Hartford Weekly Herald.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

LOVE STREAMS.

Like a swollen brook in springtime,
Foaming, sparkling, laughing, gay,
Onward keeps impetuous passion
Day by day.
Mother Nature sets the fashion—
All obey.

Like a winding stream in summer,
Broad and deep and calm and clear,
Onward flows love's mighty current
Year by year.
Mother Nature, all inherent,
Guides us here.

Like a vast unfathomed ocean,
Swelling, throbbing, ever free,
Onward drifts love's tide immortal
O'er life's sea,
Sweeping on toward heaven's portal
You and me.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

A PLAINS ROMANCE.

I heard the story from Jerry Madden, Teddy's present partner in the cattle business, a couple of years ago, as we sat in the shade of the ranchhouse one afternoon.

"Why Teddy don't drink and likewise swears quite few?" he asked in response to a query of mine. "That! Sho' 'e hain't tuk nothin f'r most 12 'r 13 year, 'count o' his kid. 'Married?' Oh, no, none whatever. They hain't no heifer gits Teddy, not much. 'Why?' Give it up. Mebbe you c'n tell me?

"Ted was ridin along one day—'tis 13 year ago—ridin clost by th' railroad track one evenin, feelin kind o' sore an disgusted like, when, all of a suddent, 'e sees somethin funny trottin along th' track. Ted stops an wipes 'is eyes an gazes a hull lot more, 'cause what 'e seen wa'n't nothin like what we finds round this yere patch o' brush. None whatever. Moreovermore, Ted 'd be'n tankin up quite plenty that day, 'e had, an was dead leary o' what might be th' matter of 'is peeps. But 'e rubs 'em quite a lot more, an I hope I may straddle th' 'ghost bronc' of there wa'n't th' purtiest little maverick ye ever see—little girl 'bout 5 year old—browsin along th' track, lookin lost.

"Course Ted rides up an asts who she is an what she's doin there, all alone, with 'er purty face an han's an elegant clo'es, but she couldn't tell 'im. Jes' bu'st out cryin an kep' a cryin, an 'twa'n't f'r a day 'r so we c'd even guess at 'er bein there, 'cause she was tongue tied 'r somethin an couldn't say but a few words, pore little thing. But we gits at it th't 'er name's Norah, we does, an th't she draps off a train jes' b'fore she sights Ted ('r 'im, her).

"That little heifer was a beaut, she sho' was, an twa'n't more'n two days 'fore we all was ready t' d' most anything f'r her—me an Ted an ole lady Parry (th' boss' wife) an all th' rest, an dam' ef I don't b'lieve we wa'n't real glad 'stead o' sorry when we fin's out they don't seem t' be no one lookin f'r such a maverick—'cause we advertised, o' course, t' git 'er folks. But we gits no word, not a bloomin shout, so Ted jes' bran's th' kid f'r his'n an pr'ceeds t' raise 'er (think o' Ted, which th' same never raised nothin but hell b'fore, raisin that little, tender gyurl!), Mrs. Parry takin care of 'er f'r awhile.

"Well, Ted was jes' th' funniest cow hand I ever backs up ag'in. Ye wouldn't 'a' knowed 'im. Ted was a howlin wolf—a reg'lar ole hyena b'fore that—but after th' kid comes 'e braces right up an gits good, none o' th' gang objectin, 'cause they savvies why 'e does it.

"After th' kid was 'bout 9 'r 10 years old we all don't get t' see much of 'er, 'cause Ted, havin laid up some dough, sends 'er off 't' school. 'She's a sho' 'nough thor'ughbred, she is,' says Teddy, an she gits no scrub trainin. Sabe?

"That goes, o' course, an th' kid likewise goes t' school, comin back once a year lookin sweeter an purtier 'an ever an we all, mostly Ted, willin t' lay right down an let 'er tromp on our measly ole flea bit frames. Oh, she was jes' like Ted prognosticates on th' jump—a sho' 'nough thor'ughbird.

"Tell ye what she does one time 'bout two years ago. They was livin 't th' station, her'n Ted an Mrs. Bell, th' woman th't give th' gyurl lessons, an one day some eastern folks gits off th' train lookin f'r Mr. McLenman, which is Ted sence 'e gits intuh business for 'isself. They was a real nice lookin, fat ole girl, with spectacles with handles to em, an a dood with one o' these yere foolish little caps ye sees through th' winduhs o' th' sleepin cars.

