

THE ADVERTISING RATES OF 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.

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

VOL. VII.

HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1895.

NO. 30.

Ivory Soap

IT FLOATS

BEST FOR SHIRTS.

C. O. & S. W. R. R.

THE BEST LINE BETWEEN LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS.

ALSO FROM AND TO CINCINNATI AND EVANSVILLE.

Do not purchase a Ticket NORTH, EAST, SOUTH OR WEST until you have consulted an Agent of the C. O. & S. W. R. R.

FULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS, MODERN EQUIPMENT.

JOHN SCHOLS, T. B. LYNCH, GEN. MGR. GEN. PASG. AGT. LOUISVILLE, KY.

GROVES

MAKES CHILDREN FAT & RIGGS

TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 CENTS.

Paris Medicine Co., Inc., 100 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For sale by Williams & Bell, Hartford

PATENTS

AMERICAN FOREIGN

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH

605 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

J. L. CARSON, E. R. CARSON

J. L. Carson & Son, BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS

Careful Estimates made on All Carpentering and Building. Terms reasonable. Hartford, Ky.

TABLER'S PILE BUCK EYE PILE OINTMENT

CURES NOTHING BUT PILES.

A SURE AND CERTAIN CURE known for 15 years as the BEST REMEDY FOR PILES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AT THE LINCOLN MONUMENT.

[ROBERTUS D. LOVE.]

[Reminiscence of the Hon. Jason Pettigrew, of Calhoun County, Ill.]

Abe Lincoln! Well, I reckon! not a mile from where we be, Right here in Springfield! Illinois, Abe used to room with me. He represented Sangamon, I tried it for Calhoun, An' me an' Abe was cronies then; I'll not forget it soon.

I'll not forget them happy days we used to sort o' batch Together in a little room that didn't have no latch To keep the other fellows out that liked to come an' stay, An' hear them dastard funny things Abe Lincoln used to say.

Them days Abe Lincoln an' myself was pore as anything, Job's turkey wasn't pore; but we used to laff and sing. An' Abe was clean chuck full o' fun; but he was sharp as tacks, Fer that there comic face o' his'n was fortified with facts.

Some fellers used to laff at Abe because his boots and pants Appeared to be on distant terms, but when he'd git a chance He'd give 'em such a drubbin' that they'd clean tergit his looks; Fer Abe made up in common sense the things he lacked in books.

Well, nex' election I got beat an' Abe come back alone; I kep' a-clinkin' on the farm, pervidin' fer my own. You see, I had a woman, an' two twins that called me paw, An' Abe he kep' a-clinkin', too, at politics an' law.

I didn't hear much more of Abe out there in ole Calhoun, Fer I was out o' politics an' kind o' out o' tune 'th things that happened; but way back I'd named my tw' twin boys, One Abraham, one Lincoln; finest team in Illinois!

Well, here one day I read that Abe's among the candidates (My ole friend Abe) fer President o' these United States; An' though I had the rheumatiz an' felt run down an' blue, I entered politics again an' helped to pull him through.

An' when nex' spring he called for men to fetch the grit an' guns I sent him both my sons, An' would 'a' gone myself an' loved to make the bullets whiz 'F it hadn't been I couldn't walk account o' rheumatiz.

Well, Abe, my little Abe, I mean, he started out with Graut; They buried him at Shiloh. Excuse me, but I can't Help feelin' father-like, you know, Fer them was likely boys; The' was a' two another sech that went from Illinois.

An' Lincoln, my son Lincoln, he went on by his self A-grievin' fer his brother Abe they'd laid upon the shelf, An' when he come to Vickburg he was all thrashed out an' sick; An' yet, when there was fightin', Link fit tight in the thick.

One night afore them rebel guns my pore boy went to sleep On picket duty; no sir, tain't the shame that makes me weep; It's how Abe Lincoln, President, at Washington, D. C., Had time to recollect the days he used to room 'th me.

