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Pay the Printer  
WHAT THEY HAVE LONG OWED HIM.

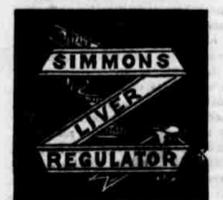
# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

YOU CAN NOW GET THE HERALD FOR ONLY  
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VOL. XXII.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1896.

NO. 24.



**SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR**  
THE BEST  
SPRING MEDICINE  
is SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. Don't forget to take it. Now is the time you get it most to wake up your liver. A sluggish liver brings on malaria, fever and ague, rheumatism, and many other ills which shatter the constitution and wreck health. Don't forget the word REGULATOR. It is SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR you want. The word REGULATOR distinguishes it from all other remedies. And, besides this, SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is a regulator of the liver, keeps it properly at work, that your system may be kept in good condition.

FOR THE BLOOD take SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR. It is the best blood purifier and corrector. Try it and note the difference. It is sold in bottles of 50¢ on every package. You will find it in any other medicine, and there is no other liver remedy like SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR—the King of Liver Remedies. Be sure you get it.

J. H. Zettin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY.

**Take The Herald.**

## KENTUCKY DEMOCRATS

ASSEMBLE IN BIG CONVENTION  
AT LEXINGTON.

The Silver Men have Everything  
Their Way—Free Coinage  
at 16 to 1 the Major-  
ity's Battle Cry.

MORE HARMONY THAN EXPECTED

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 3.—Lexington this morning is filled with delegates from the silver men's convention at Lexington. The gold men are so much in the majority that their presence is hardly noticeable. The first indication of life in the convention followed the playing of "Old Kentucky Home," and a cheer went up that could be heard for miles around. To the right of the hall was an elevated platform, which was filled with the beauty of the State. At 1:45 o'clock, standard time, Chairman Long, of the State Central Committee, rapped for order, while the Rev. Dr. Bartlett, of the Presbyterian church, invoked a blessing on the convention.

Mr. Long, when he had concluded his address, announced that the nominations for a temporary chairman were in order. John Rhea's appearance at the speakers stand was the signal for an outburst of applause that did not subside for several minutes. Mr. Rhea, after quiet had been restored, in a few words placed before the convention the name of Hon. Charles J. Bronston for temporary chairman.

Col. Bennett Young presented the name of Judge Alex P. Humphrey, of Louisville. Silver men controlled everything they went after, and the silver contesting delegations from the counties of Henry and Bourbon being temporarily seated, Mr. Bronston, after being elected district delegate, withdrew in favor of Peak. Everywhere except in the Eleventh the sound money men, like the man who was to hang were resigned and took their medicine like little men. In the Eleventh a fight was made, silver men having a majority of one.

The call of the counties was proceeded with, Secretary Ingram calling the roll. The vote resulted: Bronston, 691; Humphrey, 306. Mr. Bronston was declared temporary chairman.

At 3:45 o'clock, the call of districts having been completed, and all the committees named, Chairman Bronston announced that there would be nothing before the convention until reports from committees were heard, and asked: "What is the pleasure of the convention?" Like a mighty roar went up a call for "Blackburn," and the excitement almost reached fever heat as the tall form of Mr. Blackburn, between pushing, pulling, and all but lifted, walked forward on the stage to the side of the speaker's desk. His face was pale, but a smile was playing about his mouth. The audience settled itself to listen, and Mr. Blackburn spoke.

LEXINGTON, Ky., June 4.—After one or two lively scenes, that were interesting but not sensational, and after the adoption of committee reports substantially as agreed upon last night, the State Convention adjourned this afternoon at 2 o'clock. The platform is unequivocal; there were several changes made in the verbiage to-day, making it all that the most extreme silver Democrats could want.

The reorganization of the party machinery was effected as outlined before. Maj. P. P. Johnson stands at the head of the two State committees, and Mr. Harry Sommers at the head of the Campaign Committee, while Senator Goebel, although bitterly and openly fought by Mr. Harry Myers, was overwhelmingly elected a member-at-large of both the State Central and State Executive Committees. The Myers faction went so far as to demand a call of the roll, but as it was seen that nearly every delegation was voting for Mr. Goebel, the objection was withdrawn and his election became unanimous.

