

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885, and Made Famous in the Celebrated Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Nasty World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

TENTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

NUMBER 35.

84 AND 15.

GENERAL C. M. CLAY WEDS MISS DORA RICHARDSON.

The Remarkable Union of Youth and Age That Binds Together one of the Most Prominent Figures in Kentucky and a Miss of Tender Age.

MUCH OPPOSITION, BUT CUPID WON.

General Cassius Marcellus Clay, aged 84, was married to Miss Dora Richardson, aged 15, at "Whitehall," at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 13th inst.

But "Whitehall," with its 42 rooms, showed no signs of having been the scene of marriage festivities. All was as quiet as the grave upon my arrival. A knock on the huge front doors elicited no response. A second knock was alike unsuccessful, but as the reporter turned away, a spare-built young man, who looked like a schoolboy, with his gripsack swung over his shoulder, rode up on horse back. His dark face assumed a stern and frigid look when, dismounting, he approached your correspondent. "What do you want?" brusquely asked the young man, who had seemed to have grown ten years older since I had seen him galloping up on his horse.

I explained who I was and my business. The young man quickly disappeared around the left wing of the house, and in a few minutes returned with a gracious smile on his face. Extending his hand, he said: "I am General Clay's son, his adopted son, and I have come to see about the same thing that brought you here." He showed me into the sitting-room and introduced me to the General. The old gentleman was in the act of replenishing his fire, and he welcomed me with as much cordiality as could have been expected from any southern gentleman. The old Bourbon was set out, and after its mellow flavor had been discussed, the General, in response to a query, told the following sensational story of his domestic ups and downs:

"It is the most awful story you ever heard. Ever since I obtained a divorce from my wife, who, together with her relatives, was prejudiced against me because of my anti-slavery work, there has been a steady and determined effort to prevent me from marrying. When I brought home from Russia with me the child who is now known as Lonnie Clay, I did not do as others have done, disown my own flesh and blood, but I had that child adopted and made him the equal of my other children as heir to this vast estate. You will understand that my father, Green Clay, who was a gallant soldier in the war of 1812, left this immense estate to me during my lifetime, but entailed it to my children. I could have held my life interest in the estate until the day of my death, but I loved my children and divided the land equally among them, only retaining this house, which I built with my own money at a cost of nearly \$100,000, and 350 acres of land. In order to have an annuity sufficient for my meager wants, I charge the children a rental of \$1 per acre per year. They lease it out for \$8 to \$12 per acre, so you see I am giving them the benefit of the land, when it really belongs to me until my death. This much by way of explanation. When Lonnie was brought here they began a systematic course of poisoning by giving him some sort of drug which produced absolute torpor. That is the reason you see him no larger than he is now. He is 25 years old, and yet he does not appear to be more than a boy. They retarded his growth and tried to kill him in this secret way, and in this one of their hired tools made that boy, when a mere lad, jump from the second story of this house, but by the greatest miracle his life was saved. I killed the man who tried to destroy the boy. Yes sir, I killed him. I shot him twice with my pistol, either one of the shots being sufficient to kill him. The facts were so much in my favor that the courts failed to indict me. Why, I disarmed him while he was sleeping on this divan. I drove all his folks off the place and they are now somewhere in Kansas. Several times when I was on the point of marrying again, they have put obstructions in my way and prevented me from choosing a wife. This recent trouble