Fer don't you know I wrote to him they'd sentenced to be shot, His namesake, Lincoln Pettigrew, in shame to die an' rot; The son o' his ole crony, an', the last o' the twin boys He used to plague me so about at Springfield, Illinois.

Did he' Did Abe! Well, now, he sent a telegraph so quick It burnt them bottles on the poles an' made the lightning' sick; 'Parden for Lincoln Pettigrew, A. Lincoln, President.' The boy has got the paper yit, the telegraph Abe sent.

I guess I knowed Abe Lincoln! an' now I've come down here, Fir's time I've been in Springfield' fer nearly thirty years, To see his grave an' toomstons, because because, you see, We legislated in cahoots, Abe Lincoln did, an' me!

Lilloukalanani's Future. Whoever wrote Lilloukalanani's letter of renunciation and submission did it well. It is a frank, unequivocal document, disclosed neither cooperation nor cowardice, and it is in behalf of her mischievous adherents. It is quite true, as the reply sent to her by the Hawaiian Government sets forth, that her abdication is in a sense superfluous, inasmuch as she forfeited her crown two years ago by her attempt at a gross usurpation of power in defiance of the Constitution; but it is doubtless a fact also

TO BREAK UP attacks of cold, chills, fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred derangements resulting from severe exposure, there's nothing so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. No household should be without them, to meet just such emergencies. These little Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated things that every child is ready for. They keep the whole system regular, in a perfectly natural way. They're a compound of refined and concentrated vegetable extracts; put up in glass vials, always fresh and reliable; a handy and perfect vest-pocket remedy. If they don't give satisfaction, in every case, your money will be returned.

Sometimes when you are suffering from Catarrh, think of the thousands of happy cases which must have been cured by Doctor Pease's Catarrh Remedy, before its proprietors could be willing to say, as they do: "For any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, which we cannot cure, we'll pay \$500 cash."

THE WISH OF A DYING MAN.

A Short Story Of The Civil War Told By An Old Soldier.

"Here was a battle going on," said an old soldier, "nothing very heroic about nor anything very tremendous, except that more or less men were getting killed and wounded all the time. Patches of woods with open spaces intervening, the line stretched along in the edge of the woods and across the open spaces. Along in front an open space, and on the other side of the Confederates, in woods, like ourselves, where there were woods, but in light earthworks, and rifle pits between. That was their position, and we had advanced toward it as a part of some general movement, and our business was to stay there and keep the troops in front engaged."

"Veteran troops, ours were, except for such recruits as were scattered among us and except for a few enthusiastic men that liked to shout, using ammunition sparingly and not shooting unless they thought they had some sort of chance for hitting sometimes. Thoughtless sometimes, about themselves, but pretty careful generally and protecting themselves as much as they could. But even with that, and with the fighting slow, we managed in the course of the day to lose a pretty good lot of men."

"Here now, was a man in my regiment shot through the body. He crawled away toward the rear. I don't know why he wasn't picked up by the hospital men, but he wasn't. Just back of that part of the line where our regiment was stationed was a little farmhouse. In front of this house was a sort of open yard or space in which there was one tree; it wasn't a very big tree, and I don't remember what kind of a tree it was, but I remember that two of its roots ran away from the trunk a little above ground for four or five feet, and between these roots there was a little hollow just a little sort of a depression in the ground. The front yard was maybe eight or ten rods back from the line; that is, it might have been that much back to the tree. The man crawled along slowly until he came to the tree, and he crept partly into that little depression; I suppose it looked sort of inviting, it was a place; it wasn't just out doors, but was a sort of place by itself, and the tree gave it a kind of companionship, too. He crept partly into the little hollow and then stopped and raised himself up so that he was half sitting up, propped up on one arm and hand and he sat up in that way and looked at the brigade commander, who was standing in the yard. The brigade commander had been the colonel of the wounded man's regiment, and he knew every man in it; he knew this man; and, of course, every man in the regiment knew the colonel—the general he was now—and from knowing him so long and so well the men had all come to rely on him and to look to him."

