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From the Woman's Journal. TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND. BY V.

MARIA SAXONBURY. BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER V. RIVALS AT SAXONBURY.

A week passed over, a fortnight passed over, a month passed over, and still Mr. Janson was at Saxonbury.

So he said on, indifferently to Lady Saxonbury, with as good a grace as the rest of Sir Arthur, rendering himself agreeable to Mrs. Ashton, and falling in love with Maria.

It was the old story over again of Raby Raby. With one exception. There were morning meetings in the picture-gallery, and afternoon meetings in the fair grounds; and Saxonbury, and evening lingerings in the deep bay windows, gazing out on the Holly on the lovely scenery by moonlight.

Does a woman ever love a man of a timid nature? Poor Raby, with his innate refinement, his sensitive conscience, his consciousness of his own inferiority.

Not before he had learnt to love her. Every tone of his voice, every glance of his eye; every pressure of his hand, given in common intercourse, told of the secret.

And the pleasant intercourse was soon to have an ending. They were in the picture-gallery one day in February, Louisa and Fannie Ashton making a great noise with a ball at the other end of it.

Maria played more abstractedly than ever with her blue ribbons. "Do you go on to Paris on direct, leaving Saxonbury?"

"I shall stay a week on the road with my mother." Maria lifted her eyes. "Your mother? I don't think I have heard you mention her. Where does she live?"

"On the coast of France. One of the quiet seaport towns in direct steam communication with England. She has lived there since my father died. Being a Roman Catholic, and her income small, the place suits her."

"The words somewhat surprised Maria. 'You are not a Roman Catholic?' she said, recalling the fact that he had attended church with them on Sundays."

"No, I was reared in my father's faith. Had there been daughters, they would have been brought up in my mother's."

"Your father was a soldier, I have heard you say?" "A soldier and a gentleman, somewhat popularly reputed to be a hero of the language, and she placed him at the college as an extern, and prolonged her stay through the winter."

Maria stayed on, nothing loth, for—Mr. Janson was there. They had met once or twice temporarily since that visit of his to Saxonbury, and now they were in the habit of meeting daily—at least they had met daily until within the last few days.

CHAPTER VI. THE VOYAGE OF THE "RUSHING WATER." It is eminently suggestive of our uncertain life here, to mark how time works its changes.

married the widow of Colonel Yorke, an uncle of Mr. Yorke's. Mrs. Yorke was notable for little, save a somewhat fractious spirit, and for her overbearing indulgence of her boy, the son and heir of the late Colonel Yorke.

"Madame Janson! What does she do here? She has nothing to do with the cod-fishery." "I can tell you that she has, though," was the reply of Therese, "and a fine way the house has been in, through it. You know her son?"

"Who does not? A racketsy blade." "Racketsy! Well, he may be a little—Everybody likes him, though." "Well, what of him?" "He is going out with the cod-boats to Iceland."

Therese nodded her head several times in assent. "Some whim of his. He goes for pleasure, he says." "Pleasure! That's a thing we never heard of as going with the cod-boats for pleasure. It's a precious hard voyage and hard life. Besides, the crew don't want a fine gentleman on board."

"Why have you led me on, then?" he inquired, his tone one of strangely acute anguish. "Why, indeed! Maria could not answer. She could not tell her the surprising fact, as passionately as he did, or that the anguish at her own heart was great as his."

It was Mr. Yorke. And he had time to take in a full view of the signs and appearances before they saw him. The bent head of the handsome man, and his whispered words, the employment bringing their heads into so close a contact; and the crimson cheeks, the downcast lashes of Maria. Something very like an ill-word burst from his lips.

CHAPTER VII. The morning rose bright and clear. The tide served at eight o'clock, but long before that hour the port was taken possession of. Half the town was there to witness the departure, thronging the piers and the heights. It was a stirring sight.

CHAPTER VIII. A gentleman stood at Miss Saxonbury's side, somewhat behind her. He had knelt before the altar, and his lips parted with a defiant expression. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, of nearly thirty, with remarkably white teeth, which he showed too much.

played your beauty off upon him, flirted with him, courted him—yes, you have, Miss Saxonbury!—and drawn him on to love you. When that love had reached a height that it could no longer be suppressed within the bounds of prudence, and he told it to you, you rejected him. It may be, with scorn, because he was poor and you were rich; I know not from him I have learnt nothing. He has kept his own counsel and your secret; but I have watched closely, and know that that brought to his mind this despair. In brightening his happiness you have brightened mine."

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CHAPTER IX. "I do not understand you," haughtily spoke Miss Saxonbury. "I do not know you." "I have given you no opportunity to know me. I am Edward Janson's mother. I have lived in this place many years, holding myself aloof from my countrymen, who flock here to make it their few years' residence, or their few weeks' sojourn. I am too poor to compete with their ostentatious purses. I am saving for my son; and I am too proud to risk familiarity with doubtful characters—as many of them are. Therefore your family and I have never met. I wish I could say that I have never met my son. You have

that she won't give me. I'll bring you a monkey from Africa." "Every inch of ground, towards the extremity of the pier, was contested for, that being the best grazing place. The sea was calm and lovely, the light wind, which served to spread the sails, scarcely ruffling it; more than thirty boats were already out, studding the marine landscape, and the morning sun shone brightly on the canvas, as they skimmed over the water. Miss Saxonbury was struggling on, when a crash and shouting below, and a worse press than ever to the side of the pier, suggested that some untoward accident had occurred. The Rushing Water, in going out of harbor, had, by some mishap or mismanagement, which none on board could account for, struck against the end of the pier. The boat, which had been left for a single moment near the rudder, could be seen to have mischievously altered the boats course."

