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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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rent.

THE HERALD OF FATE.
By CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.
A certain winter morning, a few weeks ago, in
the city of Hartford, Ky., in Sansome street,
appeared at the office with a very
unusual expression on his face. Har-
kness, who was the "Clerk" in the
firm of Harke, Evans & Co., in
Sansome street, appeared at the
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from under the brim of his black slouch
hat a pair of great, deep-set eyes looked
down upon the merchant.
"Good evening," said he, when Rogers
looked up, "my name is Caskin."
"How did you get in?" asked Rogers,
in a startled tone.
"The doors open quietly, and you were
much absorbed in your work," the man
answered.
As it became more evident that his
strange visitor was flesh and blood, and
not some unearthly being, Mr. Rogers
calmness returned. He motioned the
man to a seat opposite to himself in front
of the desk, and, for a minute, looked
intently at his face as the light fell on it
from the gas lamp. The medium's fea-
tures were large and striking, and of a
waywardness.
Presently, when Mr. Rogers felt his
self control sufficiently established to
speak, he said: "Well, sir, what is your
business with me?"
"I do not know," answered the man.
His method of speaking was quite as
strange as his appearance. He spoke
slowly, but each sentence seemed to come
at a bound.
"You do not know? Then what did
you come for?"
The man passed his hand wearily over
his eyes.
"Because I was compelled to come.
For several days I have been hunted by a
spirit that would give me no rest until I
had communicated his message to you.
Yesterday I wrote you from him the let-
ter, which I saw you receive, and which has
been in your hand during the day. You are
so constituted as to be unable to believe
what I say, so I need not trouble myself
to assure you that I did not even know
what that letter contained, just as I do
not know now what I am destined to say
to you, and cannot recall it when the
spirit is gone."
"See here," interrupted Rogers, sternly,
"I am prepared to listen to you, but you
have to communicate to me, for in some
mysterious way you seem to be speaking
for a dead man that I once knew. I will
give whatever for it is necessary, but do
not try to make me believe what I know
to be false."
The man shook his head.
"There will be no fees," said he.
"I am prepared to listen to you."
There were a few minutes of silence.
Rogers had pushed his chair back until
he was out of the light of the lamp and
several yards distant from his visitor.
The latter sat motionless as a statue, his
eyes fastened upon a spot in the wall.
Presently his pale features began to
twinkle nervously, but he did not speak.
His hands were clasped with an energy
which denoted great mental strain. His
breath came in long sighs or in short,
quick gasps.
All at once he turned his great eyes
upon Rogers and began to speak, and at
the first word the merchant started as if
he had received a painful shock, for he
heard again the sound of a voice stifled
for many years in death.
"Clark, I need not tell you who it is
that speaks to you, for you recognize me
by my voice. Believe me, I am sorry to
have given you this shock, but it was
needed that you should know what is
going to come to pass. calamity is
about to happen to you, of which I must
give you warning for the sake of the woman
whom we once both loved. In the
selfish life that you are leading it is many
years since you ever thought of Mary.
You have not cared to learn whether she
is happy or wretched, although at one
time she was to have been your wife.
You knew that she was now a widow,
but low she has maintained herself and
her children you have not asked. In
your narrow and severe way you have
always blamed her for the separation,
which your neglect and coldness forced
her to bring about. When she married
you dismissed her from your thoughts
as having been unworthy of you. You
are as selfish and as unfeeling now as
you were when by your superior strength
you were able to compel her to consent
of will you compelled me to give her up."
"For years I have seen the woman I
loved suffering from poverty and hard-
ship, and have longed to help her. I
knew that it was idle to communicate
with you, for she is too poor to accept
the slightest benefit from you while you
are still alive. Events have at last taken
a turn which puts it in your power to
offer her assistance that she will not re-
fuse."
Clark Rogers. I come to warn you
that the day of your death is at hand; it
is not a month away, it is scarcely more
than a week. The will which you had
drawn up three years ago leaves the
bulk of your property to your nephew.
Within three days you will receive in-
formation through the newspapers of his
betrayal of the trust imposed in him,
and of his disgraceful flight. When you
frame a new testament—and see that
you do not delay in doing so—remember
the woman whose life was rendered
miserable by your selfish neglect. The
money which you had intended to leave
to your sister's unworthy son will go to
repair the wrong which you wrought
fifteen years ago. It will enable one of
the noblest and truest women who ever
lived to educate her children and spend
the remainder of her life in peace and
comfort, blessing your memory after you
are dead."

