

THE HERALD is mailed regularly to subscribers until the order is discontinued...

OBITUARIES.

THE HERALD will insert obituaries, resolutions of respect and obituary poetry...

WISER THAN BOOKS.

My love than books is wiser far. I scanned the countless pages...

THE VETERAN.

Out of the low window could be seen three hickory trees placed irregularly in a meadow...

The veteran looked down and grinned. Observing the entrance of the group...

Every one laughed. Perhaps it seemed strange and rather wonderful to them...

Two little triangles of wrinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes. Evidently he appreciated some comedy...

"That was it, Charlesville. Of course afterward I got kind of used to it. A man does. Lots of men, though...

When little Jim walked with his grandfather, he was in the habit of skipping along on the stone pavement...

"This is the Siskies' colt over the meadow, Jimmie," said the old man...

"Um," said the boy, with a strange lack of interest. He continued his reflections...

"What was I telling them?" "Oh, about your running."

"Why, yes, that was true enough, Jimmie. It was my first fight, and there was an awful lot of noise, you know."

Jimmie seemed dazed that this idol of his own will, should so totter. His stout, boyish idealism was injured.

Presently the grandfather said: "Siskies' colt is going for a drink. Don't you wish you owned Siskies' colt, Jimmie?"

"The boy merely answered, 'He ain't as nice as our'n.' He leaped then to another moody silence.

One of the hired men, a Swede, desired to drive to the county seat for purposes of his own. The old man loaned a horse and an unwashed buggy.

After quelling some ferocious frolic of the farm hands and boys in the garret the old man had that night gone peacefully to sleep, when he was aroused by clanking at the kitchen door.

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and immediately, it seemed, there came down an avalanche of men. No one knew that during this time the old lady had been standing in her nightclothes at the bedroom door yelling: "What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

When they dashed toward the barn, it presented to their eyes its usual appearance—solemn, rather mystic in the black night. The Swede's lantern was overturned at a point some yards from the front of the barn doors. It contained a little little conflagration of its own, and even in their excitement some of those who ran felt a gentle secondary vibration of the thirty part of their minds at sight of this overturned lamp.

Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a calamity. But the cattle in the barn were trampling, trampling, trampling, and above this noise could be heard a humming like the song of immemorial bees. The old man lurked aside the great doors, and a yellow flame leaped out at one corner and sped and sped and wavered frantically up the old gray wall. It was glad, terrible, this single flame, like the wild banner of deadly and triumphant foes.

The motley crowd from the garret had come with all the pails of the farm. They flung themselves upon the well. It was a leisuredly old machine, long dwelling in indolence. It was in the habit of giving out a few drops of oil at intervals. The men started at it, cursed it, but it continued to allow the buckets to be filled only after the wheezy windlass had howled many protests at the mad handed man.

With his open knife in his hand, old Fleming himself had gone headlong into the barn, where the stifling smoke swirled with the air currents, and where could be heard in its fullness the terrible chorus of the flames laden with words of hate and death, a hymn of wonderful fervor.

He flung a blanket over an old mare's head, cut the halter close to the manger, led the mare to the door and fairly kicked her out to safety. He returned with the same blanket and rescued one of the work horses. He took five horses out, and then came out himself with his clothes lathered on fire. He had no whiskers and very little hair on his head. They seemed five painful of water on him. His eldest son made a clean miss with the sixth pail, because the old mare was running down the decline and around to the basement of the barn, where were the stanchions of cows. Some one noticed at the time that he ran very lamely, as if one of the frenzied horses had smacked his hip.

The cows with their heads held in the heavy stanchions, had thrown themselves, strangled themselves, tangled themselves—done everything which the ingenuity of their exuberant fear could suggest to them.

Here, in the well, the something happened to every man save one. Their hands went mad. They became incapable of everything save the power to rush into dangerous situations.

The old man released the cow nearest the door, and she, blinding drunk with the smoke, ran to the manger, and the Swede had been running to and fro, babbling. He carried an empty milk pail, to which he clung with an unconscious fierce enthusiasm. He shrieked like one lost as he went under the cow's hoofs, and fell, rolling, rolling, rolling, the floor, made a flash of silver in the gloom.

Old Fleming took a fork, beat off the cow and dragged the paralyzed Swede to the open air. When they had rescued the cow, and the man, who had so fastened himself that he could not be moved, and they returned to the front of the barn and stood sadly, breathing like men who had reached the final point of human effort.

