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VOL. XX. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1894. NO. 42.

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WENT WITH A CIRCUS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A WEBSTER COUNTY LAD.

At Ten Years of Age Edgar Dewees Forsook Home and Friends for Life in a Traveling Show.

COOK TO WIRE-WALKING.

[Henderson Journal.]

A boy, who has perhaps seen as much in the 18 years of his existence as any lad who ever lived, passed through Henderson yesterday. His name is Edgar Dewees and he is en route to his home in Dixon, the county seat of Webster county. He comes from good parents, who are still living.

Eight years ago last summer, young Dewees, then a frolicsome, red-cheeked country boy, saved up his dimes and nickels to go to Robinson's circus, which was to exhibit near his home. He read the brilliant posters with all the eagerness of the average boy and planned and hoped and saved and denied himself many of his boyish pleasures for the sake of seeing the sights so wonderfully pictured on the circus bills. At last the day came around and Edgar set out for the show. He found a place on a corner where he could watch the grand street parade, and after it had passed malle his way to the common where the performance was to be given.

On one of the hard board seats that afternoon the country boy watched bewilderedly while the bespangled tights of men and women performers flashed in an endless maze before his eyes. Strange thoughts chased each other through the lad's brain. He fancied himself in that ring, on the back of one of the splendid horses, or in the trapeze swinging at a dizzy height and smiling at the applauding crowd underneath. Imagination took another flight, and better still, this time he was a clown, rolling and tumbling about the amphitheater, cracking jokes and teasing the ring master. Unconsciously he had assumed a posture that the funny man had taken. It was all so bright, so cheerful, and the farm was so dull. Getting up in the morning to plow or feed the cattle or do the milking or chop wood was such drudgery, such cruel, hard labor compared with this life of ease, grace and beauty.

When the performance was over that afternoon young Dewees didn't return to his home as he had intended. Instead he lingered around the fascinating tent until the evening performance began. He had enough money left from his hoard to purchase his supper or to go to the show again. The latter was chosen and he went in. Hunger was forgotten in the pleasure of the hour. The flaring gasoline lamps lent an added charm to the display, and not for one moment did he regret the expenditure of his last remaining dimes. At last it was all over. The people flocked out and the showmen began tearing down the seats and preparing to move on to the next stand. Dewees watched it all with a great idea fomenting in his mind. When the circus left that night he was snugly stowed away behind one of the animal wagons.

Yesterday a careworn, ragged tramp came to Henderson. His face looked as if he might be anywhere from 25 to 40 years old. Friends of young Edgar Dewees would never have recognized in this apparition the healthy, hearty boy they had once known. And this is his story:

"Well, I ran away from home," he said, "and joined the circus. I thought it would always be as bright and cheerful as when I first saw it, so I stowed myself away on a flat car and trusted to luck to see me through. Next morning when we reached the place where the show was going to be held I crawled out. I was then 75 miles from home. The first thing that came my way was a licking. This was administered by one of the tent peggers. After he got through licking me he asked me a lot of questions. I reckon I must have told him a cheerful lot of lies, for he seemed to take to me after that. He got me a place in the cook tent, and from that time on till a few weeks ago I was with the circus.

"Every morning for two long years I got up at 3 o'clock and cleaned out a lot of kettles and pots, scrubbed knives and built fires to cook over. Then I was promoted to dish-washer, and when I was fifteen they started me in to learn wire walking. Thousands of times I made up my mind to go back home. Hardly a day passed but that I went to bed bruised and sore all over from the lickings I got. But I was too proud to go home in spite of it all. After a long time I learned to walk the wire and for a year followed that business. Then I was hurt by a fall and determined to quit the business. I had never saved any money because I had never made any to amount to anything. I watched my chance and one night after the performance sneaked away.

"During all these years I have never heard from home. They think I am dead, I reckon, but I am going back." There was a quaver in the young tramp's voice as he continued, "Yes, I am going home, back to my people. The farm is the place after all, and if they'll take me in I'll never leave it again."

He shuffled away on his long walk, and by this time is once more amid the scenes of his childhood. What was said to him, how he was received, is not known, but the parable of the prodigal son was not written in vain.

He Broke a Vase, She Broke Her Vow.

[St. Paul Dispatch.]