Science cannot produce a better remedy
for all malarial diseases than "C. C. C.,
Certain Chill Cure." Pleasant to take,
guaranteed to cure Chills and
Fever. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.
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is highly recommended to delicate females
suffering from impaired nutrition. Ask your
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TWO HALVES.
A Man and Woman Joined in Marriage
What a Physiological Unit—
What Evolution is Doing for
the Human Race.
(St. Louis Globe Democrat.)
The physiological basis of marriage
is involved in sex. It is an idea that
runs very far back in nature—many
tens of thousands of years. The origin
of sex comparatively is modern, but
for all that, it is old as we speak of old
history. There was a simple stupidity
about the original plan of reproduc-
tion by fissure. But the origin of two
distinct sexes brought in the idea of co-
operation and mutual interest. Where
was love before sex was a fact? It was
nowhere in the world. The glorious
volume of carefulness for others and
the tenderness involved in the idea of
family and home were not possible.
What a world it was without a possible
love! Can you conceive what the hu-
man race could or would have been, had
it been evolved under the primal law of
propagation by fissure, and not by sexes?
Loveless forever, at least. Home there
could have been none, beyond a mere
shelter for eating and sleeping. There
could have been no Christianity, and
no infancy dependent on the maternal
tenderness of father and mother. For-
tunately, we need not consider the
question, except by the way of contrast
to the happier lot of mortals born only
by the union and fellowship of the sexes
and nurtured by the equal care and
blending hopes of both.

Here we see that the very possibility
of marriage, the union of two for one
common end, and the fashion of two
lives co-operatively to the reproduction
of the race, and to all that is involved
in the one word home, was a result of
evolution. We sit down before these
creatures, whose lives still multiply by
mere self-division, and we wonder at
the exaltation of the idea of reproduc-
tion that now wraps about it all of love
and morals. But it is impossible to
chase this marvelous stride of evolution
leading into womanhood, the fellowship,
love, devotion, self-sacrifice of sex for
sex, and their united ethical and altruistic
sacrifices to offspring, without asking
if the end, the full end, be yet reached.
Based on physiological differentiation
above the higher differences of charac-
ter. Males and females become not only
unlike in physical conformation and
function, but unlike in character. But
underlying the whole change is that
fundamental truth, that "they two are
one." Monogamy, or the union of two,
and not the mere brutish union of one
male with many females, is at the core
of evolution. Neither the male alone
nor the female alone is a perfect and
complete being functionally, nor com-
plete in character. Nature has severed
only one into two, and the union
of the two into one, the affection, the
sympathy and fellowship restores the in-
dividual. Neither alone is the in-
dividual. The end that nature had in
view in this sexual differentiating was
probably to make possible those very
high moral and intellectual feelings and
actions that characterize true marriage.
In answering the question, therefore,
if we have seen the very fullness of the
purpose of evolution, we may say that,
in all probability, the physiological end
is reached, and that quite as certainly
the later and higher moral end is not
reached. Those institutions that con-
trol and manipulate marriage, and
which date back into exceedingly primi-
tive days, are most liable to assault,
and yet are most tenacious of form.
They are the part which man contrib-
utes to this union—they are the method
of form. But nature is restless, not
at all conventional or fond of the estab-
lished. Nature loves progress and
progress involves change. It is my
purpose to see what underlying and
substantial modifications Nature is now
accomplishing—at what point the sexes
are feeling the influence of the eternal
forward march of purpose. It is doubt-
less startling to those who have been ac-
customed to feel truly the stability of
Nature—to discuss the instability. But
no one can be prepared to meet the
revolutionary attempts of "social re-
formers" unless he has carefully con-
sidered the safe forwardness of Nature
herself.

Is not Nature far more capable of re-
adjustment than we are liable to be-
lieve? Is it not possible that evolution-
ary changes may go on with consid-
erable speed, under our very eyes, and
yet not be noted by us, because we
have not expected it, and have made
up our minds to the general fact of sta-
bility? For instance, we are accus-
tomed to speak of woman as the frail sex,
and dependent on the male for protec-
tion and support. A recent writer,
arguing against the right of a man to re-
marry unmarried, because he has lost,
or failed to secure, his first love, says
the least way one can do as a man is
"to see that the means of subsistence
are furnished for some one of the other
sex, by his coarser strength, and
readier contact with the world." Plainly,
is the distinction between the sexes
to which he refers anything more than
a temporary stage of evolution? and is
there not a steady and sure evening of
the physical powers, and endurance,
and self-dependence of the sexes? It
is not needful to argue, or bring facts to
prove, that women are entering a new
era of self-care. They undertake more
of all office work, but professions, and
trades, and farm work; and the
change is going on with great
speed. The woman of fifty years ago
would not only have refused to under-
take what the woman of to-day achieves;
she would have failed in it, if she had.
The field of housework was in the last
century vastly wider than it is to-day;
yet woman filled it. She spun, and

