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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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VOL. XXI. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1895. NO. 33.

ECZEMA From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S.S.S. and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never yet known a failure to cure.
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DENTIST
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IS PREPARED to do all kinds of dental work at most reasonable prices. Office over the feed store of I. W. Ford & Co.

Take THE HERALD.

EPITAPH ON MARY, COUNTESS OF DALKEITH.

[Died April 9, 1638, aged 125.]

Stay, traveler, until my life you read.
The living may get knowledge by the dead.
Five times five years I had a virgin life;
Ten times five years I was a virtuous wife;
Ten times five years I had a widow chaste;
Now, weary of my life, I rest my race.
I from my cradle to my grave have seen
Eight mighty kings in Scotland and a queen.
Four times five years a commonwealth I saw,
And twice the subject rose against the law.
Twice did I see the proud prelate pulled down,
And twice the cloak was humbled to the ground.
I saw my country sold for English ore,
And haughty Strafford's exit subsists no more.
Such revolutions in my time have been.
I have an end of many troubles seen.
—Church Times.

BLUEST OF BIRDS.

In a town of the ancient kingdom of Castile there lived in former ages a youth called Bartolo, who tried to eke out a living by making cages for birds and taking them round to sell at the neighboring villages. But his trade was a poor one, and he judged himself in luck if he sold one cage in a day, and, as may be supposed, he knew what sorrow and privation were.

One day as he was proceeding to a village he heard sounds of revelry, the buzz of many people and the strains of a band of music. This merrymaking was a procession of children dressed in white, carrying in their midst a beautiful child crowned with roses in a chariot covered with white satin and ornamented with acacia and myrtle. This procession was in horor of Maya, the personification of spring, and took place to announce the entry of spring. In front of the little chariot some children danced and held in their hands tin platters for contributions, and, as may be imagined, all, or nearly all, the spectators dropped their coins into them.

Bartolo moved away in a desponding mood, saying to himself as he walked on: "Is this the justice of the world? There they are flinging their money into these platters just because these children come in procession to announce to them that it is the month of May, as though they could not know it by looking in an almanac. They barter and grind me down to the lowest price for my cages even when I chance to sell one."

Full of these bitter thoughts, he walked on sadly, for the voices of two importunate enemies were making themselves heard within him. These were hunger and thirst. The one clamored for food and the other for drink. Bartolo had nothing in his wallet but his clasp knife and had had naught for his breakfast but hopes, and these made him sharp and active.

He had reached a plantation when he perceived a well dressed individual coming toward him. Pressed by hunger, Bartolo, taking his cap off respectfully, approached and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but could you kindly give me a trifle? I promise I will return it as soon as I earn some money."

"Don't you think that it is a shameful thing for a man like you—young and with a good, healthy appearance—to be demanding charity of people? Does it not strike you that you have a duty to earn your living by working at your trade?"

"Yes, sir, certainly, but my trade does not fulfill its own duty. Most people like to see the birds flying about free rather than in cages, and therefore day by day I find myself poorer than before."

At first the stranger doubted what he heard, but the birdcage maker gave him so detailed an account of his work and the small profits he derived that he became interested and sympathized with his ill fortune. Bartolo was a man who always knew how to excite great interest in himself.

"Come, come," the stranger said, smiling. "I will do something for you. As I cannot find customers for your cages, I will afford you a powerful means by which you shall never more be in want."

He then blew a whistle, and Bartolo saw flying before him a bird blue as the sky, which came and perched on one of his cages.

"See here," added the stranger, "what will compensate for all your past misery. From this day forward you have only to formulate a wish and say slowly and distinctly, 'Bluest of bluebirds, do your duty,' and your wish will be granted to you."

"By my faith!" cried the birdcage maker, "but I will try it at once. For the last 20 years I have wished to kill hunger. 'Bluest of bluebirds, do your duty!'"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth than he saw suddenly spread before him on the grass a breakfast fit for a prince laid on a service of exquisite silver and glass and the whitest of cloths. Bartolo, astonished, flung himself on his knees before his benefactor to thank him, but he raised him up, saying:

"I am the good genius of the honest workingmen of Castile. Sit down and eat without fear. Take advantage of your lucky star," and then suddenly disappeared.

Bartolo reverently bent down and kissed the spot upon which he had stood, unable to find adequate expression of his gratitude.

