THE
LARGEST BUSINESS FIRMS IN OHIO COUNTY
Advertise in The Herald.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I Come, the Herald of a Noisy World, the News of All Nations Lumbering at My Back."

LOOK
At this little Tag and see how YOU stand with the Herald.

VOL. XVIII. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1892. NO. 34.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

M. L. HEAVERIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.
Office over Williams, Bell & Co.'s Drug Store.

JAS. S. GLENN. J. S. R. WEDDING.
Glenn & Wedding,
LAWYERS
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in Court of Appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections.
Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

C. W. MASSIE. W. T. HAYWARD.
Massie & Hayward,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Hartford, Kentucky.

WILL practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in Court of Appeals. Office North side of public square.

James A. Smith,
ATTORNEY: AT: LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections.
Office north side of public square.

E. D. GUFFY. R. D. RINGO.
Guffy & Ringo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Hartford, Kentucky.

WILL PRACTICE in all the courts of Ohio county, Court of Appeals and Superior Court. Office, room No. 9, over Anderson's store.

F. L. FELIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
[COUNTY ATTORNEY]
Hartford, Ky.

WILL PRACTICE in the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office in HERALD building.

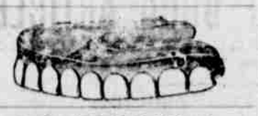
J. EDWIN ROWE,
COUNSELOR and ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to Criminal Practice, Settlement of Decedent's Estates and Collections. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted of me.

J. B. WILSON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
And Real Estate Agent.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to Mine Surveying, Mapping, etc., a specialty. Office with Ringo & Felix, Hartford.

J. H. WHITE



DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.
OFFICE OVER 'RED FRONT.'

Is prepared to do all kinds of dental work at reasonable prices.

TUTT'S
Tiny Liver Pills
as an anti-bilious and anti-malarial remedy are wonderful in their effects in freeing the system of biliousness and malaria. No one living in
Malarial Regions
should be without them. Their use prevents attacks of chills and fever, dumb ague, bilious colic, and gives the system strength to resist all the evils of an unhealthy and impure atmosphere. Elegantly sugar-coated. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

SHORT IN QUANTITY. BEST IN QUALITY.
WORMS!
WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE
FOR 20 YEARS
Has led all Worm Remedies.
EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

WEAK AND UNDEVELOPED
Organs strengthened and enlarged, emissions stopped, Lost Manhood Restored, varicocele, weak back, loss of memory, dizziness, nervousness, weakness cured by the Penn City Remedies. $1.00 per box; six boxes for $5.00. A written guarantee of cure with every six boxes. Send stamp for particulars to the PENN CITY MEDICAL COMPANY, 806 North Second Street, Phila., Pa.

A MOUNTAIN MAID

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

If Bragg had shown as much energy in the three days following Chickamauga as he did in that sanguinary conflict he could have marched into Chattanooga without serious resistance, but a delay of forty-eight hours gave Thomas an opportunity to fall back with his own veterans and to reorganize the corps of Crittenden and McCook. When Bragg did move he found the Union troops in the works before Chattanooga and guarding it from the west bank of the river, and with characteristic caution he opposed Longstreet's plan for an immediate assault, and at once laid siege to the place.

The story of that same siege of Chattanooga forms one of the most thrilling chapters of the war, and history affords no parallel to its dramatic termination. The Confederates not only held the three railroads that entered Chattanooga, but their cavalry, under Wheeler, poured over the Tennessee and planted themselves in force along the valleys and hills, over and through which ran the MacMinnville wagon road, the only avenue by which the Union troops could hope to get supplies till they were re-enforced.

Never before or afterward did that magnificent Army of the Cumberland exhibit such devotion and endurance as during the siege of Chattanooga for the six weeks following the disaster at Chickamauga. Winter was coming on, but a majority of the men were without overcoats or blankets; many of them were barefooted, and they did not have, when cut off from the outside world, full rations for men and animals for ten days. But true to their splendid record, the brave fellows tightened their belts and stuck it out for weeks on a handful of parched corn a day.

