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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. XIV. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, FEBRUARY 8, 1888. NO. 6.

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ALLAN QUATERMAIN.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

A gasp of wonder and astonishment rose from all those who witnessed the extraordinary sight, and then somebody cried, "The prophecy! the prophecy! He has shattered the sacred stone!" and at once a murmuring arose.

"One more stroke, only one!"

"Ay," said Nyleptha, with that quick wit which distinguished her—"ay, my people, he has shattered the stone, and behold the prophecy is fulfilled, for a stranger king rules in Zu-Vendis. Incubu, my lord, hath beat Sorais back, and I fear her no more, and to him who hath saved the crown it shall surely be. And this man," she said, turning to me and laying her hand upon my shoulder, "wot ye that, though wounded in the fight of yesterday, he rode, with that old warrior who lies there, one hundred miles 'twixt sun set and rise to save us from the plots of cruel men. Ay, and he has saved me, by a very little, and therefore because of the deeds that they have done—deeds of glory such as our history cannot show the like—therefore I say that the name of Macumazahn and the name of dead Umslopogaas, ay, and the name of Kara, my servant, who aided him to hold the stair, shall be blazoned in letters of gold above my throne, and shall be glorious forever while the land endures. I, the queen, have said it."

This spirited speech was met with loud cheering, and I said that after all we had only done our duty, as it is the fashion of both Englishmen and Zulus to do, and there was nothing to make an outcry about; at which they cheered still more, and then I was supported across the outer court yard to my old quarters, in order that I might be put to bed. As I went my eyes lit upon the brave horse Daylight that lay there, his white head outstretched on the pavement, exactly as he had fallen on entering the yard; and I bade those who supported me take me near him that I might look on the good beast once more before he was dragged away. And as I looked, to my astonishment, he opened his eyes, and, lifting his head a little, whinnied faintly. I could have shouted for joy to find that he was not dead, only unfortunately I had not a shoot left in me; but as it was grooms were sent for and he was lifted up and wine poured down his throat, and in a fortnight he was as well and strong as ever, and is the pride and joy of all the people of Milesis, who, whenever they see him, point him out to the little children as the "horse which saved the White Queen's life."

Then I went on and got off to bed, and was washed and had my mail shirt removed. They hurt me a good deal in getting it off, and no wonder, for on my left breast and side was a black bruise the size of a saucer

The next thing that I remember was the tramp of horsemen outside the palace wall some ten hours later I raised myself and asked what was the news, and they told me that a large body of cavalry sent by Curtis to assist the queen, had arrived from the scene of the battle, which they had left two hours after sundown When they left the wreck of Sorais' army was in full retreat upon M'Arstuna, followed by all our effective cavalry Sir Henry was encamping the remains of his worn out forces on the site (such is the fortune of war) that Sorais had occupied the night before, and proposed marching on to M'Arstuna on the morrow Having heard this, I felt that I could die with a light heart, and then everything became a blank.

When next I awoke the first thing I saw was the round disk of a sympathetic eye glass, behind which was Good.

"How are you getting on, old chap?" said a voice from the neighborhood of the eye glass

"What are you doing here?" I asked, faintly "You ought to be at M'Arstuna, have you run away, or what?"

"M'Arstuna!" he replied, cheerfully "Ah, M'Arstuna fell last week—you've been unconscious for a fortnight, you see—with all the honors of war, you know, trumpets blowing, flags flying, just as though they had the best of it, but for all that weren't they glad to get Israel made for his tents, I can tell you—never saw such a sight in my life."

"And Sorais?" I asked.

"Sorais—oh, Sorais is a prisoner they gave her up the scoundrels," he added, with a change of tone—"sacrificed the queen to save their skins, you see She is being brought up here and I don't know what will happen to her, poor soul!" and he signed.

"Where is Curtis?" I asked.