"Ted an Norah was at th' deepo lookin f'r some school frien's o' the gyurl's, when these folks gits off, an some one points Ted out, an th' dood braces 'im.

"'Aw, me good man,' says 'e, takin sight at Ted over th' end of 'is nose, 'aw, are you Mister McLenman?'

"Ted's a good man—no discount on that—but 'e does sho' hate t' be called one, moreover by a dood, which critter is quite rousin t' Ted's killin instinc's—but 'e gives it out th't his brand is sech, an th' dood springs 'is game on 'im, which is th't 'e an ole lady is lookin f'r Norah Somethin 'r other, which is th' name o' th' kid th't falls off a train one day 10 years 'r so b'fore—our Norah, sho' 'nough.

"They was a su'prise all round, they was. Then Norah takes a hand an flies 't th' ole girl an asts why she didn't find 'er then, an they gives it out th't they never saw Ted's advertisement, an all that, an never learns where she is ontell they lately runs onto Mrs. Parry somewheres out west. They likewise makes a play th't Ted had stole th' kid. Th' ole lady was goin t' fall on Norah's neck an weep a lot, but Norah don't like that style o' play, so she gives 'er a chill, an, moreover, gives it out cold th't she don't move a step—th't she stays with Ted, th't's be'n a reg'lar dad to 'er.

"An she staid, you bet, an Ted was th' tickledest ole stiff in th' country, t' think she'd rather flock with him th'n t' train wi' them howlin swells. They makes no further play, thinkin, mebbe, th't Norah's temper's pretty high up.

"Ev'rything's real lovely ontell a little while ago—last year it was. Things got a little excitin round yere—real excitin f'r some folks, I may say. They was a few gents in these parts was gettin quite frisky with brandin irons, an was real careless 'bout drivin off beef critters. They was real retirin, modest kind o' people, they was, even ef they was talented in th' brandin line, an we was quite anxious t' meet up with 'em, but they lays pretty low. We gits two 'r three of 'em strayin round, but they keep sawin wood an makin us real tired, so we goes t' work an organizes a vigilance c'mmittee, with Ted as chairman.

"They was a young feller 't th' station then, named Harwood. 'E'd come fr'm somewheres, an give it out 'e was a doctor, a little out o' health 'isself—'e didn't look it, though, bein a big, husky sort o' chap. 'E hangs out 'is shingle an gits a leetle acquainted, an then makes a dead play f'r Norah, w'ich seems t' go all right, Norah lettin on t' like th' duck quite plenty. Oh, but 'e was sho' spoony on her. Th' wust was, we was thinkin th' gyurl was stuck on him, too, an it did sho' give us a pain, 'cause we didn't want no bloomin chump friskin round Ted's corral cuttin out Norah. An still this yere feller seems white an decent, an 'twas square onpossible t' hate 'im, none whatever. So, when 'e offrs t' join th' c'mmittee, we says yes, o' course. 'E wa'n't a real tenderfoot, ye know, an acted like 'e had sand.

"Well, we keeps up th' good work an ropes a few gents, an they gits quite a lot careful, but keeps on workin. Then, one night, when Ted was out yere, an we was settin up late, we hears a noise among th' home hosses in th' corral, an I says, 'O-ho! they're goin intuh th' hoss business, too, are they?' an me'n Ted breaks f'r th' corral.

"They was five of 'em, but we was ont f'r business an cuts loose, an they don't wait t' pick up th' cuss we drapped, an I'll eat a rawhide ef it wa'n't Harwood!

"I was f'r killin of 'im clean, right there, but Ted wouldn't have it, 'e wouldn't, so we takes 'im intuh th' house an brings 'im round, not so bad hurt, after all. He wants us t' finish th' job, 'fraid, mebbe, we're savin of 'im t' string up some, but Ted only grins a little, sort o' sour, an tells him t' keep quiet.