The first demonstration of enthusiasm by the weary delegates was when Senator Blackburn reached the hall and walked down the center aisle to the stage and took a seat beside Mr. Bronston. Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge was called upon for a speech. The demonstration was loud, and in a few minutes he came forward. Many called for the name of the Committee on Credentials, but he was invited up and responded. He said that his first public

effort was to beg Democratic unity. He knew that he did not agree with the majority of this convention, but he had never concealed his opinions and was now too old to do such a thing. They had been given the power and with them rest the result. If his services were needed for the party, they were always at command. He said that there was no finish to a fight on the currency question. Like the poor, we always have it with us and always will as long as men work for their bread. The Democratic party or the Republican party can settle it only for a time. It will ever come up when times are hard, and under such conditions as we have to-day. What we need, he said, is rest—rest from dispute, rest from disruption. He was about to step, but there were cries of "Go on," "Go on," and he did so. As a laboring man to laboring men, as a suffering man to suffering men, he spoke to them and he hoped that common peace would soon come to our common country.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED. It was agreed that the report of the Committee on Resolutions should be made before the election of delegates. The majority report was changed slightly this morning as to the verbiage of two paragraphs. It was as follows: First—The Democracy of Kentucky, in convention assembled, do reaffirm their allegiance to the principles of the party as announced by Jefferson and Jackson.

Second—We are in favor of bimetallic, and to that end we hold to the use of both gold and silver, without discrimination against either metal, at the ratio of 16 to 1, independent of agreement with any other nation. We favor the immediate repeal of all laws by which silver was demonetized, and demand its unqualified restoration to the right of free and unlimited coinage in the mints of the United States as money of final redemption. Third—We hold that the Secretary of the Treasury should exercise his legal right to redeem all coin obligations in gold or silver, as may be most convenient, and are opposed to the issue of bonds in times of peace for the maintenance of the gold reserve or for any other purpose. Fourth—We are opposed to the national banking system and to any enlargement of its powers, and opposed to any contraction of the currency by the retirement of greenbacks or otherwise. Fifth—We declare it to be a fundamental principle of Democracy that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to impose and collect tariff duties except for the purpose of revenue only, and the collection of such taxes should be limited to the necessities of the Government, honesty and economically administered. Sixth—That the Democratic party has ever been the party of personal liberty and religious freedom, and is now and has always been opposed to any union of church and State. It is opposed to the enactment of all laws the purpose or design of which is to sustain or enforce any religious tenet or sect, and to any law, organization or society, religious or political, secret or otherwise, that tends to proscrib any citizen for or on account of his religious belief, or to apply any such test as a qualification for public office. Seventh—We condemn and denounce in unmeasured terms the illegal and unwarranted action of the Republican Governor of Kentucky in calling out the military power of the State, for the purpose of overruling the Legislature, attempting to elect, contrary to the wishes of the people, a Republican to the United States Senate, and commended the conduct of each and every Democratic member of the Legislature, and every Democrat, who stood loyally to the support of the party and its nominee in that contest. Eighth—We declare the support of the party nominees to be the true test of party fealty, and that every nominee is entitled to the undivided support of the party. Ninth—Resolved, That the delegates chosen by this convention to the National Democratic Convention to be held at Chicago, July State, 1896, be and they are instructed to cast the vote of the State of Kentucky in said convention for Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn for President of the United States, and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination; and we direct that the vote of this State shall be cast as a unit upon all questions before the convention by a majority of the delegates appointed and in attendance. Reference to 16 to 1 silver and Senator Blackburn were received with applause. STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE. The following named persons only shall constitute the Democratic State Executive Committee of Kentucky: First District—Charles K. Wheeler, Paducah. Second District—C. M. Meacham, Hopkinsville. Third District—G. W. Roark, Frankfort. Fourth District—G. S. Fallon, Bardonia. Fifth District—W. B. Hoke, Louisville. Sixth District—Robert Ellis, Sanders. Seventh District—South Trimble, Frankfort. Eighth District—Wilkes Morgan, Lawrenceburg. Ninth District—J. N. Kehoe, Mayfield. Tenth District—James Hatcher, Prestonsburg. Eleventh District—Charles W. Metcalf, Pineville. State-at-Large—William Goebel, Covington.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE. RESOLVED, That the State Central Committee is directed to constitute a campaign committee for the November election, 1896, composed of: First District—L. B. Anderson, of Graves. Second District—T. J. Nunn, of Hopkins. Third District—W. O. Rodes, of Bowling Green. Fourth District—H. A. Sommers, Chairman, of Elizabethtown. Fifth District—Ector Dolanay, of Jefferson. Sixth District—John W. Westover, of Williamstown. Seventh District—W. B. Hawkins, of Lexington. Eighth District—T. B. Welch, of Nicholasville. Ninth District—A. W. Bascom, of Bath. Tenth District—C. P. Chenault, of Montgomery. Eleventh District—J. Smith Hays, Respectfully submitted, this June 4, 1896. C. W. Metcalf, chairman, State-at-Large. Charles M. Meacham, State-at-Large. R. A. Burnett, First District. Frank B. Richardson, Second District. James B. Martin, Third District. John S. Kelly, Fourth District. John R. Pears, Fifth District. Otto Wolfe, Sixth District. Joseph A. Humphrey, Seventh District. Ben Lee Hardin, Eighth District. Waller Sharpe, Ninth District. A. A. Hazelrigg, Tenth District. C. E. Jones, Eleventh District.

STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE. The following named persons shall constitute the members of the State Central Committee: First District—W. P. Catlin, Murray. Second District—S. A. Young, Henderson. Third District—Charles M. Lewis, Bowling Green. Fourth District—Finley Shuck, Lebanon. Fifth District—W. O. Head, Louisville. Sixth District—John T. Hodge, Newport. Seventh District—C. E. Butler, Paris. Eighth District—Jack Chinn, Harrodsburg. Ninth District—Hanson Kennedy, Carlisle. Tenth District—A. W. Hamilton, Mt. Sterling. Eleventh District—James Garnett, Jr., Columbia. At-Large—William Goebel, Covington.

COMMITTEE ON ORGANIZATION. State-at-Large—C. W. Metcalf, of Bell county, and Chas. Meacham, of Christian county.

First District—R. A. Burnett. Second District—F. V. Richardson. Third District—James B. Martin. Fourth District—Jas. B. Kelley. Fifth District—Otto Wolfe. Sixth District—J. H. Humphrey. Seventh District—Ben Lee Hardin. Eighth District—Waller Sharpe. Tenth District—A. A. Hazelrigg. Eleventh District—Ed Jones.

DELEGATES-AT-LARGE.—Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, John S. Rhea, P. Wat Hardin and W. T. Ellis. ALTERNATES.—Robert W. Nelson, J. Morton Rothwell, Theodore F. Hallam and John D. Carroll. ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.—J. P. Terwin, W. B. Smith.

Perhaps no diarrhoea remedy on earth has such a rapidly since its introduction as Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain. This is due to the fact that all who use it say it's the best on earth. It's guaranteed by all dealers. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

A Story With a Moral. CHAPTER I. She was a woman whose age might safely be pronounced "uncertain," and as she stood at the counter fingering a half dozen pieces of dress goods by turn, it was evident that she was in the throes of uncertainty concerning some question of becomingness or what not.

"Is it for yourself or a young lady?" asked Roggs, the clerk, desiring to facilitate the sale. The lady's hands dropped to her side, and in a moment, she walked away with a curt "Sorry to have troubled you." Roggs was left to ruminate on the instability of the feminine mind as he waited for another customer.

CHAPTER II. Once more there was a woman of uncertain antiquity at a dress goods counter. It was a virtual repetition of the scene in the first chapter, except that this time the brisk and natty dressed Roggs was the salesman.

