back?"

A shiver runs through Nadine; this lying speech, false in all but the wild love that speaks through it, stirs her frame and holds her against her will. All power of volition seems gone from her. She suffers her hand to be passively in his; like sobs her breath rushes from her breast. As though conquered by a superior power, she lets herself be led slowly but surely toward the door, beyond which lies captivity. She feels numbed, senseless. She would fain cry aloud; but some strange inward force strikes her dumb. Already the threshold is reached.

She pauses mechanically. The anguish in the eyes always fixed so immovably on Boyle's warns him it is best to humor her for the moment. That she is on the verge of fainting is apparent to him.

"For all this I will repay you with the service of a lifetime," he whispers eagerly. "My beloved, collect your strength. Trust to me wholly. And think—think always of the blessedness of the work before you! I will repent for your sake. I will lead from henceforth a godly life—for your sweet sake. Oh, Nadine! my very soul is yours to make or mar! Your promise to me! You shall think of that too! It gave you to me; it made you mine! Mine for all eternity! Come! Together we must be forever!"

Again he endeavors to draw her across the threshold.

"Never!"

The word rings out loud and clear and desperate. And then even clearer, and filled with a passionate entreaty:

"Maurice!" she cries, in a tone that thrills the hearts of all present.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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PROHIBITION

Viewed From a Religious Standpoint.

BY W. P. BENNETT.

It is certainly a religious duty to remove, as far as possible, every hinderance to the salvation of sinners. That the liquor traffic is very greatly in the way of the success of the gospel, is evident to every observing mind. The saloon is the place of popular resort. Many spend their Sundays there who would go to church if it were out of the way, and one invariable effect of intoxicating drinks is to blunt moral perception, and finally to produce a state of recklessness in which all respect for the laws of God and man is lost. The voters, of which Christians constitute a large portion, are responsible for the liquor traffic, with all its evils. What supports and protects the liquor traffic? Statute law. Who make these laws? Men authorized to legislate. Who authorize these men to legislate? The voters; and upon their shoulders rests the responsibility. If the Christian voters of Kentucky would all vote against the liquor traffic, there are enough men, who make no pretence of being religious, willing to vote with them to make a majority of the voting population. I think this is very clear. That the voters can make and unmake laws is also very clear. Now, do the laws that give men the right to sell intoxicating drinks among us, meet our approbation? Are we willing to bear our part of the responsibility? But it is urged by those favoring the liquor traffic that it is wrong to prohibit this business. That such a law deprives men of their rights. But if we, the voters, conclude that it is wrong to give such privilege, it is infringing upon no man's rights to withold it. This whole business is wrong—*very wrong*, and all good citizens, *especially* Christian citizens, should feel it a duty to use all right means to stop it.

When the voter sees the poor drunkard lying in a stupor, or hears his thick tongue twaddle, or listens to the recital of bloody deeds committed when drink had crazed the brain, or looks upon the manacled form and sad face going to expiate a crime committed when the mind was in a mad furor, he sees the fruit of his own vote—the invariable result of the traffic he voted to uphold. And when he sees the wife of the drunkard, with her emaciated form, her sad dejected face, the sunken eye from which the expression of joy has long since departed, and listens to her children's fruitless cries for bread, he should say this is the practical working of the law I helped to make. What is all this in comparison with that dark, eternal future to which drunkeness drags downs its victims. And shall moral, upright and Christian citizens look at all these results of the liquor traffic and still vote for it?

But it is maintained by some that drunkeness is not a necessary attendant of the traffic—that the business can be carried on without making drunkards—that men may patronize the saloons and never get drunk. Patronizing the liquor traffic is the way all the drunkards are made. But some who favor the liquor business say they are as much opposed to drunkeness as any one. They say they prove by their own course that a man can take his dram whenever he feels like it and not make a drunkard. They say, "do not get drunk. *Be a man.*" These men are simply mistaken in what they are doing. They are the men whose influence does most towards making drunkards. No man desires to be a drunkard. No one starts out with the expectation of making a drunkard. The young man starts out in the practice of taking, what he calls his social drinks, with the determination to *be a man*, as it is called. But ah! how many fail. If every man, who commences taking a social drink, made a drunkard, do you think we would have many drunkards in our country? Would we have a single one? It is not the drunkard the young man desires to imitate—tries to imitate—but the respectable, sober dram-drinker, as he is called.