"He is with Nyleptha. She rode out to meet us today and there was a grand to do, I can tell you. He is coming to see you to-morrow, the doctors (for there is a medical 'faculty' in Zu Vendis as elsewhere) thought that he had better not come today."

I said nothing, but somehow I thought to myself that notwithstanding the doctors he might have given me a look, but then, when a man is newly married, and has just gained a great victory, he is apt to listen to the advice of doctors, and quite right too.

Just then I heard a familiar voice informing me that "Monsieur must now couch himself," and looking up perceived Alphonse's enormous black mustaches curling away in the distance.

"So you are here!" I said.

"Mais oui, monsieur, the war is now finished, my military instincts are satisfied, and I return to nurse monsieur."

I laughed, or rather tried to but whatever may have been Alphonse's failings as a warrior (and I fear that he did not come up to the level of his heroic grandfather in this particular, showing thereby how true is the saying that it is a bad thing to be overshadowed by some great ancestral name), a better or a kinder nurse never lived. Poor Alphonse! I hope he will always think of me as kindly as I think of him.

On the morrow I saw Curtis and Nyleptha with him, and he told me the whole history of what had happened since Umslopogaas and I galloped wildly away from the battle to save the life of the queen. It seemed to me that he had managed the thing exceedingly well, and showed great ability as a general. Of course, however, our loss had been dreadfully heavy—indeed, I am afraid to say how many perished in the desperate battle I have described, but I know that the slaughter has appreciably affected the male population of the country He was very pleased to see me, dear fellow that he is, and thanked me with tears in his eyes for the little I had been able to do. I saw him, however, start violently when his eyes fell upon my face.

As for Nyleptha, she was positively radiant now that "her dear lord" had come back with no other injury than an ugly scar on his forehead.

"And what art thou going to do with Sorais?" I asked her.

Instantly her bright brow darkened to a frown.

"Sorais," she said, with a little stamp of the foot, "ah, but Sorais!"

Sir Henry hastened to turn the subject.

"You will soon be about and all right again now, old fellow," he said.

I shook my head and laughed.

"Don't deceive yourselves," I said. "I may be about for a little, but I shall never be all right again. I am a dying man, Curtis, I may die slow, but die I must. Do you know, I have been spitting blood all the morning? I tell you there is something working away into my lung; I can feel it. There, don't look distressed; I have had my day, and am ready to go. Give me the mirror, will you? I want to look at myself."

He made some excuse, but I saw through it and insisted, and at last he handed me one of the disks of polished silver, set in a wooden frame like a hand screen, which serve as looking glasses in Zu-Vendis. I looked and put it down.

"Ah," I said quietly, "I thought so; and you talk of my getting all right!" I did not like to let them see how shocked I really was at my own appearance. My grizzled stubby hair was turned snow white, and my yellow face was shrunk like an aged woman's and had two deep purple rings painted beneath the eyes.

Here Nyleptha began to cry, and Sir Henry again turned the subject, telling me that the artists had taken a cast of the dead body of old Umslopogaas, and that a great statue in black marble was to be erected of him in the act of splitting the sacred stone, which was to be matched by another statue in white marble of myself and the horse Daylight as he appeared when, at the termination of that wild ride, he sank beneath me in the court yard of the palace. I have since seen these statues, which, at the time of writing this, six months after the battle, are nearly finished; and very beautiful they are, especially that of Umslopogaas, which is exactly like him. As for that of myself, it is good, but they have idealized my ugly face a little, which is perhaps as well, seeing that thousands of people will probably look at in the centuries to come, and it is not pleasant to look at ugly things.

Then they told me that Umslopogaas' last wish had been carried out, and that instead of being cremated, as I shall be, after the usual custom here, he had been tied up Zulu fashion, with his knees beneath his chin, and, having been wrapped in a thin sheet of beaten gold, entombed in a hole hollowed out of the masonry of the semicircular space at the top of the stair he defended so splendidly, which faces, as far as we can judge, almost exactly toward Zululand. There he sits and will sit forever, for they embalmed him with spices and put him in an air tight stone coffer, keeping his grim watch beneath the spot he held alone against a multitude; and the people say that at night his ghost rises and stands shaking the phantom of Inkosi kaas at phantom foes. Certainly they fear during the dark hours to pass the place where the hero is buried.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HAVE SPOKEN.

