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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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VOL. XVI. HARTFORD, KENTUCKY, NOVEMBER 19, 1890. NO. 47.

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, $250,000
Chartered for Thirty Years.
SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT
—OF—
CITIZENS' SAVINGS BANK,
Owensboro, Kentucky.
MARCH 31, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Bills and Notes discounted	$281,957 42
Due from Banks	34,780 80
Cash on hand	19,024 13
Furniture and Fixtures	3,279 80
Debts in suit	171 75
Protest account	44 94
Total	$339,258 84

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$117,500 00
Due Depositors	205,523 82
Due other Banks	3,755 85
Dividends unpaid	800 00
Dividend No. 8	5,875 00
Undivided Profits	6,295 97
Total	$339,258 84

W. H. MOORE, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this April 1, 1890.
M. E. MORSE,
Notary Public Daviess County, Ky.
Correct—Attest: JOSEPH KING, C. H. TODD, J. Q. HAYNES, O. W. WILLIAMS, J. J. RODMAN.
☞Amounts received on deposit from $1 up. Interest paid on time deposits.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lumber, Doors, Sash, Blinds
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Metal or Shingle Roofing, Lime, Cement.
R. J. BASSETT & BRO.
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CASTORIA
Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.
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Down Go Prices Again!

Jeans Pants,	$1.00
All wool Black Pants,	1.25
All wool Suits for	4.00
Mens Fine Suits,	$4 to $18.50
Overcoats,	$3 to $15.00

We Have the Best and Biggest Line of Clothing!
Ever brought to a country store in this end of the State, and can suit any one, so call and examine our stock—no trouble to show goods.

In Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware,
HARDWARE, TINWARE, WOODENWARE,
Cook Stoves, Gearing and Harness
WE HAVE A FULL SUPPLY AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.
IF YOU WANT A NOBBY HAT
Come to us and get it. Boots from $1.00 to $4 and a good line of Shoes at rock-bottom prices. Highest market price paid for Country Produce.
J. W. FOREMAN
38m3 Sulphur Springs, Ky.

"Some lives are like Horse shoes the more worn the brighter."
Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake...
A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.
☞Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist on having just what you ordered.

All Kinds of Printing
DONE AT THE HERALD OFFICE.

MISS HARRISON'S REVENGE.

The Story of Julian Erskine's Crime and its Fearful Atonement.

Annie Harrison was twenty-seven, and certainly the handsomest young lady in Laronville. Her figure was tall and well developed; her hair was golden, bronzed slightly with brown, and her dark gray eyes were shaded by brows and lashes of pure black. Her complexion was exquisite. Nothing in art could match it; and those curious young ladies who hinted that Miss Harrison's cheeks were painted, must have been very poor judges of color, or they would have known that no pigment could rival the apple-bloom flush which is so rare and yet so sweet.

Her grace of manner was wonderful, too; and even the women, who envied and disliked her when they were away from her, were in here presence won to admiration by her matchless courtesy. And, of course, it was difficult for any man to withstand her.

She was a flirt. There was no denying the charge made so continually against her—indeed, I do not think she herself would have denied it. Hearts and fortunes innumerable had been laid at her feet, but she rejected them all and passed on her sweetly gracious way, lovely and unapproachable as ever. To do her justice, she never sought admiration, and the men whose wings she had singed closest, all averred that she had never encouraged them.

By and by, Julian Erskine came home from a four years' residence at the Cape. A handsome fellow, with self-conceit enough to sink a ship, and fortune enough to enable him to practice his profession, the law, or let it alone, as he chose. And for the most part, he chose to let it alone.

Erskine was, in some degree, unprincipled; and, I suppose, in making this assertion, I ought to remark that his education and early training had been greatly at fault. He had been left an orphan at a tender age, and adopted by a miserly, eccentric old uncle, who alternately petted him and swore at him, until the boy became, in a degree, reckless, and very nearly desperate as to what any one thought of him. When he grew up, handsome as a young Adonis, all the women went to work and made a fool of him, as they generally do of a handsome man. Then his uncle died and left him a fortune; so there was nothing for the young man to do but enjoy himself. He traveled extensively, and broke all the hearts which were ready to be broken. Indeed, a wonderful capacity he had for flirtations, and more than one sweet girl's happiness he blighted for life.