"Is the dress for yourself or an old lady?" asked Mr. Roggs, with innocent urbanity, and directly the young man might have been seen dexterously handling the yard measure.

CHAPTER III. Our two heroes are now a middle-aged. Roggs is a partner in the great firm in which he once held a humble clerkship. He dresses on torsepin and quail on line, while Roggs, in a shiny-back coat and shabby shoes, walks the streets, wondering why he never had any luck.

Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain cures diarrhoea and summer complaint, cramps, colic and pains by healing the inflammation. It stops fermentation and relieves immediately. All danger of fever is avoided by its use. 50c and 50c bottles guaranteed by all dealers. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

## DEATH IN A LAST DRINK

HOW BUCK ROBERTS SWORE OFF DRINKING.

His Murderer Pursued and Shot Him in His Tracks—Saved from Lynching by a Minister's Prayer.

MOST THRILLING MISSISSIPPI STORY

Beauregard is a small place on the Illinois Central Railroad, fifty miles south of Jackson, Miss. In 1876 or 1877 I stopped there, and as I looked down the road the people suddenly became panic-stricken. Everybody seemed to be running for cover, and the slamming and banging of doors was heard to right and left.

"What is it?" I asked, a Jewish merchant, as he was about to retreat into his store, for I was a stranger in the place.

"Buck Roberts is in town," he exclaimed. "He disappeared. And a moment later a young man came galloping furiously down the road—by courtesy dubbed a street—yelling like a Comanche, and firing a pistol with every plunge of his excited horse. The store had a continuous front porch or gallery for several hundred feet, and when Buck came to its commencement, he forced his animal to mount the steps and continued his triumphal entry in a walk, shooting at signs, doors, &c. He was forced to practice his marksmanship on inanimate objects, for the people, as he approached them, would run to their holes.

Buck Roberts was drunk, of course, and was having a little "fun" at the expense of the villagers. And the business of the town was suspended until one of his relatives was sent for to quiet him down.

The next time he visited the place, to the surprise of everybody, he was sober and declared he had come to town to take his last drink.

"Well, let me have it now," said one of his boon companions. "No; not now. I'll wait till night. I've just engaged myself to a nice girl. I'm going to get married and quit my foolishness. So I've come to town to swear off and take my last drink."

DEATH WITH HIS LAST DRINK. The saloon was in a corner. In its rear was a long walled-in yard, and back of the yard was a hilly old field, interspersed with bunches of scrubby trees. In the evening about 8 o'clock Buck Roberts was on the porch of the saloon, talking to his incredulous friends that he was about ready to take his last drink. The sky was clear and the nearly full moon was shining in its fullest splendor.

While Buck thus entertained his admirers on the porch, a negro lying on the grass in the shade of an oak on the hillside behind the house, saw something that struck him as singular, though he had no warning that anything unusual was impending.

Two men—a large and small one—emerged from a small thicket and came skulking down into the road or street near which the black man lay, obscured in the tree's shadow.

The large man was enveloped in a long cloak. He walked rapidly in a stooping posture, and seemed to carry something concealed under the cloak.

The two stealthy figures entered an open gate at the end of the yard, and for a brief space of time the wall cut off their movements from the black man's sight. But the rear of the saloon being on a hillside, was quite high from the ground, and the sole spectator soon saw the two figures appear at the top of the steps and enter the back room, which was in darkness. The front room, the saloon, was lighted by lamps.

"No, I'm going to take it by myself!" said Buck Roberts. "I don't want no company." And he entered from the gallery, and, walking up to the counter, gave his order. He took up the glass and said with a smile:

"Boys, here's my last drink." And it was. For as the glass touched his lips there was a dash and a loud report through the open door of the dark back room, and the boy dropped dead in his tracks. A charge of buckshot had passed through his heart. The negro in the shadow on the hillside heard the report of the gun and sprang to his feet.

"Dar den!" he muttered. "I lay dais dem bery two men I seed. I thought dey was up tuh some debilitment!"

