

# HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

COOPER & BACK, Publishers.

HAZEL GREEN, - KENTUCKY.

## TO MY WIFE.

Lucy, don't you hear the voices, gentle voices in the air;  
Like the waving of a pinion, like the pausing of a prayer,  
Like a song of singers dead,  
Like a dream of beauty fled,  
When we can not quite remember what the angel vision said?

Oh, the voices of the Yesterdays! Time's melancholy choir,  
With the twilight singing minor and the dawn-singing air,  
With the echoes of glory round,  
And their brows with garlands bound,  
And a million golden minutes strewn like grain upon the ground.

Ah, they must be up the river, and it can not be a dream,  
For the wind is blowing soft, my love, is blowing down the stream,  
And is waiting to your ears  
What your list'ning spirit hears,  
Till the past grows dim and dimmer through the mist of many years.

And a little form in white seems to rise beyond the rain,  
And a little hand to beckon and a little voice to complain,  
To your heart a moment pressed,  
Then away to be a guest,  
And to sing among the Angels in the Gardens of the Blest.

For the little infant spirit that a brighter angel bore,  
A dark angel challenged at the threshold of the door,  
And he bade it back again,  
As returns the morning rain  
To the heaven o'er the mountain and the glory o'er the main.

In his arms the angels clasped her, and as he turned and smiled  
He crowned you there, the mother of a sinless angel child.  
Ah, the beauty that she wore,  
Borne so swiftly on before,  
Just to learn the Heaven for "welcome" to that bright and blessed shore!

But, Lucy, 'twill be by and by, when June has followed June,  
And many a sad December night has played a solemn tune;  
When the snow upon your hair  
Forgets to melt and lingers there,  
And form so frail and faded trembles in the old arm-chair.

Then here's my hand, my dearest; we'll travel on together  
In days both clear and cloudy, in rade and rainy weather;  
Till the winter at the last  
Shall the shadows eastward cast  
And our lives and loves forever shall be blended with the Past.

—Benj. F. Taylor.

## HELEN LAKEMAN;

The Story of a Young Girl's Struggle With Adversity.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,  
AUTHOR OF "THE BANKER OF BEDFORD,"  
"WALTER BROWNFIELD," ETC.

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### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Did ye never see a bird with a crippled wing, and see how the poor little thing tried to fly and couldn't? Well, this child, good as he is, holds down that gal. Every cent she makes goes to support herself an' the child—"

The breakfast bell rang, and Pete did not complete his sentence.

That morning Warren noticed that the eyes of the hired girl, who was sacrificing herself for her crippled brother, were very large and blue, and her forehead was broad and high, and her features were regular. She was neat and tidy, and did not look at all like the sloven kitchen girls he had seen. Her hair was golden and neatly gathered in a net. There was a sweet sadness upon her face, which touched him not a little, when he remembered that all her earnings barely supported herself and her brother.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AT CHURCH—THE MOONLIT WALK.

Warren Stuart regarded the girl as a commonplace mortal, and yet there was something a little more than common about her. He seldom saw her, save at mealtime, when she came in to wait upon the table. She knew a servant's place, and kept it. She was modest almost to shyness, and seldom spoke, never unless compelled to do so. Commonplace as he supposed her to be, he one day thought he discerned a poetic sadness in the large, dark blue eye, as she stood like one in a reverie. The kitchen work at Stuart's was no very small matter, and it required all her time and energy to accomplish her part. She was nearly always busy, and frequently when he saw that sad worn face, and tired little form, he felt a sympathy for her.

One evening after the day's work was done, he was passing the kitchen where Helen would insist on staying, and heard her engaged in an animated conversation with her brother. It was a simple conversation such as a child might understand about Heaven. Little Amos was asking his sister if he should be relieved of his infirmities there, and whether or not he would see his mother and father. The answers of the girl were low and sweet, assuring the little cripple that he would suffer no pain there, and would meet those who had gone before. Simple and commonplace as the conversation was, it had something about it which affected Warren.

It was Warren's intention to remain at home during the summer, and early in the fall seek a location to enter into the practice of his profession. It was now the busy season for farmers, and he did not meet many of his former friends and acquaintances. The second Sunday after his return was the day for preaching in the Sandy Fork school-house. The Methodist had taken this in one of their circuits, and sent Rev. Allen Blaze, a famous "gospel pounder" to preach there once a month. The school-house was about three-fourths of a mile from Mr. Stuart's and down the creek known as Sandy Fork it was well hidden in the trees and the road to it led through the forest. The new preacher was very popular and his audiences were always large. Not unfrequently the school-house failed to hold them and many stood outside at the door and windows.

