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THE DEATH OF OUSTER.

BY H. W. LONERGAN.

In that desolate land and bone,
Where the High Horn and Yellowstone
Rear down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chief
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath,
"Revenge!" cried Hain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.
In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river side
The Indian village stood;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.
In his war paint and his beads,
Like a lion among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the cliffs and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!
Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed heading, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.
The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire:
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.
But the forest fled in the night,
And Hain-in-the-Face in his flight,
Uplifted high in the air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.
Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O favored song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and death,
In the Year of a Hundred wars.

NELLY WILLIAMS; OR, Love on the Ocean.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL, Author of "The Nutmeg; or, Perils of the Deep."

CHAPTER IV. TO THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

It was now a bright moonlight night, with a light wind from the southward, not a vestige of the fog visible, the North Foreland light burning like a yellow star upon a sky full of white stars, and the coast sloping pale and distant down into the west. The breeze had freshened, the tug had left us, and the hands were busy making sail. We were now to shift for ourselves, and our voyage had at last fairly begun. Already the fore and main top-sails were shroued home, and the yards mast-headed with a chorus that went echoing far into the darkness. And not by degrees only, but with smartness that would not have discredited a man-of-war, sail was piled upon the Waidershare; and while the dawn was slowly changing into ash-color the surface of the sea stood black as ink, and while the moon was sailing down the western heaven whose bright stars gemmed the brows of the tall English cliffs, the Waidershare, leaning under her canvas, which the wind had moulded into shapes of beauty, with every sail set that would draw, shrouded the water with her keen lip and glided like a cloud down the calm English Channel. The breeze freshened as the sun mounted the sky, and it was now blowing fresh and steady from the south and west, forward enough to put us on a bowline, and the Waidershare was smoking through the water like a steamer. However, as I had suspected, the ship was too deep, and consequently too stiff. Still, her trim did not fret the glorious old hooker. She was stretching a wake astern that ran away into the horizon, and all to leeward the water under the foot of the main-sail, the sheet of which was well aft, swept past in a dim and dazzle of froth, and we could guess our speed by watching the nearer shore slipping by the land beyond it and the number of vessels we took up and quietly set astern of us. Nelly came on deck soon after I had relieved Mr. Thomas, and, seeing her head at the companion, I had a good excuse to join her, under the pretense of finding her a chair or leading her to a sheltered part of the poop. "I was hoping that you would be on deck," she whispered, eagerly, as she gave me her hand. "What a glorious morning! How lovely the land looks! How Phoebe would enjoy this!" She looked up at the towering canvas with flashing eyes, and at the water seething past, and her breath came and went quickly, for the whole spirit of the windy, green, and foamy scene, with the steady blue sky overhead, and the leaning tower of canvas, and the sparkling shore, came upon her full and strong in an instant. "You were born to be a sailor's wife," said I, delighted by the kindling happiness in her face; "but this is a noble ship, and just such a home on the rolling deep as I could wish for you." "How could you have been angry with me, Will, for joining you?" she exclaimed. "Never reproach me with that again, Nelly. I was too surprised to understand my own mind; and, besides, you are so precious to me that I was frightened to think of your being exposed to the risks of a sea-voyage." "What is good for you is good for me. I am quite happy. I would not change places with the queen. What have I left? Two kind friends, indeed; but, then, I have left them that I may be with you, Will; and you can not tell me, although I am not yet your wife, that where you are I should not be." Her dear face glowed as she spoke thus, but she kept her eyes fixed on me bravely

and trustfully; indeed, we knew each other's hearts, and thoughts were in us which we could tell each other without the help of words. While we were reading each other's souls, as it were, the captain's long head emerged through the companion. "I have been thinking," I whispered to her, "you had better tell him I am an old friend of your guardian. That will save us all bother for the future when he sees us talking together, which will be pretty often." Saying which, I placed a chair for her, raised my hat, and left her as Captain Flanders came to her side. I may as well say here that her explanation had the effect I desired, and that Captain Flanders never took any notice of my talking to her; though I was careful never to engage her in his presence during my watch on deck, or, at any rate, to prolong my conversation for any such length of time as would give him an excuse to order me away to my duty. The pilot, who was known by the name of Mr. Holt, now came on to the poop of the quarter-deck, and, after taking a long squint at the skipper and casting a glance aloft and to windward with a very sour face, complained in a very husky voice that the captain had forced "a track" against swearing upon him. "A what?" I shouted. "Why, a track—a book—a little printed book," he growled, "with his face glowing like copper. 'I've been to sea, man and boy, eight-and-forty year,' he continued, 'and in all my life I've never been insulted like this before.'"