"Next day me'n Ted hol's a meetin, we does, an settles th' case, an that night we g es t' th' c'mmittee meetin at Jeb Barlow's, where Ted gits up an makes a game o' talk. Says 'e:

"'Gents, I an my pardner, Mr. Madden, has made a real techin discovery. I hain't no greater talker, but I jes' wants t' say th't we find th't Doc Harwood, a member o' this yere hon'r'ble body, is one o' th' gents we want mostest, an'——

"'Right yere they gits excited, but Ted calls 'em down an goes on tellin 'em how we gits Doc, an so on. Then says 'e:

"'I wants t' add right yere th't Doc Harwood is at my house hurt bad, an as long as 'e's there I stand over 'im an keeps 'im fr'm harm. An I adds further th't I don't do this b'cause 'I'm stuck on Doc, but b'cause him an my little girl is stuck on each other. Now, gents, I want t' make a offer. Ye can't have Doc 'thout gittin me an breakin little Norah's heart, but I agrees t' pack th' gaboot off t' th' States an guarantee 'e stays ther' ef you all lets 'im go. Does that go?'

"It went O. K. after some rag chewin. So in a few days Doc glides back t' th' States.

"Nope. Norah didn't go—not any. Ted goes t' her an gives it out th't Doc's b'n hurt by hoss thieves an has got t' slide home. Does she want to go?

"Right yere Norah gives 'im th' merry 'ha ha!' Not much. She don't want t' go. 'Not with no hoss thief anyway, Uncle Teddy,' she says.

"'Hoss thief?' says Ted. 'What d'ye mean b' that?'

"'Mean what I say,' says Norah. 'Never mind, Uncle Teddy, I knows what I'm 'ludin at.'

"Ted sees she's on, an it sort o' razzles 'im. 'But look here,' says 'e. 'I be'n thinkin you—you sort o'—well, liked th' cuss a hull lot.'

"'None at all, Uncle Teddy,' says Norah real promptly. 'I was jes' only havin a leetle fun with 'im. It's dull out yere sometimes, ye know.'

"This yere makes Ted feel a hull lot better, 'cause—'cause, ye see, th' ole fool was ('e tells me all about it) sort o' havin aspirations 'isself.

"About a week after Doc left Norah comes t' Teddy one mornin smilin an blushin an kerryin a letter. Ted was settin lookin out th' window, real sol emn an sad, wonderin, jes' that minute, of 'twas a squar' deal an right an straight, f'r t' ask th't leetle gyurl t' marry him. Th't there proposition was what'd be'n keepin pore ole Ted awake f'r nights an nights, an he was sho' puzzled. 'Bout yere Norah bounces in on 'im an makes 'im jump.

"'Oh, Uncle Teddy,' says she, 'I wants ye t' do somethin f'r Norah.'

"Ted looks at 'er real solemn a minute an then says more solemn:

"'Ye know they hain't nothin t' ask fer th't I won't do f'r ye,' 'e says. 'W'y, see yere, Norah, darlin, can't ye onderstand th't I'——

"'Oh, I know, ye dear ole goose,' says Norah, breakin of 'is talk off short. 'But hain't this great? I've just got a letter fr'm Alec'——

"'Who's Alec?' says Ted, most broke up an gettin out o' th' chair tremblin.

"'W'y, Alec's—you know—Kate Clark's brother, an I met 'im at New York when I was stayin with Kate, an he says 'e loves me an wants me t' marry 'im, an, oh, Uncle Teddy, ye hain't cross, be ye?' And she falls on Ted's neck an weeps a lot.

"Ted stan's an lets 'er weep quite plenty, him chokin down a big swellin in 'is throat all the time. Then, says 'e, very quiet:

"'Didn't I tell ye, darlin, they hain't nothin ye can't have? I don't know this yere Alec chap, but ef ye wants 'im ye sho' gits 'im ef I has t' rope 'im myself'

"An so she does. Oh, they's nothin Ted wouldn't do f'r that there gyurl."—Lester Ketchum in San Francisco Argonaut.

Three Times and Out.

[Lewistown Journal.]

A gentleman living out on College street drove down to the city the other evening after his wife, and not finding her, started home again. After leaving the city, he saw a lady walking along in the street ahead, which he took for his better half. Riding up to her he said: "Get in," when she turned a strange face up to him and answered; "Thank you, sir; you look all right but I don't know you."

He apologized and drove off when he saw another lady walking on ahead. This surely is she, he thought, and approaching her in the dark he said: "I've been looking for you. Will you ride home with me?" "I guess that you have made a mistake," she said as she looked up. Again he apologized and drove on.