He then sat down and ate his breakfast. After his meal Bartolo judged that a man who had feasted in such an elegant manner ought to have other better clothing than his well worn working suit, and lifting his staff he cried to the bird, "Bluest of bluebirds, do your duty!" In an instant his old suit became transformed into one of richest velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, and his rough staff into a splendid horse fully caparisoned and having round its neck a collar of silver bells.

More astonished than ever, Bartolo suspended to the saddle the cage with the bluebird, leaped on the horse and went his way as proud of his dress as a donkey of its ears.

Setting spurs to his horse, he soon reached the gates of a splendid castle. Some feast was taking place within. The guests were all seated under a shady bower deploring that they had been disappointed of the minstrels who were to have played.

Bartolo, on learning this, advanced to the bower, and after elegantly saluting the lord and lady of the castle in a most refined voice said:

"If it be right for a simple knight to offer his services to such a distinguished company of rank and beauty, I think I could promise to provide what you are requiring."

"Oh, do, at once, please!" cried all the ladies, who were longing to dance.

"Bluest of bluebirds, do your duty!" said Bartolo.

Suddenly in the distance was heard the noise of many feet, and a troop of musicians with their instruments appeared, to the great delight of the company.

The lord of the castle thanked the stranger and desired him to open the ball with his eldest daughter, a maiden fair and lovely, like a snow bird.

When the ball was at its height, the birdcage maker ordered an elegant banquet to be served, during which the bluest of bluebirds was commanded to sing some songs, which were very much admired. Games of chance followed, and Bartolo, taking advantage of his good fortune, distributed among the ladies pearls, bracelets and rings of precious stones. All those present were surprised beyond measure because the lord of the castle was known to be extremely niggardly and mean.

The lord of the castle, who knew how all this had been done through the agency of the bird and being himself of an inordinately avaricious nature, thought he might do a fine stroke of business were he to purchase the bird. Hence, calling his unknown guest away to his study, he proposed to him to purchase the bird for what price he should quote.

"You would never give me my price," replied Bartolo.

"For it I would give my castle, with its nine forests," said the lord of the castle.

"It is not enough."

"Very well, I will add my olive plantations and vineyards."

"That is still insufficient," cried Bartolo.

"I will add the orchards, gardens and houses."

"I want something else."

"What, still more? Why, man, you must want paradise itself."

"Not so. I want what you can give me this very moment. I want your daughter with whom I danced just now. Let her be my bride."

"What, my daughter?" cried the old miser in an ecstasy of joy. "By my faith, we shall soon conclude the bargain. Why did you not say so before?"

He went to seek the girl and told her of the engagement he had entered into. But his daughter, in utter amazement, cried out:

"But what if he is a wicked elf and all he does be witchcraft?"

"You have an amulet of coral hanging from your neck. It is an antidote against all witchery."

"And what if he be satan himself?"

"I will give you a piece of blessed candle, and he will have no power over you," replied the unrelenting father.

Taking her hand, he led her to the stranger, who was already on his horse, and assisted her to mount behind her future husband. Taking the cage with the bluest of bluebirds, he watched the retreating forms of the pair as the horse carried them away swifter than the wind, and when out of sight he proceeded to join his guests. The company was all gathered in knots discussing the extraordinary powers of the bird and all the events which had taken place.

"Peace, peace!" cried the lord of the castle as he entered. "I will perform more marvelous things than ever he did. I have given him my daughter to wed in exchange for the bird, and this bluebird will render me more wealthy than the king of Aragon. Approach and see the wonders I will work with it."

He took the cage, and lifting it up to look at the bird was astonished to find that it was not blue at all, but a large gray bird, which turned to stare at him in an insolent manner, gave a fierce peck at the door of the cage with its beak, flung it open and flew out of the window, uttering a terrible screech.

The lord of the castle stood with open mouth, not knowing what to do or say. His guests broke out in peals of laughter at his discomfiture and the well deserved punishment for his unseemly avarice of exchanging his beautiful daughter for a worthless bird.

Meanwhile Bartolo was galloping on with his bride to the nearest town to be married, and when he arrived at the first hostelry he wished to dismount and engage the most splendid suit of apartments for his intended bride, but he found himself utterly penniless.