I said I did not think the captain meant to insult him; but nothing that I could say would do. He had his own opinion of the matter, and declared that no sea-captain had the right to sarzonize him either by books or any thing else. "When I've cast his ship away it'll be time enough for him to begin to sarzonize," he considered the tract an insult, and gave me to know that he felt it deeply, and never could be believed that any man calling himself a sailor would have dared to put such an affront upon him. He afterward eased his mind by jamming himself against the weather backstays, and scowling at the skipper, who, however, took no notice of him. The captain addressed himself with great earnestness to Nelly, and she listened to him with her eyes fixed on the deck. They were presently joined by Madam Epinosa, and shortly afterward her husband emerged, followed by Mr. Black. There was just the touch of a light swell on here, but right about, and scarcely noticeable; but I reckoned, if this breeze lasted, the Spanish merchant, if I might judge by the color of his face, would be on his back before we had made the Isle of Wight, for as the channel broadened we should be finding more sea. He presently came capering over to where I stood, first looking at the pilot, then at me, as meditating whom he should address, and no doubt finding the expression on my face the pleasant one; for old Holt stood up against the main backstays as ugly and sour as a defaced firehead. "Are you officer?" said he, nodding quickly, and grinning behind his great nose with every desire to be polite. "Yes, I am, sir," I answered. "No danger, eh, you tink? Quite safe ship, eh? and fast? De wataire bootful to look at, but, rabo de techon de San Antonio! ogley to feed here!" said he, taking his throat in his jeweled hands. I returned satisfactory replies to his questions, and he faced round and shouted: "Maric, combd here!" His wife cobbled over to us, and laid hold of her husband's arm to steady herself. I caught Nelly looking our way, as though she would rather have joined us than stay with the captain, who seemed to be lecturing her. Mr. Epinosa, having introduced his wife, explained that I considered the ship a fine one, and that there was no chance of her drowning, pulled off his hat and pranced over to Mr. Black. As Madam Epinosa stood to windward of me her yellow hair blew my way, and with half an eye I saw that she was pleased I looked at it. However, in spite of her yellow hair, I was not particularly anxious for her society; for, if she was good-natured, she was also very gushing and insipid, as I speedily discovered from her conversation. This was her first long voyage, and she was most anxious to see a gale of wind, although she was naughty to say so, as her husband was a fearful coward, and dreaded tempestuous weather at sea. I expressed my wonder that he should not have chosen a steamer, and a shorter cut to the west coast of South America than round the Horn. It was all her fault, she claimed, and was beginning to volubly explain how and why it was her fault, when the breakfast bell rang, and she waddled over to her husband. We were now off Beachy Head, the Sussex coast melting into a blue film behind us, and the Waidershare under all the canvas that would draw. Standing alongside the pilot to windward, and looking aloft at the vast reaches of white cloth stretching in a slender points to the yard-arms, with their hollows full of delicate shadows, the taut webbs of the royals and top-gallant sails with a little shiver in them, like the sharp rattle of a flag steadily blowing, and the stays ballooning in superb curves, and the shrouds and backstays standing like harp-strings, on which the wind was playing a merry chorus, I thought our ship made a noble show, and was an object to fire the pride in every sailor's heart aboard her. By eight o'clock that evening the Isle of Wight stood broad on the starboard beam, and I went to Nelly and whispered in her ear to take a good look at those cliffs, as