dates back three months. Up to that time I had in my employ R. C. Moore and wife, who were my overseer and housekeeper, respectively. They grew so arrogant that they seemed to think they owned the entire place and that I was their servant. Of course I could not stand that. They also circulated stories about me to the effect that I was debauching Mary Lee Bowling, a young woman who assisted in the housework, and Dora, my present wife. There never was a baser lie concocted under heaven. As God is my judge, I never had any carnal thought in connection with that child, Dora. Well, they succeeded in inducing Mary to leave, and they married her to some young fellow. Had they not lied to her and about her she would have been living here happily yet. Then they tried to poison the mind of Dora against me, but in this they signally failed. Realizing what they were trying to do to me, I drove them off my place. But they were not so easily to be disposed of. They recruited a band of about thirty men among their friends, and they came here to mob me, but when they found that I was on guard prepared to shoot to kill, they very sensibly left, and have never been back on a similar mission. I had my cannon loaded, and had they attacked the house there certainly would have been several funerals among them. The house, you see, is more like a fortress than a residence, and with four men I could defend it against a hundred. Failing to dislodge me by physical force, they informed several of my children that I was about to be married to little Dora. This made the children furious, and they have placed every obstacle they could in our way. They persuaded Judge John Chenault not to marry me after I had procured a license last Friday. I then asked Squire Green B. Millon to marry us, and he promised to do so, but they got wind of that and persuaded Millon not to have anything to do with me. Yesterday I suspected that they would issue, or cause to be issued, an injunction restraining me from marrying the girl. They thought they had me here like a rat in a cage, and that I was unable to defend myself from their machinations. Accordingly, I determined to thwart their designs, and after it had become dark last night I armed McClelland Richardson, a brother of Dora, and Barlow Clark, one of my farm hands, and sent them eight miles across the country after Squire Isaac Newton Douglass. The Squire, who is a good Christian, kind hearted gentleman, and who sympathizes with me in my troubles, got up in the night and rode horseback over the roughest kind of dirt roads so that he might get here in time. The ceremony was accordingly performed this morning before 10 o'clock. Just as the final words were said that made us man and wife my grandson, Green Herriek, son of my daughter, Mary B. Clay, who was divorced from her husband, and who took the name of Clay, and also calls her son Green Clay, arrived at my door. I suspected that he had come for the purpose of interfering with my marriage by some order of the court, and I promptly told him to leave the place and never come on it again until I invited him. I told him I would shoot him if he came back before I invited him. He left. Now you see the way I have been treated by those who ought to love me and desire my happiness. They have treated me in such a manner that they have actually made a wild beast of me, and I had just as soon shoot down one of the conspirators as to fire on my most deadly enemy, for they are my enemies. But as long as I have my health and strength I will defy them to the bitter end."

The only witnesses to the marriage were McClelland Richardson and Dr. Cassius Clay Smith, the latter a physician in Richmond. Dr. Smith refused to say anything about the wedding, explaining that he had promised General Clay not to do so. It was learned that the ceremony took place in the sitting room. The bride was not dressed as brides usually are. She wore a plain dark dress, was bare-headed, her long, black tresses hanging in almost disheveled masses down her back. She wore no gloves, no orange blossoms, and carried no bride's roses in her hands. It

was a simple ceremony. The girl-wife who had remained sitting until General Clay and the magistrate arose, got up from the divan and took her place beside her white-haired bride-groom.

The scene was a touching one. The man who had led thousands to victory in a crusade for human liberty, who in his youth was a perfect Apollo Belvidere in appearance, if not a Napoleon in the cause of abolition, stood as meekly as a little child, with an expression of unspeakable happiness upon his timeworn, but still fresh and almost youthful features, and by his side that simple, trusting country girl, as shy as a gazelle, knowing as little of the great world in which her venerable husband has played so conspicuous a part as the most untutored daughter of nature.

The ceremony was very brief, and when it was over the bashful child went back to the kitchen, and General Clay and his family physician sat talking by the large, open fire-place, in which glowed two bushels of burning coals. And thus was celebrated one of the most remarkable weddings that ever took place in the United States. It is the talk of the entire State, the general opinion being that General Clay is but a child again, and, like his bride, he scarcely knows what he is doing.

General Clay has made a new will. He has considerable personal property, and is the owner of 130 acres of fine canal coal lands in Clay county. It is not known in whose favor he made the will, but it is believed he has left the bulk of his own property to his bride.—Correspondence Lexington Transcript.

The Silver Party.

Senator Cameron denies that feature of a Denver story which states that he has corresponded with the projectors of the new silver party, about to be launched, and is in hearty sympathy with the movement.