He had not calculated that in parting with the bird he had parted with his luck, and therefore as soon as he dismounted the horse disappeared, and his elegant dress became changed for the shabby one he had worn before he met the kind individual who had wished to befriend him. When the beautiful daughter of the lord of the castle beheld the transformation which had taken place, she ran back to her father as fast as she could, fright lending wings to her feet.

Bartolo had to return to his old life of making cages and to his miserable existence.—From the Spanish in Strand Magazine.

THERE IS DANGER
for the young girl just entering womanhood. She is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this period. If there be pain, headache, and nervous disturbances, or irregularity of monthly functions Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription should be judiciously employed.
In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic disorders and diseases common to women
PIERCE Guarantees a CURE
OR THE MONEY IS RETURNED.

Miss Burk.

MISS MAMIE BURK, of Everett, Bedford Co., Penna., writes: "When I was fourteen years old I took a bad cold and there resulted internal troubles. I was a great sufferer for four years. I had tried two Physicians but neither gave me any relief. After taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I can't say enough for it. It cured me so I have no more pains. I am now nineteen years of age."

A Queer "War" Egg.

[Henderson Journal.]

Superstitious people will find food for thought in a discovery made yesterday morning by Mrs. Lizzie Atmore, who lives near Fernwood cemetery. About 10 o'clock, as is her custom, Mrs. Atmore went into her hen house to gather eggs. She found several, but interest centres in only one of the collection.

On returning to the house Mrs. Atmore discovered, to her great surprise, that there were some letters and figures embossed on one of the eggs. She examined it more closely and read "War of 1896." The first word was over the "of" and 1896 immediately under. All of the letters are clearly marked, as are the figures, except the nine, which might be taken for almost anything.

Hundreds of people heard of the strange happening and went out to Mrs. Atmore's home to look at the egg. Of course there is some satisfactory scientific solution to the problem, but most people claim to believe that a bloody conflict is close on hand and that this is a warning.

Just why the Almighty should have chosen a meek and lowly hen as His instriment is not clear to the superstitious. The identity even of the hen is unknown. Unfortunately all of Mrs. Atmore's hens look alike. Then nobody saw the egg laid, nobody knows exactly when it was laid, no difference has been noticed in the cacklings of any of the fowls; but the egg is there and the inscription is there. If you believe in the efficacy of a rabbit's foot and the like, buy yourself a rifle and bowie knife.

A Bashful Bridegroom.

[Exchange.]

A friend sends us the following story: When I was young I was the most bashful boy west of the Alleghanies. I wouldn't look at a girl, much less speak to a maiden; but for all that I fell desperately in love with a sweet, beautiful neighbor girl. It was a desirable match on both sides, and the old folks saw the drift and fixed it up.

I thought I should die thinking of it. I was a gawky, awkward country lout, about nineteen years of age, she a refined and fairly well educated girl, in a country and at that time when girls had superior advantages, and were therefore superior in culture to the boys. I fixed the day as for off I could put it. I lay awake in cold perspiration as the time drew near and shivered with agony as I thought of the terrible ordeal.

The dreadful day came. I went through the programme somehow in a dazed, confused, mechanical way; the guests one by one departed, and my hair began to stand on end. I felt like fleeing to the woods or spending the night in the barn, or leaving for the west never to return. I was devoted to Sallie; I loved her harder than a mule can kick; but that dreadful ordeal—I could not. I dare not stand it.

Finally the last guest was gone, the bride retired, the family had gone to bed and I was left with the old man. "John," said he, "you can take the candle; you will find your room above this. Good night, John, and the Lord have mercy on your soul," and with a mischievous twinkle in his eye the old man left the room.

When I heard him slam the door I staggered to my feet and seized the candle with a nervous grasp. I knew that it could not be avoided, and I hastened to meet my fate like a man. A happy thought struck me. I hastily climbed the stairs, marked the position of the landing and the door of the bridal chamber. I would have died before I would have disrobed in that holy chamber, where awaited me a trembling girl. I therefore decided to make the usual preparations without blowing out the light, open the door and friendly darkness would at least mitigate the horrors of the situation.

It was soon done, the dreadful moment had come, I was ready. I blew out the light, grasped the door knob with a deathly and nervous grasp—one moment and it would be over. I leaped within—and there, around a glowing hickory fire, with candles brightly burning, sat the blushing bride surrounded by her lovely bridesmaids.

NOTICE.
I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 382, and one will be sent you free.