In early October the enemy captured and held MacMinnville for a short time, and destroyed a large train making for Chattanooga. Our cavalry, under McCook, Mitchell and Long, started to clean out Wheeler, and this was eventually done, but not without much hard riding and fierce fighting.

I was scouting in the defiles to the west of Sequatchie valley, in Bledsoe county, Tennessee, at this time, my orders being to watch and report the movements of the Confederates under Armstrong, who commanded a division in Wheeler's corps. In appearance and speech the people in this part of Tennessee are exactly like those in the Cumberland range to the north, though the Union feeling was not so strong, more than one-half the men in and about the Sequatchie valley having voluntarily entered the Confederate army.

We were resting and grazing our horses one morning along a little stream running down from the hills to the north, when, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country, I clambered up a mass of rocks that rose for several hundred feet above our temporary camp. I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe. But to my relief I discovered that the sound was made by a tin pail in the hand of a girl who had come to a halt on an elevation about twenty feet behind me, and but little higher up. The pail was filled with beechnuts, which the girl was munching with astonishing coolness and a display of appetite with which I was in perfect sympathy.

She might have been seventeen years of age, but she had all the grace of movement and the delightful ease of manner that make children so attractive. Her thin dress hung half way between her bare brown feet and her knees. It was fastened at the waist with a cord that brought out the exquisite lines of bust and hips. The hands, like the feet, were shapely and brown, and the face, framed in a tangle of dark, sun tanned hair, was a clear olive, tinted on the cheeks with a warmer shade. The parted lips revealed what is unusual with these mountain women, and that is as perfect a set of pearly teeth as I had ever seen.

With her head thrown slightly back, her left hand resting on her hip, and her right foot advanced with the hand that held the pail, and a chaplet of crimson leaves set tipsily on her head, that girl formed one of the prettiest pictures I had ever seen, and as I looked at her in undisguised admiration she reminded me of the bacchante of whom I had read in my mythological studies.

I must confess that I was more confused than if I had been confronted with a man in gray with a gun, but not so my lady with the sumac chaplet. Her big, brown eyes took me in from my rusty boots to my shockingly bad hat. Then she placed her left hand beside her mouth as if to direct the sound, and called out in a voice that could be heard distinctly down at the camp:

"Hello, mister!"

"Hello, sister!" I responded, and lifted my hat.

"Is you uns down thar Yanks?" she asked, with a wave of the brown arm from myself to the valley.

"Yes, sister," I replied: "we are all Yanks."

"Then you uns hed orter be 'shamed o' yusels!"

"I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Yes, a heap sight sorry you uns 'peah to be," and the pretty upper lip was curved at the corner, giving another tantalizing glimpse of the pearly teeth. Then, with forcible directness and a heightened glow on the cheeks that told of indignation: "What fo' do you uns all come down heah to fight we uns all? We uns don't want to fight you uns if you uns let we uns alone."

I had become very familiar with this presentation of the southern case, but I never before heard it put with such compact and delightful quaintness, and I would have shouted with laughter but for fear of hurting my lady's feelings.

"Then you are a rebel?" I said.

"No; I ain't nawthin of the kind," she retorted, with spirit. "I'm fo' the south, I am; and do you uns know why?"

"No, but I should like to learn," I replied.

"I'm fo' the south, I am, kaze Mart Hall he's fo' the south."

"And who is Mart Hall, my lady?"

"Mart Hall's my sweetheart; and he's in a critter comp'ny 'long with Mistah Wheeler a fightin you uns; and I'd 'vize you uns to keep out of his way, ef so be yeh ain't a fairly achin to git hurt," she said.

There was no good reason why on the instant I should conceive a violent dislike for Mart Hall any more than any other trooper along with "Mistah" Wheeler, yet I must confess I did.

"Sister, what is your name?" I asked.

"Saddie Ferguson," was the response.

"Where do you live?"