Against one unfortunate girl he had committed the deepest and bitterest wrong in the whole black catalogue of crime and sin! Helen Andrews died when her child was born, and was glad to hide herself in the grave from the sharp stings and reproaches of that consistent world which never forgives in a woman the sins they wink at in a man! Julian Erskine held up his head and went on his way, and fair women, virtuous women they called themselves, smiled on him and made him soon forget the little inconvenience the affair had caused him.

Of course, Mr. Erskine soon met Miss Harrison.

We had all foreseen that something might grow out of this meeting, and time proved that we had not been mistaken. He admired her intensely, and left every other fancy to devote himself to her. From the very first she seemed to exercise over him an influence potent enough to bend him completely to her will; and I think no man was ever a more devoted slave to a woman than he was to her.

It went on for three months in the usual way. Parties, rides, balls, etc., and Erskine everywhere Miss Harrison's attendant.

How much real feeling he had toward her, of course we had no means of knowing; but it was evident his pride was involved, and he would make a conquest of Miss Harrison if the thing were possible.

In February there was a fete at Harrison Lodge. All our set were present. Miss Harrison was magnificent. Her dress of black velvet, with diamonds on her neck and arms, became her perfectly; and among her guests she moved with queenly grace and beauty. I had never seen such a flush on her cheeks and such a sparkle in her eyes: and there was a ring in her voice like the echo of silver bells.

Burton whispered to me—and she had jilted Burton some two years before—"Look out for breakers ahead, Alden. Miss Harrison is on her high horse tonight, and Erskine is spoonier than ever."

"Pshaw!" replied I; "Erskine cut his eye teeth long ago, and Annie Harrison knows it."

"Perhaps so," returned Burton, quietly. "But I am satisfied this is a real thing with Erskine. Look at him now, while she is talking to him. Why, man, there's a flush on his cheek like a girl's blush at the first kiss of her lover. And she, by Jove!—don't I know the meaning of the steely gleam in those eyes of hers? Well, I rather think I do."

I laughed, for I had never given Julian Erskine the credit of having any heart; and as for Miss Harrison, I accepted society's verdict, and looked upon her as a scientific coquette.

A little after my conversation with Burton, I strolled into the conservatory, and falling into a deep study of the case of a patient I was attending, I forgot all about everything but the diagnosis I was making of old Mrs. Hanson's malady. I heard some persons come in, but did not notice them until the intensely passionate voice of the man arrested my attention.

I glanced up, and through the wilderness of flowers saw Mr. Erskine and Miss Harrison. Neither of them observed me; and what I read in his face made it impolitic for me to interrupt him by showing myself. I had never seen a face in such deadly earnest and expressing so much of concentrated passion.

"I implore you to answer me!" he said, grasping her hands fiercely; "for three interminable weeks you have kept me in agony. A week more like this would kill me."

"Oh, no indeed," she said in that soft, mellifluous voice of hers. "I think you exaggerate, Mr. Erskine. People are not so easily killed."

"But I love you! I love you!" he cried almost savagely.

"Do you? This is very kind of you," she returned very languidly.

"Do you mean to drive me mad? Annie Harrison, I love you with my whole heart and soul, with every nerve and fiber of my body! I want you for my wife! my wife, my own, own wife! Come to my arms—it is my right to hold you against the heart which knows no life but that you give it."

He flung out his arms toward her; but she retreated a pace or two, and raised her face to his. Every word she spoke was clear and distinct as the ring of a trumpet, and yet her voice was lifted scarcely above a whisper.

