

THE REPUBLICAN
ARE VERY REASONABLE AND
CIRCULATION IS VERY LARGE.
WE DO JOB WORK
OF
Every Kind.

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1894.

HAVE YOU PAID
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?
THIS TAG
Will show how you stand with
The Republican. Pay up and
we will send you The Louisville
Weekly Commercial one year
free. Subscribe at once.

VOL. VI.

NO. 43.

IT'S ASTONISHING
how Dr. Pierce's
Prescription
acts upon nervous
debility, Chorea, or
St. Vitus's Dance,
Insomnia, or In-
ability to sleep,
spasms, convulsions,
or "fits," and every
like disorder.
Even in cases of
insanity resulting from functional derange-
ments, the persistent use of the "Prescrip-
tion" will, by restoring the natural functions,
generally effect a cure.
For women suffering from any chronic
"female complaint" or weakness for women
who are run-down or overworked; at the
change from girlhood to womanhood; and,
later, at the critical "change of life"—is a
medicine that safely and certainly builds up,
strengthens, regulates, and cures.
If it doesn't, if it ever fails to benefit or
cure, you have your money back.
What more can anyone ask?
Is anything that isn't sold in this way
likely to be "just as good"?

LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS & TEX. R. R.
Louisville, St. Louis & Texas railway.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1891.

WEST BOUND.	Daily.	No. 51.	No. 52.
St. Louis	7:45 a. m.	8:35 p. m.	
West Point	8:11 a. m.	7:50 p. m.	
Brandenburg	8:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.	
Irvington	8:24 a. m.	8:17 p. m.	
Spencerport	10:21 a. m.	8:21 p. m.	
Cloverport	10:24 a. m.	8:24 p. m.	
Irvington	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.	
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p. m.	
Owensboro	12:16 p. m.	11:11 p. m.	
Spencerport	1:04 p. m.	11:50 p. m.	
Ar. Henderson	1:29 p. m.	12:01 p. m.	

EAST BOUND.

Daily.	No. 54.	No. 53.
St. Louis	7:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Spencerport	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m.
Owensboro	8:17 a. m.	4:05 p. m.
Hawesville	8:33 a. m.	4:20 p. m.
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:07 p. m.
Spencerport	10:28 a. m.	5:19 p. m.
Irvington	11:08 a. m.	7:05 p. m.
Brandenburg	11:24 a. m.	7:21 p. m.
West Point	12:00 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:05 p. m.

Cotton Belt Route
(St. Louis Western Ry.)

Arkansas, Texas
THE ONLY LINE
With through Car Service from
MEMPHIS TO TEXAS.

No change of Cars to
ST. WORTH, WACO
OR INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Two DAILY RAINS
Carrying through Coaches and
Pullman Sleepers. Traversing
the finest farming, grazing and timber
lands. And reaching the most pros-
perous towns and cities in the
Great Southwest.

FARMING LANDS. — Yielding
abundantly all the cereals, corn and
cotton, and especially adapted to the
cultivation of small fruits and early
vegetables.

GRAZING LANDS. — Affording
excellent pasturage during almost
the entire year, and comparatively close
to the great markets.

TIMBER LANDS. — Covered with
almost inexhaustible forests of yellow
pine, cypress and the hard woods
common to Arkansas and Eastern
Texas.

Can be procured on reasonable and
advantageous terms.

All times connect with and have track-
ing on sale via the

Cotton Belt Route

Ask your nearest Ticket Agent for
maps, time tables, etc., and write to
any of the following for all informa-
tion you may desire concerning the
trip to the Great Southwest.

R. T. G. MATTHEWS,
Dist. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky.
E. W. LABEAUME,
G. P. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.
J. A. EDSON,
Gen'l Supt., Texarkana, Tex.

JOHN ECHOLS,
ST. JOHN BOYLE, } Receivers.
C. O. & S. W. R. R.

(The Mississippi Valley Route.)

LOUISVILLE, EVANSVILLE, CIN.
AND ALL POINTS EAST.

Memphis, Vicksburg, New Or.
AND ALL POINTS SOUTH.

St. Louis, Cairo, Chicago,
AND ALL POINTS NORTH
AND WEST.

Connecting at Memphis with through
trains to all points in
Arkansas and Texas

Rates, Tickets, and all information
will be furnished on application to
your nearest ticket agent.

T. B. LYNCH,
G. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

A HARMFUL HABIT.

Its Arising from Dragging Chil-
dren by the Arm.

A Physician's View—Rickets and Kindred
Troubles Often Due to Thoughtless-
ness in This Respect on the Part
of Grown Persons.

