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VOL. XIV. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 7, 1888. NO. 45.

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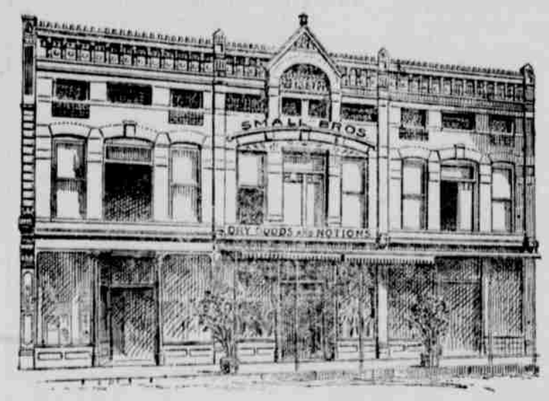

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ODE TO EVA BAIRD.

BY LULA THIXTON.

Little Eva now has left us,
And has gone to that bright home
Where the angels are now singing—
Where no sickness ever comes.

How we'll miss the little darling,
In the years that are to come;
Yet we know that God has called her
To that bright and happy home.

Need we mourn for our sweet darling?
Who is up in heaven now?
Singing with the happy angels,
With a crown upon her brow?

Weep not, mother, weep not, father,
For the child so bright and fair,
For the little one is in heaven,
And is waiting for you there.

Put away those little dresses
That our darling used to wear,
She will never on earth need them—
She has climbed the "Golden Stair."

Now our home is sad and lonely,
For the light of it is gone,
But we know we'll meet our loved one,
When God comes to claim his own.

Grandpa loved the little darling,
She was all his joy and pride,
And how sad has been the old man,
Since our little Eva died.

Lula loved the dark eyed beauty,
Better far than tongue can tell,
And how sad it makes me feel,
When I did not get to say farewell.

OWENSBORO, KY.

Marriage.

[Harpers Bazar.]

There has been of late considerable discussion concerning some not at all new but certainly very peculiar views of marriage, which, while professing to be those of advanced thought, are when sifted to their ultimatum, as rude and crude as most barbarous views of the early savage who believed in his senses, and only his senses. These views treat of marriage as a failure, as a slave purchase, as a system of fetters and restrictions, as a wearisome sort of bondage, and, in short, give rise again to all that talk which has been more or less in vogue ever since people began to demand the satisfaction of their own desires only, and not the establishment of right and law, love of kind, and the greatest good of the greatest number.

Although frequently these ideas have proceeded and do proceed from women, they are on their face, so injurious to all women that it becomes no woman to accept them or to do anything but ignore them and frown them down. That carried into practice they would be subversive of the very foundations of society is sufficient excuse for any one to refuse to listen to utterances treating profanely of marriage; but women especially should beware of lending voice or sanction to anything which would throw down the ladder itself by which they have climbed to their present place; and if the place is not yet all it should be, if there is more climbing yet to do, it is not the fault of the ladder, of the system of marriage, but of the people who have not sufficiently replaced their original lower nature with something higher.

In real truth there is no objection to be urged against the present system of marriage in itself that cannot be urged against everything else that is human, and especially is this so under the laws which in the greater number of our States now give woman something much more like equality with man than she ever enjoyed under any other system than the present one of monogamous marriage, or would enjoy were that system abolished, and which, judging from the past, we have no reason to think will not go on improving from generation to generation in the future.

Our present system of marriage literally intends, however poorly its principle may be carried out and applied, the equality in difference of the husband and the wife, the integrity and individuality of each, the mutual obligation in which love and duty find no bondage, the divison of labor, and the multiplication and sharing of happiness. That selfishness and opportunity may often interfere in the accomplishment of all this only shows that if marriage had no bond at all, the same selfishness would always find its opportunity, and would make misery wherever it pleased to exert its power. A woman does not need to be a wife in order to feel the neglect or unkindness or inconsiderateness of the man she loves, as many a betrothed girl knows; and a man does not need to be a husband in order to feel the effects of the carelessness and vanity and duplicity and selfishness of the woman whom by some occult law of his nature he has chosen to be his wife, as many a man who has bought his engagement but not his wedding ring can assure us; and that which can be suffered in a legitimate relation, which if recognized is yet without bonds of law or force, can be suffered in other relation equally unfettered. It is only through the indulgence of selfish exaction on either side that marriage becomes bondage or discomfort, and there can be, and there is likely to be, selfish exaction between people without marriage. Where either party fulfils the law of love, respects the indivduality of the other, and considers the other equally with self, marriage is as perfect as anything can be into which infirm and faulty human nature enters. There is no association of human beings, in the present stage of development, either where all are men or where all are women, from which overbearing behavior and the possibility of the stronger and keener taking the advantage of the weaker and duller are absolutely abolished, except through this law of love. We have all of us to be in a state much more near perfection than we are, we have all to learn to love our neighbor as ourselves, and to regard, not in theory only, but in practice and inmost feeling, the good of all others equally with our own, before we can fancy ourselves ready for the millennial period of self-abnegation in which any tie better than that of existing marriage can be invented; and doubtless then it will be found that marriage has been shorn of its imperfections, if it has them, only as all the rest that belongs to us has been shorn of the same.