"Red was creeping out around the wounded man now, and staining the little hollow as he sat there, propped up on his arm looking at the general. There was a sort of wistful look on his face, as though he thought the general could help him, and the general looked down on him very soberly; in fact, with a very great pity. Just a few feet away, more or less, men were being killed and wounded all the time, but that was going on in an orderly, business fashion. This man was just dying just simply dying by himself, and you could see his life fade as you looked at him, and you could see the red strain spreading in the little hollow, and making scallops here and there where it ran up into little shallow gullies and bays making off from the main depression."

"He was getting weaker and weaker and going fast, but all the time looking up at the general with that look on his face."

"If I could only have one more shot," he said. You see, he wasn't thinking of home or friends. He was thinking of the battle; his last wish was for one more shot; and a second later he collapsed, and fell dead."

The Bum-Seller and The Devil. DREAM SIR, I have opened apartments, fitted up with all the enticing charms of luxury, for the sale of rum, wine, gin, brandy, beer and all their compounds. Our objects, though different, can be best obtained by united action. Therefore propose a co-partnership. All I want of men is their money—all the rest shall be yours. Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you as drunkards, paupers and beggars. Bring me the child and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of father and mother. Bring me the father and mother, and I will plant discord between them and make them a curse to their children. Bring me the young man, and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life and blot out the highest and fairest hopes of youth. Bring

me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue, and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets. Amating your reply, I am Yours truly, A RUMSELLER

RUMSELLER.—My dear son: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are engaged in. I most sincerely accept your proposal. For 5,000 years I sought in vain for a man so near my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness and comparatively few fell by him. The twin woes, Pestilence and War, went forth and famine stole behind them. But these slew indiscriminately, the old and the young, the women and the children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessories as hell. In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my kingdom—as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel or Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I would have embraced you a thousand times and have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable in my kingdom. In you are combined all the elements of vice. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your design and you shall have plenty of money though it may be wrung from the mouths of innocent, famishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor houses; though you make murder, innocent and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city. You shall have money. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though man and woman—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to your work shall produce you a reward forever. Your Father, THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

HIGHEST OF ALL IN LEAVENING POWER.—LATEST U.S. GOV'T REPORT

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets. Amating your reply, I am Yours truly, A RUMSELLER

My dear son: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are engaged in. I most sincerely accept your proposal. For 5,000 years I sought in vain for a man so near my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness and comparatively few fell by him. The twin woes, Pestilence and War, went forth and famine stole behind them. But these slew indiscriminately, the old and the young, the women and the children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessories as hell. In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my kingdom—as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel or Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I would have embraced you a thousand times and have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable in my kingdom. In you are combined all the elements of vice. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your design and you shall have plenty of money though it may be wrung from the mouths of innocent, famishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor houses; though you make murder, innocent and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city. You shall have money. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though man and woman—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to your work shall produce you a reward forever. Your Father, THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue, and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets. Amating your reply, I am Yours truly, A RUMSELLER

My dear son: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are engaged in. I most sincerely accept your proposal. For 5,000 years I sought in vain for a man so near my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness and comparatively few fell by him. The twin woes, Pestilence and War, went forth and famine stole behind them. But these slew indiscriminately, the old and the young, the women and the children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessories as hell. In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my kingdom—as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel or Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I would have embraced you a thousand times and have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable in my kingdom. In you are combined all the elements of vice. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your design and you shall have plenty of money though it may be wrung from the mouths of innocent, famishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor houses; though you make murder, innocent and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city. You shall have money. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though man and woman—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to your work shall produce you a reward forever. Your Father, THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue, and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets. Amating your reply, I am Yours truly, A RUMSELLER