A physician was the other day dis-
cussing some of the ills from which
children suffer, and in the course of
the conversation a number of inter-
esting points were brought out. "I
am of the opinion," he said, "that a
great many of the deformities and
weaknesses of children are caused
by the dreadful habit that grown
people have of taking small children
out to walk and dragging them along
at a fast pace.

"Only a few days ago, I saw a
man taking a child not over four
years old along the street. He was
holding the little one's hand, and
walked at his usual gait. The child
jumped, ran and stumbled along,
frequently losing its feet, and being
brought up to the perpendicular by a
jerk of the arm. The little crea-
ture got white and exhausted look-
ing and finally began to cry, but the
man seemed insensible to the fact
that he was doing an unwise and
cruel thing, and scolded and coaxed
the little one along as best he could.
He had nothing to carry, and might
just as well have taken the child up,
but perhaps he did not think of it,
or, if he did, chose not to do so. I
had a little curiosity to keep track
of them; and when the man stopped,
as he shortly did, I stepped in and
spoke to the child. Her father was
busy and paid no attention to me.
The child's temperature was at fever
heat, and every nerve and fiber
of the little body was quivering
from the overstraining of the
muscles. If that child doesn't have
an attack of rickets or some kindred
trouble, I shall be very seriously
mistaken in my estimate of the inju-
ry it received in that dreadful
dragging over a rough walk.

"I had in my charge at one time
a child who had almost lost control
of the muscles of one of the legs,
a difficulty brought on, I firmly be-
lieve, by the habit the other chil-
dren had of taking the little thing
out with them and hurrying it
along, in order to keep up with the
other youngsters with whom they
were playing. They had strict or-
ders not to leave the baby or to let
go of its hands, and as a conse-
quence it was dragged and pulled
along in the most frightful fashion.
I believe that a great many cases of
rickets are brought on by this habit
of pulling children by the arms. It
necessarily is a strain on the spine,
and must be productive of unpleas-
ant if not dangerous results. I think
that the attention of all intelligent
parents should be directed to this
subject and that the strictest orders
be enjoined on servants and all care-
takers of children to avoid a practice
that is injurious, for this, in my mind,
without doubt, the cause of many
hunchbacks and many deformities."
—N. Y. Ledger.

Munkacsy Alters the "Conquest of Hungary."

The enormous canvas by Munkacsy
representing the conquest of
Hungary by Arpad, which was
shown at the last salon, has been
greatly changed by the painter, and
it is said, greatly improved. Some
of the critics give it very lukewarm
praise, and others called it a failure
when it was first shown. Now it has
been much enriched in tone, and cer-
tain groups of warriors have been
entirely rearranged. It has been on
exhibition for two days at the Petit
gallery, previous to its removal to
Hungary, where it will decorate the
new parliament house in Pesth.
President Carnot went to see it be-
fore its departure. In the grand
parliamentary hall it will hang be-
hind the president's chair. The ar-
tist has had to draw on his imagina-
tion for the dress and weapons of
the Hungarians, as well as of the old in-
habitants of Pannonia, whom Arpad
Khan subdued.

Modest Appreciation.

Notwithstanding her wonderful
gifts Mme. Sand was sincerely
modest. On one occasion a discussion
arose about the latest work of a
writer who though rapid and dull as
a rule, had flashes of something ap-
proaching genius. "The book is not
good throughout," said Mme. Sand,
"but it contains at least a descrip-
tion of Venetia which pleases me
greatly." Several of her hearers
agreed with her but were under the
impression that they had already met
with this descriptive piece some-
where. "Egad, I know where!"
suddenly exclaimed her son, and off
he rushed to the bookshelves to find
a novel written by his mother in
which he found the very description
which had been copied almost word
for word. "What, is this by me?"
Mme. Sand repeated, astonished and
startled. "It is really no bad." An
opinion which was warmly indorsed
by her friends. —Waverley.

The Kidders Discuss the Income Tax.

"Charlie," said Mrs. Kidder, laying
down her paper with a wearied look
on her face. "I do wish you would
tell me all about this awful income
tax. If anybody can make the muddle
clear you can."
"The income tax?" returned Mr.
Kidder, briskly somewhat flattered
by her appeal to his superior knowl-
edge. "Certainly; I shall be glad to
explain anything about it which you
don't understand."
"But, Charlie, I don't understand

the first thing about it," returned she
despairingly.

"Oh, Mattie, you disparage your-
self unnecessarily. You know, of
course, that it is a tax upon people's
incomes?"

"Yes, I suppose so; but is it on
everybody's income?"

"Of course not. It is only on those
of \$4,000 a year and over."
"Oh! Then only people who are
well off will have to pay it?"