Mrs. Jerry Cartell, of near Trimble, Tenn., has just broken a rash vow which she made ove 12 months ago, and which she sorrowfully regretted ever having made. About 18 months ago Mrs. Cartell was Miss Fannie Bramney, a beautiful young lady of 18 years, and Jerry Cartell was her favored suitor. But as is generally the case with young lovers, a quarrel arose between them and in the heat of passion Miss Fannie angrily bade her lover to leave her presence and vowed by high heaven she would never speak to him again. The disconsolate lover took his departure, but as he fairly worshiped the girl he ardently set out to effect a reconciliation. At last, in answer to a pitiful, pleading letter, Miss Fannie relented and penned him a loving, forgiving message.

Overjoyed at the happy termination of affairs, he hurried to the home of Miss Fannie, and was received warmly and affectionately, but without a word of welcome. Taking a tablet and pencil from a desk she began a written conversation, as though she could not speak a word. Cartell pleaded the uselessness and foolishness of such proceedings, but in vain, as his sweetheart positively refused to utter a word to him. She is very devout, a member of the Methodist Church, and was firmly impressed with the idea that if she should break her rash vow God would punish her by striking her dumb, when she could speak to no one. She was constantly on her guard for fear she might forget and speak to her lover, thereby bringing this terrible visitation upon her.

The courtship proceeded with pencil and paper for several months, when they were joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. During their married life of a year Mrs. Cartell never spoke to her husband until some days ago.

Last Christmas Mr. Cartell made his wife a present of a handsome and costly pair of vases. The other morning the husband was bringing in an armful of wood and struck one of the vases and knocked it to the floor and broke it into a hundred different pieces.

"Oh, Jerry, look what you have done!" cried Mrs. Cartell.

She was horribly shocked at speaking to her husband, and believed that she had been stricken dumb. To ascertain the correctness of her belief she spoke to him again, and was overjoyed to discover that her organs of speech had not been in the least impaired.

In the happiness of hearing his wife speak, Jerry thanked God for the breaking of the vase.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggists to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of Williams & Bell, Hartford; and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam. Large size 50c and $1.00.

He was Buried Alive.

[From Science Siftings.]

W. K. Moorehead, a geologist, was recently buried alive while excavating a mound of the mound-builders in Ohio. He fell with his head resting a little above his feet, and suffered little beyond a sensation of strong compression due to the weight of the earth, which pressed the buttons of his light costume into the skin and caused his watch chain to mark his body.

The pressure of the soil on his straw hat caused him to feel as if the skin of his brow were cut. A knife in his pocket seemed to burn into the flesh, and finally his backbone seemed slowly to break. Then he became insensible to pain, though still able to think. His thoughts succeeded each other like flashes of lightning and related to the past, the future and his home. He did not think of his condition, except to wonder if he would be able to breathe when he was taken out of it. He tried to move his hand, even his finger, but failed. He could not lift his chest, and the only part of his body he could move was his lower jaw, which the clods permitted to be done. He remembered how warm the earth before his face had become when the breath was pressed from his lungs.

He kept his mouth shut to exclude the earth, but after a time it opened in spite of him, and two pieces of clay entered and caused him a horrible sensation in trying to eject them. He felt that he was lost and became indifferent. The workmen who were digging him out cleared the earth from his face and eyes; but when they stopped a little the pressure on the rest of his body drove the blood to his head and swelled the veins so that he was afraid they would burst. Moreover, he could not breathe yet, because the thorax was still compressed by the soil.

He never lost consciousness, and as the men carried him away he saw a little wild yellow canary sitting on a spray and heard it sing. As the bird flew off he fancied that he was flying after it and perching on one twig or another, just as it did. The sky seemed of a different color than usual, it also seemed grander, and the country more beautiful, and he was so much affected by the wondrous beauty of the spectacle as to shed tears.

Only a Country Girl.

[Ash Grove (Mo.) Commonwealth.]

It was a very small matter, but it showed how some young women are brought up, and what have been their habits and customs. The Commonwealth man was coming down Main street last Thursday; just as he reached Freeman's corner he saw a mule colt looking that longing look so characteristic of mule colts. Its dam was being shod at Bill Barr's shop. The mule was afraid to go inside, and did not want to back off very far, so he squared himself at right angles with the pavement. Coming east we noticed a well-dressed young lady step off the walk near McPherson's grocery. Just for curiosity we stopped to see how she and the mule would make it. When she advanced the mule backed his ears, shook his right hind foot somewhat like a cow does when she feels for the stripper cup in fly time. Then he made a see-saw out of himself with the middle of his back for a dividing point, in fact did everything to assert his title to that particular spot of earth that any cowboy could have done in locating a claim in the strip.