My dear son: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are engaged in. I most sincerely accept your proposal. For 5,000 years I sought in vain for a man so near my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness and comparatively few fell by him. The twin woes, Pestilence and War, went forth and famine stole behind them. But these slew indiscriminately, the old and the young, the women and the children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessories as hell. In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my kingdom—as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel or Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I would have embraced you a thousand times and have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable in my kingdom. In you are combined all the elements of vice. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your design and you shall have plenty of money though it may be wrung from the mouths of innocent, famishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor houses; though you make murder, innocent and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city. You shall have money. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though man and woman—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to your work shall produce you a reward forever. Your Father, THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue, and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and the name of law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets. Amating your reply, I am Yours truly, A RUMSELLER

My dear son: I address you by this endearing appellation because of the congeniality of our spirits and of the great work we are engaged in. I most sincerely accept your proposal. For 5,000 years I sought in vain for a man so near my own heart to do my work among men. I ransacked the lowest depths of hell for spirits who could do for me the whole of destruction. But little success attended their efforts. I sent out the demon Murder, and he slew a few thousand, most generally the helpless and innocent; but his mission was a failure. I bade my servant Lust, go forth. He led innocent youths and beautiful maidens in chains, destroyed virtue, wrecked happiness, blasting character and causing untimely deaths and dishonored graves. But many victims escaped through the power of God, my enemy. I sent out Avarice, and in his golden chains some were bound. But men soon learned to hate him for his meanness and comparatively few fell by him. The twin woes, Pestilence and War, went forth and famine stole behind them. But these slew indiscriminately, the old and the young, the women and the children, the good as well as the bad, and heaven gained as many accessories as hell. In sadness my satanic heart mourned over the probable loss of my kingdom—as I contemplated the tremendous strides which the gospel or Christ was making in saving men from my clutches. But when I received your welcome letter I shouted till the welkin of hell rang again: "Eureka! Eureka! I have found him! I have found him!"

My dear friend, I would have embraced you a thousand times and have given orders to reserve for you a place nearest my person, the most honorable in my kingdom. In you are combined all the elements of vice. Now shall my throne be established forever. Only carry out your design and you shall have plenty of money though it may be wrung from the mouths of innocent, famishing children. Though you fill the jails, work-houses and poor houses; though you make murder, innocent and arson to abound, and erect scaffolds and gallows in every village, town and city. You shall have money. I will harden your heart so that your conscience will not trouble you. You shall think yourself a gentleman, though man and woman—your victims—shall call you a demon. You shall be devoid of the fear of God, the horrors of the grave, and the solemnities of eternity; and when you come to your work shall produce you a reward forever. Your Father, THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

NO FLOWERS ON THE GRAVE.

The Whole Story of the "Blanket of Flowers" a Florist's Invention.

Many women have visited Trinity cemetery in the past few days to see the marvelous "blanket of flowers" which was said to "cover the casket" of Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, and which was to "be renewed every morning for a year" by Mr. Astor's order. Mrs. Astor was buried on January 9, not in a vault, but in a grave, in the northwestern corner of the Astor plot. On the day of the funeral the mound of earth was covered with pine boughs. The evergreens had not been removed, and except at one corner, which has been uncovered by inquisitive visitors, the grass is covered with snow. The laborers in the cemetery have swept a path through the burial plot, and about the grave a path has been trodden by men and women.

The cemetery employes have grown very tired of having their word doubted by women who inquire the way to the Astor vault and the blanket of flowers on the coffin. No flowers at all have been placed on the grave, and they can see for themselves that none can be put on the casket. So the women insist that the coffin is not in the grave, but in the vault of John Jacob Astor, and they ask to have the vault opened so that they can see this wonderful covering. Al- though the man explains to them how impossible and useless it would be to comply with their requests, they depart unsatisfied and doubting his word.

The old gate-keeper, who has been employed about the cemetery twenty-two years, has to bear the brunt of their inquiries and disappointments. He said that the other evening, just as he was closing the gates, two women begged for admittance, saying that they had come all the way from East New York to see the flowers and would not go home unsatisfied. Some came from other States and two came from what seemed to him the antipodes—Staten Island.

