

THE TROLL'S DAUGHTER

I know the origin of the world, the source of fire, the birth of iron, I know the silent tracks of the ants as they wind over the bark of the birch trees.

His diction grew loud and impetuous, his gesticulation convulsive. His eyes sparkled with a wild fire, his whole being was transformed.

On her part, the lovely Toini, who was in more immediate rapport with the troll, also allowed herself to be over come by his enthusiasm.

"Whence dost thou spring, O cruel scourge—O vilest plague? How hast thou been able to touch her? Comest thou from the bosom of the rocks or of the trees or of the animals?"

"My father, my old father, has never been the slave of wizards; he has never corrupted the Laplanders by his presents; he drove away calamities and dispated every evil.

"If I have not that power, I will invoke the son of Ukko, the god of thunder, who reigns over the clouds, who scatters the storms. I will implore his aid: I will cause the sower of his arm to come down from the heights of heaven to the low places of the earth."

"O Ukko, thou who restest on the axis of the earth, thou who inhabitest the cloud whence comes the thunder, bring hither thy glave of fire that I may strike the cruel one who torments me, that I may forever drive away my enemy!"

"Godless of the waves, arise from out the abyss! Rise from the bosom of the waters thy lime tresses, from the depths of the fountain thy light garments! Come to the moist spray thy bright visage! Come to my succor, come to deliver me, to protect me, to console me in this terrible travail, in these overwhelming sufferings."

"O forest, come with thy magnificent animals, come with all thy people! Perke, come with all thy house! Lake, come with the sons of thy race! Oh, may a hundred warriors arise with their glaves; may a thousand heroes rush to the rescue of the weak, of the unfortunate!"

"But that is not enough, what other power shall I yet invoke? Is it in the world of men, children of the hoary ages, eternal men? Arise from the earth, O mother of the earth; arise at once, O everlasting lord; rise all ye who wear the warlike brand, all who mount proud coursers, come hither to break the sword that crushes me, come hither to subdue my anguish!"

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him good, and might perhaps put him in the notion of departing to rejoin his lord and master.

"Silence, Francois!" said the duke. "Have you never seen those insects that feign death, and when one approaches them suddenly spring up full of life? Would you now venture to touch that motionless specter?"

"I will pick him up, if you desire it, with my curling irons."

"His! There he is moving."

"I perceive afar," said Toiuo in a deep but broken voice. "I perceive a region resplendent with verdure and beauty. There are tufted woods, lofty mountains and plains rich with fruit and corn. What splendid cities rise on all sides! But, alas, the rivers that bathe them are red with blood—the rivulets, the springs are red with blood."

"A black smoke envelops the castles and palaces. The men are armed with axes and cutlasses. What is that sinister crowd advancing? Arms clash on arms, and the pale horse of death gallops from rank to rank. Oh, horror, horror! But I perceive a young man whose brow shines like the fire of the stars. He rushes forward; he scatters under the feet of his charger the crowd envious of so much glory. And now behold him on his throne, beautiful, divine! Again the thunder peals. The jewels of his diadem are shattered, and the serpent that lay hid among them is preparing to sting the hero to the heart."

"Fire is devouring the earth. The north is in commotion. Eideous vultures pursue the conquering eagle even into his palace of cloud, and he falls from it pierced with a thousand blows, like a globe of flame quenched in the tempest. And now the corn grows green again, and the rivers put off their garments of red to reassume their former attire; but their bosoms are bestrewn with the feathers of the fallen eagle—wonderful feathers. New men get possession of them, and with them write a history, an immortal history. And yet the fatal sea has still other storms. A throne is toppled down—an old man flies for his life."

"A young prince, he whom I see there before me, advances on the wings of desire, like the grains of the peace of the world. It is he who will replace in heroes' hands the feathers of the mighty eagle, that they may continue the great history that had been interrupted. But how! the storm begins again, the clouds rain blood and the young child waves his innocent arms from the summit of the throne, and the air is obscured by the black wings of immense carrion crows? What means that sign? But methinks I gather over my mind—my senses desert me. Strangers, adieu! Adieu!"

