

STORY OF A LITTLE STRANGER'S GRAVE

Located in Breckenridge County.

IS FORSAKEN BY RELATIVES

And Cared For by Friends— Pitiful Tale of Little Child's Death.

Macedonia Baptist church, one mile south of Rockvale in what is known as the "Cut-Off," in Breckenridge county, is located near the site of the early settlers' Baptist church, called by them Hogewell. Adjoining the church lot is a beautiful piece of meadow land, set apart for a churchyard, and although the first interment in the yard was on June 26, 1890, yet to March 20, 1909, there were 125 graves in the yard and two of them contained the remains of four persons.

In a prominent part of the yard and in a well cared for but plain grave, is what is known in the community as "The Stranger's Grave." To the inquiring visitor of how this grave derived that name, they are briefly told all they know about the little stranger whose remains lay in this grave. In October, 1898, two wagons containing movers went into camp on Harris' Fork creek, where that stream crosses the Hartford and Hardinsburg road, near Rockvale, in Breckenridge county. In one of the wagons was a child about 18 months old, very sick of membranous croup. His low moaning attracted the attention of a young man by the name of Simmons, who was passing by. On learning the cause, he invited the campers to hitch up their teams and go to the home of his father, Martin Simmons, who lived but a short distance up the road, where his mother would care for the sick child, and young Simmons went ahead of the movers to notify his mother to prepare for receiving the strangers. It was about 10 p. m., when the child arrived at Mr. Simmons' house, and it died between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock that night in Mr. Simmons' arms.

As the strangers knew nothing about the people they were among, they requested the many who called to see them in their distress to take charge of the remains of their child and give them a christian funeral and interment, according to the custom of the community, which was done. The child died on Friday night, Sunday its remains were laid in the churchyard and on Monday the travelers continued their journey. Before leaving they expressed their grateful thanks to the community for their friendly aid in sore distress and the respect shown them by the large attendance at the burial of their child, and requested the people to keep in order the grave of their child till they could return and better care for it, and sorrowfully took their leave.

Since these people went away it has been learned that they settled in Arkansas and at the present time there is little hope of their ever returning to the grave of their child in the churchyard among strangers. Its grave will be known as "The Stranger's Grave" as long as tradition can hand its brief memorial down.

EDWIN FORBES.

Where the Corn Goes.

People often wonder, particularly those who have traveled for hundreds of miles through the corn belt, what becomes of all the corn which is grown every year. In the year 1908 when the total crop was 2,662,000,000 bushels, 241,000,000 bushels were consumed in flour and grist mill products, 8,000,000 bushels for malt liquors, 17,000,000 bushels in the production of distilled liquors, 40,000,000 bushels for export, and 13,000,000 bushels for seed, making a total of 359,000,000 bushels, or 13.3 per cent. of the entire crop. The remaining 2,303,000,000 per

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In malarial districts their virtues are widely recognized, as they possess peculiar properties in freeing the system from that poison. Elegantly sugar coated.

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cent, or 137,000,000 bushels, seems to have been used entirely for feeding. —[Corn Reporter.

Heart as a Power Engine.

A great physician once remarked that, despite its complexity, there was no organ of the body readier to adapt itself to circumstances or more capable of repaying ordinary care than the heart. This is very true, and an appreciation of that fact should cause us all the more carefully to follow the Wise Man's advice and care for our heart with all diligence. When we have regard for the tremendous work the heart accomplishes, we might well with Wesley say: "Strange that a harp of a thousand strings should keep in tune so long."

Estimated in scientific fashion, a man's heart in twenty-four hours performs an amount of work which, if represented by the energy demanded for a big lift, would raise 120 tons weight one foot high. Such a calculation can be accurately determined by measuring the force expended in one beat or cycle of movement of the heart and multiplying the short work into that of a day. Thus in no small degree does the heart's labor contribute to swell the big total of the energy the human engine expends each day it lives.—[New York World.

The Threat Terrible.

Helress—"But, father, that handsome foreign count says he will do something terrible and awful if I do not marry him."

Father—"He will. He will have to go to work."

HE GOT BIG PAY.

An African Salary That Commanded Respect and Obedience.

Makuba and Oblanga were two Africans, the one the captain of a boat crew and the other subordinate to him. Oblanga was an independent fellow, not in the least lazy, who rather resented "bossing." In a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa" R. H. Milligan tells of an altercation between the two men. Makuba, the diplomatic, came out of it with flying colors.

The worst disputes between Makuba and Oblanga took place when they supposed that I was asleep. The native when he lies down anywhere sleeps immediately. Whenever I was lying in the bottom of the boat they always thought I was unconscious and that no conceivable noise could waken me.

Captain Makuba orders Oblanga to "haul away on the peak halyards," to which Oblanga promptly replies:

"Do it yourself."

"I won't do it; you will do it!" says Makuba in a threatening tone.

"Are you my father?" says Oblanga.

"No," answers Makuba, with infinite scorn. "How could a Komi man be the father of a creature like you?"

"Then stop giving me orders!" says Oblanga, with rising wrath. "It is not the first time you have tried it, and one of these days you will find out that it won't do."

"One of these days you will find out that I am captain of this boat and that you will have to obey me," says Makuba.

"Not as long as I carry a gun," answers Oblanga.