It was a week after Nyleptha's visit, when I had begun to get about a little in the middle of the day, that a message came to me from Sir Henry to say that Sorais would be brought before them in the queen's first antechamber at midday, and requested my attendance if possible. Accordingly greatly drawn by curiosity to see this unhappy woman once more, I made shift, with the help of that kind little fellow Alphonse who is a perfect treasure to me, and that of another waiting man, to reach the antechamber I got there indeed, before anybody else, except a few of the great court officials who had been bidden to be present, but I had scarcely seated myself before Sorais was brought in by a party of guards, looking as beautiful and defiant as ever, but with a worn expression on her proud face. She was, as usual, dressed in her royal kaross emblazoned with the emblem of the Sun, and in her right hand she still held the toy spear of silver A pang of admiration and pity went through me as I looked at her and struggling to my feet I bowed deeply at the same time expressing my sorrow that I was not able owing to my condition, to remain standing before her.

She colored a little and then laughed bitterly "Thou dost forget, Macumazahn,' she said, "I am no more a queen, save in blood: I am an outcast and a prisoner, one whom all men should scorn, and none show deference to"

"At least," I replied, "thou art still a lady and therefore one to whom deference is due. Also thou art in an evil case, and therefore it is doubly due."

"Ah!" she answered, with a little laugh, "thou dost forget that I would have wrapped thee in a sheet of gold and hung thee to the angel's trumpet at the topmost pinnacle of the temple.'

"No," I answered, "I assure thee I forgot it not; indeed I often thought of it when it seemed to me that the battle of the Pass was turning against us, but the trumpet is there, and I am still here, though perchance not for long, so why talk of it now?"

"Ah!" she went on, "the battle the battle Oh, would that I were once more a queen, if only for one little hour, and I would take such a vengeance on those accursed jackals who deserted me in my need, that it should only be spoken of in whispers, those women, those pigeon hearted half breeds who suffered themselves to be overcome:" and she choked in her wrath.

"Ay, and that little coward beside thee," she went on, pointing at Alphonse with the silver spear, wherent he looked very uncomfortable, "he escaped and betrayed my plans. I tried to make a general of him, telling the soldiers it was Bougwan, and to scourge valor into him" (here Alphonse shivered at some unhappy recollection), "but it was of no avail. He hid beneath a banner in my tent and thus overheard all my plans. I would that I had slain him, but, alas! I held my hand. And thou, Macumazahn, I have heard of what thou didst, thou art a brave man and hast a loyal heart. And the black one, too, ah, he was a man. I fain would have seen him hurl Nasta from the stairway."

"Thou art a strange woman, Sorais," I said "I pray thee now plead with the Queen Nyleptha, that perchance she may show mercy unto thee."

She laughed out loud. "I plead for mercy!" she said, and at that moment the queen entered, accompanied by Sir Henry and Good, and took her seat with an impassive face. As for poor Good, he looked intensely ill at ease.

"Greeting, Sorais!" said Nyleptha, after a short pause. "Thou hast rent the kingdom like a rag, thou hast put thousands of my people to the sword, thou hast twice basely plotted to destroy my life by murder, thou hast sworn to slay my lord and his companions and to hurl me from the stairway. What hast thou to say why thou shouldst not die? Speak, O Sorais!"

"Methinks my sister, the queen, hath forgotten the chief count of the indictment," answered Sorais, in her slow musical tones. "It runs thus. 'Thou didst strive to win the love of my lord Incubu.' It is for this crime that my sister will slay me, not because I levied war. It is perhaps happy for thee, Nyleptha, that I fixed my mind upon his love too late.