Every drunkard in our land has failed in his effort to make a sober drinker. And these sad failures in our land reach something near 65,000 every year. Whose influence does this? Not the drunkard's most certainly. The young man turns from the thought of following the drunkard with abhorrence. But the influence of the sober, respectable dram-drinker leads him to drunkenness and ruin. One of God's inspired servants says: "If eating meat cause my brother to offend, I will eat no more meat while the world stands." Paul does not say, if it is wrong to eat meat, but if my brother is thereby led to do wrong. Now, if it should be, as these few—these very few—sober drinkers say, neither wrong nor hurtful to them to save the many thousands who can not drink like they do, ought they not to forego whatever pleasure, enjoyment or profit they derive from it.

Now the question comes to us, what ought we to do? What is our duty in regard to this fearful evil? The people, by the men they elect, make the laws that keep up and protect this traffic. A business that degrades men, starves women and children, fills jails, penitentiaries and poor-houses, is a bitter, blighting curse upon civilization, morality and religion, the cause of about eight-tenths of the pauperism and crime in our land, the hot bed where outlaws germinate, and where vice is cradled. Is there anything we can do that will contribute so largely toward elevating, moralizing, Christianizing and making useful citizens, as by putting this degrading business out of the way? We should do all in our power to make it easy for men to do right and difficult to do wrong. It is our duty as citizens, and especially as Christian citizens, to make the road up to a noble manhood and an honorable and useful life, as smooth and inviting as possible. To plant along its side the flowers of hope and the promise of public approbation. Then into the road down to licentiousness, vice, crime, infamy and eternal ruin, roll the rocks of law, hedge it up with the brambles of disapprobation and the briars of public condemnation.

We pass prohibitory laws, in the form of quarantine regulations, to stop epidemics, why not this worst of plagues? When yellow fever prevailed in Memphis there was very little trouble about enforcing the quarantine. But then no one was making money by spreading the disease. There was great sympathy felt for the people, and a willingness to do anything to protect them. But why should there not be a willingness to protect the people against the evil of strong drink, even if to do so, it is found necessary to enforce a strong quarantine in the form of a prohibitory law.

In ten years, ending with its last attack upon the city of Memphis, yellow fever carried off 21,384 of our people, but in the same length of time strong drink has carried off 650,000 of our people. Thirty times as many, and yet, because there is money to some men in the business of spreading this evil and killing the people, there is more difficulty in adopting measures to restrain it than the fever. If somebody had been carrying on a business that produced yellow fever, and had opposed and disregarded the laws to stop, how long do you think he would have been suffered to carry on his business? But there are men among us carrying on a business thirty times as destructive of human life—carrying off thirty times as many of our people as yellow fever ever did. And these men refuse to be stopped. Now, when we remember that it lies in our power to prevent a large portion of this evil at once, and finally take it all away, should there be any hesitation about it?

Is there any other question at this time pertaining to us as citizens—as Christian citizens—of equal importance with this? But it is said that the whisky traffic cannot be stopped, that men will sell it. But why can it not be stopped? Certainly, if a majority of the American people undertake to put it down, it will be done. But we are told by liquor men that a prohibitory law will increase drinking. Will it indeed? Does the law against horse stealing increase it? But this objection comes not from the friends of prohibition, but the friends of the liquor traffic, and they are opposed to their business being increased? Not much. But some men who are not friends of the liquor traffic have been led into the belief that, because men will violate the prohibitory law, it is best to have none. Then it is best to have no laws whatever; for all our laws are violated, and if we are to have only such laws as no one will violate—as no one desires to violate—then we can do without laws, do not need laws.

But it is said that a prohibitory law will injure the seller and do no good. That he will sell liquor, and this injures him and does not prevent the evil. Let us apply this reasoning, (if it may be called reasoning,) to other things. Is it wrong to prohibit theft? Men will steal, and the law puts the poor fellow in the penitentiary, and does not stop the evil. But every one is ready to say such reasoning, applied to theft, is nonsense Just so. There is very little of the reasoning presented to the people for the purpose of sustaining the liquor traffic that reaches the dignity of respectable nonsense.

The liquor business is a powerful and dangerous foe to popular government. More dangerous to a republican government than a monarchy. In a monarchy the ruling power is in the throne supported by the standing army. But in a republic the ruling power is with the people—the voters. Hence that which debauches the people renders the government insecure. Now, the liquor traffic has no politics—goes for the man that will support the business. Makes this the only guiding principle, and when we see how votes are being controlled by whisky, how it is demoralizing the ruling power in our country, the great distress it causes, the immense financial burden it brings upon the people, and the moral and eternal ruin into which it is annually dragging its thousands, ought not the American people to arise in the power of their might and put it down? Before what foe will the people of the United States cower, and cringe and draw back? A few years ago eleven states made the attempt to rend the grand old union of these American States, but the government arose in the majesty of her power and said, "you shall not do this," and the dismemberment was prevented. And now, shall this proud and mighty republic suffer herself "buldozed," and back down before the defiance of the liquor traffic? Is all the bravery of the American people comprised in the 600,000 liquor dealers, and those whom the traffic has debauched and ruined, while the rest of our fifty millions have only the double distilled quintessence of cowardice? The result of the question that is soon to be met by us, will show how this is. In the settlement of this question we will place ourselves upon record for coming generations to look at. As Christian voters, on which side do we wish to put ourselves? On which side is duty? On which morality and religion?