they were probably the last piece of English land she was likely to see for many a day. We had backed the main-top-sail, and lay waiting for a boat to take the pilot ashore. Presently that individual, with a bundle of letters in his pocket, among which was one from Nelly to Phoebe Johnson, after shaking hands with Mr. Thomas and me, and touching his hat with very curly civility to the skipper, dropped cleverly into the cutter that had run out for him. Then the helm was put down, the great yards swung round, all sails set, and the ship brought to her course; and while the songs of the sailors were still echoing along her decks, the Waidershare, leaning her nose down as a dog sides his head to make a better lever of his jaws, shattered the first sea she struck into an acre of foam, and started with a rush for the open waters of the English Channel and the great Atlantic deep beyond. CHAPTER V. AT SEA. It blew fresh all that night, accompanied during the first watch with two or three squalls of rain, also veering westerly, which obliged us to brace sharp up in order to lay our course. The ship rushed through the water at a speed beyond any thing I could have imagined; and by noon on the following day we were clear of the Channel, breasting the Atlantic rollers, with the wind dead to south, and our yards hard against the lee rigging. At breakfast that morning no passengers were to be seen. I learned from the steward that he had accented Nelly through her cabin door, and that she answered she did not want any breakfast, and preferred to remain where she was. So I made up my mind to lose sight of her for two or three days, during which time it should be my business to see that she was well looked after; but within half an hour after my coming on deck at noon, I heard voices on the quarter-deck, and looking over the poop-rail, to my very great astonishment and pleasure, I saw Nelly holding the hand of Mr. Thomas, who was in the act of conducting her up the poop-ladder. She was pale enough, poor girl, but she gave me a smile that, I think, rather astonished Mr. Thomas, and her fine eyes flashed as she glanced at the sea, and watched the brilliant dance of the ship over the foaming waters. "I was afraid you were going to have a spell of sea-sickness," said I. "I am heartily glad to see you on deck." "I was a little ill this morning," she answered, "but I am all right now—and this is all I want to make me quite well!" she exclaimed, her nostrils dilating as she breathed in the sweet and sweeping wind, and grasping a backstay with her hand. I fixed a chair for Nelly to leeward of the mizzen-mast, and fetched a big overcoat, in which I wrapped her legs; and now she said she was quite happy, and not in the least sick—and, indeed, I could see, by the dawn of roses in her cheeks, what the wind was doing for her. I flatter myself that my being with her increased her happiness, but I never should have believed she would prove so good a sailor, nor so gently enjoy the scene around her. "Who would not be a sailor, Will!" exclaimed my sweetheart, casting her beautiful gray eyes aloft, and watching the royal-mastheads waving with stately motion to and fro under the flying clouds. "Perhaps, after all, it's a gay life than I sometimes think it, Nell. Yet no voyage that ever I have taken or am likely to go on will equal this one, and I am not going to tell you why." "It will be one long enjoyment for me," said she. "I only wish Phoebe were with us. I like your chief mate, too—Mr. Thomas; he is a nice little man, extremely polite, but how very, very tiny! But I do not quite understand Captain Flanders. Is he quite right, Will, do you think?" "Hush, my dear girl!" I exclaimed, glancing aft and then down the skylight, to make sure no one was within hearing. "That is a dangerous question to ask. Considered of two very pretty young women and a matronly looking old dowager. There were no less than five gentlemen, one of whom, a tall, handsome young man in a blue jacket, thrown carelessly over a white flannel shirt, hailed us. "We've read your name on your stern. Your hull is a beautiful one, and you ought to be a fast ship; but the Violet can show you any road you want to take." "Answer him, Mr. Lee," called out the skipper, possibly afraid of being "chaffed" before the crew, who were crowding the forecastle, and giving my voice the preference over Mr. Thomas's, which certainly had not much carrying power. "We're bound round the Horn; will you pilot us?" I bawled through my hands. "I could see them all laughing as he shook his head. "If you were bound to a warmer climate," he answered, "we should be happy to call in and tell them you're coming." "We should like to know the name of the owner of that yacht?" "Lord —," he shouted back. "Is his lordship aboard?" He nodded and waved his hand, on which I pulled off my hat, and he returned the bow. "If I could come near enough to you," he cried, "I'd throw a case of champagne on board; but you must take the will for the deed. Where are you bound to?" "Callao. And you?" "Gibraltar. A prosperous voyage!" And as he said this the yacht's helm was put down. We instantly forged ahead. Then she put her helm up, eased off her sheets, and ran under our stern, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the gentlemen their hats, which salutations we returned with hearty good will.