Pete Stair, the peddler, had been his rounds and "dropped in" at the Stuart's the night before the Sunday on which Mr. Blaze was to preach.

"You'd better go'n hear him," said Pete to Warren. "He's a regular stormer, I tell ye. He can make things blaze, too. His sermons are all wool, hand-made and warranted not to fade. You can hear one on Sunday, and it'll keep a ringin' through yer ears all the rest o' the week just like one tune at a dance. Besides, some-



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE COME BACK A FULL-FLEDGED DOCTOR?"

times he fairly lifts a feller out o' his boots. He raises ye so high ye can most git a bird's-eye view o' the New Jerusalem."

Warren consented to go, and the next morning the horses were hitched to the wagon, himself, his father and mother and sister got in and drove off to the school-house. The other two boys went on horseback, preferring a gallop through the woods to the ease and comfort of any wagon or carriage.

"Why, hello! Warren, how are you?" said Mr. Arnold, the moment he alighted from the wagon in front of the school-house. Mr. Arnold dropped the stick on which he was whittling to take Warren's hand. He was a man a little over medium height, somewhat slender, with sandy hair and whiskers, which were only on his chin, and cropped short.

"I suppose you have come back among us a full-fledged doctor?" he went on to say.

"That remains to be seen, Mr. Arnold," said Warren.

He was now surrounded by the old men and young men of the neighborhood, each extending to him a kindly greeting.

Warren was a sort of favorite in the neighborhood, and all were glad to see him back. Mrs. Arnold, and even her daughter, Miss Hallie, a sprightly little creature with a somewhat florid complexion and hair, and a face considerably freckled, came to him and insisted so earnestly that he should go home with them for dinner that he could not refuse. There was to be preaching at night and he could go home with his parents then, so after the sermon was over he got into Mr. Arnold's carriage and sat down by the side of Miss Hallie, whom he had known since childhood. Miss Hallie did her best in her shallow way to entertain him, but a conversation on beaux and dress has but little attraction for a young man whose clothes still have the college smell upon them.

The sermon at night was far more impressive to our hero than the one in the morning. Mr. Blaze (old Blaze, blue Blaze and many other blazes, as he was called) took his text from Matthew the XXV. and fortieth verse: "And the King shall answer and say unto them: Verily I say unto you: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

His theme was charity, and every word seemed like an arrow sent home to Warren's heart. When he alluded to "the least of these," the youth thought of poor little Amos, crippled and helpless, and there seemed to raise above the minister a mist, which took the shape of an angel, the face of which was Helen's. He alluded to the sacrifice made by some noble women of the earth whose names were now known not to fame, but inscribed in Heaven, and whose crowns would be brightest

there. The sermon from beginning to end seemed inspired by the acts of heroic self-sacrifice of that girl. Mr. Blaze did not know there was such a person in existence, yet, to use one of Peddler Pete's characteristic expressions, his cloth was cut for any measure.

Why had he not before noticed that this real heroine was wasting her life for her little brother, was the thought that came to Warren's mind; "I will see my father and mother about it." When preaching was over Mr. Blaze and his wife consented to go home with Mr. Stuart, and Peddler Pete being there, the wagon was full without Warren.

"Never mind me, father," he said, "I'm ready to walk and the moon shines brightly." The truth is, our young doctor preferred to walk alone, that he might the better digest the discourse he had heard.

Pete insisted on walking in his stead, but he would not hear to it, and the wagon rolled on with its human freight, leaving Warren a-foot and alone. He started briskly down the wooded road, but had gone only a short distance when he almost ran against some one who was tripping lightly along before him.

"Excuse me," he said. There was a timid acceptance of the apology, and the slight form drew back in the dark part of the road for him to pass.

"It is so dark here!" said Warren.

"Very dark, Mr. Stuart," responded a voice, sweetly.

"I beg pardon, but is not this Helen?"

"It is, sir," was the timid response.

"Were you at church?"

"Yes sir."

"And are now on your way home alone?"

"Yes sir, but I don't mind it. I am not afraid and the walk is pleasant."

"But you shall not go alone, Helen; I will be your escort."

