

A Drop of Ink
Makes Millions Think

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

HAVE YOU PAID THE GATE FEE?
Fifty-two Entertainments
ADMISSION, - - \$1.25 PER YEAR!

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1894.

NO. 25.

Do You Expect to Become a Mother?
"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
Makes Childbirth Easy.
Assists Nature, Lessens Danger and Shortens Labor.
"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with her other children than she did all together with her last, after having used four bottles of 'MOTHER'S FRIEND,'" says a customer.—HARRISON, DALE, FRUGGIE, CAROL, III.
Sent by express, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle, charges prepaid. Book of 100 mothers' testimonials, containing valuable information, sold by all Druggists.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
ATLANTA, GA.

B. L. KELLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

H. F. MATTHEWS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FORDSVILLE, KY.

W. H. BARNES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

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

Glenn & Wedding,
LAWYERS,
HARTFORD, KY.

Massie & Hayward,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Hartford, Kentucky.

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

Guffy & Ringo,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Hartford, Kentucky.

F. L. FELIX,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Hartford, Ky.

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

J. B. WILSON,
COUNTY SURVEYOR
And Notary Public for Ohio County.

J. R. PIRTLE,
DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

J. H. WHITE,
DENTIST,
HARTFORD, KY.

A BIG BED OF CEMENT

WAS GERONIMO'S GRAVE FOR FOUR CENTURIES.

The Remarkable Discovery of a Religious Martyr's Body in a Big Block of Concrete at Algiers.

SOME OTHER EXAMPLES.

[New York World.]

The marvelous way in which the silent forces of nature preserve and make records of human deeds and actions, wrongs imperishable, has just been illustrated at Algiers. A way back in the year 1250 a poor lad known as Geronimo became a convert to the Christian faith, and with many suffered martyrdom rather than deny his religion.

The records of the persecution are scant enough, but it so happened that a good monk of that day, struck with pity, wrote an account of the death of the friendless and brave boy, Geronimo, which account has come down to us. From this narrative we learn that the victim, after having been tortured and vilified, and refusing to recant, was thrown alive into a bed of soft cement, where he sank out of sight and perished in a fearful manner, disappearing as his persecutors believed, forever from the world. It is worth noting that the good Spanish monk appended to his narrative a sort of prayer that God will some day bring forth from the earth this poor body from its shameful resting place and give it over to the Christian world to be honored with the other martyrs who died for the faith.

Now comes the curious sequel to this story. Three hundred years have passed. The world has forgotten poor Geronimo, and the French have occupied Algiers. It seems that the bed of cement into which Geronimo was flung hardened into an enormous block, which in the sixteenth century was built into the foundations of the old fort in Algiers. In demolishing this fort the French came upon the block, and an accidental fracture revealed the fate of the martyr.

Plaster of Paris was run into the mold and a perfect reproduction of the body as it appeared at the time of his death was obtained. So accurate is this cast, that not only the texture of his garments and the cords that bound his hands behind him, but the death agony of suffocation, the distended muscles and the protruding eye-balls are all shown, and even the soft filaments of his hair and silky eye-lashes.

This strange reproduction has been set up with honors at the Cathedral of St. Philippe, where it has attracted the attention of the devout strangers from all lands, and thus has the Spanish monk's prayer been answered after many years.

Similar casts, as is well known, have been taken from the ashes of Pompeii, restoring for us the very expressions of the dying victims who were smothered in the ashes of the eruption. Readers of obscure historic traditions will also recall the fate of Oeic, the slave who was buried alive in the sands of the upper Tiber by Commodus and dug out two hundred years after by the monks who here hadling sand for the convent of St. Joseph. Layard came across similar impressions in the sands of the Syrian desert. All of which only show us the inclination (if such a word is allowable) of Nature's forces to preserve a record of human events in her secret laboratory.

Mr. Frank Buckland in his "Curiosities of Natural History" records one of the most extraordinary examples of this kind. He was prospecting somewhere in a valley in Wales, and came across a flat, striated stone several feet square that baffled him. It lay partly imbedded in what appeared to have been at some time the path of a stream. It was composed of black and gray lines, six black lines and a gray in regular series, only broken into here and there by gray lines suddenly appearing in the middle of the series of six.

He took this stone to the British Museum, and the geologists and mineralogists gave it up in despair. Then Mr. Buckland went back to Wales and set to work to explore the whole valley. He found at last that a hundred years before there had been on the stream, a Nile above the resting-place of the stone, an old dyeing works. It had run and colored the water six working days and rested on the seventh, and nature had been keeping tally at the bottom of the stream, even marking the holidays in the middle of the week.