The Practical Question.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I think it only fair to warn you, Hiram," said the aged politician to his son, a promising young man who had been elected to the Legislature and was about to start to the capital of the State to enter upon his duties, "that measures deeply affecting the public welfare will come up for consideration before the body to which you have been elected, and corrupted, designing men will seek to influence your vote. They will try to bribe you, Hirman. They will offer you money. Be on your guard against them, my boy, and remember that the reputation of the family whose name you bear and the honor of the district you represent are at stake."

"I will, father," replied the young man, deeply moved. "How—how much will they probably offer me?"

CURE FOR HEADACHE.
As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Beaver Dam.

FIDDLING BOB TAYLOR.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE TENNESSEEAN'S EARLY DAYS.

His First Race for Congress---Nominated as a Joke, but His Old Fiddle Won Him the Victory.

FIDDLING VS. ELOQUENCE

[Jas. W. Brents in Louisville Times.]

A reference to the incomparable Bob Taylor, in a letter to The Times from Nashville, recalls to my mind a period in his life when he was not so famous as he is now. That was nearly twenty years ago. He was then simply plain Bob Taylor, a rough, unpolished diamond, unknown beyond the limits of his native county in the mountain wilds of East Tennessee, where the song of the uncaged bird, the babble of the brook that goes on forever, the sweet perfume of myriad-tinted flowers growing in rank luxuriance throughout nature's vast conservatory, were the inspiration of his waking hours, while the scream of the wildcat and the hoot of the owl made up the lullaby song of his slumbers by night.

In a word, Bob grew up amid conditions that were bound to make of him either an orator, a poet or a moonshine distiller; but the influence of a noble father and mother preponderating in the balance, the world was saved, in his person, the two greatest curses ever known—mountain poetry and mountain whisky. Bob became an orator, a statesman, a lecturer, and in each relation he has blessed mankind.

The first time he came into something like general notice was when he made his memorable race for Congress against A. H. Pettibone, in 1878. Pettibone was a distinguished lawyer and Republican politician, a man of wealth, and considered as the best all-round Republican campaigner in the State. Two years before that time he had been Elector for the State-at-large on the Hayes ticket, and made a great reputation for his prowess on the stump. His nomination for Congress by the Republicans was considered by everybody as equivalent to his election, and the Democrats simply put out Bob Taylor as a practical joke, relished by none more keenly than Pettibone himself.

But Bob did not look upon it as a joke. On the contrary, he thanked the Democrats for their distinguished consideration and told them he was going to be elected. That was considered as the best part of the joke. The idea of Bob Taylor going to Congress! It was so funny that people had to hold their sides while they laughed. Bob's accomplishments were thought to consist solely of a very happy faculty for telling yarns, an extraordinary facility with the fiddle and the bow, and a most captivating grace in "swinging corners" with the mountain girls in a puncheon-floor hoedown. And those were the very auxiliaries upon which Bob confidently relied to encompass his election. He knew the mountain character thoroughly. His native intuition had taught him that, with the average mountaineer, an enlivening song and a good tune on the fiddle would go a great deal further than the best speech on the tariff Pettibone could make.

But how was he to make the canvass and meet the people? That was the perplexing problem. Pettibone was able to go over the district like a lord, but if steamboats had been selling for one dollar apiece, Bob couldn't have bought a gang-plank. And while all had the utmost confidence in his honesty and integrity, nobody was willing to advance him money to blow in on such a foolhardy, wild goose chase as that. But Bob was not dismayed in the least.

"Walking is good," he said, "and I don't believe in style nohow."

Acting on that impulse, he took his fiddle under his arm and started out. When he would meet one of the rugged mountaineers on the road he would swap a yarn with him, play him a tune and inquire about his wife and baby, or rake up some kinship with him if at all possible, and wind up with the casual information that he himself was a candidate for Congress. There was one vote made sure. If the mountaineer happened to be going Bob's way, and was on horseback, Bob would get up behind him, or if driving an ox cart, he would take a seat beside him, and awake the echoes along the road with his joyful songs. The chances were he would spend the night with him, help him feed the stock, nurse the baby, churn the milk, bring water from the spring and play the fiddle for the children.