TRACKING THE MURDERER. Old Joe Roberts, Buck's father, had run to the saloon a few minutes after the killing. He seemed much grieved, but more exasperated as he looked upon the corpse and questioned the negro.

"You say one was a big man and one a little one?" "Yesuh."

"And the big 'un had on a long coat and carried a gun under it?" "No, s'nt; didn't say he had no gun. Hit pear'd like he held sump'n und' de cloak, en it might uh ben uh gun."

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



by human eyes. The mother smiles, the nurse grins, the baby squalls, another start is made and soon the same scene is repeated. The one who has just praised it to the skies, meets a neighbor and just about as apt as not by this time the baby has become a monster and all agree that it is the ugliest child they ever before beheld. They lie about its beauty to its face and lie about its ugliness to its back. We don't do that ourselves. We confine our lying to the weddings and funerals. Babies are not smart because they don't know a thing in the world. We like them, we are glad such things exist, but they are not pretty nor are they intelligent. These qualities develop in after years.

Fat Time on the Midland. (Frankfort Capital May 24.) The special train, which carried the Knights Templar from Frankfort to Paris on the Midland yesterday, made a very fast run.

Left Frankfort 4:45 p. m. and arrived at Paris at 5:40, one hour and one minute, including delay of four minutes, up the big hill out of Frankfort, two minutes by stop at Steadman, one minute at Stamping Ground, and six minutes at Georgetown, making the actual running time forty-eight minutes for the forty miles. Following is the time between some stations: Switzer to Stamping Ground, five miles, five minutes. Georgetown to Paris, seventeen miles, nineteen minutes. Elizabeth to Paris, six miles, five minutes.

Salemen Wanted. Good wages to sell our Nursery Stock. Apply for terms. We will stock for Spring and Fall, 1896, an immense stock of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Grape, etc. Also small fruits, shade and ornamental trees, roses, etc. We make a specialty of wholesaling to nurserymen direct. We will sell to responsible parties and take note payable in six, twelve and eighteen months. Write us for wholesale prices. Address: SOUTHWESTERN NURSERY CO., 10-16m Winchester, Tenn.

A Pioneer's Grave. [Helen (Mont.) Independent, May 7.] The funeral of Rev. L. B. Stetler, Montana's first protestant pastor, who came to the territory and settled in Willow Creek for a time, where he founded a congregation of the Methodist church, south, and who had labored more than 30 years for the cause as he had begun, was one of the most impressive ever held in the State. It was attended by many who had known the old pioneer ever since he came west, and the coffin was laid to rest on a hillside overlooking the chapel where he began his labors in the State, and where his wife, who had gone before him, was laid. An account of the ceremony is thus given by A. G. Clark, who returned from Willow Creek yesterday: "The funeral services of Rev. L. B. Stetler, the venerable pioneer minister recently deceased, were held in Stetler chapel at Willow Creek, Mont., Tuesday, at 11 a. m. More people were present than could find room in the building. The ministers present were: Rev. R. S. Clarke, Rev. E. J. Stanley, Rev. E. L. Lee, Rev. J. E. Squires, Rev. B. E. H. Warren, and Rev. W. H. Kincaid. Old friends from Helena, Butte, Whitehall, Radersburg, and other portions of the surrounding country were in attendance. Rev. R. S. Clarke preached the funeral discourse. The text was the thirtieth chapter of Acts, the seventh, eighth and ninth verses. The sermon was rich in thought and was listened to with profound attention from beginning to end. A biographical sketch of the dead pioneer was read by Rev. E. J. Stanley, and appropriate remarks were made by the other clergymen, who testified to the noble character and useful minister, Rev. Mr. Stetler. "The casket was covered with floral offerings furnished from homes scattered from Gallatin to Bitter Root. But the noblest tribute of all was the sobs and tears of the neighbors and friends of the man of God whom they had shared with many through the tolls of a frontier life. The old pioneer was buried by the side of his wife in the family cemetery on the hillside that overlooks the little chapel and not more than one mile from where he organized the first society of his