The following extract is from the private letter of a visitor in Algiers, who

was the cast of Geronimo set up in the cathedral: "In company with the two or three hundred Catholic priests and officials, I stared at this strange effigy, which seemed like a terrible record of man's inhumanity and the indomitable spirit of the early martyrs. The marvelous accuracy of all the markings on the body—the convulsive distention of the muscles, the almost starting evidence of agony—produced an effect quite different from that one experiences when looking at the Laocoon, for instance, for every detail of this cruel statue records a fact.

"Great reverence and awe are shown by the people who come to look at the cast, and it has been made the object of much church mummery. Applications have been made to the authorities for permission to make duplicates for the museums in Berlin and London; but I believe the requests have been refused in every case, not from a feeling of reverence, but from a desire to retain the exclusive use of a curiosity, which is pretty sure to add to the church revenues."

Happy days and restful nights result from using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It so regulates all the bodily functions and strengthens the nervous system that weary and fatigued are comparatively unknown and life is truly enjoyed. It is certainly a most wonderful medicine.

The Sweetest Thing on Earth.
[Baltimore Times.]
The sweetest, purest thing in all the world is a pure girl when she is just emerging from the daisy and violet field of youth and blushing into all the beauty of womanhood. Standing thus in her purity, she moves more as a thing of heaven than of earth, and all heaven contains nothing that ought to be more sacred from the touch of the spoiler. But the earth is not heaven, and that which good people would not hedge about as sacred, thousands of evil-hearted men would trample down into the mire of earth and froe of hell. Let the parents who know this and who see their daughter stepping out of their arms in all the radiance of girlish ripening womanhood, look more closely to the safety and purity of their jewels. Let the girls, too, listen more faithfully to the low-toned monitor of delicate instinct that nature has placed in every pure woman's breast, and not trust as far as that seemeth so, and there will be fewer girls and women daily falling to a depth that is below and beyond even the kindness of death.

Dove's Bullet-Proof Armor.
[London.]
Herr Dove's new bullet-proof coat is exciting the keenest interest among European governments. It threatens to revolutionize the science of warfare, and as preparation for war is the chief concern of many European governments, the importance to them of the invention cannot be exaggerated.

Several tests have been made and they have established the fact that the coat renders the human body invulnerable to the deadliest of modern small arms.

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

A BRUTAL MURDERER WHO WAS BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

Tragic Episode in the Early History of the Crescent City -- Fate of the Jealous Tailor, Sieur Jean.

STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The Place d'Armes in New Orleans, in its varied and checkered history as a place of execution, has had many victims—some condemned by man's justice—some by injustice, and cruelly. But I do not know whether its precincts ever witnessed a taking of human life around which gather more singular circumstances than the execution which deprived a man, whom I shall designate by the name of Sieur Jean, of his existence. For, if Sieur Jean's crime was in some respects without parallel, so, also, was the sentence of the law in his case most unusual and terrible one, for Sieur Jean expiated his crime by being broken on the wheel in front of the present Cathedral, which in its 69 years of existence has looked upon many historic scenes before fire swept it away.

About the middle of the last century, when the street in this city called Bayou road was in reality a country road leading from the town to the Bayou St. John, passing in a part of its length through the uninclosed swamp that lay beyond Barreny street, occurred the tragic episode whereby Sieur Jean, having taken a human life, or caused the death of a fellow-being, in anger, was himself called to a court by justice and was compelled to surrender his own life under circumstances fraught with great physical anguish—perhaps, however, not greater than those endured by his victim.

Sieur Jean was a tailor by avocation, and his humble dwelling and workshop combined stood near a patch of swamp on the side of this old Bayou road, not far from the line of the present Clairborn street. He was handy with scissors, needle and thread, and he enjoyed a fair custom in the comparatively small community that at that time constituted the population of New Orleans. In his labors he was

ASSISTED BY HIS WIFE, OF whom tradition, upon the textimony of which this true story is written, relates that she was young and of more than ordinary beauty. Fatal charms were those possessed by Mme. Jean, for, like the beauty of Helen of Troy, only sorrow and woe were to spring from them.

It is to be presumed that even if their dwelling often was the abode of want and privation, Sieur and Mme Jean lived a life of conjugal happiness in that lonely little house on the roadside, listening to the twitter of the birds during the day and in the night to the cry of the solitary owl and the croaking of the frogs in the marsh and swamps near by.