It does not sound like fact, but he did see another woman walking home along the clay road, whom he approached, saying rather tartly. "Come, wife, get in here. I've been making a fool of myself all the way up." She likewise proved a stranger.

When the man saw a fourth woman walking in the twilight, he set his teeth, and whipping his horse into a run went by her like the wind. That woman was his wife.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Williams & Bell, Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

CASUAL HUMOR.

A singer who can sing and won't
A long-felt want must fill;
She's so much better, don't you know,
Than the one who can't and will.

May—"Algy and Pamela had a falling out last night."

Clarence—"What was the cause?"

May—"A hammock."—[Elmira Echoes.

Young Father—"What's the baby crying about?"

Young Mother—"Because I told him he looked like you."

The Husband (during the quarrel)—"You're always making bargains. Was there ever a time when you didn't?"

The Wife—"Yes sir; on my wedding day."—[Tid-bits.

Very Amateur Singer (at evening party)—"Oh, let me like a soldier fall!"

Agonized Guest—"You certainly should if I had a gun anywhere handy."—[Half Holiday.

"What does your husband think of the divided skirts?"

"Oh, he don't grumble at anything except when it comes to dividing money."—[Buffalo Courier.

"Who was the best dressed man in the Fifty-third Congress?"

"Breckinridge."

"Why?"

"Because his spring suit cost $15,000."—[Judge.

Husband—"You sharpened your lead pencil last night, didn't you?"

Wife—"Yes. How did you know?"

Husband—"I have just been trying to shave myself."—[Life.

He—"Does your father seem pleased with our engagement?"

She—"I guess so. He has been telling all around that he has had an addition to the family."—[Puck.

Distressed Young Mother (traveling with a crying infant)—"Dear me! I don't know what to do with this baby."

Kind and Thoughtful Bachelor (in the next seat)—"Shall I open the window for you, madam?"—[Life.

He—"I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world so sweet as my little sweetheart!"

She—"What's that? How dare you think of another girl! I shan't speak to you for a week."—[Indianapolis Journal.

Deacon Oldboy (life insurance)—"Our beloved pastor is looking poorly. I move we give him three mouths' vacation with full pay."

Deacon Crum (undertaker)—"No, no; let him stay and earn his salary."

Mildred (still blushing)—"Am I the first girl you ever kissed, Gordon?"

Gordon—"No, my love; but you are the last."

Mildred—"Am I, really? Oh, Gordon, it makes me so happy to think of that."—[Brooklyn Life.

Aunt Miranda—"Them sassiety folks at the seashore scandalized me so thet I couldn't stay no longer. Why, in the mornin' the wimmen showed one-half themselves at the beach, an' then they'd show down to where they'd left off in the evenin'."—[Judge.

Broncho Pete—"I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch."

Three-Fingered Jake—"What for?"

Broncho Pete—"The editor of the Mountain Echo asked me to get him a list of the killed and injured."—[Puck.

The lady witness had become quite picturesque in her testimony, and the attorney had called her down in a way that made her mad all over.

"Confine yourself to facts, if you please, madam," he said in conclusion.

"Very well," she replied, tartly; "you are no gentleman. How does that strike you?"—[Detroit Free Press.

Whenever the little children, the ladies or big men want something to regulate their liver or cure constipation and billiousness, Dr. Bell's Tiny Tonic Tablets is what they must have. They cure and you never feel it. Purely vegetable. 5c. a vial at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford; Jno. X. Taylor, Cromwell; J. M. Ragland, Rosine; V. D. Fulkerson, Ceralvo; Dr. G. F. Chapman, Centertown; J. B. Maddox, Point Pleasant; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; Renfrow Bros., Narrows.

Every Town Has

[Exchange.]

A liar.
A sponger.
A smart alec.
Its richest man.
Some pretty girls.
A girl who giggles.
A weather prophet.
Half a dozen lunatics.
A woman who tattles.
A man who knows it all.
One Jacksonian Democrat.
More loafers than it needs.
Men who see every dog fight.
A boy who cuts up in church.
A few meddlesome old women.
A stock law that is not enforced.
A widower who is too gay for his age.
Some men who make remarks about women.
A preacher who thinks he ought to run the town.
A few who know how to run the affairs of the county.
A young man who laughs every time he says anything.
A girl who goes to the post-office everytime the mail comes in.
A legion of smart alecs who can tell the editor how to run his paper.
Scores of men with the caboose of their trousers worn smooth as glass.
A man who grins when you talk and laughs out loud after he has said something.