"Bound to Gibraltar, eh?" grumbled little Thomas. "That's the sort of sailing I should like. Plenty of champagne and cigars, eh, Mr. Lee? and nothing to do but to read novels and be blown along by the wind." "I am afraid Captain Flanders is going to be polite," exclaimed Nelly, with a glance over her shoulder, and looking down at the chief mate with a pout. This was true enough, but then she had seen him coming. He gave her his arm, and as he led her away I heard him congratulate her on being so good a sailor. "Lee," said Mr. Thomas, looking after her, and then giving me an interrogative squint, "what a very fine, frank, charming woman Miss Maitland is!" I started at the name, but recollecting myself, said, "Very." "I tell you what it is," said he, with a grin; "you and she have met before. No nonsense! You're old friends." "We are," I answered; and I thereupon told him as much of the story as I thought it necessary he should know. I explained that she and I were engaged to be married, and that she had resolved to take this voyage with me. "You've got a plucky girl for a sweetheart, and I hope you'll treat her well, Mr. Lee. Only take my advice, and don't let the skipper get scent of your romance, or you'll set him writing tracts and neglecting the ship's reckoning, and he'll be down on you tooth and nail for being immoral enough to love any body but yourself." "All that the skipper knows about it," said I, "is that Miss Maitland and I were acquainted before we met on this ship, and that she herself explained to him." "I suppose you know," said he, "that the skipper's a widower?" "I did not know," I answered; "but I should have been more surprised to hear that he had got a wife living." "You must take care, Lee, that he don't go and fall in love with your sweetheart," he continued, with a grin so broad that it was impossible to look at it without laughing. "That won't make me uneasy," I answered. "Indeed, I rather wish it would happen, for it would double his anxiety that she should be comfortable." [Continued next week.] STARVING AT SEA. An Unparalleled Story of Suffering—A Ship's Crew on the Verge of Starvation—Sustaining on the Flesh of a Dog and Leather Soaked in Oil—The Captain Offers His Life to Save His Men. New York, April 11.—The steamship Nebo, of Sunderland, England, commanded by Captain John Ramsey Gordon, arrived in this port this morning. The Nebo was twenty six days out from Rio Janeiro, laden with coffee. On Friday last, at seven o'clock, in the morning the lookout sighted a bark showing signals of distress. The steamship ceased her engines and came almost to a standstill. A boat put off from the bark, manned by three men, and came alongside the Nebo. The bark proved to be the Tiger, Captain Krueger, a German vessel, laden with salt, 126 days out from Liverpool, and bound for Baltimore. The crew had been for many days without water or food, and were in a starving condition. He three men in the boat were the captain, mate and boatswain of the German bark. When they brought their little craft alongside they were too weak to mount unaided the ladder which was lowered to them. Two of them, the captain and the mate, were assisted over the side of the Nebo. The third, the boatswain, a man advanced in years, lay in the bottom of the small boat, incapable of making the exertion necessary to board the steamer. When the captain and the mate of the Tiger came on board it was learned that the crew of the German bark had been for nine days without water, and that a month previous nothing had been left to them in the way of ordinary food but a quantity of peas, which they had soaked in water and eaten sparingly. The crew consisted of the captain, mate and eleven men. Eight days previously they had killed the captain's Newfoundland dog. This had lasted them as food for three days. Since that time they had nothing but limbed oil to appease their hunger. They had cut narrow strips from the tops of their leather boots soaked them in the oil and chewed upon the tough substance. Lined oil had been used, because the lard oil had run out. For several weeks they had no lights. Unable to see the compass at night, they had relied upon the stars to mark the vessel's course during the hours of darkness. The three rescued men were in a terribly emaciated condition. All of them spoke English. The captain and the mate, as they reached the deck of the Nebo, begged strenuously for food. Captain Gordon gave them biscuit and coffee, which they devoured ravenously. Only a little was given them at first, for fear of ill consequences. The boatswain meantime was crying for food as he lay helplessly in the boat below. A biscuit and a pot of coffee were lowered to him. He drank the coffee from the spout of the pot his hands trembling so that he could scarcely hold the utensil, and devoured the bread. He became sickened a few minutes later, his weakened stomach being unable to bear the strouf food. No time was lost in going to the aid of those who were left on board the bark. Seaman James Oliver, an Englishman and rugged far fifty years of age, was sent back in the boat along with mates and acting boatswain of the Tiger with a bag of bread, a tierce of beef, fifty gallons of water cans of bullion soup, and meats, pease, beans, butter and lard, altogether, about a month's stores. "When we came up to the Tiger," said Oliver, "the whole crew was