One day a customer—an officer of the city troops—strolled along the Bayou road from the town and entered Sieur Jean's modest home.

"Sieur Jean," said this officer, "there is a rent in my coat which I wish to have repaired. Can you attend to it at once?"

At the request of Sieur Jean the officer took off his coat and handed it to the tailor.

"I can repair it in five minutes," said Sieur Jean, after examining it. "Monsieur need not be delayed longer than a few minutes."

While the tailor was busy in mending the rent in the coat the officer entered into conversation with Mme. Jean, who chanced to be present. Perhaps it would have been better for her to be outside at the moment mending the cow or attending to some other household duty, for then the officer might not have had the opportunity of conversing with her, and in this way, of becoming acquainted with her. But who can guard against the inevitable, and in this case it was one of those unexpected events which seem to intervene so frequently in the affairs of life. The officer could not have failed to notice what so many others before him had admitted—and that was that Mme. Jean was a

VERY PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN. He even ventured before leaving the house with his repaired coat on his back, to compliment Sieur Jean on the charms, mental and physical, of his vivacious helpmeet. The tailor shrugged his shoulders and smiled deprecatingly. Mme. Jean smiled also, but it was because she was pleased with the officer's flattering words. Then the officer paid over to Sieur Jean the few sous that were the charge for repairing the coat, shook hands with Mme. Jean, and with a friendly "au revoir" took his departure on his return to town.

The officer's "au revoir" meant something more than an ordinary parting verbal commonplace. After that day his strolls frequently extended along the Bayou road, and as a "friend of the family" on nearly every promenade in that direction, he was accustomed to drop in at the little cottage and chat with its occupants. It was in the day of M. de Vaudrou, Governor of the colony of Louisiana—he who was termed by his admirers "le grand Marquis," and who instituted in the surroundings of his residence, at his entertainments

HE TRUSTED IN THE LORD.

[New York Herald.]

Vernon Brown, a farmer living near Otego, N. Y., who had been bedridden for years, has suddenly been restored to health and strength through the faith cure. While working in a field he was suddenly stricken with a peculiar malady which has ever since baffled the skill of physicians. He was instantly deprived of the use of arms and lower limbs, and since that time has been confined to his bed, entirely dependent upon his family and the neighbors for daily care. While in this invalid state, Mr. Brown has spent much time in reading the Bible and religious works.

Several faith curists have visited him and earnestly sought to induce the invalid to exercise faith in his own behalf. At first he was not inclined to accept their doctrines, although a professed Christian, but gradually his mind has undergone a change, and on Tuesday he surprised his family by declaring: "I have become convinced that God is about to work a miracle in my case and restore me once more to health and strength."

"What makes you think so?" queried a member of the family.

"The Spirit has revealed it to me," said he, "and there can be no mistake about it. Besides, it is the Bible doctrine that God heals physical infirmities in answer to prayer."

"When do you expect this miracle to be performed?" was anxiously asked.

"To-morrow forenoon," was the confident answer, "and then we will have a heart praise service."

Wednesday morning dawned bright and fair. The noonday meal was finished and the family of the afflicted man bowed about his bedside in prayer, in company with a neighbor, who was present by invitation.

"Lord," said Brown, "I believe that Thou dost now perform the work and I will arise trusting in Thee."

Then he raised himself unassisted from his bed and sat upon the edge of it. Then, to the astonishment of all who walked to a couch on the opposite side of the room, and in less than five minutes more he was praising God for the miracle that he was cured. Last evening he walked slowly out of doors for the first time in five years.

SPECIMEN CASES.
S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected, and he was suffering from general debility, and he was very feeble and nervous. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters, and the sore was cured. Brocken's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle of Electric Bitters cured him entirely. Sold by Williams & Bell, Hartford; R. T. Taylor, Beaver Dam.

A Distinction Defined.
[Henderson Gleaser.]
The poet Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, and by writing a few lines on it, make it worth about \$5,000—that's genius. Vanderbilt could write a few words on a piece of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000—that's capital. The United States can take an ounce and a quarter of gold and stamp on an "eagle bird," and make it worth \$20—that's money. The mechanic can take material worth \$5 and make it into a watch worth \$100—that's skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1—that's business. A woman can purchase a comfortable bonnet for \$5.75, but she prefers one that costs \$27—that's foolishness. The farm laborer can follow a plow all day in the hot boiling sun for \$15 per month—that's fighting. The city sport can fish all day long with a \$40 fishing tackle, and at night buy a string of fish caught by the barefooted urchin on a nickel line—that's fun. The ditch digger works ten hours a day and shovels three or four tons of earth for \$2—that's labor. An "enterprising" citizen can take a newspaper for ten years without paying, and then send it back marked "refused" because it said something he didn't like—that's gall.