Where a wife is made to feel that she is a partner and not a slave, that she has the same rights in the property, in the children, and in the conduct of herself that a husband has in the property, the children, and the conduct of himself, as more frequently than otherwise is the case, marriage is susceptible of no improvement. The stronger mind, the superior knowledge, in marriage, as in all other things, will ever control, and perhaps the stronger love will ever yield.

It depends, then, altogether upon the two individuals making and maintaining the marriage whether it is a thing of blessing or of banning. Two people who are each naturally unselfish, or who love each other sufficiently to cultivate unselfishness, or who are unselfish from principle, may make marriage a state of beatitude; and two people who think each of his or her own especial comfort can make it worse than a purgatorial condition. And that would hold true not only of marriage, but of any other association, bond, or partnership. Where husband and wife have learned to forbear ever so little, to strive for each other's joys rather than for their own rights, to respect each other's personality, then their unity is a bliss of which the unmarried mind can form no idea; they grow to have one wish, almost to know each other's thought before speaking, while each can maintain sufficient of that individuality which prevents stagnation and affords variety and vivacity, and all the time they turn to one another with that absolute assurance of sympathy which gives to each all the comfort that a whole, encircling, supporting, and sympathizing universe might do. Although the rest of the world may be pleasant to them, they have no actual need of any but each other; and their confidence, companionship, and oneness constitute a happiness which it needs the troubles and trials inseparable from life at present to hinder from being little less than heaven itself.

Notice!

OHIO CIRCUIT COURT.

James R. King, Plff.,
Against
R. P. Hocker, Adm'r. &c. Defs.

All persons having claims against the estate of James L. Hamilton, deceased, are notified to file the same properly with the undersigned on or before November 15th, 1888, or they will be forever barred.

JOHN P. BARRETT, Master Commissioner.

A Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Sallie M. Iler.

Many friends will feel a pang of sorrow at learning the death of Mrs. Sallie M. Iler, one of the excellent of earth who died at her husband's (R. T. Iler) residence in Ceralvo, on the morning of the 1st of October 1888, after a long and most painful illness—aged fifty years and nine days.

She professed faith in Christ at anearly age, and though not a member of any church, she lived a consistent Chritian life till she was called to her last reward.

She was an affectionate mother, a devoted companion, and kind and charitable to all, insomuch that the saying: "None knew her but to love her" is a justly fitting tribute to her.

She leaves a husband, six loving children, two brothers and one sister besides a host of friends to sorrow for her—but not as for one having no hope. True, the loved one is departed from earthly friends and relatives, but she has joined others, who had gone before, and is now enjoying the saint's rest.

Lonely hast thou left us mother,
Amid the cheerless gloom of earth to roam,
Oft we dream thy loving voice we hear,
Within the chambers of our silent home.

Thou has gone where sorrows never dwell
Where tears are wiped from weary aching eyes;
O'may we off thy golden precepts tell,
And strive, at last, to meet thee in the skies.

BY A FRIEND.

What a Pretty Baby.

Is it a boy or a girl? How often do we hear this remark and question. Yes, it is a pretty baby, but how bad its mother looks. She look as if she were going right down. She is so thin and yellow and her face is covered with wrinkles and blotches. She seems so nervous and irritable too; but it is easy to account for her condition. Child-birth has left her with prolapsus or other displacements, poisoned blood, and a disordered state of the stomach and bowels. The best thing she can do is to use at once Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which has been prepared for the express need of women in this condition. All druggists.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets—cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. 25 cents a vial; one a dose.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. For sale by J. W. Ford. 39 y1

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottle free at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's Drug Store. Large Bottles $1.