"Certainly."

"Well," said Mrs. Kidder, after a
little cogitation, "I don't see why
people are making such a fuss over it.
It seems to me it's a pretty good
thing to tax the people who are able
to pay, and let the poorer ones escape."

Mr. Kidder looked at her in mild
surprise. "Mattie, I am astonished
at you! The very principle of the
tax is unjust, for it creates classes,
and makes one class pay for the
other."

Mrs. Kidder folded her hands on
her knee, and knitted her brow in
deep thought over this proposition.
Finally she asked:

"Then all the taxes we have to pay
now are just as bad, aren't they?"

"No, of course not. What maggot
is working in your brain, I should
like to know?"

"I don't understand why they are
not. There are lots of people who
don't pay any taxes now—poor people,
of course; and I can't see why, if the
income tax is bad because it taxes
only rich people, the tax we have
now is not just as bad."

Mr. Kidder lifted his forefinger to
enforce his argument. "There is a
distinction that you don't seem to
recognize. It is equitable that the
man who has more property should
pay a greater tax than the one who
has less, if the same rate is levied on
both."

"But, I don't see—"

"Don't interrupt me, Martha. I am
trying to make you see—if such a
thing be possible. A man pays tax
on his property now, and the income
tax makes him pay also on what that
property earns him. That is double
taxation. Is that right? Is that
just?" shouted Mr. Kidder, glaring
fiercely at his wife.

"Well, why didn't you say so
before, Charlie? I told you in the
beginning I wanted to know all about
it, and now you are asking me con-
undrums instead of explaining it to me.
What I want to know is, if the gov-
ernment has the right to tax a man's
property according to its amount,
why it is not right to tax his income
according to its amount, too? Now
please don't get impatient, but just
tell me." And Mrs. Kidder made
great eyes at her husband, as she
used to before they were married.

Mr. Kidder uttered an ejaculation
under his breath, run his fingers
through his hair, and then began in a
painfully elaborate manner:

"Granted that it is right to tax
earnings as well as property, is it
right, Martha—I ask you, is it right
that men with large incomes should
pay at a higher rate than those whose
incomes are smaller? You're a woman
I know, and women don't always see
these things as clearly as they should;
but you certainly can see the injustice
of that, I think?"

"Of course, I see that, Charlie. Do
you suppose I am blind?" returned
she, with an air of injured innocence.

"But tell me some more about it.
What is there to object to?"

"Everything about the blamed bill.
It is a miserable makeshift, framed
by Southern Bourbon to make the
enterprising and industrious men of
the North support the government,
and let the poverty-stricken southern
aristocracy go scot free. There are
65,000,000 people in the United States
and only about 85,000 of them will
pay any income tax at all—only one
in about every 800. And the worst
of it is that nearly all of the 85,000
are in the North. They are trying to
make us pay for Appomattox."

Mrs. Kidder reflected again. "After
all, Charlie, the most of the wealthy
people live in the North, don't they?
And they would have been here even
though there had been no war,
wouldn't they?"

"Yes, I suppose so," returned Mr.
Kidder, disgusted at her persistence
in finding excuses, "but there is a
stronger objection still. The bill re-
quires the net earnings of corpora-
tions to be taxed. That means that
the holder of stock will have to pay
his share of it, no matter how small
his holding. Don't you see that
taking away part of the profits
through this tax will take away part
of the dividend?"

Mrs. Kidder merely ejaculated,
"Aunt Jane."

"Well what about her?"

"Why, Charlie, you know the poor
soul has no means except the divi-
dends on the stock left her by uncle
when he died—and it brings her in
about \$600 a year. It is all that she
has in the world, and with all that
family of children, too! Do you
mean to say she will have to pay tax
on that?"

"Of course—four per cent on that.
The government will take \$24 out of
the \$600 every year."

"Dr. Cupples told me the other day

his practice brings him about \$3,500 a
year. What will he pay?"

"Nothing at all—for his income
is less than \$4,000."

"Then I think the income tax is
just abominable! The people ought
to smash the Democrats who are
trying to pass it. Why do they want
to pass such a mean bill?"

"Because the compromise tariff bill
with all its patchwork won't bring in
enough revenue to run the govern-
ment, and they had to put on the
income tax to help out."

"Charlie," said she, in a reflective
tone, "all the members are saying so
much about the patching of the tariff
bill that it reminds me of a chimney.
You remember that is the answer to
the children's riddle, 'patch upon
patch and a hole in the middle.' And
the income tax is to fill the hole, isn't
it?"

Attention Republicans.
HEADQUARTERS 54th CON-
GRESSIONAL DISTRICT REP-
UBLICAN COMMITTEE.