If there was a "frolic" in the neighborhood, Bob was in his glory. Nobody could, nor can to this day, play an old-fashioned "break-down" better than Bob Taylor. Nobody could "prompt the set" half as loud or long, nor whirl the buxom lasses through the bewildering measures with half so much energy or grace. He was not married then, and during that campaign he had every eligible girl in the district for a sweetheart. The fresh and beautiful creatures fairly doted on him, for Bob was good-looking, and he had all the soft and sweet things, which girls like so well, right on the end of his tongue. And if I wasn't afraid his wife might see this, I would say he hasn't changed much in that respect to this good day.

Thus the canvass proceeded, Pettibone making great speeches on the issues of the day, and Bob Taylor fiddling and dancing and having a big time generally until the Republicans of the district began to wake up to the fact that Bob's candidacy was not the egregious joke they had taken it for. They didn't laugh near so loud nor so long at the bare mention of it, as they did at the outset. The sentiment of the masses was all setting Bob's way, and the Republicans realized they must stop the fiddle or be hopelessly beaten. So they began to dicker with Bob for a joint discussion. Bob said all right—that a joint discussion was what he had been hankering for all his life; but he modestly informed them that his bank account was running low and that if he should meet Pettibone at widely distant points, it would be necessary that a fund be provided to pay expenses. He was assured that would be all right, for the wily Republicans thought a campaign fund could not be more judiciously expended than in making a spectacle of Bob on the stump with such a man as Pettibone. And it is probable that this is the only instance in the entire history of American politics were the campaign expenses of a candidate were paid for by the opposite political party.

Finally the two met at an appointed time, and a vast crowd was present. Pettibone led off in a masterly speech of an hour. At length, when Bob arose and made his way to the stand with that old familar fiddle under his arm, the roof of the house was almost lifted with cheers. There was no mistaking the sentiment of that crowd. For a full hour he kept the audience in a constant roar of laughter and applause. He burlesques and ridiculed Pettibone until that gentleman was ashamed of himself. All his inexhaustible resources of wit, humor, satire and sarcasm were brought into play, and good judges have declared it was worth going a hundred miles to hear. At the conclusion, he took up his old fiddle and let himself loose on his most inspiring "break-down," calling the measures of the dance as he fiddled away. It was no time until the whole house was patting and dancing at a furious rate. Pettibone left in disgust, while the crowd gathered Bob upon their shoulders and paraded the streets with him amid deafening shouts of triumph.

They only met at two or three other points, Pettibone declaring he was not afraid to meet any man in the State in a manly discussion, but that he "could not speak against Bob Taylor's d—n old fiddle."

The result of the election was foreseen long in advance. Bob Tayloy was carried into the office on a tremendous tidal wave of victory, and he made a good member of Congress. His record since is very well known. The State never had a better Governor, and today he is by far the most popular man in Tennessee. He is making a big fortune out of his lectures and no man deserves it more than big-brained and big-hearted Bob Taylor.

THE DISCOVERY SAVED HIS LIFE.
Mr. G. Cailloutte, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose I began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Beaver Dam.

A Frightful Vision.

[Boston Home Journal.]

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Goodheart, as she handed her husband a cup of coffee across the breakfast table, "I realize that we must really economize, and I'm willing to do my part. I've thought of one way of economizing already."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Goodheart.

"Well, I'll tell you. I have a good sewing machine and plenty of time, and if you'll select the cloth I'll cut and make you that new pair of trousers you want my own self and save— Why, Henry Goodheart, what is the matter with you? The man is going into a fit. Here, Jane, bring some water! Go for the doctor, somebody! Help me to support him and keep him from falling out of his chair. What can the matter be? It looks like apoplexy. There! He breathes easier and has opened his eyes. Now, Henry, dear, what is it?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing. Only a sudden faintness. I'll get over it in a few minutes, and I—I was just joking when I said that we had to begin economizing somewhere—only joking, my dear."