"Listen," she went on, raising her voice, "I have naught to say save that I would I had won instead of lost. Do thou with me even as thou wilt, O queen, and let my lord the king there" (pointing to Sir Henry), "for now will he be king, carry out the sentence, as it is meet he should. for as he is the beginning of the evil, let him also be the end;" and she drew herself up and shot one angry glance at him from her deep fringed eyes, and then began to toy with her spear.

Sir Henry bent toward Nyleptha and whispered something that I could not catch, and then the queen spoke.

"Sorais, ever have I been a good sister to thee. When our father died, and there was much talk in the land as to whether thou shouldst sit upon the throne with me, I being the elder, I gave my voice for thee and said, 'Nay, let her sit. She is twin with me; we were born at a birth; wherefore should the one be preferred before the other?' And so has it ever been 'twixt thee and me, my sister. But now thou knowest in what sort thou hast repaid me, but I have prevailed, and thy life is forfeit, Sorais. And yet art thou my sister, born at a birth with me, and we played together when we were little and loved each other much, and at night we slept in the same cot with our arms each around the other's neck, and therefore even now does my heart go out to thee, Sorais.

"But not for that would I spare thy life, for thy offense has been too heavy; it doth drag down the wide wings of my mercy even to the ground. Also, while thou dost live the land will never be at peace.

"Yet shalt thou not die, Sorais, because my dear lord here hath begged thy life of me as a boon; therefore as a boon and as a marriage gift give I it to him, to do with even as he wills, knowing that, though thou dost love him, he loves thee not, Sorais, for all thy beauty. Nay, though thou art lovely as the night in all her stars, O Lady of the Night, yet is it me his wife whom he loves, and not thee, and therefore do I give thy life to him."

Sorais flushed up to her eyes and said nothing, and I do not think that I ever saw a man look more miserable than did Sir Henry at that moment. Somehow Nyleptha's way of putting the thing, though true and forcible enough, was not altogether pleasant.

"I understood," stammered Curtis, looking at Good—"I understood that you were attached—eh—attached to—to the Queen Sorais. I am—eh—not aware what the—in short, the state of your feelings may be just now; but if they happen to be that way inclined, it has struck me that—in short, it might put a satisfactory end to an unpleasant business. The lady also has ample private estates, where I am sure she would be at liberty to live unmolested so far as we are concerned, eh, Nyleptha? Of course I only suggest."

"So far as I am concerned," said Good, coloring up, "I am quite willing to forget the past; and if the Lady of the Night thinks me worth having I will marry her to-morrow, or when she likes, and try to make her a good husband."

All eyes were now turned to Sorais, who stood with that same slow smile upon her beautiful face that I had noticed the first time that I ever saw her. She paused a little while and cleared her throat, and then thrice she courtesied low, once to Nyleptha, once to Curtis and once to Good, and began to speak in measured tones.

"I thank thee, most gracious queen and sister, for the loving kindness thou hast shown me from my youth up, and especially in that thou has been pleased to give my person and my fate as a gift to the Lord Incubu—the king that is to be. May prosperity, peace and plenty deck the life path of one so merciful and so tender even as flowers do. Long mayest thou reign, O great and glorious queen, and hold thy husband's love in both thy hands, and many be the sons and daughters of thy beauty And I thank thee, my Lord Incubu—the king that is to be—I thank thee a thousand times in that thou hast been pleased to accept that gracious gift, and to pass it on to thy comrade in arms and in adventure, the Lord Bougwan. Surely the act is worthy of thy greatness, my Lord Incubu. And now, lastly I thank thee also, my Lord Bougwan, who in thy turn hast deigned to accept me and my poor beauty, I thank thee a thousand times, and I will add that thou art a good and honest man, and I put my hand upon my heart and swear that I would that I could say thee 'yea.' And now that I have rendered thanks to all in turn"—and again she smiled—"I will add one short word

"Little can ye understand of me, Nyleptha and my lords, if ye know not that for mi there is no middle path that I scorn your pity and hate ye for it that I cast off your forgiveness as though it were a serpent's sting and that standing here, betrayed, deserted, insulted and alone, I yet triumph over ye, mock ye and defy ye, one and all, and thus I answer ye," and then of a sudden, before anybody guessed what she intended to do, she drove the little silver spear she carried in her hand into her side with such a strong and steady aim that the keen point projected through her back, and she fell prone upon the pavement.