HARTFORD, KY., MAY 8, 1894.
Upon advice of members of the Dis-
trict Republican Committee, we have
decided to issue the call for a Congres-
sional Convention without the formal-
ity of a Committee meeting. It is
therefore ordered that a delegated
Convention be held at Lebanon,
Marion county, Ky., at 10 o'clock a.
m., on Wednesday, June 27, 1894 for
the purpose of nominating a candi-
date to represent this Congressional
District in the Fifty Fourth Congress,
and to transact such business as may
be deemed necessary by said Conven-
tion.

The Chairmen of the various Coun-
ty Committees are instructed to call
Conventions in their respective coun-
ties for the purpose of selecting Dele-
gates to represent them in the Con-
gressional Convention and each coun-
ty shall be entitled to one Delegate
for every one hundred, or fraction
over fifty votes cast for
Harrison for President in 1892.

Upon this basis the various counties
composing the district will be entitled
to the following representatives:

Bullitt	12
Grayson	12
Green	7
Hardin	11
Hart	10
Larue	6
Marion	10
Meade	4
Nelson	10
Ohio	16
Taylor	6
Washington	10

Total 118

Necessary to a choice 60

Republicans are urged to attend
their County Conventions and select
Delegates persons who will attend
the District Conventions There is
every evidence that Kentucky is in
the path of the land slide, which thirty
years of pretense and one year of
inability have brought to the Demo-
crats. They have been thoroughly
"weighed in the balance and found
wanting." Wanting in statesman-
ship, wanting in nerve to carry into
effect "party pledges," wanting in
patriotism, wanting in every essen-
tial, the capacity to govern this coun-
try in a way which will bring hap-
piness, prosperity and contentment to
our people. Democracy's menace to
our protective tariff system has brought
financial ruin to thousands of our
people in every industry, enforced
idleness to workingmen, and caused
destitution to an extent never equal-
ed before in the history of the coun-
try.

It is not surprising that thousands
of voters are turning away from such
a party. Contrast the condition of
this country at this time with its con-
dition under Mr. Harrison's Adminis-
tration and it requires no second
thought to determine to what party
people will turn for relief. A change
in this District, equal to that made
in almost every Congressional District
in the States of Ohio, New York or
New Jersey last November, will send
a Republican to represent us in the
next House of Representatives, while
less than one half the change made
in one of the New York City Districts,
more recently, would bring about the
same result.

The present Representative holds
his seat by reason of a plurality and
not a majority. Let us present a
united front, with the tide in our
favor, and earnest work, we can re-
deem the old 44th next November.
C. M. BARNETT, Ch'm'n.
W. N. FOSTER, Sec'y.

The vast facilities of the J. C. Ayer
Co., of Lowell, Mass., enable them to
place The Superior Blood-purifier—
Ayer's Sarsaparilla—within easy
reach of the poorest invalid. Don't
be induced to take a "cheap" substi-
tute. Always remember that the best
is the cheapest.

Notice Tax Payers.
The tax payers of the town of
Hartford are notified that any and all
parties paying their school tax for
1894, on or before June 1, will be al-
lowed a discount of 3 per cent. Pay
Capt. S. K. Cox, Treasurer, at Bank.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegeta-
ble Sicilian Hair Renewer is a re-
newer of the hair, including its growth
health, youthful color, and beauty.
It will please you.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN TOUCH WITH HANNAH.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

"The potatoes are scorched again,"
said young Mr. Merriam, not in a
fault-finding tone, but rather as if
he were stating a disagreeable fact,
which statement his wife supplement-
ed with some brisk remarks of her
own.

"Yes, it's too bad of Hannah! She
has nothing to do but stand over that
stove from morning till night, and
there's no excuse for anything being
scorched. I'm tired of her
slack way of doing things."

"Tell her gently, and see if she
will not do better," suggested Mr.
Merriam, who came very near to being
that anomalous creature, a
model man.

"Gently, h'm!" answered his
wife, "you don't know much about
Hannah or you wouldn't say that,"
and Mrs. Merriam rattled the tea
cups so vigorously that the door be-
hind her was opened, and a ruddy
head thrust in.

"Did you want anything, ma'am?"
"No," then as the head disap-
peared, "if I had wanted her she
would never have heard me."

"Well, dear," said Mr. Merriam,
struggling into his overcoat, "the
only way to remedy this is to put
yourself in touch with the cook."

"Well, I like that," said Mrs.
Merriam, when later she was busy
about her domestic work. "What
does Howard expect of me? I do a
second girl's work now in order to
keep a good girl in the kitchen, and
even answer my own door-bell
rather than have her called from
her work. I wonder if he thinks I
abuse her. Put myself in touch
with the cook. Men are unreasonable."