People who live in new countries are liable to be prostrated by malarial fevers. Inhabitants of cities, by reason of bad drainage and unwholesome odors, suffer from similar diseases. Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted a specific for all malarial poisons.

A Clever Strategy.

[Hartford Courant.]

Gen. Putnam, a brave officer in the war between the French and English in Canada, is the hero of an interesting little story. Gen. Amherst marched across the country to Canada. Coming to one of the lakes over which he intended to pass with his troops he found a French vessel armed with twelve guns upon the lake. This greatly distressed the General, as his small boats were no match for this vessel, in the situation in which it was placed. While he was thinking what had best be done, Putnam addressed him:

"General," said he, "that ship must be taken."

"Yes," said Amherst, "I would give the world were she taken."

"I'll take her," said Putnam.

Amherst smiled and asked how.

"Give me some wedges, a beetle, (a large wooden mallet) and a few men, and I'll take her," answered Putnam.

Gen. Amherst was puzzled as to how this was to be accomplished, but he granted Putnam's request, and gave him the wedges, beetle and his choice of men. When night came he rowed over quietly to the vessel's stern, with his wedges and hammer and five men. The wedges were driven behind the rudder in the cavity between rudder and ship without attracting the enemy's attention and then Putnam quietly came back to shore. In the morning the sails were seen fluttering about, and after awhile the vessel was blown ashore and the enemy captured.

Having lost control of the rudder by Gen. Putnam's act, the course of the vessel could not be regulated.

How to Obtain Peace

[N. Y. Witness.]

Perfect submission to the will of God is the only condition necessary to the attainment of "the peace which passeth all under-standing." We cannot possibly enjoy perfect peace so long as we allow our own will to stand between us and God in any matter. If we cherish the feeling that this or that gratification or the accomplishment of some particular wish is necessary to our happiness, we cannot possibly be at peace as long as that wish is ungratified. And we cannot possibly enjoy intimate communion with God while in such a condition of mind, because we cannot know whether the demand which our heart makes is in harmony with the will of God or not. But when we learn to believe that God knows best, and to trust Him unconditionally, then peace like a river will flow in upon our hearts; because then we can know that nothing but good can happen to us. For it is written that "all things work together for good to them that love God," and that God's thoughts towards us are "thoughts of peace and not of evil." It may not be God's will to grant us the things which our hearts most earnestly crave, but if He does not grant our desire He will certainly make His refusal of it a means of very much greater happiness to us than the granting of it would have been—if only we will trust Him implicitly, and say, from the bottom of our hearts: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Facts and Figures.

[Current Literature.]

By a simple rule the length of the and night, any time of the year, may be ascertained by simply doubling the time of the sun's rising, which will give the lenth of the night, and doubling the time of setting will give the length of the day.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, with their branches and and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.

More than 7,000 men have been sheltered at one time beneath the branches of the banyan tree.

No one can breathe at a greater height than seven miles from the earth.

Trees are now felled in some places by electricity. A platinum wire, heated white hot by the current, is used stretched between two poles, as a saw. There is less work than with a saw, no sawdust is produced and the charring of the surface of division tends to prevent decay. In some cases the time required to fell a tree by this method is only one-eighth of that necessary for sawing.

One pound of sheep's wool is capable of producing one yard of cloth.

Professor Dolbear says a powerful search light could project a beam to Mars in four minutes which could be seen and responded to if they have the apparatus that we have.

Aeronauts can not rise much above five miles of vertical height on account of the increasing rarity of the air, but double that height has been attained by self-registering balloons, which tell us that some ninety degress of frost prevail up there.

No one has been within four hundred and sixty miles of the North Pole.

ELECTROPOISE
CURES DISEASE.

"The Electropoise gave me complete relief from excruciating pain in three applications. I also find it good for treating children for their numerous ailments."—[C. T. Soden, with Bridgeford & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. G. W. Flint, of Skylight, Ky., says: "I suffered for years with my kidneys, inflammation of the bladder, and enlargement of the prostate gland. After a short trial of the Electropoise I am entirely relieved, and feel twenty years younger."