"Oh, if you please, sir, I am not afraid," the girl said, timidly. "The moon shines brightly, and I do not want to trouble you."

"Nonsense, Helen, it's no trouble to me," he said, laughing, and he took her arm as if she were some great lady.

They walked on and began to talk about the sermon. Warren could not but contrast the depth of Helen's conversation with the shallowness of Hallie Arnold. As the timidity left her she began to converse with a knowledge surprising in a hired girl. Where had she learned so much? was the question our hero asked himself. As they came out into a more open part of the road the moon fell upon her upturned face. Oh, how lovely it looked. The large blue eyes were dark and brilliant. The unconfined hair was ringlets of gold, and the form, neatly, but not grandly, attired, was beautiful.

They were just in the midst of an animated conversation upon the sermon when the moon's rays revealed the real loveliness of Helen Lakeman. Warren Arnold never has forgotten, and we are assured he never will forget, that moonlight walk. He may have had other happy moments in his life, but this, the first dawning of a pure love, was the happiest moment of his existence.

He asked Helen why she did not go to church in the forenoon, and she answered that having to get dinner she did not have time. She only got an opportunity to steal away and hear the word of God after she had done her day's work and put little Amos to bed.

"But why did you not go with mother and sister in the carriage?"

She made no answer to this and Warren bit his lip. There was room for the minister, his wife, and even Peddler Pete, but this poor girl, who was an angel on earth, after toiling all day Sunday, was compelled to walk a mile and a half to church. The neglect of his parents, however, had given him the blessed privilege of Helen's company, and he had discovered how precious she was to him.

We will not attempt to record their conversation. It was not of love, yet both struggled against it. The old



HAD A BOMB-SHELL EXPLODED.

farm-house was reached too soon, and he conducted Helen, much against her desire, to the sitting-room, where his parents and their visitors were.

Had a bomb-shell exploded in the room the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart could not have been greater. Warren was sure there was a frown of anger on the face of his father, and a



J. T. & F. DAY HAZEL GREEN, KY. Sole agents for KERR'S BRAND, MAGNOLIA, Roller Fancy, SILVER LAKE. They will quote prices and deliver at Hazel Green.

S. S. Shackelford left for Devil's Creek Monday last on business.

A. T. Fuls killed three black snakes Saturday. One was five and a half feet long, and the others four feet each.

Thomas Tutt sold to James Clark of Mt. Vernon, a 2-year-old steer for \$12.50.

Our Sabbath school is still increasing numbers, and we think much good will be accomplished.

—FRIGIDA JANE.

SWANGO SPRINGS, June 11th.—A. Newell Swango, his amiable and loving wife, a sweet little boy Tommie in company with Uncle Harry and Aunt Nan, started for Campion yesterday, where they will spend a few days at Combs' House.

Harmon Swango and son Rusbie will leave for White Oak this evening, to visit Boose May and lady.

Master Courtney F. Combs left for Campion yesterday, considerably benefited by use of Swango water.

Miss Joe Cecil returned from Stillwater Thursday morning, where she had been visiting her cousins, Misses Lou and Ella Cecil. She was delighted with her trip and kindly thanks "Annie" and "Igo" for the interest they showed to make her trip enjoyable.

S. Craig thinks himself greatly benefited by Swango water; and we are about to do so too, since he can walk to Daysborough and back in one and a half hours; the distance being nearly three miles.

Miss Lou C. Cecil of Stillwater is visiting at Daysborough and Swango House.

Rev. W. T. Eklar and father-in-law with guest at Swango House today.

Well "Guess Who," I would just give you a little advice in answer to your last—"Practice the doctrine you preach," and let hear from you every week.

and strove to cool his MOUNTAIN GIRL. This was the weakest of follies, he knew; but then we are weak creatures.

After finding it impossible to restore the equanimity of his mind, he returned to the house. Now the dear old farm-house seemed doubly dear.

Had the question been asked Warren Stuart: "Are you in love with this hired girl?" he would undoubtedly have answered: "No," though he was willing to admit that she was beautiful, good as an angel, and possessed the most lovable qualities of any person he had ever met. Yet there was a certain pride in his nature, which revolted at the idea of his marrying a hired girl. This pride was not dead, and would have to be overcome before he could be induced to propose marriage to Helen; but it was numbed and might be worn down by any sudden torrent of feeling.