wove, and knit, as well as sewed; and
each household was a factory, as well as
a home. This sort of work was differ-
entiated by machinery and taken away
from our houses and our wives. For a
time woman was more helpless and de-
pendent than ever before. But a
adjustment is going on. Woman has
gone out of the home, and followed the
work. The shock of modesty is being
overcome. The sex is developing a ro-
bustness, and alertness, and enterprise,
that we have attributed to man
alone. How revolutionary is the
change that is taking place! It is cer-
tainly more than in the manner of
woman; it is in their mental adaptability,
physical endurance, and business capacity.
In fact women are becoming more
like men; and men, are they becoming
more like women? That is, are the
mental and physical characteristics of
the two sexes approximating? There is
no possible doubt about it. The in-
stinctive desiring of woman to vote, and
to have the same curriculum of study as
the man, is but part of the result of
this change. Woman is less of an in-
door being; sensitive, and tender and
frail. Is she less attractive and lovable?
Possibly she would be if man were not
also approximating the woman in his
tastes, powers and fitnesses. This has been
going on for a long time. The old An-
dal and spirit of our Saxon fathers failed
out steadily. Our ancestors of even 200
years ago would have scorned to do
what we do. They would have
despised the yard stick and trades-
man's rule. What would a Norman Viking
have said of our clerks and merchants,
our stockholders and office men? I
see nothing of the kind, and the Oscar
Wildes, and poor society fall-outs—
recent rage, for the past part—nor of
the coarse, sordid, tyrannical on the
other side. These are the accidents of
any stage or condition of society. I only
seek to show that the great mass of
noble women, who undertake to be and
do duty demands, are more of a public
and self-reliant sort, that does not
need nor ask for a man to protect nor
provide for. Are we entering an era of
old maidism? It is said to be a fact that
old maids are on the increase; that
there are more who do not care to be
married, but may need more than ever
to marry. He is more than ever a de-
pendent than formerly on the care of a
woman. It looks as if largely the re-
laxation of the sexes was being reversed,
if the independence, so far as it ex-
ists at all, preponderates in favor of
the female. Instead of bringing up
our boys to a sense of chivalric protective-
ness, we shall have to teach our girls
the selfishness of old maidism. I do
not mean to say that we have to en-
counter this change in a day. It is not
coming on so fast that we shall feel
it as a calamity. The appearance of
the bride as the weaker and frailier
will still go on for a while, but she will
sweat any longer, as a rule, to obey, at
least without a tolerably well under-
stood and unspoken protest. As to our
property, we shall be obliged to let our
wives control their own, and when they
earn the family support, they must carry
the purse. This is the only solution.
That one is the head of the family who
is best fitted to win the family subsistence.
This will end the reign of those
brutes who have stolen their wives'
earnings under cover of law, and spent
them on lewdness and drink.

I am not willing to turn away from
this phase or progressive change of the
sexual relation too quickly, for it is not
a superficial or accidental chance that
is going on. The approach of the sexes
in early and medieval times, as when
Hypatia lectured on philosophy and
Aspasia was a companion of Socrates,
was accidental, and was so recognized.
It was not a fundamental alteration of
the condition and tendency of feminine
character, nor was it so reckoned. But
the change going on of late is funda-
mental. Woman has, first of all, suc-
ceeded in securing the same education-
advantages as males. And whatever
discursive arguments may yet be ad-
vanced to show that she is incapable of
enduring the strain of competition, or
that she is innately illogical, she cer-
tainly is master of curriculum of mathe-
matics, philosophy and science fully
equivalent to that which is digested in
colleges for males. We can not escape
the conclusion that mentally, therefore,
the sexes are steadily approaching a
poise, an equilibrium. If woman's
mind was illogical in former times and
still bears some traces of a lack of
reasoning, the cause is discernible in
the lack of educational appliances to
make it otherwise. But how about the
predominant affection which was sup-
posed to characterize the female? Is
logic coming in and love going out? I
believe that no such distinction ever
existed between man and woman to the
degree often asserted. Women certainly
inherited an instinct of tenderness
and longing for babes, which was in
great part physiological and did not
belong to man. In the family relation,
however, man under all forms of civi-
lization, has been a creature of affection,
devoted, in his way, as sincerely and
fondly to the children as the woman.
Hear the cry of David over the death of
Absalom, a pathos that thrills down the
generations of fathers as well as the
mothers. Man is growing more gentle,
more tender, but he is not a new creature
in his love of wife and children.
Still it is enough to simply show that the
very sharp demarcation did not exist.
Woman was not a creature solely of af-
fection, and man so distinctively of
logic. The diverseness, however, whatever
it was, and to whatever due, is now de-
creasing. Man is more of a house-keep-
er than in former age, more tender, af-
fectionate, and feminine; woman is
more logical, more capable of business
and professional life, more masculine.