"I derived more benefit from the use of Electropoise than from all other remedies combined. I think it the grandest invention of the age. It can not be praised too highly."—[Mrs. M.E. Gorman, Sadieville, Ky., August 20.

John H. Davis, Esq., of Barboursville, Ky.: "The Electropoise is the best all-around doctor I know of. My wife suffered from effects of la grippe for several years; also a complication of other ailments. Now she is entirely well. Indigestion bothered me a great deal; am now well. One of my neighbors is using it for lung trouble, and reports improvement."

As a curative agent the Electropoise cannot be equaled. Nearly 1,000 have been put out from this office in the last three months.

DU BOIS & WEBB.
509 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Try the Camel Skin Shoes—at Schapmire's. They can't be beat.

NEURALGIA.

IS IT THE "SEVEN DEVILS" OF THE SCRIPTURES?

A New Theory Successfully Tried in Dunkirk and Carefully Investigated by a Blade Reporter for the Benefit of the Medical Fraternity.

[From the Toledo Blade.]

The physicians and inhabitants of Dunkirk, Hardin County, O., are astonished at a recent happening in that usually quiet hamlet.

Dunkirk is a little village, half way between Toledo and Columbus, on the Pennsylvania and Ohio Central roads, and Mr. C. F. Broseke, a leading German citizen, keeps the city flour mills. He has one son and three daughters—all grown.

Miss Anna Broseke, the second daughter, is a young woman 28 years old. It is her remarkable sickness and still more remarkable cure that has startled the doctors and astonished her relatives and friends.

Learning that Miss Broseke was at present in Toledo, and boarding at No. 823 Mulberry St., a representative of the Blade called on her. Upon being requested to relate the peculiarities of her recent sickness and subsequent cure, the young lady said:

"I am glad that you have called, and am willing my name should be made public, as good cannot help but result to some other poor sufferer. For many years our family lived in Falmouth, Kentucky. Nine years ago, at the age of 19, I began to suffer from neuralgia in the head. The pain nearly killed me. The neuralgia then scattered all over my system, but was worse in the stomach. Six physicians at Falmouth and vicinity treated me for several years. My father paid out hundreds of dollars for their services. I became worse and worse as time advanced. I was given up to die. After meals my stomach would distress me terribly, and at times I would nearly choke to death. I could not drink tea or coffee and could eat but little. It seemed as if what little food I did eat would ferment at once. I became weak, very weak. Night and day I prayed for relief in death.

"Two years ago we moved to Dunkirk Ohio. The four physicians there were called, one after another. One called my trouble heart disease. Another said it was acute dyspepsia. Instead of improving I continued to grow worse. One day last spring my father read of a case similar to mine in the Cincinnati Enquirer. It told how a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured a lady of neuralgia of the stomach. The symptoms and experiences were exactly the same as mine. I became at once interested and hopeful. My father went to Upper Sandusky the next day and purchased a box of Pink Pills. I commenced taking them last May, and began to improve so rapidly that the whole village was interested. The doctors were surprised but admitted that the Pink Pills were a Godsend to me. I used 13 boxes in all. The neuralgia is entirely gone. My stomach is strong and healthy, my appetite good, and my sleep is peaceful. I came to Toledo, November 9th, prepared to finish my musical education, which my sickness compelled me to abandon nine years ago. I attend the musical department at the Ursuline Convent. I dislike newspaper notoriety and only consent to this interview to let the world know my experience and faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the hope of saving the life of some other poor sufferer whose case has been pronounced hopeless."

Miss Broseke is an intelligent and well educated lady of natural refinement. Her honesty is unquestioned. Her whole appearance is now a picture of health. Her cheeks are rosy, her eyes are bright, and her every move is indicative of perfect health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of most every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ontario.

To say something is one thing; to prove it is another. We can't prove that Dr. Bell's Pine 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., Hartford; Jno. X. Taylor, Cromwell; J. M. Ragland, Rosine; V. D. Fulkerson, Ceralvo; Dr. G. F. Chapman, Centertown; J. B. Maddox, Point Pleasant; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; Renfrow Bros., Narrows.

OBITUARIES.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED.