"I will answer you, Mr. Erskine, with pleasure. You have heard of Helen Andrews? Yes; I see you have. She was my half sister, and I loved her next to my God. You know your part in the tragedy where you and she were the principal actors—you know how it ended. It was fortunate for you, coward and hypocrite, that I was in a foreign land at the time she died, for if I had been on the same soil with you I should have killed you. When the wretched tale came to my ears I swore to be revenged on you, and I have taken my own way to fulfill my vow. Sooner than wed you I would make myself the wife of the lowest brute in the universe who could be called a man. There, you have your answer! Go!"

She lifted her white hand and pointed to the door. He obeyed her without a word. His face was white as death, and his eyes had in them a sort of stony desperation, which sent a chill to my heart.

Half an hour later I was sent for in haste to go to the Royal Hotel. Erskine stayed there. He had shot himself, the messenger said, but was still living.

I found him conscious, but sinking rapidly. He was bleeding internally, and the agony he was suffering would soon be over. There was nothing I could do but administer something to make his pain less poignant.

"Alden," said he, feebly, "I meant to do the job without bungling, but I failed miserably. You know the reason why I judged it better to die than live. Miss Harrison—"

"Yes, yes," I said. "I heard your conversation in the conservatory."

"She was just. I do not blame her. But, oh! doctor, I loved her so, and she might have changed the whole tenor of my life! I would have been just what she had willed I should be! And I must see her before I die! I want to ask her forgiveness; to hear her say that she will accept the sacrifice of my worthless life as an atonement for the wrong I did her sister."

I tried to dissuade him, for I knew Miss Harrison's haughty pride, and I feared she might refuse the summons to his death-bed, which showed how little I knew of the nature of woman, for even as I was arguing with my patient, the door of the room was opened and Annie Harrison came in.

She went straight to the bedside, knelt down and lifted Erskine's head against her bosom.

"My darling," she said, in a tone whose tenderness made my own blood thrill like wine, "will you forgive me? I had no right to take God's vengeance out of His wise hands! I had no right to spurn you as I did! And yet only He knows what it cost me! for, Julian, I love you, as I have never loved any earthly thing! Oh, my darling! my darling!"—and bowing her face on his, she gave way to a fit of sobbing, which shook her from head to foot.

I stole out of the room, and left them together. When I went back there was a new and beautiful peace on both faces. But death was already dropping its pallor over the brow of poor Erskine. He knew by my expression that he was passing rapidly, and with his last strength he turned his lips to her cheek.

"Farewell, dearest," he said, softly; "I will wait for you in another world."

His eyes closed—he lay still. After awhile I touched his pulse and knew he was dead.

Annie Harrison is an old woman now, but she has never married. She is living out her life quietly. When all is over, will she find him waiting for her in another world? Only He knoweth!

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

Many Persons
Are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

Dr. Drummond's Lightning
Remedy for Rheumatism has received the unqualified endorsement of the medical faculty as being a safe and remarkably efficient preparation for the relief and speedy cure of Rheumatism. Its work is so speedy and miraculous that benefit is felt from the first dose, and one bottle is warranted to cure any ordinary case. Sold by druggists. Price $5, for large bottle, or sent by prepaid express on receipt of price by Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. 46 2t

The Decoration Craze.

[Christian Standard.]

Do we live in homes any more? Or do we live in bazaars, or even curio-shops? Is there such a thing, in the modern brick-red-and-pea-green Queen Anne house, as a real table, which is not ashamed to be known as a table? Is there such a thing as an honest chair, which has no need to hide itself in folds of China silk and lace, but which can look a person squarely in the face, and say, "I am a chair, and I don't care who knows it; use me if you will."

Decoration has a place, and a noble and necessary place, in the proper furnishing of a home. But we must be allowed to protest against the idea, apparently prevalent, that all furnishings, in order to be beautiful, must be decorative. Why should every needed article in your parlor be made to protest that it is of no use whatever? Why should a chair rebel at being sat in, and inflict torture on the offender by hanging draperies upon his back, gilding his innocent broad-cloth, and piercing his flesh with nickel-plated tidy-holders?