We expected to see that young woman either squall and stand still for want of decision of character, or else make a retreat and squall all the same, but she did neither. She walked right up to that mule, gave him a backhanded slap on the nose and made sufficient room to pass on, and she walked on as unconcerned as if she hadn't done anything remarkable.

There was one thing settled, that girl lived in the country where they have cows and young calves, which have to be choked off with hickory bark and tied to a blackjack while the milking is done. She has seen mule colts move sidewise with head and tail up. In other words she was a country girl, who had lived true to nature's laws. She had not yet learned the art of pulling draw strings on her abdominal muscles until the white of her eyes were congested, and all the features had a kind of hungry look. God bless the country girls. They are the ones who in other days grew up to make mothers for the grandest and bravest body of soldiers the world has ever seen. May their lives continue to remain pure, temperate and true to nature, and after awhile, when the fashionable part of our city girls have died for the want of breath, food and proper exercise, be a remaining type of that womanhood which God made, and which neither man nor devils have perverted.

SEE THE WORLD'S FAIR FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our SOUVENIR PORTFOLIO OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, the regular price is Fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with description of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address,
H. E. BUCKLEN & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

Improvement in Locks.

[Louisville Times.]

Down at Bowling Green last week five prisoners escaped from the county jail. They were all recaptured, however, and placed back in their cells. One of the number was an old negro who had been a preacher and had previously been considered very pious. One morning shortly after the recapture, Jailer Hagerman was somewhat startled by hearing a very fervent prayer issuing from the old negro's cell. He listened awhile, and the "parson" was asking that the locks of the jail drop off, and, like Paul of old, he be permitted to escape.

"Who in the d—l was Paul?" asked the Jailer.

"He were one of the wise men of old, Mars. Fent, and he prayed and the locks fell offen de jail and he were free."

"Well, Uncle Pete," said the Jailer, who knows more about fox-hunting than he does about religion, "don't you waste any more breath. There have been wonderful improvements in locks since Paul's days."

Every person, big, little, old or young, black or white, rich or poor, who has ever used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey, pronounce it the best cough and lung remedy on earth. It's true, too, so we guarantee it.

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.

For your winter reading, take THE HERALD. Only $1.25 per YEAR.

Don't commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is, people get discouraged too soon. "Try, try, try again."

A GOOD BUILDING UP of a run-down system can be accomplished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. A long procession of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

DREAD GILA MONSTER.

ONE REPTILE SCIENTISTS KNOW LITTLE ABOUT.

Vise-like Grip of its Huge Jaws---Deadly Venomous, Ugly, and Poisons the Air With Its Breath.

MEDICINE MAN'S SCIENCE.

[New York World.]

One deadly venomous American reptile about which little is known even by naturalists is the Gila monster, which is found in the deserts of the Southwest. It is a combination of the American rattlesnake and the Asiatic basalisk in its poisonous effects, and has a mouth somewhat on the plan of that of an alligator, and legs like those of a lizard. This queer reptile was first discovered to civilization by the early Spanish explorers in the Gila River valley, in what is now Arizona.

The Gila monster is of an average length of eighteen inches, of which about one-third is the tail. It is a sluggish, lazy animal, with a striped or spotted skin, is about two inches thick, has four short, thick legs, and as it slowly moves in the sand it is difficult to discover whether it is crawling or walking.

Its head is thick and broad, with protuberances over its round, bulging opaque eyes like the horns of the so-called California horned toad. Its teeth are set like those of an alligator; something on the plan of the serrated teeth in a cross-cut saw. It does not crawl in the grass like a snake, bask on rocks as a lizard does, or hibernate in the muddy streams as does the alligator, but is always found in the hot desert sands where the temperature is more than one hundred degrees and would roast anything except a salamander or Gila monster.

It does not "strike," but bites, and when once its pointed teeth grip a victim its powerful jaws close like a trap. Its grip is as relentless as that of the snapping turtle, which, it is said, releases its grasp only when it thunders, though it be midsummer when it caught on. An attempt to shake off this terrible monster only aggravates the wound.