THE HERALD will insert Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect and Obituary Poetry, to the amount of 150 words, free of charge. All over 150 words will be charged for at the rate of One Cent per word, the cash to accompany the manuscript, or the article will be cut down to the required limit. Postage stamps taken as cash.

Resolutions of Respect.

FORDSVILLE LODGE NO. 600, F. & A. M.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Grand Master of the Universe to call from earthly labor to heavenly refreshment our aged brother, Dabney Gaines, who departed this life on the 12th of August, 1894,

RESOLVED, 1, That the fraternity has lost an honorable and efficient member, the Christian Church a consistent and faithful member, and the community an honorable and valued citizen.

2. That this lodge extend to the members of the family their most sincere sympathy.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our county papers and Christian Guide for publication.

Bro. Gaines was born in Barren county, Ky., February 19, 1813. In 1843 he joined the Masons at Georgetown, Ky., and later was made a Royal Arch Mason. In the year 1853 he joined the Christian Church and was baptized at Cane Ridge, Ky., by Elder John A. Ganoe, and ever since lived a consistent member of this church.

He was married to Miss Annie E. Yates, of Maysville, Ky., at Lexington, Ky., on the 13th of March, 1854. Three children survive him. Bro. Gaines participated in the Masonic funeral of Hon. Henry Clay.

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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., Hartford; Jno. X. Taylor, Cromwell; J. M. Ragland, Rosine; V. D. Fulkerson, Ceralvo; Dr. G. F. Chapman, Centertown; J. B Maddox, Point Pleasant; A. S. Aull, Sulphur Springs; Renfrow Bros., Narrows.

His Earnest Wish.

Oltope—I wish I was a barrel.

Hisfriend—Why? Can't you hold enough?

Oltope—Yes. There's no trouble about that. The advantage is that no matter how often the barrel is filled or how full, its head never gets any bigger.—Detroit Free Press.

Just His Way.

Many a man who howls loudly about the "wrongs of society" and the "inequalities of our social system" always lets his wife carry the baby.—Chicago Tribune.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICIALS.

GOVERNOR—John Young Brown.
LIEUT. GOVERNOR—Mitchell C. Alford.
PRIVATE SECRETARY TO GOVERNOR—Edward O. Leigh.
SECRETARY OF STATE—John W. Headly.
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COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE AND STATISTICS—Nicholas McDowell. Clerk—John Rodman.
STATE LIBRARIAN—Mrs. Mary Brown Day. Clerk—Frank Kavanaugh.
PUBLIC PRINTER AND BINDER—E. Polk Johnson.
STATE INSPECTOR OF MINES—C. J. Norwood.

COURT OF APPEALS.

Chief Justice—Caswell Bennett. Judges—W. S. Pryor, J. H. Hazelrig, J. H. Lewis. Reporter—E. W. Hines. Clerk Court of Appeals—A. Adams. Deputy Clerks—Robert L. Green, Wood Longmoor, Jr. Sergeant—W. S. B. Hill. Tipstaff—J. W. Johnson.

SUPERIOR COURT

Presiding Judge—Joseph Barbour. Judges—W. H. Yost, Jr., Joseph Barbour, J. H. Brent. Sergeant—John Stuart.

STATE PRISON OFFICIALS.

FRANKFORT PRISON. Warden—Henry George. Deputy Warden—M. A. Rooney.
RIDDLEVILLE BRANCH PRISON. Warden—L. C. Curry. Deputy Warden—Ward Linn.

RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

C. C. McChord, Chairman; Charles B. Poynts. Urey Woodson; D. C. Hardin, Secretary.

CONGRESSIONAL.

SENATORS—Hon. William C. Lindsay, Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn.
REPRESENTATIVE FOURTH DISTRICT—Hon. A. H. Montgomery.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

SENATOR—Hon. C. S. Taylor.
REPRESENTATIVE OHIO COUNTY—Hon. T. J. Smith.

OHIO COUNTY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

HON. W. T. OWEN, Judge—Owensboro.
HON. J. EDWIN ROWE, Attorney—Owensboro.
J. P. THOMSON, Jailer—Hartford.
G. B. LIKENS, Clerk—Hartford.
H. D. RINGO, Master Commissioner—Hartford.
SAM K. COX, Trustee Jury Fund—Hartford.
JAS. P. STEVENS, Sheriff—Hartford. Deputies—W. A. ROBE, Centertown; J. T. Taylor, Fordsville; J. M. Porter, Cromwell; D. S. Smith, Buford.
Court convenes first Monday in March and August and continues three weeks, and third Monday in May and November—two weeks.