"And the old man was silent, and again fell back insensible on the floor, from which he did not arise until after some hours of convulsive slumber. Three weeks after the scene that we have just described we once more find the illustrious travelers of Karasundo. The Count de Montjoie was nursing a host of noble cathos against so prolonged a detention, and Guillemot by no means let slip the opportunity of suggesting what his companion had to say with some imprecations of the phobian school. The prince smiled at the impudence of the fellow, but before she received a reply a second note reached her. It was sealed with black and held only the same words, 'Love or vengeance!'"

"What infamy! Did your mother keep those letters?" "You will never see them, Antoinette, said my mother to me. We must quit France. We never can be happy on this soil! Come, let us go to the harbor and embark on the first vessel that will receive us. An honest skipper gave us passage without asking our names or the object of our journey, and a few weeks later we landed on a shore which we had never heard mentioned. We were in Finland at Uleaborg."

here in this coarse attire amid these savage wastes? Destiny, how cruel is thy sport!"

"Less cruel than men, monseigneur. My mother was a lady of honor to Queen Marie Antoinette. She was beautiful. You must have remarked that exquisite clear and fair complexion and that indefinable expression of nobility which is met with only among the old families of Normandy. A prince of the blood conceived a passion for my mother. She loved him in return and had the weakness to yield."

"One day the prince, entering her apartments abruptly, said: 'Adelaide, the secret of our love is discovered; your interest and your honor require you to marry. I have selected the Count d'Arras as your husband. The queen has been fully informed of this and gives her consent. Should he who translated what the reader has just been perusing ever return to those distant regions he will make it a duty to finish the story of 'The Troll's Daughter.'"

"I know d'Arras!" "My mother did not go far. The abbess of the Ursulines at Montmartre was a relative. She concealed us in her convent during seven long years. There, under the shade of the beech trees, I grew up in quiet and peace. I had never stepped outside of the holy retreat when, one day, I persuaded a nun who was going to visit some sick people to take me with her. What delight experienced in traversing those brilliant streets, those superb boulevards, which make your capital the queen of the world! However, the whirl of men and vehicles made me somewhat nervous. I recollect the scene as though I had witnessed it but yesterday."

"Suddenly the crowd separated to let four gentlemen on horseback pass. Never had I seen anything as beautiful or as richly ornamented as the chargers they rode. You, my prince, were one of those cavaliers. At that time only 10 years had rolled over your head. A gust of wind carried off your hat and bore it to my feet. I restored it to you with a trembling hand; but, oh, with what a gracious smile you thanked me."

"Another cavalier among those who rode with you advanced toward the nun who accompanied me, and in a strange manner asked her who I was and where I lived. Alas! on the morrow my mother received a note containing these threatening words, 'Love or vengeance!' My mother turned pale as death, and without losing any time fled with me to Havre, whence she wrote to the abbess of the Ursulines. But before she received a reply a second note reached her. It was sealed with black and held only the same words, 'Love or vengeance!'"

"What infamy! Did your mother keep those letters?" "You will never see them, Antoinette, said my mother to me. We must quit France. We never can be happy on this soil! Come, let us go to the harbor and embark on the first vessel that will receive us. An honest skipper gave us passage without asking our names or the object of our journey, and a few weeks later we landed on a shore which we had never heard mentioned. We were in Finland at Uleaborg."

"And the notes, the notes?" "Vengeance did not pursue us into this land of eternal snows. Our lives were permitted to roll on in peace. The aged Toiuo by his extraordinary prophecies won our confidence."

"And what extraordinary prediction has he then made?" "I ought not perhaps to tell you. He predicted to me a glorious visit—a visit such as no man has ever received upon this earth."