hanging over the side. Three of the youngest who had pegged out and laid up for a week went up with the rest. The mate went up first, I pushing him. He held on to the ladder with his hands and munched on a cracker which he held in his mouth. Three or four of the men made a grab at the cracker, and one of the three sick men got it. I shoved up the bag of bread after the mate. It must have weighed seventy or eighty pounds. They all reached out to get it, and, being eager and clumsy, they missed, and it was near falling overboard. They set up a howl, but I caught it. One piece fell out into the bottom of the boat, and got wet and dirty. I took it up and was going to throw it overboard, but they cried, 'Don't, don't! give it here.' I tossed it up and a man caught it and devoured it. As the provisions were got aboard the mate and carpenter of the Tiger stood guard over, eager to assist. Their combined strength was not enough to pull it over the side, and I had to do the bulk of the work myself. The water I took over was in a barrel, and in the bucket they brought to us. The bucket was coated on the inside with the oil in which they had soaked the cuttings from their boots, and when this bucketful of fresh water was put on board the Tiger it was grabbed by the whole crew. One man got his head in it, and never got it out until between him and the others the bucket was emptied. All the provisions being got on board, they were looked up in the cabin by the mate, and rations were served out." Edward Haberland, one of the crew of the Nebo, a German, says that the mate of the Tiger told him that on Tuesday, the day before the bark fell in with the steamer, Captain Krueger, addressing the crew, said that he would kill himself. "Boys," he said, "we can't stand this much longer, and to save you all I'm willing to die." He held his revolver in his hand as he spoke. The mate persuaded him from his evident determination, pleading with him to wait and see what another day would bring. The captain's Newfoundland dog, a pet of his master, had succumbed to the lack of food seven days before the bark fell in with the Nebo. Fearing that the animal would die, the crew had asked permission of the captain to kill him, and he had reluctantly given his consent. The dog was killed and the crew subsisted on his flesh for three days. The captain attempted to eat this food but his stomach revolted and he did not touch it a second time. Captain Krueger had also another pet, a cat which the crew had determined to kill on the morning the Nebo was met. When the provisions from the Nebo had been shipped the Tiger started for Baltimore, and the wind being favorable she should have reached that port early this week. Fourteen weeks ago she had come in sight of Cape Henry, but contrary gales had blown her out of her course, and she had been beating about ever since. A MISER'S DEATH. An Eccentric Kentuckian Yields Up the Ghost by Breaking His Neck—Something About His Singular Life. NELSONVILLE, Ky., April 10.—Mr. Lewis Hamilton was, without doubt, one of the most eccentric of all native Kentuckians, and his mode of living will, no doubt, be worth relating. He was in his seventy-second year, and weighed at the time of his death two hundred and eighty pounds. He was a widower, and had several children, to-wit: Miss Avenue Belle, aged eighteen; Miss China Figure, fourteen; Mr. London Judge, twenty-one; Miss Helrew Fashion, eleven, and Master Southern Soil, aged eight. This interesting family lived with their father in an old but about three miles from this place, and notwithstanding the fact that he owned several fine pieces of property in Brandenburg, Ky., had plenty of money and bonds in a bank at Louisville, and owned sufficient land in this locality to have made him independent, he raised these children in almost total ignorance in one of the most remote, isolated knob regions of Nelson county. He was a person who had very little confidence in his fellow-man. He never was a subscriber to any kind of paper or periodical, but when he got hold of somebody else's paper would read it exceedingly close. He leaves a very handsome estate, but unfortunately none of his immediate family are competent to take hold and settle it up, and of course it will be a bonanza for the lawyers. His death came about in this way: He had come to this place expecting a letter from his old home, Brandenburg, and, after knocking about among the stores for an hour or two, got on his horse (an aged and infirm animal), and when going down a hill about a mile away, the horse stumbled, throwing Mr. Hamilton over its head, and he fell on his head and his heavy weight broke his neck. The body was found shortly after lying in the road, while the horse was standing at the foot of the hill, nibbling at the young grass. The remains were conveyed to his home, and yesterday the funeral took place from probably one of the most dreary and desolate-looking homes in the grand old commonwealth. Striking Change of Fortune. CHARLESTON, S. C., April 10.—Mr. Ranier, ex-lieutenant-governor of this state and ex-representative in congress, is now working in this city as a common laborer on the streets. Yesterday the force of hands with which he is employed were engaged in extending Bay street. While busily engaged in handling his pick an accident occurred which must have vividly reminded him of the wonderful change fortune has wrought in his affairs. A garbage cart backed up to where ex-Gov. Ranier was at work, and dumped a load of dirt on the street, among the rubbish of which was a copy of the Congressional Record containing a speech made by him on the civil rights bill while a member of congress. Mr. Ranier is not ashamed of doing manual labor, although he was at one time exceedingly wealthy.

LEITCHFIELD.