The next morning he was feeling dull and heavy. His brothers had long been up, and were feeding and currying their horses, while their breakfast was preparing. The minister and his wife were going to Newton that morning and Warren was the person selected to take them.

"I guess if yer goin' to town to-day, I'll jist go 'long to take the train for Chicago," said Peddler Pete; "ye see my stock's runnin' low, an' I had better replenish jist a little."

The preacher and his wife sat on the rear seat. Pete, having asked pardon and got the permission to light his pipe, was enjoying a smoke during the morning ride.

The road to Newton was through a rich farming country. Sandy Fork was the most fertile portion of the State. On this delightful spring morning everything seemed fresh and lovely. The whistle of the plow-boy and songs of the birds made the air melodious. The fields, lately plowed, were black in the richness of their soil, the winter wheat and oats made them look like green canvas paintings. No picture could express the loveliness of the morning, for here nearly all the senses were permitted to drink in the glories of nature's loveliness.

"This is a grand mornin'," said Pete, who possessed not a little poetry in his soul, yet without the ability to express it. "This is a lovely mornin'. Do ye know, Warren, what it 'minds me of?"

"No," said Warren, whose mind had been occupied ever since they started. The minister and his wife were talking and paying no attention to the men in the front seat. Pete noticed this, and leaning forward said, in a low tone: "A certain little gal what works in a gentleman's kitchen to get a livin' for herself an' a crippled brother." The shrewd peddler winked and fixed his eyes on Warren.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—By assorting the eggs, separating the dark from the light in color, a higher price will be obtained for the lot.

—As regards the thinning out of potato tops, we read: If it is a cool, wet season, thinning will do well; if hot and dry, the crop will be spoiled.—N. Y. Witness.

—It was the illustrious Lord Bacon who expressed the opinion that "gardening is the purest of human pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

—Rain water and soda will take out machine grease.—To take grease spots from wall paper lay over them a paste made of magnesia and benzine.

—To remove oil and varnish from silk, try benzine, ether and soap very cautiously.

—Almond Jumbles.—Three-fourths of a pound of almonds, blanched and chopped fine, one-quarter of a pound of butter, one pound of flour, one cupful of sour milk, five eggs and one-half teaspoonful of soda. Flavor with rose.

—The quantity, condition and amount of wool will depend much upon the vigorous health of the animal producing it. If the animal is not in good health, or if its food has been deficient in quantity or faulty in quality, the fleece will be light and the fibre will be harsh and rough to the touch.—Troy Times.

—Thomas Mehan, editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, than whom there is probably no better authority in the country, says: "Our Northern trees—tall hard-wood trees—make many rings a year, sometimes as many as a dozen. But the last set of cells in the annual growth are very small, and the first very large; and as a consequence the annual growth can always be determined."

—The Holstein-Friesians are exceedingly quiet, kind and gentle in disposition, a characteristic which is a great desideratum in a profitable cow. By the virtue of the strong and vigorous constitution which they possess, they have shown themselves able to withstand climatic changes, and to adapt themselves to the varying conditions of different countries.—St. Louis Republican.

—It takes a year or two for raspberry plants to reach their best bearing conditions, and it is best to start new plants every third year. The average life of raspberry plantations is about six years; by setting new plants once in three years, the advantage is gained of having two sets of plants, one coming into full bearing as the other is going out. Plants may be set either in the spring or fall.

## THE DEADLY CROCODILE.

Explorer Stanley Describes How It Attacks and Destroys Its Victims.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," said Stanley, the explorer, are the crocodile, the hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are large numbers of the hippopotami along the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore, laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the tree yonder is a huge crocodile. It has spotted the swimmer, and is watching its opportunity. The swimmer approaches, he is seized by the leg and dragged under and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all.—London Telegraph.

## How to Build Chimneys.

To build a chimney that will draw forever and not fill up with soot, you must build it large enough, sixteen inches square; use good brick, and clay instead of lime, up to the comb; plaster it inside with clay mixed with salt; for chimney tops use the very best of brick, wet them and lay them in cement mortar. The chimney should not be built tight to beams or rafters, as most chimneys settle a little, and if too tight between the beams and rafters, there is where the crack in your chimneys comes, and where the most of the soot gets in. A chimney built from the cellar up is better and less dangerous than one hung on the wall. Don't get your stovepipe hole so close to the ceiling, eight or ten inches from it.—Builder.