Nyleptha shrieked, and poor Good almost fainted at the sight, while the rest of us rushed toward her. But Sorais of the Night lifted herself upon her hand and for a moment fixed her glorious eyes intently on Curtis face, as though there were some message in the glance, then dropped her head and sighed, and with a sob her dark yet splendid spirit passed.

Well, they gave her a royal funeral, and there was an end of her.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

The rudder of the ship controls its course. Put the stomach, the rudder of the system, in proper order by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy. The best hop remedy known. Sold by all druggists.

State Teachers' Association.

The next annual meeting of the Kentucky State Teachers' Association will take place at Mammoth Cave, on July 3, 4, 5 and possibly 6. This will enable all to attend, have a pleasant time, and then go to the National Association at San Francisco, July 17, 18 19. 20. Very low rates will be secured, both for hotel accommodations and for trips into the cave. The usual reduced rates, or lower, will be secured on the railroads, and everybody can come and have a cool, quiet, pleasant time.

President, R. N. Roark, Glasgow; Vice President, T. M. Goodnight, Franklin; Treasurer, Hiram Roberts, Louisville; Secretary, R. H. Carothers, Louisville; State Editor, J. J. Glenn, Madisonville.

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed emminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co, of Shelby, N. C.—Get a free trial bottle at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.'s.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, Etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by Griffin & Bro., druggists, Hartford, Ky. 15-1yr

SAM JONES ON DUDES.

The Southern Pyrotechnic Pulpit Orator Gets In a Few Licks.

[Kansas City Times.]

'Listen: When that girl began the giddy whirl of the dance in the ballroom, that was the time to get scared. When you found your boy spending more money than he ought, that was the time to get shocked.

"Sow cards and reap gamblers. I know I'm called a transcendentalist and called a Puritan, but God save my family from cards and profanity, and whisky and dances, and let the world call me what it will.

"Sow parlor dances and reap ballrooms. Sow ball-rooms and reap round dances. Sow round dances and reap dudes and dudines. Sow dudes and dudines and reap a thimbleful of calves'-foot jelly. [Applause and laughter renewed again and again.] I wish you wouldn't laugh any more to-night, for I never felt so solemn in my life. For God's sake hear me with a solemnity and earnestness worthy of the cause. But you say I say so many funny things. If you only knew how many I have to keep back you wouldn't blame me for the few which creep out.

"Hear me, boys, girls, young ladies of Kansas City! I used to dance. I've danced many a night with the girls of town. Hear me. If I was a fair, average dancing man, and I think I was, then no pure girl can go out on the floor and dance another set. (A voice, 'Hurrah!') Young woman, if you could but follow the young man, after he has seen you home, to some barroom or club and hear the discussion of your form and person and your virtue itself, you'd never lose your respect and go on a ball-room floor. (Sensation.) The dudes get mad at me in some places and talk about wanting to slap my jaws. (Laughter.) But I say, to their credit, they know better than to slap. I'm not afraid to drop down into a hundred acres of dudes and not a thing to fight with and all of them armed with six-shooters. (Laughter.)

"The tendency of the Nineteenth century is to dudeism. You dress a young buck out, part his hair in the middle, put on an eye-glass, give him pants which look as though his legs had been melted and poured into 'em, put on tooth-pick shoes, and every girl in the town admires him. (Prolonged merriment.) God help you girls; I'd rather see my daughter dead to-night than sitting in a parlor talking to a dude. (Applause.) The good Bishop of New York says the confessional shows that nineteen out of twenty girls meet their downfall in the ball-room.