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is different from all other cough remedies. It cures by allaying the inflammation and giving tone, strength, vigor and vitality to the respiratory organs. Guaranteed by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Dr. M. J. Davis is a prominent physician of Lewis, Cass county, Iowa, and has been actively engaged in the practice of medicine at that place for over thirty-five years. On the 30th of May, while in Des Moines, en route to Chicago, he was suddenly taken with an attack of diarrhoea. Having sold Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for the past seventeen years, and knowing its reliability, he procured a 35 cent bottle, two doses of which completely cured him. The excitement and change of water and diet incident to traveling often produce a diarrhoea. Every one should procure a bottle of this Remedy before leaving home. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

A BRUTAL MURDERER WHO WAS BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

Tragic Episode in the Early History of the Crescent City -- Fate of the Jealous Tailor, Sieur Jean.

STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The Place d'Armes in New Orleans, in its varied and checkered history as a place of execution, has had many victims—some condemned by man's justice—some by injustice, and cruelly. But I do not know whether its precincts ever witnessed a taking of human life around which gather more singular circumstances than the execution which deprived a man, whom I shall designate by the name of Sieur Jean, of his existence. For, if Sieur Jean's crime was in some respects without parallel, so, also, was the sentence of the law in his case most unusual and terrible one, for Sieur Jean expiated his crime by being broken on the wheel in front of the present Cathedral, which in its 69 years of existence has looked upon many historic scenes before fire swept it away.

About the middle of the last century, when the street in this city called Bayou road was in reality a country road leading from the town to the Bayou St. John, passing in a part of its length through the uninclosed swamp that lay beyond Barreny street, occurred the tragic episode whereby Sieur Jean, having taken a human life, or caused the death of a fellow-being, in anger, was himself called to a court by justice and was compelled to surrender his own life under circumstances fraught with great physical anguish—perhaps, however, not greater than those endured by his victim.

Sieur Jean was a tailor by avocation, and his humble dwelling and workshop combined stood near a patch of swamp on the side of this old Bayou road, not far from the line of the present Clairborn street. He was handy with scissors, needle and thread, and he enjoyed a fair custom in the comparatively small community that at that time constituted the population of New Orleans. In his labors he was

ASSISTED BY HIS WIFE, OF whom tradition, upon the textimony of which this true story is written, relates that she was young and of more than ordinary beauty. Fatal charms were those possessed by Mme. Jean, for, like the beauty of Helen of Troy, only sorrow and woe were to spring from them.

It is to be presumed that even if their dwelling often was the abode of want and privation, Sieur and Mme Jean lived a life of conjugal happiness in that lonely little house on the roadside, listening to the twitter of the birds during the day and in the night to the cry of the solitary owl and the croaking of the frogs in the marsh and swamps near by.

One day a customer—an officer of the city troops—strolled along the Bayou road from the town and entered Sieur Jean's modest home.

"Sieur Jean," said this officer, "there is a rent in my coat which I wish to have repaired. Can you attend to it at once?"

At the request of Sieur Jean the officer took off his coat and handed it to the tailor.

"I can repair it in five minutes," said Sieur Jean, after examining it. "Monsieur need not be delayed longer than a few minutes."

While the tailor was busy in mending the rent in the coat the officer entered into conversation with Mme. Jean, who chanced to be present. Perhaps it would have been better for her to be outside at the moment mending the cow or attending to some other household duty, for then the officer might not have had the opportunity of conversing with her, and in this way, of becoming acquainted with her. But who can guard against the inevitable, and in this case it was one of those unexpected events which seem to intervene so frequently in the affairs of life. The officer could not have failed to notice what so many others before him had admitted—and that was that Mme. Jean was a

VERY PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN. He even ventured before leaving the house with his repaired coat on his back, to compliment Sieur Jean on the charms, mental and physical, of his vivacious helpmeet. The tailor shrugged his shoulders and smiled deprecatingly. Mme. Jean smiled also, but it was because she was pleased with the officer's flattering words. Then the officer paid over to Sieur Jean the few sous that were the charge for repairing the coat, shook hands with Mme. Jean, and with a friendly "au revoir" took his departure on his return to town.