But in approaching each other, does
either sex lose its own footing? There
is certainly nothing to show that man is
less logical, or woman less affectionate
—only that man is more affectionate and
woman more logical. Modern social
order and modern education bring the
sexes intellectually nearer an equality.
This most certainly will be an increas-
ing fact so long as schools for women
are as free and broad as for men.

But we must not overlook another
and correlative tendency; I mean the
drift which is daily growing stronger to
dispense with the schools which are dis-
tinctively for either sex, and to displace
them with schools where both sexes are
educated together. This change will go
on somewhat more slowly, because to
uproot a really good school or system of
schools, having a wide patronage of
devoted graduates, is no easy affair. Were
schools that are exclusively for boys, or
for girls, incapable of doing good work,
there extension would be easy. The
difficulty is that, while doing excellent
work in the way of education, they
stand for the old and daring idea of the
very wide distinction in physical and
mental ability of the sexes. Or, where
they allow the courses of study to ap-
proximate, they stand on the ancient
basis of man's property in woman. The
girl is to be educated, if at all, quite se-
parated from males, until of marriageable
age, when she is to be turned over to
some one of the lordlier sex to worship
and obey him. The evils of the system
are manifold, and have been discussed
so much of late that I will not enter on
the general argument. Only I wish to
show that while the two sexes are ap-
proximating, education should recog-
nize the fact. The sexes should no
more be separated in schools than in the
family. This Bichter and Froebel, and
Rousseau recognized on other and moral
grounds. They should be brought
up together in the most natural manner,
and in the judgment of such masters of
education the moral results will be over-
whelmingly for the better. I only add
that as it is no longer possible to keep
the sexes secluded, it is very dangerous
to try to do it. This whole effort to
keep them apart in the blossoming
years ends in bringing prominent sex-
ual distinctions. The boy must think
of the girl either in a gross way, or else
look on her as an angel. In either case
it is to the detriment of a true and pure
social union. The really most excel-
lent influence of sex on sex is lost—the
natural refining and ennobling. So-
ciety then adds its conventional divid-
ing lines, based on a supposed sexualism.
A recent writer says: "Hopeless-
ly deluded from beginning at the right
end, at communion of spirit, communi-
ty of interest, fellowship and friend-
ship of heart and understanding, which
makes the sequel pure, our youths and
maiden blunder and flounder in igno-
rance and unequal wedlock." In other
words, while the sexes are growing
away from an alien condition, the con-
ventionalities of school and society are
aid radically in the way.

What now follows? We are in a
state of change. It is the "off-icing" in
which we find ourselves. Our institu-
tions are not quite shaped to the con-
ditions produced by evolution in our
characters and characteristics. The re-
sult is that the institutions are brought
into court, and not seldom are assailed
with an attempt to be rid of them. No
social institution is more vital, univer-
sal, inherent, than marriage. It has
long been not only a civil affair, but a
religious; obligatory and sacred. As
such, it has, of course, brought on with
it the old distinction, and divine nature
of the sexes. It still binds the woman
to worship and obey the man. It puts
her in subjection for reasons already
stated, and for the extra theological
reason that "woman tempted man to
his fall." Here it is easy to see that
there is a distinction between the essen-
tial institution of marriage and the form
of marriage. The woman no longer
ought to be bound to obey, or to wor-
ship. More than this, she ought not to
obey. The natural idea of marriage, the
union of two in order to a com-
pleted one. The end is in our ideal
of home, and home life, far often than
in our real lives. We know very well
that the idea of lifting a merely sensu-
ous union to become an aesthetic and
ethical union, is no easy matter. For
two persons to be bound to a common
life is to be involved in a perpetual
necessity for care for each other's wish-
es, notions, biases and affections. If
either party refuses or fails to make
the marriage a true wedding, or wedding,
as the word was then, there is misery in
divorce. The ideal marriage seems to
be the union of two who undertake to
understand each other and to conform to
rational tastes or abate irrational as to
allow mutual comfort and delight. The
unideal marriage is where either one
or both of the parties fails to under-
take to comprehend the other, and re-
fuses to conform in reasonable degree
to rational wishes. That is, when any
person enters the marriage bond not to
make the half of a natural unit, but to
be whole of it, there is a necessary failure.