Business booming. Not dead, but gone. Glad to see Judge McClure up again. For a rarity we have no visitors, but looking for some. Heart disease is very prevalent in this part of the country. How we sigh to see spring again clothed in her beautiful garments and wearing her bright, sunny smile. The McDaniel Glee Club has so far slighted the Leitchfield people. Miss Kate Montgomery left this week for her home in Elizabethtown. She leaves behind many warm friends. Rev. J. H. Fullilove preached a splendid sermon last Sabbath on drinking and card playing. Messrs. J. A. Bishop, T. W. Jones, F. T. Heyzer and son, Master Roy, and W. C. Evans are all in the city this week buying goods. Just what we have been wanting and needing, "The Leitchfield Sunbeam." We hope that our paper will be patronized by all, but more especially by the citizens of Grayson county, as it will, no doubt, be of great benefit to us. We wish to inform "Evergreen" that he will find Miss Polly Allen at the poor-house, three and a half miles from our town. Though, perhaps, 'tis another Miss Polly that he describes so beautifully. "The Rising Star," a little paper published by the pupils of Prof. Arnold's school, is increasing very rapidly, and, if kept up, will soon be known as "The Star Gazer." Next week's issue will contain some beautiful poems and also pieces in prose. Miss Nella Dean's poem will be headed, "How Dear Thou Art to Me"; Miss Nellie Rodgers, "A Leap in the Dark"; Miss Lee Hoyer, "Love and Lost"; Miss Julia Pickens, "My Future Home"; Miss Ella Bishop, "Sad Changes"; Miss Pallie Stone, "Twas but a Dream." Mr. McDaniel's piece in prose will be headed, "Love and Romance"; Mr. Aker's, "Prospects are Flattering"; Mr. Manion's, "Thou Art Lovely"; Mr. Milner's, "Wooing." There will be many other beautiful pieces. Any one wishing to subscribe for "The Rising Star," address Miss Nella Dean, editor, of Leitchfield High School. EARLE. From Another Correspondent. One by one our visitors leave. Miss Kate Montgomery has made her exit, but Madam Homan says "not for long." "Old Rye" comes again, we all thought "Cornie" was dead and buried, but we are happy to know that she still lives and has such an able friend to defend her. "The Leitchfield Sunbeam" will be published the 20th inst. Don't fail to subscribe. Wonder who that fellow on the baggage car looks so much to? Guess it is a fair-skinned, dark-eyed girl resembling Miss Sallie Graham. Mr. Bob Frank, we admire your style of a lady very much, but don't think such an exquisite type of beauty could be found in Leitchfield. Our worthy friend, Mr. H. N. Adams, is agent for the Buckeye harvesting machine, Canton Monitor Engine, Swoopes and Van Vliet threshers, corn planters, rilling plows, and all agricultural implements. Mrs. Moorman has gone to Louisville to see her daughter Hattie, who is there to have her eyes operated upon. We regret to learn through her that she is about to lose her eyesight entirely. Mr. A. B. Higdon, of this place, who went to Florida some weeks ago for his health, has returned. We regret to announce the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Gleason, who return to their former home in Pittsburgh, Pa. The dance that was to have been last Friday night did not come off, on account of the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Bob Bennett, of Elizabethtown, spent Saturday in our midst. Come again, Bob; somebody will be glad to see you. Moving is all the go here. The merchants are now buying and receiving their new spring goods. Most time for the milliners to have their spring hats and bonnets. I guess there will be a race for the prettiest hat. The blacksmiths of this place have formed a club, and will not work on plows sold by merchants after the first of April. THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS is over a well-known visitor here. We never fail to read its interesting columns, which are always filled with news from all parts of the county. Success to the News—burrh for your friend, Success is the life-long wish of your friend, UNBIXE. HARDIN SPRINGS. We are having some fine winter weather, and good time for hunting rabbits. Dock and Sud are going to have a rabbit park. Gid Conner is still waiting on Miss Park. Wait on, Gid. J. F. Winchel has moved to his cabin home on Rough Creek, near the Cunnings. Ham Ford, where he will put up a mill. He will commence work as soon as he gets the cows broke to work, say about the 12th of April. Ed. Snyder he will go boat-riding if the gale will not splash water. Johnnie, you can go to see Miss Annie now, as John J. — is going to Colorado. Good-by, John; don't stay long. W. H. South has retired from teaching school. Going to see Miss Laura, I guess. Joe Evelyn is again attending the mill-pond springs at Walker's. Isaac Baumbach is a candidate for superintendent. Look out, Miss Katie. There is a poor demand for school teachers up here. Don't somebody down there want one? I guess Ed. would like to see Miss Fannie. SCATTERS. Some body-snatchers undertook to resurrect the corpse of a young lady at Plain City, Ohio, a few nights ago, when, just before they reached the coffin, their spade struck and exploded a torpedo, and the explosion of that grave was indefinitely postponed.