UNDER exposure to cold winds, rain, bright light or malaria, may bring on inflammation and soreness of the eyes. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation, cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen weak and failing Eye Sight. 25cts a box. 40m3

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. For sale by J. W. Ford. 39 y1

CONSUMTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITORS—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
42 1y 181 Pearl St., New York.

INDIGESTION results from a partial paralysis of the stomach and is the primary cause of a very large majority of the ills that humanity is heir to. The most agreeable and effective remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25c a vial. 40m3

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. For sale by J. W. Ford. 39 y1

FAR better than the harsh treatment of medicines, which horribly gripe the patient and destroy the coating of the stomach. Dr. J. H. McLean's Chills and Fever Cure by mild yet effective action will cure. Sold at 50 cents per bottle. 40m3

A FREE and easy expectoration is produced by a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, in all cases of hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty of breathing. 40m3

The Woman in White.

By WALTER WELLMAN.

For the second time in his life Jasper Ward was unhappy. Jasper was a locomotive engineer on the Burlington road, and had trod the footboard of an engine as fireman and driver since his mustache first grew on his stripling chin. His career had been one of such evenness and calm, so much quiet life within himself, such absence of incident or accident, that his steady temper had been rarely stirred by joy or sorrow. His first grief had come to him ten years or more before, when his wife died suddenly while he was away on his engine. He had never married again, nor seemed to care much for society or company or anybody or anything saving only his son Jack, and, of course, his engine, for which he had a half dozen pet names. Jack wanted to be a locomotive engineer like his father, and often coaxed to be taken out to learn to fire; but Jasper would not listen to this. "Go to school, boy," he said, "and learn to be something in the world. An engineer isn't much." Yet if anybody else had said this, which nobody would in Jasper Ward's presence—at least nobody who knew him—Jasper would have been very much grieved. He was proud of his calling; proud of his record on the foot board. Thirty years had he stood there, and in all that time not one accident more serious than the fracture of a connecting rod piston bar had occurred to him. Not one life intrusted to his care had been lost, nor even jeopardized. For twenty years Jasper had run the same train, an accommodation, and all the people up and down that division of the line knew Jasper Ward and his locomotive as well as they did their own door yards. His face at the engine window was so familiar that to miss it for a day or two was to take something out of the daily life of the people who dwelt near the tracks.

But now Jasper was unhappy when he should have been most content, for he had finally relented and taken Jack with him on the locomotive. His old fireman had been promoted to an engine, and Jack had thecoupon begged so hard that his father finally applied to the master mechanic for permission to take the boy on and make an engineer of him. It was a happy day for Jack when the master mechanic's reply was received; but not so with old Jasper, for the message contained these words: "I'll give you a new engine, too. Take out No. 451 to-morrow. With your own boy on and a shining new engine," the official could not resist the temptation of adding, unbusinesslike though it was—he wouldn't have added an unnecessary word to anybody except old Jasper—"you will be quite gay again, and will be having all the young men envying you." The master mechanic meant well, but it was a sad blow to Jasper. "A new engine!" he exclaimed, somewhat bitterly; "what have I done that I should have my old pet taken away from me? Well, if the old engine isn't good enough to run along yet awhile, why, I suppose the old engineer will have to go too, pretty soon. This is the beginning of the end, sure. They'll lay the old man off before the year is out."

His sorrow was greatly increased when he boarded the new engine and found that she was equipped with one of the new electric head lamps, with which the company was experimenting. Nor was that the worst of it. The whistle of the new machine was a harsh, coarse whistle, as unlike the sweet tones of the old whistle as anything could be. The first sound of it nearly drove Jasper wild. "They'll get me off the road now," he exclaimed; "I can't run an engine with a headlight like that on it and such a whistle. They'll lay the old man off, but they can't say he hasn't made time. They can't say that." Making time is a sort of hobby with all good locomotive engineers. With Jasper it was a mania. "An engineer isn't worth a cent unless he can get in on schedule nineteen times out of twenty," he used to say, "and a man can always make time if he has the nerve. Let a man get the least bit timid, so that he pulls up for everything that he doesn't like the looks of, for every speck on the track, or for every down grade, and he'll never make time. Let her go, let her go," he advised Jack; "don't be afraid of anything. When you start out on a run make up your mind that you are going to make time or die trying. Don't be afraid of the ditch. If it is your fate to be ditched and stop there you can't get away from it by shutting off steam every time she begins to jump a little or you imagine you see something on the track. You'll imagine you see fifty things ahead in one night, and if you go to shutting off for them you'll never make time, never in the world, boy."