All this annoyance and disappointment is due to Joseph Fleischman, a florist. On the morning of the funeral he told the reporters that he had contract to supply fresh flowers every day for a year for the grave. For this he was to receive \$100 a day, he said, and in all he would receive \$40,000 from Mr. Astor. On the day after the funeral Mr. Fleischman sent to the newspaper offices a typewritten story of the alleged contract given to him by Mr. Astor. He was, he said, to furnish 4,000 fresh lilies of the valley and 4,000 violets each day. He repeated this statement yesterday to a reporter of the Sun and then, being confronted with the facts, admitted that he had invented the whole story.—[New York Sun.]

A New Use For Signal Posts. The incident shown in the picture, amusing enough as thus depicted, though far from pleasant at the time to the principal actor, occurred recently in the vicinity of the station in Northern Indiana says the London Graphic. Being confronted by a tiger when about to light the signal lamps, the man promptly took refuge up the signal post, and was only released from his unpleasant and dangerous position when an approaching train drove the animal away. The following letter descriptive of the occurrence from the native station master, is amusing because its style is so very characteristic of the Bengal Bahus:

"From the Station Master—to the Traffic Superintendent R. & K. Railway: "Sir—I beg to bring to your kind notice that no sooner the watchman Dilsak reached the distant signal than he saw a tiger coming toward him. He says the moment he was greatly alarmed, but fortunately the Almighty assisted him, and caused him to climb up the signal. The tiger was in thorough expectation of getting prey, and did not remove himself for about half an hour. When the train whistled he began to roar, and aroused at the distant signal he ran away. Up to this time Dilsak was in the signal; he says he was seen by the passengers, and the driver in charge toward whom he loudly cried with a view to make him slow. . . . Under the circumstances you will kindly put a stop of lighting the distant signal otherwise one day a life of mankind would be victim to the wild animals. I have the honor to be,

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

THE DEVIL.

Democratic Alphabet. Armor Plate Frauds, Breckenridge's Piety, Crokers Crookedness, Destruction of American Industries, Empty Treasury, Flower's Flag Episode, Gresham's Hawaiian Policy, Hill's Peanut Politics, Increase of Bonds, Japanese Snubbing, Kicking Millions, Low Wages, Maxwell's Brilliant Record, National Panic, Olney's Trust and Jobbery Work, Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, Queen Lil's Purity, Ruin of American Credit, Sullivan's Kind of Heroism, Trust and Monopolies, Unemployed Workmen, Van Allen's Bribery, Wild Cat Currency, 'Xit Democracy, Yclept Idocy, Zero.—[R.]

Capture of a Swarm of Bees. The hunters of Maine often make good hauls of honey stored by wild bees in hollow trees, but a sturdy woodman of Guilford recently went his fellow hunters one better in this branch of forest craft. Having located a swarm and their hoard, he captured bees and honey at one swoop. By observing the bees as they came and went in his clover field he traced their line of flight, and, following it across his farm and into the woods about a mile, he found it led to a hollow tree, the entrance to which was fifteen feet above the ground. Having first taken a bee hive to the place, he cut down the tree, and placed in the hoard of some thirty pounds of honey in the hive, whether the bees at once followed it, and made themselves perfectly at home. At night he carried home honey and bees together, and the insects have since kept on at work laying up wax and honey in their new quarters.

me the young woman, and I will destroy her virtue, and return her to you a blasted and withered thing, and an instrument to lead others to destruction. Bring me the mechanic and laborer, and his own money—the hard earned fruit of toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home. Bring me the professed follower of Christ and I will blight and wither every devotional feeling of his heart and send him forth to plant infidelity and crime among men. Bring me the minister of the gospel, and I will defile the purity of the church and make the name of religion a stench in the land. Bring me the lawyer, and the judge, and I will pervert justice, break the integrity of our civil institutions, and