"Back thar whar the smoke's risin," and she turned with inimitable grace and pointed to a valley at her back.

I sprang up to her side and following the direction of her stiff extended hand I saw a clearing to the north and a log cabin at the edge near the foot of a high hill.

"Father live there?" I asked.

She compressed her lips, nodded the pretty head till the crimson chaplet threatened to tumble off, then bringing her lips so close to my ear that her hot breath on my cheek thrilled me, she whispered:

"Dad, he's fo' the Yanks and the Union. He's back kaze o' rheumatiz, but Jake and Si, them uns is my brothers, is gone off with Mr. Spencer's fust Alabama critter comp'ny a fightin fo' you uns."

"Ah, then yours is a divided house," I said, with a sigh of relief.

"You uns ken jest bet that we uns is d—d bad bruk up," she said, all unconscious of the unfeminine force of her language.

As it was growing dark, I bought the beechnuts for "a dollah in greenbacks or five in gray," and in order to get back the more valuable pail she accompanied me to the camp. I have heard of acts of discourtesy on the part of our men, principally from the other side, but I must confess that I never saw one. My men could not wholly conceal the admiration that showed itself in their bronzed faces when this mountain beauty appeared in their midst; but beyond gallantly raising their hats whenever they caught Saddie Ferguson's eye, they tried, like good boys, to seem indifferent to her presence.

After this transaction was completed the girl did not seem in a hurry to leave. She begged some tobacco for her father and mother, or rather she offered to buy it and got it for nothing. Then she came to me again, and I felt flattered by her disposition to talk. "How long's you uns a-gwine fo' to stay har? Whar's you uns gwine whin you uns light out? W'at's you uns heah fo'?" These and scores of questions of the same kind Miss Saddie rattled off with all the artlessness of a curious child. And when at length she left, it seemed as if darkness at once settled over the camp.

The beechnuts were not the least part of our supper that evening. About an hour after dark and when our horses had grazed bare the margin of the stream for three hundred yards below the camp, we saddled up and pushed into the hills for about a mile, so as to throw the enemy off the scent if their scouts had been watching us.

As this second place was as near to the Ferguson cabin as was the camp where Saddie visited us, I decided to take one of the men and pay the father a visit. If he were a Union man, I reasoned that he might be of service. As we neared the cabin the yellow curs, never absent from such places, announced our approach. Then the door was thrown open, and framed in it we could see the gaunt form of a man leaning with both hands on a long stick. We were yet fifty yards away, when the man in the door called out:

"Hullo, thar! Who's that?"

"Friends!" I replied.

"No'th or south?"

"Neither!"

"H—l! don't you uns lie!"

"I'm not lying! we're for the Union!"

"Oh, waal, that's 'bout the same's no'th," said the old man in the door, with more confidence in his voice.

On entering the cabin I was disappointed at finding Saddie absent, though I am very sure she had nothing to do with my coming. The old man had been tall, rawboned and powerful in his time, and might have been still but for the rheumatism. His wife, a short, dark eyed woman, was not inclined to be gracious, but sat in a corner by the fire smoking and not deigning to make a comment. The old man explained the reason for this sullenness after we were seated on the rude bench by saying:

"Nance" (he pointed his long stick at the woman) "and me don't gee 'bout the wah. I'm sot squah fo' the Union and her and Saddie's h—l bent fo' the south. We uns hes two sons off in Mistah Spencer's critter company fight'n fo' the gov'ment, but mos' of the young men hereaways is in fo' the 'Federacy."

Pikeville, the county seat of Bledsoe county, appeared to be Sam Ferguson's Ultima Thule. He had never been in a larger town, though many years "befo' the wah" he and some of his neighbors "had sot thar minds to go way up to Chatt'nooga," but he "wux bleeged to stay back kaze the others got skeert o' the trip."

I could see that the old man would have spoken with more freedom if it had not been for the presence of his wife, at whom he frequently looked in a half timid way. We staid in the hut about fifteen or twenty minutes, and when we rose to go he hobbled outside after us. After we had gone about ten yards he came to a halt, and, glancing back over his shoulder, as if anxious not to have his wife overhear, he asked in a whisper:

"Whar does you uns 'low to stay all night?"