The Yuma Indians have a curative in the snake root, which they use when bitten by a rattler or Gila monster. Though the Gila monster lives in the Gila Valley, which is in the vicinity of Yuma, where it was first discovered, it is also sometimes found in the Colorado and Mojave deserts and in Death Valley. Prospecting miners, in attempting to cross deserts, have lain down under the scant shade of a cactus, or among a patch of tunas, and have awakened in the agonies of death, poisoned by these creeping reptiles, which impregnate the air with their fetid breath.

When found the body has turned black, but the dry climate preserves it from putrefaction, and unless covered by the drifting sands is eaten by coyotes. It is very likely that in such cases the coyotes themselves die, because the poison of the Gila monster has comparatively little moisture in its composition, and has preserved its deadly qualities. This has been tested by Indian medicine men, who have subjected the venom of the monster to the boiling process, with the view of weakening its powers. It was found that a whitish sediment settled at the bottom after several hours' boiling. This sediment was bottled for more than a year, at the end of which time it was found to be more powerful than ever. The medicine men tested the virus by injecting the distilled poison into rabbits and other animals.

The Indian medicine men are empiricists of a high order. They make their medicine from plants, roots and herbs and know the qualities of every plant that grows. They know the qualities and effects of a poison, and its antidote, and frequently administer a poison and then apply its antidote. They claim that this makes the subject impervious to subsequent poison and that he need no longer fear the dreaded Gila monster.

Among the ingredients of which the medicine man compounds medicines are the virus of the horned toad, the lizard and the ring snake. The medicine men are about the only ones on the deserts who do not fear the monster or the rattler. In fact, they court the company of these snakes for their medical laboratory.

"One of the most daring things I ever witnessed," said Major Tower, "was a test of his powers given by one of these medicine men near Yuma. The chief medicine man, who also claimed to be a wizard and possessed of supernatural powers, assembled his aids around his cauldron, which was boiling and bubbling with roots, herbs, lizards, snakes, &c. He was making medicine for the tribe. It was a weird spot, amid a grove near the Gila River, and the night was very dark, especially suitable for the gruesome work.

"The chief medicine man drank liberally of snake-root tea, and then his body was liberally washed with some liquid that made it impervious to poison. The body, bare to the waist, was then painted in red and white streaks. A fox skin hung from the waist. We all sat around in the firelight like ghosts before a funeral pyre. The medicine man bounded into the arena with a "ho-ho," brandishing over his head two Gila monsters. Then he varied the programme by twirling them around his body and permitting them to crawl all over him. We looked upon this daring feat with horror, while the Indians viewed it with superstitious frenzy, and showered upon the medicine chief all the presents they could command.

"He then gave them some of the medicine, which had been boiling and bubling during an incantation. The dose of which they partook in double quantity would make them snake proof for the coming year. No, the monsters' teeth were not extracted, and that is the most surprising thing about it. We tried to get the medicine man's secret for this mysterious charm, or whatever it may be, but to no avail. They do not write prescriptions, even in their own dialect, but when they want a certain ingredient for a compound they go out and dig it up. They generally go at night, so that others may not learn the secret, just as the paleface medicine man shrouds his secret by writing Latin prescriptions.

"The medicine man teaches his science to his son. His most lucrative practice is in selling a panacea for snake bite—a decoction that will make the body impervious for a year against all snake bites—just as we vaccinate for the prevention of the small-pox. A decoction made of the jimson weed is said to be an antidote for poison and makes the patient wiser, and enables him to see visions—perhaps snakes.

"With the Yuma Apaches the snake is an object of veneration, especially the rattler and the Gila monster, as they are the more venomous and deadly. A snake worship dance is no doubt the most weird, horrifying and gruesome spectacle a person ever witnessed. In fact, very few white people have witnessed them. About three days before the snake worship the medicine men go off into the desert and along the banks of the Gila River on a still hunt for snakes. When the reptile is seen one of the medicine men stealthily approaches, and with a bunch of eagle feathers tied to a stick about a foot long, begins to tickle the snake, which at once begins to unlimber and crawl away.

"Then, with his thumb and forefinger he seizes the reptile by the back of the neck and trusts it into a leather sack. When enough squirming beauties have been caught, fifteen or twenty, according to the number of medicine men who are to participate in the dance worship, the snakes are carried to the village estufa (house of worship) and turned loose. The medicine men fast three days, as also do the snakes.

"The medicine men have drank liberally of snake-root tea and washed their bodies with anti-poison decoctions, laying it on like some ladies paint their faces, an inch thick. On the night before the dance the snakes are placated by being sprinkled with corn meal. Corn meal is the Indian's incense, and the sprinking is supposed to allay the snakes' venom and power.