GENTLEMEN:—Mr. Will Skillman has had sore eyes for years. He has tried many doctors and remedies, and has always failed to get relief until we sold him a tube of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve, which cured him inside of one week. Dr. Bell's Tar Honey sells well and cures.
Respectfully,
M. MEYER & Co.,
January 15, 1895. Buras, Ky.
For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

For Sale;
A new two story frame Hotel with 11 rooms and all modern improvements. This property is situated at the junction of the C., O. & S. W. and the Falls of Rough railroads, at Horse Branch, Ky., and is an important location. Terms reasonable. For further particulars call on or address THE HERALD Hartford, Ky., or J. B. McDaniel, Caneyville, Ky. tf

The following incident of New York life shows how badly our population is mixed: "An Italian sent an American lad to a Chinaman for his laundry. The American gave the Chinaman a 50-cent piece. John bit on it said: "Counterfeit; you gettee in trouble; me keepee," and put it in his pocket. The Italian then called and started to give the Chinaman a beating. A Greek left his oyster stand to act as peacemaker. The Italian drew a razor and the Greek shied a bottle of cayenne pepper at him which struck a Hebrew. A negro who was passing shouted, and an Irishman in the uniform of a policeman in arrested the fighting congress of nations, which was presided over by a Dutch Police Justice."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Dozen Uses for Salt.

[American Farmer.]

To preserve lemons, pack them in salt.

Eat salt on melons and nuts to prevent illness.

A pinch of salt put into the starch will prevent its sticking.

A rough flat-iron may be made smooth by rubbing it, when warm, over a teaspoonful of salt.

Small doses of salt at short intervals will stop hemorrhage of the lungs.

For stings and insect bites apply wet salt and bind tightly.

If your fire is slow in kindling, throw on a little salt and it will burn briskly.

Colored muslins likely to fade, when "set" with salt and water before washing, will not lose their brightnes. This is especially true of blue.

Sprinkle coarse salt over the carpet before sweeping. It will effectively lay the dust and brighten the colors.

Neuralgia and other severe pain is relieved by filling a muslin bag with salt, and applying as hot as possible to the aching part.

Cut flowers will last twice as long if placed in salt and water, daily renewed.

Nothing is more refreshing and strengthening, especially to delicate children, than a salt-water bath. A teacupful of salt in the bath night and morning will be found most beneficial. If sea-salt is used, it should be put to soak an hour before needed, as it dissolves slowly.

JANUARY 15, 1895.
E. E. SUTHERLAND MEDICINE COMPANY:—Find herewith our check in full. Ship us one doxen 25c size, two dozen 50c size and one dozen $1. size of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Ship at once, as we only have three bottles left on our shelves. Dr. Bell' Pine Tar Honey is a fine seller and gives good satisfacti.n
Truly, Z. WAYNE GRIFFIN & BRO.,
Druggists, Hartford, Ky.

In Memory of My Father.

Died of an abscess, on the evening of February 14, 1895, at the residence of his niece, Mrs. Wood Wortham, Owensboro, Ky., Mr. Samuel Davison, after suffering seven weeks.

His greatest desire was to be taken home so he could be with all once more. All that loving hearts and hands could do was done to restore him to his health.

He would often say: "If I were at home I would be the happiest man in this world." He was born in Grayson county, Ky., April 22, 1835, and at an early age moved with his father, William Davison, to Breckenridge county, Ky., near Falls of Rough, where he lived at the time of his death.

On August 22, 1861, he was married to Kittie A. Landrum. From this union six children were born; three sons and three daughters. Two of them died when small.

It was with a sad and broken heart that I stood by my dear father's bedside and watched his life fast ebb away. He would often say: "I am not afraid to die. I would go right to Heaven."

There is one consoling thought. The angels have borne father safely over the waves of the dark river to that far shore beyond, where all the faithful enjoy the sunlight of a Redeemer's love. Written by his loving daughter,

JENNIE.

Your remedies are taking well here. Sold all on a guarantee and not a bottle or package has been returned. Some say they can see better after using Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve than they could before their eyes ever became sore. Please ship as soon as convenient, as I need the goods.
Yours, T. J. WILLIAMS,
Druggist, Uniontown, Ky.
For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro., Hartford, Ky.

Something Like Her.

[Detroit Tribune.]

He sat as one in a dream, although he was in the grand stand.

"Good boy!" shouted the beautiful creature by his side. "Hi, yi! Make it two bags. Jove, that was a bute of a sacrifice. Slide, old man, slide! Come home, come home! They can't get it back from second in a year! Hi, yi! Whoop! Hi, yi!"

With a wild yell of triumph she threw a silver dollar to the man who had just scored, after which she crushed the summer hat of the girl in front of her with one blow of a cushion.

There certainly was such a thing as the new woman.

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.

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OWENS PINK MIXTURE
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Brown's Iron Bitters
If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—it won't stain your teeth, and it's pleasant to take.
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