COUNTY COURT.

JOHN P. MORTON, Judge—Hartford.
ROWAN HOLBROOK, Clerk—Hartford.
FRANK L. FELIX, Attorney—Hartford.
Court convenes first Monday in each month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begins on the third Monday in January, April, July and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

Begins first Monday in January, and Tuesday after the first Monday in October.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. B. WILSON, Surveyor—Hartford.
C. W. PARROTT, Assessor—Beaver Dam.
J. B. ROGERS, School Supt.—Hartford.
J. W. BRADLEY, Coroner—Rosine.
MRS. MIZELLA TANNER, Poorhouse Keeper, Hartford.

POLICE COURTS.

HARTFORD.—J. F. Carson, Judge; Wm. Lyons, Marshal. B. L. Kelley, Att'y. Court held fourth Monday in March, June, September and December.
BEAVER DAM.—D. A. Miller, Judge; Ben Rummage, Marshal. Court held first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
CROMWELL.—J. F. Cooper, Judge; W. M. M. Beatty, Marshal. Court held second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
HAMILTON.—L. Francis, Judge; D. W. Roll, Marshal. Court held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
ROCKPORT.—W. B. James, Judge, J. J. Gilem, Marshal. Court held first Thursday in January, April, July and October.
ROSINE.—J. D. Byers, Judge; H. Morris, Marshal. Court held first Saturday in each month.
CERALVO.—N. B. Fulkerson, Judge; J. W. Garrett, Marshal. Courts held fourth Saturday in January, April, July and October.

JUSTICES' COURTS.

FORDSVILLE.—J. A. Bowling—March 1, June 1, September 1, December 1. W. P. Ellis—March 2, June 2, September 2, December 2.
BUFORD.—J. W. Turner—March 3, June 3, September 4, December 4. J. McKinley—March 4, June 5, September 5, December 5.
HARTFORD.—W. P. Bennett—March 7, June 6, September 6, December 6. R. T. Render—March 8, June 7, September 8, December 7.
ROSINE.—W. M. Awtry—March 9, June 8, September 8, December 8. H. F. Myers—March 10, June 9, September 9, December 9.
ROCKPORT.—S. L. Fulkerson—March 11, June 10, September 11, December 11. C. L. Woodward—March 13, June 12, September 12, December 12.
CROMWELL.—G. W. Martin—March 15, June 15, September 15, December 15. S. T. Stevens—March 14, June 14, September 14, December 14.

CONSTABLES.

FORDSVILLE—W. R. Jones, Fordsville, Ky.
BUFORD—C. V. Chapman, Westerfield, Ky.
ROCKPORT—G. W. Rowe, Centertown, Ky.
ROSINE—W. F. Miller, Horse Branch, Ky.
CROMWELL—R. B. Martin, Cromwell, Ky.
HARTFORD—H. B. Taylor, Beaver Dam, Ky.

TOWN TRUSTEES.

B. D. Ringo, Chairman; W. G. Hardwick, Clerk; S. K. Cox, C. L. Field, John P. Morton.

SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

L. F. Worner, P. Ross; Dr. J. T. Miller, Chairman; E. P. Thomas, Treasurer; T. L. Griffin, Secretary.

RELIGIOUS.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Dr. J. S. Coleman, Pastor. Services second Sunday in each month, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening.
M. E. CHURCH, South—Rev. E. E. Pate, Pastor. Services third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and fourth Sunday at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Rev. I. H. Teel, Pastor. Services first Sunday in each month, morning and night.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Rockport Lodge No. 312, F. & A. M. Meets regularly on the first and third Saturday nights in each month.

Stated meeting of Hartford Lodge No. 675 F. & A. Masons, first Monday night in each month. All brethren are invited to attend regularly. W. H. Moore, W. M.; H. Weinsheimer, Sec'y.

Rough River Lodge No. 110 Knights Pythias. Meets every Saturday night at Masonic Hall, R. D. Gudy, C. C.

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