"We are in the woods about a half mile from here," I replied.

"Got nuff men?"

"I think we have all we need."

"The reason why I'm axin," he said, "is to giv you uns warnin." Then in a lower whisper and after another backward glance, "The mountains is chuck full of Wheeler's crowd!"

"Do you know, of your own knowledge, that there are any close by?" I asked.

"Yes, fo' shuah! W'y, not ten minutes befo' you uns come in, Mart Hall—he's a rebil ez is soft on Saddie—he showed up, and he said ez how they'd gobble every d—d one of you uns or git yer scalps befo' mawnin. So watch out." And with this Sam Ferguson—he was a cousin, as we afterward learned, of the notorious guerrilla "Champ" Ferguson—waved his hand to us and hobbled back.

I believed this information to be reliable, but I had also learned, from a long experience, the tendency of these mountaineers to exaggerate numbers.

I was not sent here to fight, unless it was unavoidable, but to watch and report, and as the position we now held had been decided on that afternoon, I determined to stay where we were till morning. At one o'clock I visited the six picket posts—I had only forty men—and then came back, hoping to get a few hours' sleep. About half past four our little camp was aroused by yells and the discharge of carbines, and three of the pickets came running in. As the others did not report I sent out ten men to learn the cause. These men were fired on by a small force, as I could tell by the discharge, and they hurried back without firing a shot.

If the enemy had been present in any strength and intended a night surprise, they would have followed up the first attack; but as they did not do so, I inferred that the shooting was done by guerrillas, who, despite our precaution, had learned of our whereabouts. We untied the halters and stood to horse until daylight; then a search was made for the three missing men. We found them dead; two of them shot, and one with a heavy knife, manufactured from a file, still buried in his heart.

Lying across Hall's body was the dead girl.

We buried the men as best we could, and then rode down the hill to the stream, ate sparingly of the rations in our haversacks, watered the horses and were preparing to mount when Saddie Ferguson put in an appearance. She was "going ovah Lost crik way to see a sick neighbor," she said. Something about the girl's manner excited my suspicion. She must have seen the graves up the hill, yet she made no comment; and when I asked her about Mart Hall she declared, without a tremor of the eyelid, that she "hadn't seed him sence foah cohn cuttin time." She slipped away as quietly as she had come, and I regretted afterward that I did not place her on one of the empty saddles and hold her till we fell back to the Sequatchie.

About noon two bright men who had been in the advance came in with a prisoner from Armstrong's division of Wheeler's corps. He reported his command moving west, about five miles to the south, and as soon as I was assured, from our own observations, of the accuracy of his statement, I sent a messenger to Colonel McCook. Early the next morning the messenger returned on foot—his horse had been killed by a guerrilla about a mile back—with an order to follow up the Confederates as far as Bridgeport and to report if they deviated from that point.

On our way back we met old Ferguson near the creek on which we were encamped when I first met Saddie. The old man's brown, leathery face and the trembling of the long, lean fingers that clutched his staff showed that he was very much excited.

"Don't go down the crik to the Sequatch," he said. "Mart Hall and a gang is a layin fo' you uns."

"But how else am I to get to the Sequatchie?" I asked.

"You uns could git thar without critters by climbin ovah the mountains."

"But we would have to leave our horses!"

"Yaas, I reckon so," and he stroked his grizzled beard in a nervous, perplexed way.

"How many men has this Mart Hall with him?"

"Waal, thar's a right smart bunch, I reckon."

"As many as I have?"

"Mebbe not," he said, after a glance over the men.

"Very well, I am going to ride down the creek to the Sequatchie, and if Mart Hall or any one else tries to stop me he must take the consequences." Then I was reminded to ask, "Is this Mart Hall an officer?"

"No, sah; leastwise not ez any one ever heard on, and ef so he was, I reckon he'd a told Saddie," said the old man.