SUGGS.

He Discourses on the Stability of His Town, Predicts its Prosperous Future, and Pierces Sherman's Southern Bubble.

Hon. Jesse Williams has, all at once, developed a new trait of character. Ordinarily, he is not a man to pull down what others build, but recently he came down here and tore down his livery stable and shipped it off to McHenry. He did not go so far, however, as to take the lot of ground with him. You might kill out some rival towns by tearing them to pieces, but Rockport is proof against storms, panics, everything except perhaps the giving away of the very bottom, as in the case of the "Lost Atlantis." Rockport is as certainly the natural commercial center of the Green river valley, as the N. N. & M. V. R. R. crosses at this point, and the sooner capitalists realize the fact the more money they will make. The Inter-state Commerce law will force the manufacturer to come to the raw material. This means a death knell to the East—d—n 'em. The vast and varied undeveloped resources of this valley, with the most unequaled combination of great natural advantages for manufacturing, make it only a question of short time when Rockport will out boom Birmingham. I foresee it, and believe in it as I believe in unterrified Democracy. Had I the means, I would literaly buy the whole county of Muhlenberg. It is the richest county in the world, but, mind you, Rockport is naturally, unavoidably its capital.

To get at the bold, glaring demagogism of Sherman's speech, one must see that made by him years ago at Washington and elsewhere. Truckling, empty duplicity that smells of nothing half so much as the unscrupulous artifice of a political caterer, which he seeks to disguise with the unattainable sentiment of hating the sin, and loving the sinner. Nothing short of carrying a Blarney Castle bodily in their pockets, and kissing the stone every breath, could enable him and Blaine to conceal the gall dripping from their envenomed tongues. His speeches in the South are nothing if not towering monuments of cold, steel-plated cheek, beside which that of an old army mule would blush to scarlet. But the Augusta and Mt. Gilliaid speeches contain utterances that will as utterly change them in politics, so far as the Solid South is concerned, as Bob Taylor's Federal Aid Message has done him up. "I tell you cold print is worse than poison." Sherman has cost the poor of this land more than the temple at Jerusalem cost the Jews, but thanks to the powers that preside over the destinies of nations, it is only in the capacity of an old fossilized bloody shirt—a rotten relic which he and Blaine so oft, ghoul like, have unearthed—propped up in some corner of an old museum of dead issues. Will they amount to much any more?

Progress longs for the end of such extinct statesmanship, and looks forward to the day when it can give these old ensanguined fossils a rousing funeral But I should have the prudence and tact not to speak of ears in the presence of donkeys, for I don't want to dig up more snakes than I can kill, but right or wrong, may old Nick roast the grandmothers of all such servile, pandering to an outraged people for their election franchise. The North can boast of men too noble to descend to such revolting depths, but—"the Pilgrim fathers," where are they? Echo answers "whar!" The shades of Wade and Logan say "here!"

I'm not "purty" heaven knows, but I try to be truthful and candid. But, ta, ta! Meet me at the garden wall when the sun goes down, and we'll—pepper the town later, by grab!

SUGGS.

P. S.—The many readers, who remember that great philosopher, divine, mathametician and politician of Turace, who wisely "writ upon every subject," and who was sitting upon a stone barefooted in his garden at Abdera, with books and scalpel in his hand, busy in his search for the cause of folly in man, when that god of Greece, Hippocrates of Cos, called to cure him of his laughing madness, doubtless understood the type-error in a recent issue which made me say, "no wonder *Democrats* laughed." This is meaningless, but to read, as I wrote it, "no wonder *Democritus* laughed," I conceive, opens a volume to the reader in one sentence. S.

Contents of a Confederate Musket.

[Concord (N. H.) Monitor.]

Charles Folsom, of Boscawen, traded recently with J. Edwin Gage, the gunsmith of this city, for two old army muskets, which were called in the trade worth $1 each. Folsom took the muskets home and offered to give one of them to a neighbor for a day's work. The night before he was to get rid of it he set about fixing it up a little, in the course of which he detected a rattle about the stocks. In seeking for the cause of the noise he removed the lock, then the barrel, and finally the strip of iron on the butt of the stock. This disclosed the secret. The butt had been neatly hollowed out, making a good-sized treasure box. In it were six fifty cent silver coins, three twenty-five-cent ones, two $20 bills of Confederate money, a musket ball, and a letter. The letter was written by the wife of a Confederate soldier to her husband, and described a visit by the Yankees a short time before, and the capture by them of her father. Its sentiments were evidently those of the women of the Confederacy. It spoke of returning the money he had sent her, as she could do nothing with it, and this was doubtless the money found with the letter. The musket was purchased with a lot of others, and had evidently been captured after its bearer had fallen in battle.