"In all my observation I never knew a poor, ruined woman who did not go to ruin through the ball-room and the theater. * * * A woman who has lost her character has lost all, but the boy is lionized by society. If there's one deeper, blacker hell than another it's for the man who crushes purity and virtue under his hallowed feet. (Applause.) The only thing in the world which deserves a double-barreled shot-gun and a load of buckshot is such a man. * * *

"A round dance is an ante-room to damnation. I never want to see the arm of a lecherous man around the waist of my wife or daughter. * * I ape no man. I'll be myself, be true to myself, and true to truth. All I want to do is to stand on the barrel, knock the bung out, and let nature cut her capers. (Applause and laughter.) I may be an idiot and a fool, but if I am not an idiot and a fool you'd better think of these things."

A Magnificent Water Power.

The water power at Minneapolis, since developed to its present capacity, has only 32 000 horse power. At the town of Great Falls, Mont., the Great Falls of the Missouri furnish over 250,000 available horse power. With an extensive grain and stock country rapidly developing on one side; an abundance of timber, coal, and magnificent quarries close at hand; and extensive mining districts only a few miles away with their great quantities of ores to be reduced, and large population requiring food, heat and shelter. Great Falls seems beyond question destined to soon become an industrial centre of magnitude, now that it has secured railroad communication with the rest of the country. A new map just issued, and other information may be secured free by applying to C. H. Warren, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Ry., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Burned to Death.

[Owensborn Messenger Feb. 2.]

A few days since the Messenger published the news of the probably fatal burning of Miss Annie Jordan, at Delaware, and now the information comes of a more horrible accident of a similar character from the same place.

Mrs. John Flemming, a most estimable lady, was standing by the grate in her room, when her dress caught fire. The dress was made of calico, with an apron of the same material, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames from head to foot. There was no one at the house and she ran out in the yard, where her screams were heard by the neighbors half a mile away. They ran to her aid as fast as possible, but when they reached her she was horribly burned, and all of her clothing, except a woolen skirt, which had in some measure protected her lower limbs, was burned entirely away from her body. She was unconscious, and lay on the ground writhing in agony and her flesh quivering with the unutterable pain. Quickly as possible the smoking remains of her clothing were removed from her body and she was carried into the house. After a time consciousness was restored and she was able to tell how the awful accident occurred. She soon fainted away again, however, and has since been on the verge of dissolution, with only short intervals of consciousness. She was much worse yesterday, and her death was confidently looked for last night.

PICTURES.

BY E M R.

We turn the leaves of a photograph album, and the faces there bring thoughts of the words and deeds of the friends we have known and loved. We dwell on their virtues and forget their faults in fondness over the vision their features recall. How many times we turn to these same pictures, and weary not of the melancholy pleasures they inspire and count not the lost hours spent in contemplating them. We treasure them as we do no other keepsakes, and nothing could take their place among our valuables. Aside from these and many times more sacred are our mental pictures.

Of these everyone has more or less abundant collections, and every temperament has its own means of guard over its own jewels. The society callers cannot enter freely and pass judgment as to whether this or that is becoming, or the position graceful; unpleasant critics cannot wonder if her ancestors were of the true blue or if she were a tinker's daughter; no, we may turn the key in the lock and there is no admittance to the disagreeable and rude to these, our cherished mental pictures, the scenes of our babyhood, childhood and youth.

Every child of three years has its own gallery, and new year brings its quota so that when the fourscore have passed, the earliest ones, like the works of the old masters, are the richest, mellowest and most valuable in the treasury. The misty distance then veils the rugged and unseemly features leaving only the brightest and loveliest parts of the scenes, and oh! how these images of the past throng before us.