The Emporia (Kan.) Democrat has
this to say about watermelon vinegar:
"The latest story of Kansas progres-
siveness comes from Ford county, where
a Mr. Sturtevant planted twenty acres of
melons and sold the seed to an Eastern
seed house for \$400. From the melons
he manufactured 1,000 barrels of vine-
gar, which he valued at \$10 per barrel.
This melon vinegar he claims to be fully
equal, if not better, than cider vinegar.
If this story is true, this State will be
principally devoted to the production
of watermelons in a short space of time.
Just think of it, \$10,000 for the product
of twenty acres of land!"

MY BIRTHPLACE.
GEORGE D. PRENTICE.
Ah, how the silent memories of years
Are stirring in my spirit. I have been
A lone and joyless wanderer. I have tropped
Abroad through other climes, where tropic
flowers
Were offering up their incense, and the stars
Swimming like living creatures; I have
been
Where the soft skies were hung
In beautiful transparency above,
And glory floating like a lovely dream
Over the rich landscape; yet dear fancy still,
Met all the ruder glow of brighter realms,
Or turned to picture the remembered home,
That blest its earliest day-dreams. Most I go
Forth in the world again! I've proven its
joy.
Thill joy was turned to bitterness—I've felt
Its arrows till I thought my heart would
burst
With the fierce roar of tears! The sorrowing
 babe
Clings to its mother's breast. The bleeding
 dove
Flies to her native vale, and nestles there
To the shade of the quiet grove, where first
She tried her tender pinion. I could love
Thus to repose amid the peaceful scenes
To memory dear. Oh, it were passing sweet
To linger on this lovely spot,
Where passed my days of innocence; to dream
Of the pure stream of infant happiness
That in life's wild and burning sands, to
on—
On visions faded till my broken heart
Should cease to throbb, to purify my soul
With high and holy musings, and to lift
Myself up to the central home
Of love and peace and holiness in heaven.

WHOA, BALL!
An old man in Georgia named Jack
Baldwin having lost his hat in an old
dry well the other day, hitched a rope
to a stump and let himself down. A
wicked wag named Neal came along
just then and quietly detaching a bell
from Baldwin's old blind horse, ap-
proached the well, bell in hand, and
began to tinkle-ting. Jack thought the
old horse was coming and said: "Hang
the old blind horse; he's coming this
way sure, and he ain't got no more
sense than to fall in on me—whoo,
Ball!" The sound came closer, "Great
Jerusalem! the old blind fool will be
right on top of me in a minute—whoo,
Ball—whoo, Ball!" Neal kicked a
little dirt on Jack's head and Jack be-
gan to pray. "Oh, Lord, have mercy
on—whoo, Ball—a poor stanger, I am
gone now, whoa Ball—Our father who
art in—whoo Ball—Heaven, hallowed
be Thy—jee! what'll I do—name. Now
I lay me down to sl—jee, Ball! (Just
then he fell more dirt), oh, Lord, if
you ever intend to do anything more
for me, back, Ball, whoa! Thy kingdom
come—jee, Ball. Oh, Lord, you
know I was baptized in Smith's mill dam
—whoo, Ball, hol' up! murder! whoa."
Neal could hold in no longer, and
shouted a big, horse laugh, which
might have been heard two miles,
which was about as far as Jack chased
him when he got out of the well. The
characters in this episode are pretty old
by this time, and they have traveled a
long way since the prank was first said
to be played.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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anteed to give perfect satisfaction on or money
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by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. 3713

Another Man.
[FR. FRANCISCO ARGENT.]
In a hospital in one of the large cities
of central France, the physician-in-chief,
in the course of his round of inspection,
approached a cot, and after feeling the
patient's pulse remarked: "Hm—ho
doing very nicely; his pulse is much
better." "It is as you say, doctor," re-
plied the nurse; "but it is not the same
man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and
this one has been put in his place."
"Ah," said the doctor, "different pa-
tient, eh? Well, same treatment."
And he walked on.

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fullness, and beauty of the hair.
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gray; but after using two or three
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grew thick and glossy and the original
color was restored." Melvin Aldrich,
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"Some time ago I lost all my hair in
consequence of measles. After due
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—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.
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