"I have had no such correspondence as to a silver party, or anything in that line," said the senator. "Like Mr. Hill, who says 'I am a Democrat,' I can say 'I am a Republican,' although I am a Republican who believes thoroughly in silver."

General Warner, president of the bimetallic league, is expected in Washington at an early date with some information on the Western movement for a silver party. Gordon Clark, acting secretary of the league, says the statement from Denver is probably correct. A meeting will be held at an early date, but the time and place have not yet been determined. As to the details of the movement Mr. Clark is not informed. He says, however, that a silver party will undoubtedly be formed by the force of circumstances. Thus far the Populists have given the greatest encouragement to silver, and notwithstanding recent reports to the contrary, Mr. Clark says the Populists are stronger than ever as a factor to assist silver. Their total vote reached 800,000, and they will hold the balance of power in the senate after March 4 next. A balance of power in senate means a balance of power in Congress and in all national legislation.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, said: "I have no information regarding the movement, and, of course, have had no correspondence on the subject. I have no doubt, however, that there will be a conference of the leading men from all sections who are opposed to the gold policy of the Republican party and Cleveland Democracy, and that they will act together, but the nucleus of any movement must be those 2,000,000 votes cast at the recent election by the Populists and against the twin gold parties."

She Was the Cause.

In Lewis county, Thursday of last week, Will Kennedy killed his brother John with a fence rail. The trouble began about a woman. Three years ago Oscar Irwin married Lizzie Patterson, a girl of 14. Soon after a man named Cox took the girl-wife away from her husband. Then Bill Kennedy took her away from Cox. John Kennedy then fell in love with the girl and took her away from his brother Will, hence the killing.

You can relieve that headache you have by buying a box of Meigs' at THE HERALD office. It will only cost 50 cents and is sold on a positive guarantee.

OVER THE COUNTRY.

ITEMS ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

The Supply of Grapes Being Exhausted, Our Travelling Correspondent Now Regales His Palate on Spare Ribs and Backbone.

WHAT HE SEES AND HEARS TALKED OF.

B. F. Casell says he is still a Democrat. Circuit court convenes at West Liberty next Monday.

John Graham, of Lane, Wolfe county, made a business trip to Morgan last week.

Mrs. E. B. Perry was thrown from her horse last week and had one of her limbs broken.

The rabbits and birds are having a hard time escaping the sportsman's gun, which can be heard resounding all over the mountains.

Robert F. Caskey showed your correspondent some of the largest ears of corn that he has seen this year, one of them measuring 14 inches in length.

David Stamp, of West Liberty, left here last week for Beattyville, where he has a contract to superintend some coal works. He is a most excellent gentleman.

The squealing of the pigs, barking of the hunter's dogs, calling of the cows, bawling of the calves and bleating of the sheep reminds one of the near approach of winter.

The report that the people and church at Ezel will not build Elder Howard's house is a base fabrication, and those engaged in circulating such a report will be held accountable.

Elder Howard will preach every second Sunday in each month at Ezel; also at the Reed schoolhouse, near West Liberty, the 4th Sunday in this month and the Saturday night before.

I saw our "Little Joe" Kendall a few days ago, and congratulated him on his success. His majority is quite small, but good as could be expected under such a Republican landslide.

Elder H. F. Dunagan has just returned from a preaching tour in Wolfe and Lee counties. As a reward for his ability as a preacher, and the good that he is doing, the people have presented him with a horse.

Elder Howard passed through West Liberty last Friday. He is hustling around after news in general for the best paper ever published in Eastern Kentucky, and that paper is the HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

The wife of George Goad sustained serious though not fatal injuries last week. While riding with her two children the horse fell, and while endeavoring to get her children out of danger, the animal rolled upon her.

Farmers are very busy gathering corn and preparing for winter. Hog killing time is now at hand, and the good time your correspondent has in picking and eating the meat from backbones and spare ribs is just good 'nuff.

Elder Howard has just returned from Menefee, Rowan and Bath counties, where he held some very interesting meetings, resulting in many additions to various churches. He preached at Pleasant Run Sunday and Monday night at Spaw's Creek.