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

Here is a question the maidens are asking:
How can we make ourselves fair?
One thinks that her cheeks are a little too red;
Another is puzzleing her pretty head
To know how to curl her straight hair.

This lassie's cheeks are a little too pale;
How can she make them red?
And this little lady's hands are not quite
As smooth and slender and soft and white
"As a lady's hands should be," she said.

And this one thinks she's a trifle too plump
Another one thinks she's too small;
Her teeth are not quite as pretty as pearls!
And what shall we do for these poor, poor girls
That can not be happy at all?

And I, who look at them, can not see
Why they are dissatisfied,
They look like a garden of roses in bloom,
Yet over them all there is resting the gloom
Of some fancied beauty denied.

The mystical secret is mine to impart;
Listen, all who covet the power
Of beauty's magic. The wonderful art
Lies down in the depths of a gentle heart,
And shines from the eyes every hour.

The hands that do Charity's gentle deeds
Are white as the angels above;
And whether the cheeks be rosy or fair,
If innocent blushes and health be there,
They are pretty enough to love.

If over the beautiful lips, dear girls,
But gentle words are said;
And whether the form be plump or slight,
If only the heart is pure and light,
You are pretty enough to wed.

INCIDENTS.

Cannel coal has been found in Bath county.

The assessment of taxes for the present year was $94,093,079 in excess of last year.

Mrs. Sallie Mercer, of Christian county, is hale and hearty at the good old age of 105.

Kentucky will pay $2,500,000 whiskey tax to the Government within the next ninety days.

Work will not be begun on the government building, at Owensboro, for several months yet.

A Boston barber has been arrested as a violater of the Sunday law, for shaving on that day.

Walter E. Kidder is in jail at Elmira N. Y., on the charge of bigamy. He has seven living wives.

A new Trust and Banking Co. is on foot. It is proposed to combine the two under one management, though they will be distinct organizations, each with a capital of $100,000. Mr. John Thixton and other prominent citizens are engineering the scheme.—[Owensboro Messenger.

Abbyville Notes.

It is strange that in this broad land of the free and the brave, where all are more or less favorably located, where the most generous provision is made to lift the mind from ignorance, there are many homes where the benign influence of knowledge does not penetrate and many houses where neither books or papers appear. We have books so wonderfully diversified and cheap, that all classes may be suited, and there is simply no excuse for their absence in any home, be it where it may. The taste for reading may be assiduously cultivated, and when properly indulged in affords boundless enjoyment, and a happy way of spending many idle hours. All should read, whether it is for taste or not; there is no other satisfactory way of acquiring much useful information.

Every son of this glorious land, should read the editorial columns, and be conversant with the politics of the day, and equally are the daughters entitled to a knowledge of the doing of the great world.

Mrs. Ann E. Bennett was suddenly and fatally stricken with paralysis last Monday evening, while in the yard feeding chickens. The only words she spoke after, were to some of the family near by saying, "what is the matter with me?" Loving hands carried her to her room, which she had left so short a time before all unconscious of death so soon to come. She never spoke again, but lingered on unconscious until 1 o'clock P. M., when it was realized that Israel had made his own time, and that she had received the summons, which none ever dare disobey. "In the midst of life, we are in death." The full import of the warning can only be realized in such afflictions as these. She was laid to rest in the family burying ground near Pleasant Hill, in the presence of a large concouse of relatives on Wednesday following. May the sorrowing husband and children be able in their sadness to say "Thy will be done."

Hon. H. B. Kinsolving delivered a very able address on Tariff Reform and the Hewitt Revenue Reform Bill to a large and appreciative audience at Abbyville on the 2nd inst.

GRAZIA.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky. 28tf

Croupy suffocations, night coughs and all the common affections of the throat and lungs quickly relieved by Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm.
For by J. W. Ford. 7-3m

MOTHER'S FRIEND!
—MAKES—
Child Birth Easy!
The time has come when the terrible agony of this critical period in woman's life can be avoided. A distinguished physician, who spent 44 years in this branch of practice, left to child-bearing woman this legacy, THE MOTHER'S FRIEND, and to-day there are thousands of women who, having used this remedy before confinement, rise up and call his name blessed. We can prove all we claim by living witnesses, and anyone interested can call, or have their husbands do so, and see the original letters, which we cannot publish.
All druggists sell it. For particulars address BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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