"Where did he get his men?"

"Mart sorter picked 'em up."

"Where?"

"Waal, all about in the hills."

"And they are not soldiers?"

"No, not edzactly."

"Then they are guerrillas?"

"Waal, streenger, I reckon you uns'd make no mistake if so be they was sot down 'bout that way," said the old man.

"Was Mart Hall at your place this morning?"

"Yaas."

"And he talked with Saddie?"

"He did, fo' shuah."

"Very well; thanks for the information, and goodby."

As we rode down the narrow valley I became more and more convinced that there was a direct connection between Saddie Ferguson's visit to our camp and the killing of the three pickets, and yet my conscience pricked me for thinking so harshly of that surprisingly pretty girl.

About two miles below the point where we met the old man the creek ran from bank to bank between high limestone walls. Realizing that it would be a very bad place to be stopped, I dismounted thirty men and sent one-half up the precipitous rocks on either side, so as to clear the way, if need be, for the others to pass through with the horses.

I had just given the command to advance in this order, when a half dozen jets of unmistakable powder smoke shot out from a conical hill to the left, and Corporal Wilson, of the First United States regulars, fell dead from his horse. It was now evident that Mart Hall and his friends did not avail themselves of the canyon in order to attack.

Quicker than I can pen the briefest sentence that describes the adventure, number fours were holding the horses, and the others were speeding like deerhounds for the hill. It was by no means our first experience of this kind, and the fierce faces of the men in blue told that they were in no mood to be tender with the guerrillas. The rule had been to shoot them down if they did not surrender and to hang them up if they did.

As we advanced, the men on the hill kept up an irregular fire from behind a natural barricade of rocks near the crest, but there was only a handful of them, and our sudden and no doubt unexpected attack demoralized them so that not one of our men was hit till we had surrounded the cone and were under the shelter of the acclivity. I went to the rear of the hill, where I saw signs that told me that was the way in which our assailants had ascended. Our men knew what to do without further orders, and as they crept up they fired at everything they saw moving in front. When we had come within about fifty yards of the top I took refuge behind a rock and called out:

"Hello there, Mart Hall!"

"Hello yersel'!" came back the reply.

"There is no use in firing any more. I want you to surrender!"

"I'll see you uns d—d fust, and then I won't!" was the response.

"Yes, we uns 'll see you uns d—d fust!" rang out like an echo the unmistakable voice of Saddie Ferguson.

Like my men, I had been fever hot with indignation, but as soon as I realized that the girl was here I felt a cold chill for the moment; then I called out:

"Have you a woman with you up there?"

"Yes," replied the man, "we uns hes got a lady up har, and she's my gal."

"If you are brave men you will send her down. We will do her no harm. Come, we have no time for fooling."

We could hear voices in discussion among the rocks. It was evident that Saddie's companions were anxious for her to leave, and equally evident that she was determined to stay. At length she decided the question by shouting out, in tones of resolute defiance:

"Mart Hall's my sweetheart, d—n you uns, and I'm a-gwine to stick by him till the end. So my 'vice to you uns is to clar right out, and we uns 'll agree not to shoot any moah. That's honest Injun."

Despite this assurance, there was nothing left us but to push on, and that quickly, for we had no time to spare. My men were at once drawn to the rise of the crest to avoid firing on each other, and I could hear them saying, as they braced for the expected dash, "We must save the girl, boys, if we can."

I shouted again to send the woman out, so as to throw the fellows up the hill off their guard, then signaled the advance with my saber, while Saddie was shouting her defiance, and in an instant the men in blue were leaping over the intervening space like tigers.

A ten seconds' fusillade; curses, yells, a woman's shriek, and then the cheer of the victors, whose last volley from the repeating carbines had been delivered within ten feet.

There was no need of the rope that day. Except the tall, lithe young man I took to be Mart Hall, all the men were dressed in butternut and armed with hunting rifles. Lying across Hall's body was the girl dead. She still clutched a pistol in her little brown hand, and the red splotch on her forehead, with its purple, powder stained margin, told that her own hand had made the wound that took her from life with her desperate lover.