Many people had come running. Some had come from the church, and now, from the distance, rang the tocsin note of the old bell. There was a long flare of crimson on the sky, which made remote people speculate as to the whereabouts of the fire.

The long flames rang their drumming chorus in voices of the heaviest bass. The wind whirled clouds of smoke and cinders into the faces of the spectators. The form of the old barn was outlined in black amid these masses of orange light.

And then came this Swede again, crying as one who is the weapon of the sinister forces: "Do colts! Do colts! You have forgot do colts!"

Old Fleming staggered. It was true; he had forgotten the two colts in the box stalls at the back of the barn. "Boys," he said, "I must try to get 'em out." They clamored about him then, afraid for him, afraid of what they should see. Then they talked wildly to each other. "Why, it is sure deadly," "He would never get out, he could not be rescued for a man to go in there," Old Fleming stared absently at the open doors. "The poor little things," he heard. He rushed into the barn.

When the roof fell in, a great funnel of smoke swarmed toward the sky as if the old man might have released the power of his body—a little bottle—had swelled like the genius of fate. The smoke was tinted rose hue from the flames, and perhaps the unutterable midnights of the universe will have no power to date the colts of this soul—Stephen Crane in St. James Budget.

A Budding Philosopher. "Say, paw, is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?" "I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?" "Cause I've just been reading that cherry tree 'bout Washin' ton."

Drurability of Wood. In very dry atmospheres the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian era.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by Dr. Witt's Hazel Salve. It never fails to cure for piles. For sale by J. Wayne Griffin & Co.

A Determined Couple. Evansville, Ind., Feb. 17.—Miss Dee Shatt and John Harris, a young couple of McClain county, Ky., sloped to this city to-day and were married. They reached here after a most exciting chase, employing foot hooted horses, a skiff and a railroad train to elude the pursuit of the relatives of the young woman, who opposed the match. They were accompanied on the trip by Miss Jennie Dame and G. W. Bradley. They have returned home to get forgiveness.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

MARCH, APRIL, MAY. The Most Favorable Season for Curing Chronic Catarrh.

Winter weather causes catarrh. Everybody knows this. But everybody does not stop to think that winter weather delays the cure of catarrh. It takes longer to cure a case of catarrh in the winter generally than in the warm season. Spring is here. Now is the time favorable to the treatment of old and especially stubborn cases of catarrh. Road what old cases of Per-na can cure under favorable circumstances.

J. W. Orpe, Quanah, Texas, writes: "I was afflicted with catarrh for twenty years; for twelve years had been partially cured. I did not think I could be cured. I began taking Per-na, and now believe myself to be permanently cured."

Just to think of it! Now is the best time to be cured! So-called spring fever is really systemic catarrh. Per-na eradicates the disease completely.

Send for free catarrh book. Address The Per-na Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gold Democrats and Republicans of Anderson county are dickering on a fusion proposition.

How to Get on in the World. (Age of Steel.) Most of our successful business men began life without a dollar. They have won success by hard work and strict honesty. You can do the same. Here are a dozen rules for getting along in the world:

1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does, riches are a curse.

2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety per cent of what men call genius is only a talent for hard work.

3. Enter into that business or trade you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable.

4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties.

5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No one can rise who slights his work.

6. Don't try to begin on top. Begin at the bottom and you will be surer of reaching the top some time.

7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Insure on your banner: "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero."

8. Be punctual. Keep your appointments. Be there a minute before you if you have to lose dinner to do it.

9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow, is money, in your pocket.

10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust.

11. Spend less than you earn. Do not run in debt. Watch the little leaks and you can live on your salary.

12. Make all the money you can, honestly; do all the good you can with it while you live; be your own executor.

Have you had the Grip? If you have, you probably need reliable medicine like Foley's Honey and Tar to heal your lungs and stop the hacking cough incidental to this disease. WILLIAMS & HARTFORD.