And in good truth the old man was as brave as his words. He was known along the road as a runner against everything but red lights. But from the very first day on the new engine he was a changed man. All his old confidence seemed to leave him, and he became instead nervous and timid. He blamed it all on the new locomotive, and particularly on the electric head lamp.

"Jack," he said, as they were running along one day shortly after the new engine had been put in use, "this machine isn't going to bring me any good luck. I know that. I'm getting nervous, and am afraid to let her out on the down grades. That brilliant light is ruining my eyes, and something will happen one of these days. Jack, you had better leave the road. Go and learn to be a blacksmith. An engineer doesn't amount to much."

And as his pride in his own calling and career was aroused by these words, he nudged the throttle open a little farther, and the old look of satisfaction came upon his stern face. But this was only for a moment. Timidity and discontent were becoming more than ever marked in him, and Jack found his father anything but a cheerful running mate. But Jack didn't mind that. He loved his father dearly, and did the best he could to comfort and cheer him.

"You'll be all right in a day or two, father," he said; "the machine is new and the light is brighter than you are accustomed to, but you'll like them both before long."

"No, I won't," the old man replied, stubborn in his unhappiness and forebodings; "they are determined to drive me off the road with their new fangled concerns. They don't want the old man any longer. They want me to get behind time every day or two and have the boss looking after me and bouncing me. But I'll fool 'em yet. I'll make time or"—and by the way his father set his teeth Jack knew that the old man meant to drive ahead through day and through darkness, whether he could see or not.

"But you must leave the road, Jack," said Jasper, as he pulled up at a station; "you must leave the road, boy. There's trouble coming, and there's no reason why you should be in it."

"But I can't leave the road, father. I know no other way to earn a living, and, besides, I want to stay with you."

"No, no; you have only yourself to support, and you can do that at anything. Besides, you will not be left without a little"—

"But, father," Jack interrupted, "I—I have more than myself to support, or soon will have. Fa-father, Mary has promised to marry me."

Jack's voice faltered, though he was not usually timid in the presence of his father. Jasper looked up with a puzzled face.

"For the life of me I can't understand what a girl can see to admire in a big lout of a fellow like you," he said, at the same time bestowing upon his brawny and grimy son a look which belied his words. "What does the girl love you for?"

"I don't know, father," said Jack, bashfully, and bowing his head as if to look at the water gauge. "I don't know, unless it is because she thinks I am to be an engineer some day. I think that's it. She wouldn't love me, I'm afraid, if I were to leave the road. I'm just sure she wouldn't."

Jack said this without guile. He believed it, and his father believed it, too. The old man smiled under his gray beard, so greatly did the artless compliment please him. And so, almost without an effort, and without realizing how eloquently he had pleaded his cause, Jack won his father's consent to his remaining on the engine. He was to marry the girl he loved, and had his father's consent to marrying as quick as he liked. Of course Jack was very happy, and whistled a little tune as he opened the furnace door and shoveled huge scoops of coal into the glowing firebox.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STORY OF A BRIDEGROOM.

Romantic Event In the Life of a Tramp Printer.

[BY OPIE P. READ.]

One hot afternoon a tramp printer entered the office of the Franklin (Ky.) Patriot. The regular corps of compositors were sufficient to do all the necessary work, but the boys were lazy and wanted to go a fishing, so the tramp was given temporary employment. When the boys returned next day they were surprised, and not a little ashamed, to see that the tramp had set up the entire paper—work which would have taken the entire force several days to perform. When the proof-sheets were brought in they were found to be so clean that the editor of the Patriot sent for the tramp.

"What is your name?" the editor asked.

"Oscar Howell."

"Where are you from?"

Mr. Howell waved his hand around in a complete circle.

"What does that mean?"

"Means that I'm from everywhere."

"Do you want work?"

"That's the reason I came here."

"I mean regular work."

"Yes, but I don't want to throw anybody out of a job."

"Glad you are so honorable, but those boys out there are my sons and I am thinking of sending them to school."

"All right, then, I will take their place."

"Do you drink?"