The officer's "au revoir" meant something more than an ordinary parting verbal commonplace. After that day his strolls frequently extended along the Bayou road, and as a "friend of the family" on nearly every promenade in that direction, he was accustomed to drop in at the little cottage and chat with its occupants. It was in the day of M. de Vaudrou, Governor of the colony of Louisiana—he who was termed by his admirers "le grand Marquis," and who instituted in the surroundings of his residence, at his entertainments

A TERRIBLE EXPIATION.

A BRUTAL MURDERER WHO WAS BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

Tragic Episode in the Early History of the Crescent City -- Fate of the Jealous Tailor, Sieur Jean.

STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

The Place d'Armes in New Orleans, in its varied and checkered history as a place of execution, has had many victims—some condemned by man's justice—some by injustice, and cruelly. But I do not know whether its precincts ever witnessed a taking of human life around which gather more singular circumstances than the execution which deprived a man, whom I shall designate by the name of Sieur Jean, of his existence. For, if Sieur Jean's crime was in some respects without parallel, so, also, was the sentence of the law in his case most unusual and terrible one, for Sieur Jean expiated his crime by being broken on the wheel in front of the present Cathedral, which in its 69 years of existence has looked upon many historic scenes before fire swept it away.

About the middle of the last century, when the street in this city called Bayou road was in reality a country road leading from the town to the Bayou St. John, passing in a part of its length through the uninclosed swamp that lay beyond Barreny street, occurred the tragic episode whereby Sieur Jean, having taken a human life, or caused the death of a fellow-being, in anger, was himself called to a court by justice and was compelled to surrender his own life under circumstances fraught with great physical anguish—perhaps, however, not greater than those endured by his victim.

Sieur Jean was a tailor by avocation, and his humble dwelling and workshop combined stood near a patch of swamp on the side of this old Bayou road, not far from the line of the present Clairborn street. He was handy with scissors, needle and thread, and he enjoyed a fair custom in the comparatively small community that at that time constituted the population of New Orleans. In his labors he was

ASSISTED BY HIS WIFE, OF whom tradition, upon the textimony of which this true story is written, relates that she was young and of more than ordinary beauty. Fatal charms were those possessed by Mme. Jean, for, like the beauty of Helen of Troy, only sorrow and woe were to spring from them.

It is to be presumed that even if their dwelling often was the abode of want and privation, Sieur and Mme Jean lived a life of conjugal happiness in that lonely little house on the roadside, listening to the twitter of the birds during the day and in the night to the cry of the solitary owl and the croaking of the frogs in the marsh and swamps near by.

One day a customer—an officer of the city troops—strolled along the Bayou road from the town and entered Sieur Jean's modest home.

"Sieur Jean," said this officer, "there is a rent in my coat which I wish to have repaired. Can you attend to it at once?"

At the request of Sieur Jean the officer took off his coat and handed it to the tailor.

"I can repair it in five minutes," said Sieur Jean, after examining it. "Monsieur need not be delayed longer than a few minutes."

While the tailor was busy in mending the rent in the coat the officer entered into conversation with Mme. Jean, who chanced to be present. Perhaps it would have been better for her to be outside at the moment mending the cow or attending to some other household duty, for then the officer might not have had the opportunity of conversing with her, and in this way, of becoming acquainted with her. But who can guard against the inevitable, and in this case it was one of those unexpected events which seem to intervene so frequently in the affairs of life. The officer could not have failed to notice what so many others before him had admitted—and that was that Mme. Jean was a

VERY PRETTY LITTLE WOMAN. He even ventured before leaving the house with his repaired coat on his back, to compliment Sieur Jean on the charms, mental and physical, of his vivacious helpmeet. The tailor shrugged his shoulders and smiled deprecatingly. Mme. Jean smiled also, but it was because she was pleased with the officer's flattering words. Then the officer paid over to Sieur Jean the few sous that were the charge for repairing the coat, shook hands with Mme. Jean, and with a friendly "au revoir" took his departure on his return to town.

The officer's "au revoir" meant something more than an ordinary parting verbal commonplace. After that day his strolls frequently extended along the Bayou road, and as a "friend of the family" on nearly every promenade in that direction, he was accustomed to drop in at the little cottage and chat with its occupants. It was in the day of M. de Vaudrou, Governor of the colony of Louisiana—he who was termed by his admirers "le grand Marquis," and who instituted in the surroundings of his residence, at his entertainments

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

For him the gloom and the solitude were infinitely greater than were the gloom and the solitude which sat the tailor and his frightened wife, with her, staring eyes fixed upon her husband with her face of agony, and with that horrible impulse to scream throttled in her throat. In those hours that intervened until she drew Mme. Jean seemed to have lost all her beauty.