"About sundown the dancers file out of the estufa, where they have been fasting and dancing—the Indian dances when he prays. Their bodies are bare to the waist; a short buckskin garment extends from the waist to the knee; their legs and feet are bare, the body is painted white and crimson, and the customary fox-skin hangs from the waist. The master of ceremonies dumps down several sacks of snakes in front of the line of dancers. Two men dance with one snake.

"When the reptiles have been turned loose they begin to writhe and wriggle and crawl around, and the spectators at once become nervous, much to the amusement of the medicine men. The chief medicine man showers some corn-meal upon the writhing mass of reptiles, and then each dancer in the front row seizes a reptile just back of its head so that it cannot turn around and bite. From his hand he deftly transfers the hold to his mouth, holding the snake between his teeth, as before.

"The medicine man in his rear now begins to charm the snake with his magic wand of eagle feathers. He strokes and soothes and 'tickles' the reptile until he completely uncoils, and perhaps gives up all intention of biting. The first medicine man runs around the ring holding this snake in his mouth, while the other keeps step with him, charming the reptile with the feather strokes. The other medicine men follow, until there are eight or ten couples dancing with snakes.

"The set lasts about twenty minutes, and the leader of the first couple stops, gives his head a quick turn to the right and bounds backward. This throws the snake safely to the ground. The others do the same and retire from the ring amid the grunts of 'ho-ho' of the horror-stricken Indian spectators. That is the Indian method of applause and approval. The medicine men then retire to purify themselves with their medicines. In some instances, it is reported, medicine men have been bitten, but no deaths have occurred.

"The Gila monster was known to the Apache of the desert long before the Spaniards came, but neither they nor the Americans have learned the secret of propitiating him, or of making themselves snake-bite proof."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the quickest cure for all blood diseases. Its effects are always beneficial.

A Little While.

[Rev. Dr. Cuyler.]

"Only think, too, how much may be achieved in a little while. The atonement for a world of perishing sinners was accomplished between the sixth hour and the ninth hour of darkened Cavalry. That flash of divine electricity from the Holy Spirit which struck Saul of Tarsus to the ground was the work of an instant; but the great electric burner of the converted Paul has blazed over all the world for centuries. A half hour's faithful preaching for Jesus by a poor itinerant Methodist exhorter at Colchester brought the boy Spurgeon to a decision and launched the mightiest ministry of modern times. Lady Henry Somerset tells us that a few minutes of solemn reflection in her garden decided her to change a life of fashionable frivolity for a life of consecrated philantropy. Why cite any more cases when every Christian can testify that the best decisions and deeds of his and her life turned on the pivot of a few minutes? In the United States mint they coin eagles out of the sweepings of gold dust from the floor. Brethren, we ought to be misers of our minutes. If on a dying bed they are so precious, why not in the fuller days of our healthful energies? Said Gen. Mitchell, the great astronomer, to an officer who apologized for being only a few minutes behind time; 'Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the tenth part of a second.'

"Our whole eternity will hinge on the 'little while' of probation here. Only an inch of time to choose between an eternity of glory or the endless woes of hell! And, as a convert exclaimed in a prayer meeting, 'It was only a moment's work with me when I was in earnest! May God help us all to be faithful only for a little while, and then comes the unfading crown."

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.

Missing Progress.

[Louisville Times.]

The young fellow was extremely diffident, and very much in love with the girl.

He had made half a dozen attempts to offer her his heart and hand, but on each occasion he had fallen short.

To add to the seriousness of the situation, the girl was ready to accept him as soon as the proposal was in definite shape.

Even the mother was willing, but latterly she had grown tired of the dilatory tactics and Fabian policy of the suitors, and had kicked on his coming so often and staying so late.

One night, after three hours of struggle on his part, and much delicate encouragement on the part of the girl, he had seized her hand convulsively, dropped on his knees impetuously, and was about one-fifth through an impassioned appeal to her to be his'n, when the mother's voice sounded clear on the night from the head of the stairs.

The youth stopped short, but held on.

"Mary," came the maternal voice, querulously, "is that young man there yet?"

"Not yet, mother," replied Mary, smiling sweetly down on the face of her Romeo, "but he's getting there."

And two weeks later the cards were out.

The way to cure a cough is to stop the coughing. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey cuts loose the mucous, heals the lungs and bronchial tubes quickly. Cures grip cough in one night.

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