Just now, if we should stop an hour in our busy, restless search for the future good we can see ahead, and reflect on the neglected past, how many canvases rise before us, each conveying its message of some particular event in our personal life. Maybe it is an old negress we are teasing for just one little biscuit, or a tale of Jack the Giant-killer; perhaps one little canvas comes with our old aunty opening her satchel to our eager gaze, and disclosing her thoughtful offering of tea-cakes and apples; she always brought them. Another brings back the Sunday when negro Dick took a dozen of us to grandpa's mill, and let us go down among the wheels to play, and watch the mighty water pour over the dam. Grandpa was at church, you know, or we could never have leaned out of the third-story window of that rickety old mill, and counted the little holes where the water trickled down. A companion-piece is a lazy old white mule, laden with five children of twelve years and under, carrying lunch to the harvesters in the field down by the mill—how happy we were!

But there are some sad scenes, too. One is a bright May morning when the baby's new friend takes her by the hand, and leading her through a throng of weeping strangers, lifts her up to take a last kiss from a dead mother's face; and if you turn round that big canvas, in the corner you will see baby, larger grown, walking by her silent father in the churchyard as he leads the way to three white stones, beside which he sits down and weeps. Then comes the school-day pictures—the play houses down in the valley, the little old brown school house, and the old field where the men came to race; the May-day fortune-telling at the well; the big boy who brought red apples, and made us swings of vines: the big girl who told us ghost stories when we went to sit on the church steps near by; and afterwards the college prison, the hard examinations, the dreadful graduation day and the world of people there—we shudder yet at the remembrance, and then comes a—what shall I call him, girls?—a man, anyway, a man who had not a single fault, at least to one pair of eyes; and oh, he talked Shakspeare, and wrote elegantly about ideals realized, and love and angels, and—well, he's somebody else's sweetheart.

These and many more are pictures of the past, the known. But the greatest portfolio of all the lot, is that one marked futures, or ideal pictures; 8x10's, a few, more of 18x24's; and all sizes until the huge 10 feet 12, brilliant, characteristic, glorious scenes of love, home and happiness fill all the wide room. In this choice collection we never paint a sombre or a negative piece. Pleasant, peaceful, living forms fill the foregrounds, and enchantment throws a magic light over all. If a dead tree or an unsightly stump peer out among the soft foliage, we quickly apply a covering with a docile mental brush.

When, however, we observe the lives of our elders, we know that nature holds not in her rich domain, the originals of all these scenes. Sometimes shadows will come, and dark clouds lower and our way be dim, but, as in pictures, the shadows alone give greatest depth and beauty to the lights, so in our lives sorrow will only brighten our holier thoughts, and develop the best of our immortal spirits.

ITCH AND SCRATCHES of every kind cured in 30 Minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Use no other. This ever fails. Sold by Griffin & Bro., druggists, Hartford, Ky. 15-1yr

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR HART.

Dear little hands, I loved them so!
And now they are lying under the snow—
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I cannot see them, or touch them to-night—
They are quiet and still at last, oh me!
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the snow,
Dear little hands, I loved them so!

Dear little hands I miss them so;
All through the day wherever I go—
All through the night now lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams;
I miss them all through the weary hours,
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Dear little hands I miss them so!
Day time or night time, wherever I go.

Dear little hands they have gone from me now,
Never again will they rest on my brow;
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never clasp me in childish embrace,
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands once resting there;
But I know in a heavenly clime,
Dear little hands I will clasp them in mine.

Dear little hands, when the master shall call,
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all;
When my feet through the water so dark so cold,
And catch the first glimpse of the city of gold;
If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate,
Over the tide where the white-robed ones wait,
Shall I know you I wonder among the bright bands?
Will you beckon me over oh! dear little hands?

MAMMA.

HARTFORD, KY., Jan. 23, 1888.

HARTFORD COLLEGE.