"I wound up the ball of an extended spree the other day, but I am not going to drink any more."

"I hope your resolution may hold out."

"I will give it many a half-soling."

"Well, you may begin regular work to-morrow morning."

"All right, sir."

Within two months from that time Mr. Howell was one of the best dressed men in the town. People who had commented on his shabby appearance now called him handsome. He joined the Good Templars' lodge and mingled in the society of tittering maidens of the village. Doctors and lawyers sought his company. He had brought a literary freshness to the town. His jokes were new; his courtesy marked. One year passed away. Mr. Howell was engaged to marry the handsomest and most intelligent young woman in town.

The girl's father and mother were delighted. Howell was envied by all the young men. The day for the wedding drew near. The "popular and enterprising tailor" had made Howell's wedding suit.

One day another tramp entered the office. Howell dropped his "make-up rule" and sprang up to meet him.

"Why, Shorty, how are you?"

"Sorter slow," the tramp replied as he placed his elbows on the imposing-stone. "How is it with you?"

"Oh, I am flying. Going to get married to-morrow night."

"Glad to hear it. When we separated that day with a carefully divided quart, I didn't think your lines would so soon fall in such appreciative places."

"Neither did I. It is all due, though, Shorty, to my sobriety. I tell you, there is no chance for the drunkard. I'll never drink anymore."

"Glad. Expect to quit pretty soon myself. What sort of a wedding toggery have you got."

"Finest you ever saw."

"Would like to see 'em. Where's your room?"

"Just across the street."

"Suppose we go over."

"All right. You ought to see my girl."

They went to Howell's rom.

"By George!" exclaimed Shorty. "You will be fixed up in style, won't you?"

"I should say so. Well it's time, for I have been a fool long enough."

"Say put 'em on. I want to see how you would look as a bridegroom."

"I don't want to rumple 'em."

"Go ahead and put 'em on. You know that in my present plight I can't go to see you step off."

"To please you, Shorty, I'll put 'em on, but you are the only person that could cause me to yield in this matter."

He put on the clothes.

"By George, Oscar, you look like a French dancing master. Well, I'm going to take a little nip."

He took a bottle out of his pocket and shook it. "Here's some old stuff a fellow gave me at Hopkinsville. Fifteen years ago. Remember the time we struck that old negro for a pint of peach brandy? Well, here's to you. Ah, hah, hah. Would you try a little?"

"No."

"Won't hurt you. Won't hurt a flea. I tell you what, when a fellow feels bilious a little licker is a mighty good thing for him. Ever get bilious?"

"Yes, bilious now. Haven't had any appetite for a week."

"I was 'way off the other day, but this stuff (again shaking the bottle,) has set me all right."

"You don't mean to say that you have had that licker for several days?"

"Yes. Tell you what's a fact, a man doesn't want but little of this stuff, and the beauty of it is, it keeps him from drinking bad licker."

"Let me smell of it."

Howell held the bottle to his nose. Then, with a sudden impulse, his lips closed over the neck. "Ah, that is good. What sort of a time have you had since I saw you last?"

"Tough, I tell you. Take another pull and hand it over. Recollect that song old Patsy Bolivar used to sing—"When This Old Coat Was New?"

"Yes," Howell replied, "I was thinking about it the other night. Let me taste your ware, as Simple Simon remarked. Getting pretty low, too."

"Yes, too low."

"That isn't bad. Say, can you sing Patsy's song?"

"Might, if I had licker enough."

"Let's slip down the back stairs into that saloon."

"All right, but ain't you going to take off your wedding clothes?"

"No; we won't be down there but a few minutes."

* * * * *

The next day, a battered bridegroom and a ragged tramp awoke in a cattle car, 75 miles from Franklin.

"Say, Oscar."

"Well?"

"Give me your vest. You ain't got no use for such toggery."

"All right, here she is."

"Where shall we strike for?"

"Reckon we had better get off at the junction and strike out down the Memphis road."

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The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:
Gentlemen—One of your representatives has just asked me about your medicine, and having used it I am in position to say something about it. Nine years ago Scrofula made its appearance in my family. Two of my children—one a boy of six and a girl of four years—were terribly afflicted with this horrible disease. My family physician treated the malady for a time, but with no success. In my county paper I saw your medicine advertised, and I began using it, and in no time improvement was observed. My children to-day are free from the trouble, and I am never without a bottle of S. S. S. in my house.
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