In Memoriam. KUTTAWA, KY., March 18, 1897. On February 20, 1897, just as the evening shadows were gathering over the land, the inhabitants of this place were startled at the news that death had claimed as his victim our friend, neighbor and fellow townsman, C. S. Robertson. While we knew he was very sick and some had begun to entertain doubts about his recovery, no one thought of his dying so soon, hence a surprise to all. Charles, as we called him, was born at Paradise, Ky., September 30, 1857, the son of Tolbert and Mary Robertson. His father still survives him and a resident of Rockport, Ky. He first became known to our people as traveling salesman for D. Schroder & Co., of Cincinnati. The writer having had considerable dealings with him in that capacity, he became fully convinced of his strictly honest and conscientious dealings with his fellow man, and ever afterwards felt perfectly easy and safe in any business transactions with him.

He was married to Miss Lennie Duke in the town of Kuttawa on the 31st day of October, 1888, and made that his home until death. In these few years he became generally known and liked by all. He was one of Kuttawa's most public-spirited and enterprising business men and as the years roll by and the flowers bloom over his grave, there will ever remain in our hearts and minds love and thoughts of him who was so unexpectedly taken from us. Peace to his memory and Heaven's richest blessings upon his heart-broken wife and his three innocent little children. We laid his body away in the Kuttawa cemetery on Sunday, February 28th, 1897, and one only had to look upon the vast concourse of people who gathered at his residence and grave to pay their last tribute of respect, to be convinced that he had made many friends. His friend, H. C. Coon.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 35c. 41 126

Resolutions of Respect. HALL OF CHERRALS, LODGE No. 253, F. & A. M. CHERRALS, KY., Mar. 15. WHEREAS, Our In His infinite mercy did, on March 7, 1897, remove by death our worthy brother, William Tinsley, from our midst, therefore be it

RESOLVED, That in his death our lodge has lost a faithful brother, a true Mason, and his family a kind husband and a loving father.

RESOLVED, That we tender to the family of our beloved companion our deepest sympathy, profoundest respect

and heartiest love, for in life he commanded them all. RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on our record book, a copy be sent to HARTFORD HERALD and Central City Republican for publication.

W. E. MORTON, R. E. ENDREY, Com. J. C. HILL, Secy.

If It Had Been Bryan. (After a Constitution.) The 4th of March is near, and the voice of the receiver is still heard in the land. Notwithstanding the wish which is father to the thought that prosperity should come, banks crash, business enterprises are staggered, the receiver stands pre-eminent as the companion of McKinleyism. We were told that the mere triumph of "sound money" would so compose matters that without further effort business would take care of itself. The triumph has come, the date of inauguration has passed over the hills of time, and yet there is no improvement. Suppose Bryan had been elected, how all these things would have been changed up against free silverism! Since the reverse is the fact, are they not as fairly chargeable to McKinleyism? It may be like rubbing turpentine on a raw place to ask the question, but the people are asking it everywhere.

To the Democrats of Ohio County. I am a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. In 1890 I asked the Democracy of this county for their endorsement for this office and it was gratefully accorded. I have since that time to success at the following election. After having served the people of Ohio county for four years as their Attorney, I am now a candidate for the office, which they in no uncertain terms gave and for which I was as profoundly thankful. During the memorable canvass that followed, I with the other candidates, made the best fight possible, but was defeated along with all the other Democratic nominees. Since then I have devoted my time and whatever talent I may possess to the law and newspaper work, at all times doing all in my power through THE HERALD and otherwise for the upbuilding of the cause of Democracy. My efforts merit your approval. I kindly ask you to go to your respective voting places on April 23rd next and give me your support. If instructed with the nomination I seek, it shall be my highest ambition to do all in my power by honorable means to carry the banner to success. Thanking you for the assurance of support, I remain yours respectfully, F. L. FELIX.

HOW TO FIND OUT. Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates a diseased condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is positive evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back, is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO. There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kalm's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver and bladder, and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or had effects following urine in the bladder, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate. The mild and extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists at price fifty cents and one dollar. For a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail, mention THE HERALD and send your full postal office address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietor of this paper guarantees the genuineness of this offer.

Every time we go to Louisville we stop at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. For a cozy and comfortable stay, there is no room and good attention, there is nothing better to be found than the Fifth Avenue, Louisville. 401f.

Your Intelligence. Your intelligence is questioned by the druggist who tries to influence you to let him bottle anything for you when you ask for Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. No druggist can put this up for you—he cannot out up anything like it—it is not to be had in bulk—it is to be had only in 50c, 25c, and \$1 bottles. There is nothing "just as good" as Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. Avoid those substitutes with similar sounding names. When you buy Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey see that the bottle has never been opened and that it bears the picture and testimony of "Good Old Grand Metcalf," and the name of the E. E. Sutherland Medicine Company, Fountain Park, Paducah, Ky.