"And did he foretell truly—you blush! What else is there to say?" "Two words," he added, "will destroy your happiness. 'The notes! Speak, for heaven's sake!—the notes!'" "Why constantly exclaim the notes? My beloved mother has for four years past been sleeping her eternal slumber in the cemetery of Uleaborg. And I, poor child—the good Toiuo took me, consoled me and in the midst of these deserts of snow has supplied the place of a father."



This is my father's handwriting!

The fate of Toini has remained unknown, nor was it ever discovered what became of Toiuo. Both disappeared without leaving any trace to indicate whether they had gone. One man only still furnishes some authentic particulars of their history. Should he who translated what the reader has just been perusing ever return to those distant regions he will make it a duty to finish the story of 'The Troll's Daughter.' THE END.

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MT. JOSEPH. Jesse Weatherholt, Jr., went to Patesville Saturday. Charles Tinus, Jr., went to Hardinsburg Saturday. Mr. John Frank, of Owensboro, is the guest of Miss Brook Tinus. Mrs. M. L. Monroe, of Henderson, is visiting Mrs. Charles Tinus. Mr. Frank Carter and Miss Susie Mattingly went to Hardinsburg Saturday. And it is possible there is still another wedding to take place on the high hill in the near future?

Mr. H. G. Yeager and sister, and Miss Della Mullen, of Cloverport, were the guests of Miss Brook Tinus Sunday. Mrs. Annie Moorman and Miss Viola Chapin, of Hite's Run, were the guests of Mrs. Moorman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Weatherholt, last week. Mr. Elmer Boutlinghouse and sisters, Misses Minnie and Lydia, of Addison, attended the picnic at Mr. Payne's Friday night.

Mr. Charles Riedel had two large hay stacks destroyed by fire last Tuesday. It was thought a spark from the train set fire to them. With the exception of the dry weather, there will be an extra good crop of grapes on the Mt. Joseph farm this season. Mr. Charles Tinus, the proprietor, keeps constantly on hand an abundant supply of the best brands of grape wine.

World's Fair Philanthropists. Messrs. Boddie Bros., wealthy Chicago gentlemen, having the interest of their city at heart, and desiring to disprove the falsity of the statement that only in boarding houses can be found moderate priced accommodations during the World's Fair, remodeled and furnished at great expense one of their famous absolute fire-proof business structures, located corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, within short walking distance of the Union Depots, Theatres, Post Office, Board of Trade, Steam, Elevated, Cable Roads and Steamboats to the World's Fair, furnished newly throughout 500 rooms, superb parlors, elevators, electric lights, exhaust fans to keep cool entire building, named this property THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL, and invite the public to take their choice of rooms for \$1.00 per day, children 50 to 125 cents. Elegant restaurant and dining rooms where fine meals are served at 50 cents, or a la carte at very moderate prices. There would be less heard or known of extortion and imposition connected with the World's Fair were there more public spirited, fair minded men in Chicago as are the owners and proprietors of THE GREAT WESTERN HOTEL. Our readers should write as early as possible to secure rooms, for they are being taken up rapidly.—St. Paul Daily News.

How Fast May We Travel. C. D. Lanier's sketch of Thomas A. Edison in the Review of Reviews. The possible speed is to be limited only by the problems of the cohesion of steel in the rails and engines. I asked Mr. Edison what, in his opinion, was the practical speed limit on the horizon of electrical locomotion and he answered, "Perhaps 150 miles an hour." He made at Menlo Park one of the first important experiments in electrical railways, exhibiting one in 1882 that carried 40 miles per hour. But before we come to moving heavy trains by electricity, to which there are serious, though not insuperable, obstacles, he believes that we shall shoot our mail through the country by some electrical device, of telephonic construction possibly.

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LOUISVILLE MARKET REPORTS

Table with market prices for various goods including Choice, Medium, Common, Creamery, Eggs, Poultry, Hides, Wool, Oats, Corn, and Cattle.

CLOVERPORT RETAIL MARKET. CORRECTED WEEKLY. Table with prices for Apples, Butter, Cabbage, Corn, Eggs, Potatoes, etc.

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