THE END.

HOW'S THIS!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

WHY DON'T YOU STOP
Coughing before the entire mucous membrane lining the air passages leading to the lungs becomes inflamed, as it surely will be from a cough neglected. There is but one remedy that gives instant relief and cures quickly. Dr. Hale's Household Cough Cure cures every kind of cough from a simple cold to incipient consumption. 25 and 50c bottles at Williams, Bell & Co's. 43 y1

Mr. John Carpenter, of Goodland, Ind., says: "I tried Chamberlain'sColic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, for diarrhœa and severe cramps and pains in the stomach and bowels with the best results. In the worst cases I never had to give more than the third dose to effect a cure. In most cases one dose will do. Besides its other good qualities it is pleasant to take." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. m

Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.

HIS CONSCIENCE PRICKED HIM.

He Coveted the Cooling Draught, but He din't Enjoy it after He got it.

[New York Tribune.]

He was pastor of a church in a small town in the interior of the State, and he came to the city for a visit for a few weeks. On an exceedingly warm day, he had visited a number of "the sights" which all people from out of town go to see when they are in the metropolis. The museum of arts, Central park, and various up-town resorts had been seen, and the clergyman came down town expecting to visit some of the interesting places of business in the afternoon. He stepped into a Broadway restaurant to get some luncheon. Sitting down on a high stool with dozens of other customers at a long counter, he was about to ask the man behind the counter for a glass of water when he observed a glass of beer in front of the man next to him. Thoughts of the few glasses of malt liquor which he had drank while a student in college flashed across his mind.

How delicious the amber fluid looked! Big drops of moisture were on the outside of the glass, showing that the beer was almost ice cold. Just then his neighbor took up the glass and drank half its contents. He seemed to relish it greatly. The air seemed warmer than ever to the minister. His mouth watered.

But people from the rural districts are inclined to be more prejudiced against such a thing as a minister drinking a glass of beer than their brethren in the city are, and the natural inclination was strong in his mind to resist the temptation. He was extremely thirsty, however, and the feeling was aggravated by seeing the owner of the beer take another long draught. The pastor looked to his right and left, then leaned over the lunch counter and ordered some clams on the half shell, and said in a voice so low that the waiter could scarcely hear him:

"And bring me a glass of beer."

The waiter was not sure that he had heard aright, so he asked: "A glass of beer?"

The minister bowed his head affirmatively and glanced nervously at his neighbors on both sides to see if the somewhat loud tones of the waiter had caught their attention. They were busily at work, one at a bowl of soup, and the other with a piece of huckleberry pie. Apparently they were not aware of the minister's existence. He felt somewhat relieved, but just as he was congratulating himself the waiter bawled out so loudly that it made the pastor nearly fall from his seat:

"A glass of lager!"

The call was taken up further down the long room: "A glass of lager!"

Finally the message reached its destination and the man at the bar near the front door responded:

"A glass of beer; right!"

Meanwhile the man in black was turning all sorts of colors and fidgeting about on his seat as if he expected to see the hangman appear the next minute. He glanced nervously about at the people in the place, and it seemed to him that every one in the room was looking at him. While still uneasily glancing about another waiter came up with the glass of beer and looking inquiringly at the six or eight men in that neighborhood, called out: "A glass of beer?" evidently expecting that the man who had ordered it would claim his own.

The waiter behind the counter was away just then getting some pork and beans for another customer, so he could not direct the man whith the beer where to put it. The minister looked confused. His eyes were fixed on the place where the waiter had disappeared. For the first time his neighbors seemed to recognize his existence. They seemed to remember that he had ordered the beer and looked up inquiringly when he did not claim it. The minister imagined he detected a derisive smile on the faces of both of them as they gazed at him in mild astonishment. The man with the beer passed down the line and just then the other waiter appeared.

"Say, where do you want this beer?" asked the one holding the glass.