By this time they are standing up and looking hard at each other. But Makuba would not think of striking a man in a mission boat. He therefore becomes diplomatic. Suddenly in a tone altogether different he says:

"Oblanga, the trouble with you is that you are just a bushman. You don't know anything about civilization. On every big ocean steamer there is a captain, and every man on board, no matter what tribe he belongs to, obeys the captain."

Oblanga becomes instantly curious, and asks, "Is he rich?"

"Yes," says Makuba; "he gets big pay, and so do I get big pay."

"How much do you get, Makuba?"

"How much do you think?"

Oblanga thinks as well as he knows now, his countenance distorted with the effort, and at length answers reflectively, "Two dollars a month." He himself gets a dollar and a half.

A broad smile engages Makuba's features as he slowly answers, "Five dollars a month."

Oblanga gives expression to his surprise in a long, low whistle. It is quite evident to him that no ordinary person could command such wages, and in a tone of utmost compliance he says: "What was it you told me to do, Makuba? I forget."

"I forget, too," says Makuba. "Oh, yes," he adds, "I told you to haul on the peak halyards."

Sounded Like It.

Farmer Wayback—By cracky, the old mare has got the heaves again!

Mrs. Wayback—That's not the heaves, Hiram. Susie do be takin' her singin' lessons.

An Exchange of Compliments.

He—Bah! What is woman? A rag, a bone and a hank of hair!

She—And man? A jag, a drone or a tank of air!

Judge Jones has called a special session of court at Union City, Tenn., for the first Monday in July, to try the 75 night rider cases still on the docket, growing out of the Reelfoot Lake troubles.

POEMS

YOU'LL ENJOY.

The Herald's Special Selections.

THE NORTHERN BLUE—THE SOUTHERN GRAY.

Wherever comrades may repose, free from the bugle's call, As heroes, they in mem'ry live, torn, scar'd by shell and ball There let us meet and mingle tears in unison to-day, And scatter floral wreaths, alike, upon the blue and gray.

The few remaining "Vets," with pride and trembling, tottering tread, All join to decorate the graves of our heroic dead. The breach of peace that once prevailed, from age, has died away, The tears of love are shed the same upon the blue and gray.

With din of battle on their ear, the scenes of war in mind, Our brave defenders, aged, gray, are dropping out of line.

Ere long the "taps," will call the last true Soldier Boy away, Who may have worn the Northern blue—perhaps the Southern gray

No slabs of granite mark the spot where many warriors rest; No loving hands with garlands fair to lay upon their breast;

But yet the stars that guard each mound of consecrated clay, Smile down with equal rays of love on both the blue and gray.

They laid their guns and swords aside with many a manly shout; From earthly service, one by one, were gently mustered out. And as the flowers of May adorn their silent graves to-day, Our Nation clasps the hands of peace o'er both the blue and gray.

N. B.—If the reader of the above poem will send five 2-cent stamps to the author, Damon Harvey, Clearfield, Pa., who is a helpless invalid, he will greatly appreciate the favor and will send in return, his photo and the poem, nicely printed on plate paper, suitable for scrap-book or framing.

Won't Slight a Good Friend.

"If ever I need a cough medicine again I know what to get," declares Mrs. A. L. Alley, of Beals, Me., "for, after using ten bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, and seeing its excellent results in my own family and others, I am convinced it is the best medicine made for Coughs, Colds and Lung Trouble." Every one who tries it feels just that way. Relief is felt at once and its quick cure surprises you. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Hemorrhage, Croup, La Grippe, Sore Throat, pain in chest or lungs, it's supreme. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by James H. Williams.

Stout Party—Say, young fellow, do you know where I could get a hair cut? Urchin—Sure, guv'nor; on yer head—Judge.

HIDDEN DANGERS.

Nature Gives Timely Warning That no Hartford Citizen Can Afford to Ignore.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 1 comes from the kidney secretions. They will warn you when the kidneys are sick. Well kidneys excrete a clear, amber fluid. Sick kidneys send out a thin, pale and foamy, or a thick, red, ill-smelling urine, full of sediment and irregular of passage.

DANGER SIGNAL NO. 2 comes from the back. Back pains, dull and heavy, or sharp and acute, tell you of sick kidneys and warn you of the approach of dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently. Here is proof in the statement of a nearby resident.

William Johnson, Cloverport, Ky., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills in my case proved to be a very reliable remedy and I therefore have no hesitation in recommending them. For six years my kidneys were disordered, the secretions being too frequent in passage and when allowed to stand, containing sediment. My back ached severely, particularly at night, and in the morning I was so lame and sore that I could scarcely get around. Whenever I contracted the slightest cold, it settled in my kidneys and made my suffering more intense. Doan's Kidney Pills have given me great relief from these troubles."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Get Well. If you are sick, you wish to get well, don't you? Of course you do. You wish to be rid of the pain and misery, and be happy again. If your illness is caused by female trouble, you can quickly get the right remedy to get well. It's Cardui. This great medicine, for women, has relieved or cured thousands of ladies, suffering like you from some female trouble. TAKE CARDUI For Women's Ills. Mrs. Fannie Ellis, of Foster, Ark., suffered agony for seven years. Read her letter about Cardui. She writes: "I was sick for seven years with female trouble. Every month I would very nearly die with my head and back. I took 13 bottles of Cardui and was cured. Cardui is a God-send to suffering women." Try it. AT ALL DRUG STORES

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