And again: when originally useful and still needed articles are thus ashamed of their original usefulness, and try thus hard to conceal the fact that they once worked for an honorable living, why should other articles, whose low origin cannot be concealed, and which have no kinship with the legitimate furnishings of a respectable parlor, be dragged into prominence there? Why should a snow-shovel, made gorgeous with paints and ribbons and gilding, be given space beside the door? Why should a three-legged milking stool also be ribboned and be gilded, have a corner allotted to it? Why should a butter-ladle dispute with a pudding-stick for the place of honor above the mantel?

Why should any of these absurd things be, save that the decorative craze has robbed half of our house-keepers of their good taste and good sense? When shall we learn that useful articles, placed where they are needed, have a beauty and fitness of their own; that decorations should relieve, rather than conceal; that tawdry decoration is an abomination to the eye, and a trial to the temper; that too much decoration is infinitely worse than none at all; and that articles that are out of place will be out of place still, however much ribbon and gilding we may put upon them?

To Reed, McMinley and Lodge.

[National Democrat.]

Thomas Brackett Reed, you have been drunk with power; you have usurped authority that did not belong to you, you have led your party in the House to steal seats and trample on the rights of the minority, you have brazenly boasted of overturning the legislative precedents of a century, you have impiously thanked God that the House of Representatives was no longer a deliberative body, you have used the power of the nation to oppress the weak and enrich the strong, you have done the things you should not, and left undone the things that you should have done, and there is no political health in you. Your district may elect you as often as it pleases, but the nation has repudiated you; it has had too much of you already, and it will have no more of you.

William McKinley, Jr. you framed the most unreasonable and oppressive tariff bill in the history of this country. You sold the people of the United States to a small number of trusts and other aggregations of capital for a campaign fund to be used in keeping your party in power. You have failed. The people have overwhelmingly declared against you and the interested parties at whose behest you framed your bill. You professed—possibly sincerely—to be aiming at the good of the Eastern workmen and the Western farmers. Both have found you out and declared against you. If the Democrats had lost this election and won no other your own party would have been compelled to repeal your infamous law before it was two years old. The people will not be robbed that you and your party may have large campaign funds to spend. You have appealed to the people and the people have denounced you as their enemy.

Henry Cabot Lodge, you are the author of the livest issue in the late campaign. The tariff bill was already a law. Your bill to enable the Republican National committee to pack the House of Representatives was a pending measure, and the judgment of the people was asked upon it. You have sacrificed your political conscience and your real opinion to win office from the Republican party, and what is the result? You have led your party to defeat in your own State. You appealed to the people, and they have responded with a hot and indignant protest against the blow you aimed at the rights of local self government, the autonomy of the States, and the integrity of the House of Representatives. Look at the 160 Democratic majority in the next House and ask yourself if your treason to your own convictions, your betrayal of the trust committed to you, really paid. Are you sure that you have even 30 pieces of silver to jingle in the pockets of your London-made trousers?

Reed, McKinley and Lodge, you three assumed to be the leaders of your party in the present Congress. You have led your party to overwhelming defeat. Whatever your constituents may do, your countrymen have dismissed you. Now go.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a discovery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's the medicine for you—tired, run-down, exhausted, nerve-wasted men and women; for you sufferers from diseases of skin or scalp, liver or lungs—its chance is with every one, its season always, because it aims to purify the fountain of life—the blood—upon which all diseases depend. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The makers of it have enough confidence in it to sell it on trial. That is—you can get it from your druggist, and if it doesn't do what it's claimed to do, you can get your money back, every cent of it.

That's what its makers call taking the risk of their words.

Tiny, little, sugar-coated granules, are what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are. The best Liver Pills ever invented: active, yet mild in operation; cure sick and bilious headaches. One a dose.