The man behind the counter pointed to the place, and the beer was put down in front of the minister. At the same time the man with the glass gave the pastor a look which seemed to say:

"Well, why didn't you say so?"

The minister's neighbors looked at him curiously, also. He ate his clams and drank his beer, but it did not taste half so good as he thought it was going to. He "bolted" his luncheon and hurried out. As he paid his bill the young woman at the cashier's desk smiled at him in a sarcastic manner, as he thought, and a young man who came up to the desk just then cast a glance at the minister, then looked knowingly at the young woman and they both smiled. The man in black was too much confused and crestfallen to resent anything. He hurried out and disappeared in the crowd in Broadway.

What the Millennium Will be Like.

The Rev. Mr. Hemphill, in one of his logical and forceful "West Coast Sermons," pictures what he thinks the millenium will be. The advent and personal reign of God, he thinks, will be after the millennial epoch. It will be characterized by greatly improved physical conditions of the human race. Sin will be an outcast and pain and suffering of every description will be a thing of the past. The physical conditions vastly improved and sin and travail banished; man's lease of life will increase as if by magic. When that glorious time comes, men will live as did the old patriarchs before the flood. Healthy bodies will beget healthy minds, and for a full thousand years the two will be yole-fellows together. During that thousand years Mr. Hemphill believes that one universal language will prevail, for through the Tower of Babel (Sin), the various languages were brought about, and with the casting out of sin they will go. The astonishing progress the English language has made in the last century causes the reverend gentleman to predict that it will be the one used by the millennarians. He has given the subject a great deal of study, but finds nothing to warrant him in setting any date for the opening of that "period of peace."

Law as is Law.

[Louisville Times.]

That the law is the perfection of human reason has been clearly established in a case at Buffalo. Bryant B. Crandall took out an insurance policy on his life five or six years ago and disappeared. From Niagara Falls he wrote a letter to his wife that she would never see him again, as he had determined to "shoot the falls." The body could not be found, and the disconsolate widow sought surcease of sorrow in the insurance money. To avoid a suit, the companies that issued the policies entered into a written contract with Mrs. Crandall to pay at the end of three years, unless the missing husband should be restored to the bleeding bosom of his family within that period. Then the companies instituted an expensive but vain search for Crandall. The three years expired, the money was paid and invested in a house now occupied by Mrs. Crandall and her children.

Some weeks ago Bryant B. Crandall was discovered in the flesh at Los Angeles, Cal., and brought back to Buffalo, where he was put on trial for the technical offense of feigning death in order that his wife might collect the insurance on his life. Crandall swore that he had been in a trance all these years, and a jury on last Tuesday pronounced him guilty of no offense against the law.

He has joined his wife and children in the house purchased with money obtained by trance or fraud. The insurance companies have brought suit to recover the property, but Lawyer Hickman again turns to the perfection of human reason after this legal fashion: "If I understand the matter aright, and I think I do, the companies agreed to pay the policies if Crandall was not found by that time, and for all practical purposes he is a dead man to-day, so far as the insurance companies are concerned."

Abraham Lincoln.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"Abraham Lincoln's name was Abraham Linkhorn," said Major Dan Seabright, at the Southern. "His origin, when contrasted with his subsequent greatness, must be a sad rebuke to those who prate loudly of birth and breeding. It well illustrates Burn's truism that 'a man is a man for a' that.' It proves that in America a child of the humblest origin may reasonably aspire to the highest honors within the gift of the nation, to the most exalted niche in the temple of true greatness. I do not suppose Lincoln, wise as he was, really knew his own father. He was three or four years old when Linkhorn, a farm laborer, who worked with the negroes in Kentucky, and took his pay in salt pork and whiskey, 'tuk up' with his mother, as the natives called it when a man and woman entered into marital relations without the sanction of a minister. I knew Linkhorn and also the mother of the future President quite well. They were very ordinary and illiterate people. Whether his great talents were decended from some ancestor generations back—were due to atavism—or were inherited from an unknown father, is a question that cannot now be satisfactorily solved. The fact that he took the name of Lincoln when he grew up would indicate that he did not regard Linkhorn as his father. His was a life begun in shame and ended in glory. We can well afford to forget the frailties of the mother while contemplating the virtues of the son."