Report of Students of Hartford College For the Term Ending January 20, 1888 of all Pupils Except Members of the Primary Department.

MAXIMUM 100, MINIMUM 0.

Will Foster	99
Lula King	96
J. D. Coleman	96
C. M. Crowe	95
J. W. Lytle	95
Lonnie Render	95
Katie Anderson	95
Rosa Woerner	95
Bettie Taylor	94
O. M. Shultz	94
Mary Render	94
Katie King	94
Eills Miller	93
E. O. Ross	92
Flora Ross	92
Pearl Shull	91
Georgia Heaverin	91
Genie Moseley	90
Laura Chapeze	90
Anna Crawford	90
Kate Coleman	89
Kate Combes	89
Sarah Heaverin	89
B. L. Harrison	89
Lissa Crawford	88
James Williams	87
Sophia Woerner	86
Verda Duke	86
Joe Poole	85
H. B. Taylor	85
C. W. Hesson	85
Julia Alexander	85
Lizzie Hill	85
Laura Render	82
Mattie Sanderfur	81
Maggie Ashby	80
H. C. Truman	75
Ruth Coombs	74
Lem Mchenry	73
Amie Crow	72
Alice Bowman	71
Sue Yelser	70
John Moore	70
Ida Duke	67
S. W. Hesson	67
Birdie Nall	66
Jennie Berryman	65
J. M. Hathway	63
Henry Godsey	62
Mary Hill	62
Joe Bartlett	62
Alva Duke	60
Bob Walker	50
Stella Thomas	50
Mary Cox	48
Poppie Nall	47
E. P. Moore	*
Lizzie Moore	*
Lulu Carson	*
Ada Carson	*
Maggie Gunther	*
Nannie Massie	*
J. Z. Smith	*
Mamie Spalding	*
Genie Klein	*

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

Zena Massie	99	Mamie Ross	99
Annie Fogle	99	Ida Render	99
Fannie Render	99	Maude Anderson	98
Mary Klein	98	Rachie Sanderfur	98
Annie Gregory	96	Lizzie Schapmiter	96
Artie Bennett	95	Nola Westerfield	95
Albert Yelser	94	Susie May	94
James Sanderfur	94	Jessie Ford	93
Fannie Haynes	93	Ned Harper	93
Sallie Quisenberry	93	Ned Berry	92
Blanche Roberts	92	Ella Cox	91
Corine Cox	90	Jessie Mosseley	90
Carrie Woerner	90	May Hesson	90
Ed Everton	90	Laura Love	90
James Thomas	89	Nora Anderson	89
Annie Harper	88	Belle Hesson	88
Mary Miller	87	Nettie Bennett	87
Virgie Smith	86	Ivie Nall	84
Louis Schapmiter	83	Mabel Hubbard	82
Ernest Tracy	82	Ziba Mauzy	80
Charlie Westerfield	78	Fannie Ham	78
Randall Collins	78	Will Moore	77
Maggie Hardwick	77	Lucy Klein	73
Charlie Ann	73	Mabel Kimbley	70
Charlie Barnett	67	Purkie Gregory	62
Martin Collins	60	Henry Nall	60
George Klein	56	H. Weinshelmer	56
Will Fisher	52	Todd Massie	50
Will Collins	78		

CLASS IN MUSIC.

[These grades have reference to piano etudes and exercises.]

Julia Alexander	*	Bessie Cox	95
Ida Duke	80	Verda Duke	96
Jessie Ford	96	Willie Fisher	*
Annie Hocker	85	Effie Hill	99
Mamie Hill	93	Lizzie Hill	93
Eva Morton	90	Bessie Morton	90
Mamie Morris	95	Miss Ryan	96
Annie Renfrow	95	Mamie Ross	90
Maimie Spalding	85		

CLASS IN ART.

Jennie Berryman	75	Julia Alexander	78
Flora Ross	89	Anna Bean	90
Mamie Morris	89	Anna Crawford	86