BED WETTING CURED OR NO PAY. Mrs. E. M. ROWAN, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Island of Crete, like Ireland and several other large islands, enjoys immunity from serpents and snakes. Pagan belief ascribes this to Titus, the companion of the Apostle Paul. Titus is supposed to have lived as a Bishop upon the island, and to have died there at a ripe old age. He is held in the same veneration by the Cretans that St. Patrick is by the Irish. Wolves, also, are not to be found upon the island, although they are very common in Greece and adjoining lands. The largest animal native to the island is the wild mountain goat, a near relative to the familiar ibex.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. For sale by J. Wayne Griffin & Co.

That a man could live with a hole five inches in diameter in his skull seems strange, but that is just what Robert Merrigold, now in a hospital at Chamberlain, S. D., has done for some time. A good many years ago it was discovered that there was a hole in the left side of Merrigold's head about two inches across, and ever since the hole has been constantly growing larger. The scalp covers the hole and is the only covering over the man's brain. The physicians who have examined the case are at a loss to know the nature of the disease or what is the cause. Mer-

rigold, who is over 70 years old, never felt any ill effects, from his strange affliction until a couple of years ago, but since that time his mind has been gradually giving way.

Sankey's New Sacred Song. Evangelist Ira D. Sankey, the singer and composer, has written a new sacred song for the April Ladies' Home Journal. He has given it the title of "The Beautiful Hill," and considers it superior to the famous "Ninety and Nine." Mr. Sankey wrote it with the special view of its appropriateness for outdoor singing—for camp-meetings and other religious and semi-religious gatherings.

Have you heard the new song, "In the Shadow of the Pines"? It is immense! Legg Bros., of Kansas City, Mo., have it, and they are making a cut price of 25c a copy. Take our advice and send for one.

"That Tired Feeling" overcomes us when inferior preparations recommended by unscrupulous dealers as "just as good as Foley's Honey and Tar Cough Syrup," when cured by Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey, the great medicine. BROWN & CHAPMAN, Centerburg, Ky. WILLIAMS & BELL, Hartford, Ky.

Practical—Progressive—Popular. For a practical business course, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting and Commercial Law, none can surpass the Ellendale Commercial College, near Curdsville, Ky. The situation is healthy, the buildings substantial, commodious and convenient, and the faculty strong, capable and in touch with the times. Terms low as any first-class college dare to be. Send for catalogue to the Secretary, R. T. SMITH, or to W. F. HAYDEN, President, 501 Ellendale, near Curdsville, Ky.

There is nothing so good for the coughs and colds of the children and the other ailments of the Spring as Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It cures croup, whooping cough, cold in the head and gives sweet, refreshing sleep. Children love it, cold people like it, and it is recommended by all the best physicians in the world. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Here is the kind of obituary that a Georgia editor puts up for a man: "Poor Jim Brown slung his earthly garments on a limb and swam the river yesterday. He did not stand back because the water was cold, but plunged right in and struck out for the other shore and met the angels smiling. Jim was a poor man, but had his subscription to his home paper paid up and got there in good shape."

Never go away from home without a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. It changes climate, change of apartments or exposure may bring a cold which nothing but this famous remedy will cure. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

In Scott county, Va., Goobar Quillen was murdered by his wife's paramour, while she stood by and superintended the crime.

It is impossible to be happy or cheerful or useful when one is suffering from a cold, cough or any other ailment of the throat and lungs. A little cough will go on from day to day suffering from these distressing disorders. Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey will relieve the most stubborn case. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Co.

Electric railways in Europe formed the subject of some interesting statistics recently embodied in a report sent to the United States government by Vice Consul J. F. Monaghan, at Chemnitz, Germany. According to these, the number of such railways was increased during the year 1895 from 70 to 111, while the total length was raised from about 435 to 560 miles, the number of cars from 1,236 to 1,747, and the horsepower from a little over 18,000 to a little over 25,000. Of all the European countries, Germany, according to Mr. Monaghan's figures, stood at the head, with about 250 miles to her credit, and an equipment of 857 cars, and 7,194 horsepower. The other countries followed in the order given below:

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CASTORIA. Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF CHAS. H. HITCHCOCK IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA. Castoria is put up in its one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you any other kind of medicine that is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

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