Some Foolish People
Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists. 2fr

During the epidemic of flux in this county, in 1888, I had hard work to keep a supply of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy on hand. People often came ten or twelve miles in the night to get a bottle of the remedy. I have been selling patent medicines for the past ten years and find that it has given better satisfaction in cases of diarrhœa and flux than any other medicine I have ever handled.—J. H. BENHAM, Druggist, Golconda, Pope Co., Ill. Over five hundred bottles of this Remedy were sold in that county during the epidemic referred to. It was a perfect success and was the only remedy that did cure the worst cases. Dozens of persons there will certify that it saved their lives. In four other epidemics of bowel complaint this remedy has been equally successful. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. m

Ladies,
Are you suffering from weakness? Is your complexion sallow? Do you have a constant backache? Are you constipated? Do you feel all tired out? If you have any of these feelings, begin at once to use Dr. Hale's Household Tea. It will give you a clear complexion, will restore you to health and strength and will make you feel like a new person. Get it to-day at Williams, Bell & Co.'s.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
cured by the use of
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
Tones the system, makes the weak strong.
Cures Others will cure you.

PILE-SALVE. BETTON'S.
A POSITIVE CURE OF PILES.
IN USE OVER 40 YEARS. SIMPLE. EFFECTIVE. WONDERFUL.
50c. PER BOX.
Highest TESTIMONIALS.
At Druggists or Mailed on Receipt of Price.
WINKELMANN & BROWN Drug Co. Props. Baltimore, Md.

KOPFALINE The Great German Headache Cure will cure nervous, sick, malarial and all forms of headache. People who have suffered, say it is a God's blessing to mankind. Pleasant to use. No bad effects. Cure certain and quick. For sale by druggists, or by mail 25cts.
WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.
FOR HEADACHE

RIPANS TABULES
REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS, AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.
A RELIABLE REMEDY FOR
Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.
Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Pleasant to take, safe, effectual. Give immediate relief.
Sold by druggists. A trial bottle sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents. Address
THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO.
10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ESTABLISHED 1866. CAVEATS. TRADE MARKS. DESIGNS. COPYRIGHTS.
PATENTS
We give special attention to cases rejected in other hands, also to interferences, appeals, reissues, trade-marks, the preparation of opinion as to infringement, scope and validity of patents, and the prosecution and defense of suits for infringement. Our book of instructions, terms, references, etc., sent free.
EDSON BROTHERS, Equitable Building, 1003 F St., Washington, D. C.
Send three stamps for postage on handsome illustrated booklet, "Inventive Poetry," publisher's price 25 cents, and our quarto-centennial pamphlet for inventors, manufacturers and patentees.
(Mention this paper.)

Sellers' Liver Pills.
Act Directly on the Liver.
CURES CHILLS AND FEVER, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUS COLIC, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, PILES, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, DIZZINESS, TORPID LIVER, COATED TONGUE, SLEEPLESSNESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH. If you do not "feel very well," a single pill at bed-time stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.
They cure all diseases like magic. Get the right kind, SELLERS' LIVER PILLS. Sold by druggists. Send for circular.
SELLERS MEDICINE CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

MONEY can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new lead brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment—we teach you FREE. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

TABLER'S BUCKEYE PILE OINTMENT
CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.
A SURE and CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.
Prepared by RICHARDSON-TAYLOR MED. CO., ST. LOUIS.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D. Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

HOW I EARNED AN ISLAND.

Enterprising Young Man: True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I purchased an island and built a small summer hotel. If I do be successful at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money. True & Co., shall we instruct and start you, reader? If we do, and if you work industriously, you will in due time be able to buy an island and build a hotel, if you wish to. Money can be earned at our new line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new lead brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment—we teach you FREE. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are, and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.