A Smart Man
Will not hobble around on crutches when he can cure his Rheumatism with one bottle of Dr. Drummond's Lightning Remedy, costing only $5, but worth $100. Enterprising druggists keep it, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50 Maiden Lane, New York. 46 2t

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. For sale by J. W. Ford. 42 ly

You are in a Bad Fix
But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our message is to the weak, nervous and debilitated, who, by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and manhood, and who suffer all those effects which lead to premature decay, consumption or insanity. If this means you, send for and read our BOOK OF LIFE, written by the greatest Specialist of the day, and sent (sealed) for 6 cents in stamps. Address Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce Street, Nashville, Tenn. 34y1

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Callous Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-bone, Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, Etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by Z. W. Griffin & Bro., druggists, Hartford, Ky. 15 ly

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. Sold by J. W. Ford.

They will hate to do it, but the wisest thing the present Congress can do is to bow to the popular will and repeal the McKinley bill. Mr. McKinley himself should be the first mover in the matter. —[Courier-Journal.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Sold by J. W. Ford, Hartford, Ky. 42 ly

Brief and Breezy.

Miss Gotham.—"I'm so afraid Uncle Kaintuck will make some mistake at Mrs. Tiptop's party. They have such free-and-easy ways where he came from. Won't you at least caution him not to drink from the finger-bowl?"

Mr. Gotham.—"He won't, my dear. Have no fear. Your Uncle is too good a Kentuckian to make such a mistake."

"Is he accustomed to finger-bowls?"

"He is accustomed to using water only for washing."

***

A teacher desiring to classify her pupils, put questions to the them to find out how much they knew. During the examination of the son of a leading Austin politican, the following dialogue occurred:

"You say that there are three kingdoms—the animal, the vegetable and the mineral?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, where do you put the sugar?"

"Pa puts it in the water and then the whisky in afterwards and stirs 'em up with a spoon."

***

Stranger (in the new town)—"What's the show here for a pushing business?"

Native.—"First-class. What is your business?"

"I'm an undertaker."

"Great Scott! This is the chance of your lifetime. Come right here. We have five doctors, and three more coming here next month."

***

He bought a guitar and practiced for six long, weary months. But at the end of that time a smile of joy lit up his wan and weary face, and his brow grew radiant with joy as he inspected the corns on the thumb of his right hand. The hour was 10 P. M., and as he wandered through the stilly night to the boarding-house where she lived, and directly under the window which had been so often sanctified by her presence, he commenced to toot: (Twang, twang, bim.) "I wandered b-i-i the brookside (cling, clang, boo), I wandered b-i-i the mill"—and the sash was gently raised with a crash, and a deep bass voice yelled out:

"I vish as you fall into your brook off your brookside and trown yourself in dose mill, ordor I plow my vissi and call a polizeidiener."

It was cruel of her to have changed her room without letting him know.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

149 Democratic Majority.

[New York Times.]

Ninety-one Republicans, 240 Democrats in the House of Representatives! A majority against the Administration of 149! Was there ever such an overwhelming defeat of a party so powerful in appearance, so confident in spirit, so haughty and defiant in conduct? And when we regard the individual leaders, Mr. Reed goes back almost alone to face the Representatives of the people he has undertaken to rule with an iron hand. Major McKinley, the "Napoleon of Protection," whose name is indissolubly joined to the fatal policy of of his party, around whom all the forces on which it relied, rallied whose victory was believed at once certain and necessary is left at home. Mr. Cannon, whose outburst of foul language was the final expression of the recklessness toward which Reed and McKinley had been guiding the majority, is defeated. Mr. Rowell, the chairman of the elections committee, the ready tool of the more able and equally unscrupulous managers, is defeated. Mr. Cabot Lodge, perhaps because he represented the one measure that the party leaders refused to push, creeps back to conspicuous obscurity. To this spectacle we invite the careful attention of Mr. Blaine, and ask him if he would have regarded it as of no importance if only Mr. Quay had carried Pennsylvania.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by J. W. Ford. 42 ly

The Buccaneers of Old

Flaunted the skull and cross bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies, skulks under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of disease pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents. nov.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by J. W. Ford. 42 ly

EUPEPSY.
This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupepsy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and $1.00 by Z. W. Griffin & Bro. druggists.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by J. W. Ford. 42 ly

CATARRH.
Catarrhal Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.
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