"What damage is done?" inquired Miss Saxonbury of a bystander, a fisherman, when the excitement was abating. "Not much, as far as can be seen. They will have to put back, though, till the evening tide, and give her a haul over."

"Good morning, Miss Saxonbury. You are out early." She turned sharply round at the voice, to encounter Mr. Yorke. He was standing in the French boat also, and he, no doubt, his motive power. Perhaps he was waiting the opportunity to say to her what he had thought to say years ago.

"We came to see the boats go out," she said, giving him her hand. "I should scarcely have thought a fleet of paltry fishing boats would be a sufficient attraction to call a young lady from her bed."

"Oh, Mr. Yorke! Look at the numbers of English around; nearly every one we know is here. It is a sight which has the charm of novelty for many of us." "I see your young friend Janson's courage has not failed him at the last," he said mockingly. "We shall be rid of him for a time."

"For good, probably," she replied with the utmost apparent indifference. "Behold he returns, we shall no doubt have left for home to-morrow." "I hope so. I wonder at Lady Saxonbury's having brought you here at all. I wonder that she should remain here! These continental towns are not places for Miss Saxonbury."

"She remains for Henry's improvement in French," said Maria. "But I am sure that he may gain facility in speaking it, she sends him to the college, where he mixes with a dozen other English boys," said Mr. Yorke. "And they abuse each other all day in genuine Queen's English."

"What boys? Why don't you speak plain?" "Jones and Anson, and a few more English lads, were going up the canal in a boat to fish, and they wanted Harry to go with them," explained Maria. "Refused, of course."

There was no further peace. Lady Saxonbury not only sent the boys' parents, and to every place where there was a possibility of hearing of him. The other parents were alarmed soon. With some difficulty they discovered which canal the young gentlemen had favored with their company, and bent their steps to it in a body. Mr. Jones carrying a lantern, for it was dark then. They had not proceeded along its banks many minutes when they encountered a small army of half-a-dozen, looking like drowned rats. It proved to be the young gentlemen themselves, who had all been in the water, through the upsetting of the boat.

"Where is Henry?" asked Lady Saxonbury, trembling as she uttered the words. "Has he been with you?" "Yes, he has been with us." "Where is he? Oh, where is he?" "He was in the boat when it capsized. We can't make out where he is. I'm sure he scrambled out."

"I am very pale." "How are you sure, mamma, of that?" "I am positive I saw him," cried Philip Anson, and I spoke to him. I said to him, 'That was a splash and a near touch, wasn't it, Hal?' and he answered, 'By Jove, if it wasn't!'"

"No, it was not answered you that, Philip interposed a little fellow about Henry's age." "Well, I'm positive he is out," rejoined Philip Anson, "for I know I saw him, and his hair had got the curl out of it, and was hanging down straight."

"Did any of the rest of you see him?" inquired Maria, as the boys began talking together. "The result to be gathered was, that they could not be sure whether he was out or not; it was all as scaramble at the time, and nearly dark."

"Oh, mamma, do not despair!" implored Maria. "But Lady Saxonbury had faintly away, and was lying on the towing-path." [Continued next week.]

The Grange—Objects and Benefits. At the recent installation of officers of the New Hampshire State Grange, an excellent address was delivered by Col. D. Wyatt, Aiken, from which we extract the following paragraphs concerning the objects and benefits of the Grange.

The founders, seeing how much co-operation and concentration were doing for every other association, conceived the idea that the same co-operative principle might be employed for the benefit of the farming class; and the people for whose benefit it was conceived saw that it was good, and took hold of it in earnest.

One great object of the Grange is to elevate farmers. From the nature of their calling they are much isolated, and this isolation tends to make them unsocial and selfish. The farmer's wife never goes anywhere, because her husband cannot find time or disposition to go with her, and she becomes unsocial and selfish also. This is characteristic of the farming community from Maine to Texas. In the Grange they are brought together, and their social natures are developed and elevated. He had been in many States, but he had found none where the farmer and his wife did not find time to go to the Grange after they had once entered.

Then the Grange is educating power. He believed it required more mind, thought, energy, to make a successful farmer, than any other avocation in life. This is an age of progress, and the man who stands still and don't study to improve, will go backward. Farming must be studied. Agriculture is a large science, and the more we study it the larger the fields spread out before us. To be a true farmer, a man should study to prepare himself as much as for any of the professions. In the Grange the latent intelligence of the farmer is brought out, and each can learn of the other some new idea or method. Two heads are always better than one. Not only does the Grange improve him educationally and socially, but morally. The farmer ought about all others, to be a Christian. His avocation should peculiarly lead him to look through nature up to nature's God. The Grange makes him charitable.

Referring to the secrecy of the Order, he said it was that which gave it cohesion and permanency. In all trades and professions there is a degree of secrecy, and the most successful man is he who keeps his plans to himself. In the Grange there is just enough secret to make it attractive.

The Grange also does what no party or organization has done, unites the people of all parts of the country. It says to every man in the Union: "Come in, and I'll give you the hand of friendship." It knows no north, no south, no east no west. It bridges the bloody chasm which has divided different sections.

The constitution of the Grange prohibits the discussion of religion or politics, and neither political or religious tests for memberships are allowed. Yet this means to exclude only sectarianism and partisanship, for religion in its true sense is always taught here, and there is no fitter subject than politics in its real meaning—the science of government—for our consideration.