Robert Franklin Caskey, who lives and has an excellent residence about one mile below West Liberty, told your correspondent that he had about 1,000 bushels of corn that he raised on his overflowed bottom land this year. He is one of Morgan county's most substantial citizens.

We have some most industrious and remarkable women in Eastern Kentucky. Green Henry, of upper long branch of Grassy, Morgan county, has two daughters, Eva and Francis, who have spun 78 pounds of rolls and wove 137 yards of cloth, and have 10 yards more to weave. Such work as this is very commendable, and can justly be termed home industry and economy.

A new organization to be called "The Truth Protective Society," will be organized next Tuesday night at the Grassy school house. The business of this society will be to expose liars and punish them according to the laws of our state. When a man or woman tells a lie that will in-

jure the character of any person, or their standing in the community in which they live, this society will investigate the case, and if they are worth any money it will be demanded for the injury done by misrepresentation, but if they are not worth anything their names will be printed on cards branding them as falsifiers, and the cards will be tacked up in conspicuous places in the county. Look out, ye prevaricators! SIGHT SEER.

The Money of the Country.

The total money of this country is about \$2,200,000, about \$25.29 for each person. It is composed of gold and silver coin, gold, silver and currency certificates, treasury notes of 1890, greenbacks and national bank notes. The gold certificates are payable in gold held in the treasury for their redemption. The silver certificates are payable in silver similarly held. The greenbacks and treasury notes of 1890 are payable in coin, but in practice are redeemed in gold, unless the holder desires silver. The silver certificates are not a full legal tender, but they can readily be converted into silver dollars which are a legal tender. The national bank notes are not a legal tender, but they are redeemable in legal tender currency.

This whole mass of currency, except the coin, which it is the policy of the government to keep at par in gold, rests on a gold reserve of some sixty millions of dollars. This can be drawn upon by holders of greenbacks, of treasury notes of 1890, and indirectly, but no less effectively, by holders of national bank notes. The government is virtually a guarantor of the whole immense mass of currency, it being its declared policy that one dollar shall be as good as any other dollar.

In order to add to the gold in the treasury for this purpose a new loan of \$50,000,000 will soon be issued.

Blows Out His Brains.

Allen C. Prime, a young tinner, of Louisville, shot his brains out at the home of his father-in-law, Rudolph Lehman, a few days since. The rash act was the result of a long spree. Before shooting himself he shot his sister-in-law, Miss Jennie Lehman, between the shoulder blades, inflicting, perhaps, a fatal wound. The shooting was done with a 38-calibre bull-dog. He also shot at his wife, Carrie Prime, who was staying at her father's, and at her mother, Mrs. Rudolph Lehman, but both balls went wide of their mark.

About three years ago the young man and Carrie Lehman were married. They lived together until about two weeks previous to the tragedy, when she left him and went to her father's home, saying she could not stand his cruel treatment any longer, as he had often threatened her life and at times beat her unmercifully.

Colonel Bullitt Will Oppose the Suit.

Colonel Cuthbert Bullitt evidently means to fight for his own in the divorce case filed against him by his wife, who was the beautiful Mrs. General Ransom, of Lexington. He is out in a card in which he says: "The editors of the Louisville and state press have my sincere thanks for the courteous manner in which they have treated me in regard to the unfortunate suit now pending against me for divorce. They have well said the allegations as set forth seem surprising and incredible."

"No gallant man will war with a woman, especially when the lady in question bears his name, hence my defense will be made by my attorney, when I will submit cheerfully to the decision of the court and to public opinion."

"CUTHBERT BULLITT."

A Religious Horse.

A Virginia judge once visited a plantation, when the darkey who met him at the gate asked him which barn he would have his horse put in.

"Have you two barns?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sah," replied the darkey, "dar's de ole barn, and mas' has jes' built a new one."

"Where do you usually put the horses of visitors who come to see your master?"

"Well, sah, if dey's Mefodis or Baptist's, he genully puts 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopal, he puts 'em in de new one."

"Well, Sam, you can put my horse in the new barn. I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."