However, when she thought it
over, she concluded that her hus-
band wanted her to see that Han-
nah fulfilled her duties better, and
to this end she visited the kitchen
and began to stir things up.

"Potatoes burned again," she
said in a complaining tone, "how is
it, Hannah, that you scorch so many
dishes?"
"It's never a dish I've scorched,
nor broken either since I come into
this house," returned Hannah, going
off into a state of high dudgeon.

"I don't mean dishes literally,
but figuratively," explained Mrs.
Merriam, "all the sweetness is taken
out of vegetables when you burn
them."

"And ain't all the sweetness taken
out of life when you scold me,
ma'am? Accidents will happen in
the best of families. I left the per-
taters to open the side door—"

"But I told you not to open the
side door. It's only a rable of
street peddlers and beggars that
come to it and take up your time."

"Well, ma'am, they might be,
an' then, again, they mightn't. I'm
expectin' a telegram written from
me brother that's hurt, an' I was
'fear'd of missin' it."

"You never told me that your
brother was hurt," said Mrs. Mer-
riam.

"You never axed me," answered
Hannah, as if that were a matter of
course. But in less than an hour
the telegram came, and Hannah was
peremptorily summoned away to see
the injured man, who was worse.

She promised faithfully to come
back as soon as he was better, and
Mrs. Merriam had no alternative
for the present but to pick up Han-
nah's unfinished duties as best she
could and carry them over.

Nothing daunted—she had been
educated in a domestic way—she
cleaned up the dishes and began
preparations for dinner.

Rap-rap at the side door.

"You can just stay there and rap
until you are tired," said Mrs. Mer-
riam to herself, as she stirred the
foundation for an apple-sago pud-
ding, of which Howard was very
fond, and then there came more
raps, slow and distinct, but low on
the door, and with an uncertain
sound as if a child were knocking. It
was quite too much for the natural
curiosity of a woman. She jerked
open the door, spoon in hand, and
saw a small object at her feet.

"What do you want, child?" she
asked, crossly, for it was the white,
wined face of a child, with an old
shawl folded about her, that she
saw there.

"Please ma'am, me fayther's de'd
an' me mother's sick, an' we ain't
got nothin' in the house to eat."

"Run away, child, run away, I
haven't time to bother with b—"
She was going to say beggars, but
softened it into "brats."

"Thankee, ma'am," answered the
child from the force of habit, as she
turned disconsolately away.

Mrs. Merriam went back to the
stove. The delicate sago was burned
to the bottom of the pan, and she
tried the mess away.

"Too bad. There ought to be a
stop to the nuisance of those profes-
sional beggars. If that child—"
she stopped suddenly and looked
startled. As plain as she ever heard
anything in her life came a voice
saying: "The poor yo have with yo
always."

Professional? Well, what of it?

Even professional beggars need food
and clothing, and if the rest of the
world slammed the door upon them
as she had done, where would they
get it? That child's pinched face
came between her and the plump
roast she was placing in the oven.
This time she pulled it open eage-
rly, hoping that the child had come
back. A rosy-faced boy stood there
with two potatoes in his hand.

"Buy any potatoes to-day,
ma'am?"

"No," said Mrs. Merriam, speak-
ing pleasantly, and preparing to
close the door. But the boy kept
shifting from one foot to the other
as if he had none to say. Mrs.
Merriam was evidently a surprise to
him. At last he blurted out:

"Did her feller die?"

"What do you mean?"

"Her feller. The cook's, ma'am."

"You mean Hannah's brother?"

"He wa'n no brother; he got
her feller, an' she telled me he got
busted from a roof he were shinglin',
and it like to kill him. Hannah an'
me's old friends, ma'am."

Mrs. Merriam told all she knew
about Hannah's "feller," and found
when she had closed the door that a
great smoke was coming out of the
oven, but no particular harm was
done.

"The next person who knocks at
that door—"
Rap-rap-rap, followed by a violent
push. It was the milkman, and he
came in, looked indifferently at Mrs.
Merriam, but inquired anxiously
after Hannah and her "feller."
When he was gone Mrs. Merriam
locked that side door.

There were raps of all kinds, but
she never opened it. Little raps,
big raps, tattoos and ta-ta's, but
whoever the rappers were, they went
away without getting in. At six
Mr. Merriam went home to dinner
and found his wife presiding at the
table with a flushed face, and a
wretched headache.

"What is wrong?" he asked anx-
iously.

"Everything. You told me to put
myself in touch with Hannah, and I