When the clear light of day broke upon the scene of the Bayou road tragedy, certain early passers-by, on their way to or coming from the town, were shocked to observe the spectacle of the officer bound to the tree and with his body covered with the still swarming mosquitoes. It was useless to try to drive them away from their unwanted feast, for when this was attempted enough was revealed in the sight of the livid and swollen body and face to understand that the man who had suffered the torment was suffering no more. It was only needed to give the town authorities information of the case, and this was done

AS SPEEDILY AS POSSIBLE. The tradition concerning this Bayou road incident, as it has reached me, does not say whether Sieur Jean made any effort either to escape the law or to evade the penalties attached to so heinous a crime. But it is probable that he did not attempt to seek safety in flight, for a man who would gratify his revenge in so public and conspicuous a manner, with every evidence pointing to himself as the perpetrator of the deed, must have made up his mind in advance to abide by the consequences of his offense.

Before an hour had elapsed from the time of the discovery of the crime, sufficient proof—even if his own admission of guilt were lacking—having been obtained against him, Sieur Jean was a prisoner in the town jail. In due course of time a trial was had in the case, and the sentence, as the tradition relates, was that he should be broken on the wheel. This method of punishing criminals was rarely adopted even in those days, and it was resorted to only in cases of specially heinous crimes. The fate of the officer, and the cruelty of exposing him to be put to death by the sting of mosquitoes, combined to render the tragedy a memory of horror in the community.

The Place d'Armes was selected as the locality in which Sieur Jean should make his expiation. In pursuance of the sentence he was bound firmly to a large wheel, and the public executioner, with a bar of iron, dealt him blows that broke all the bones of his body, causing his death in a few minutes. Damien, who stabbed Louis XV. of France, in 1777, a few years later, suffered a death which was perhaps even more revolting than that which deprived Sieur Jean of his life. He was torn to pieces by horses in the Place de Greve, in Paris.

The original narrator of this episode of the middle of the last century was a woman who, in the year 1815, was about 80 years of age. As a girl of 10 or 12 she was accustomed to take to the prisoners in jail their daily meals. As Sieur Jean was one of those to whom she thus carried meals while he was an inmate of the jail, she remembered very well through a long life the peculiar circumstances attached to his crime and execution. Several years ago I was told of these circumstances by one to whom she had related them 80 years ago.

To say something is one thing; to prove it is another. We can't prove that Dr. Bell's Fine Tar Honey is the best cough remedy on earth unless you will try it. If you do this and don't agree with us, you can get your money back. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Are you insured? If not, now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as an insurance against any serious results from an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It is almost certain to be needed and should be procured at once. No other remedy can take its place or do its work. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Now Why Is It?
[Boston News.]
A woman may wear her hat knocked into any shape, or knocked entirely out of shape, and nobody indulges in any insinuations. Everybody says it is perfectly lovely. But if a man wears his hat a little on one side of his head or goes around with his headgear knocked in, everyone thinks he is a tough or else has been cultivating a "jag." Why is this thus?

ANYWHERE! EVERYWHERE!
SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS—ON SALE AT THE Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern RAILROAD.
To the Springs and Mountains of Virginia, To the Lakes and Woods of the North, To the Seashore and the Ocean, TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS—IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
AS WELL AS TO THE Pleasant Spots near Home: GRAYSON SPRINGS, DAWSON SPRINGS, CHITTENDEN SPRINGS, CHERULEAN SPRINGS, Famous for their Social, Healthful, and Economic Advantages.
LOCAL SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS are on sale between all stations within a distance of fifty miles, and WEEK END TICKETS will be sold to Louisville, Memphis, and Paducah, from points in the vicinity of those cities.
Rates, schedules and all information regarding a trip in any direction will be furnished on application to any agent of the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R. and any one requiring books, pamphlets or any advertising matter, describing any particular resort or resorts, can procure same by writing to any of the following:
I. T. DONOVAN, Gen'l. Agt., DEPT. 10, BALTIMORE, MD.
T. B. LYNCH, Gen'l. Agt., DEPT. 10, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
C. J. GRANBER, Gen'l. Agt., DEPT. 10, LOUISVILLE, KY.

IVORY SOAP
99% PURE
DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CANTL.