

never saw her again. But in my heart
lives her image, the image of my beau-
tiful mother.

It is well that this beloved mother
was spared the cruel blow of knowing
the fate of her idolized son.

A. R. DES C.

missioned as Colonel in the United States Army. A sketch of his patriotic career can be found in Collins' and in Smith's histories of Kentucky. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1785, and settled upon land which was granted to his father by the King of England, for services in Lord Dunmore's war. He and his brother Robert divided this large tract, upon which they passed their long lives. Col. William Russell died at his home, Russell Cave, in Fayette county in 1825.

Caroline Russell, his fifth daughter, was born in 1797. She married Carter Henry Harrison, who died in 1825. The rearing of her infant son, the late Mayor of Chicago, devolved wholly upon her, and by her natural endowments she was admirably qualified for such a charge. The *Man* in later years gave proof of the mother's guiding hand during his infancy and childhood. From her he inherited his vigorous intellect, energy and courage. Her sensible and practical training well prepared him for the realities of life, and well and successfully he fought its battle, and won positions of honor and popularity which few men attain. His devotion to his mother lasted as long as her life, and he often said, all that he was he owed to her. In later years he was asked what had been the romance of his life; he replied "My devotion to my mother." Her death brought to him the greatest grief he had ever known.

The following tribute to his mother's beauty, and she was always beautiful in his eyes, is from his own pen: "I close my eyes and go far back in years to the time when a tiny babe I lay in a woman's lap. I look up into dark brown eyes and upon a face full of female beauty. I cannot speak. My infant tongue can form no word, but I coo out in gentle murmurs, 'my beautiful mother.' A few years roll by. I lie on a rug at a woman's feet on a warm summer's day. A dove gently coos on a tree close by; a cricket chirps on the summer's heath, and the old clock in the corner goes tick-tuck, tick-tuck, tick-tuck. The woman gently hums a sweet song as she fans my cheek. I close my eyes and dream. I dream of my beautiful mother. Long years go by. I am past a half century old. I am pressed to a woman's heart. She is past three score years and eighteen. An ocean will soon divide mother and child. Her eyes are yet soft and brown; a flush of love is upon her face as she blesses her son. I

A MOTHER'S TRAINING

HAD MUCH TO DO IN SHAPING THE LIFE
OF CARTER HARRISON.

One Who Knew Her Well Pays a Tribute
to Her Worth and Noble Qualities—The
Dead Mayor's Devotion to His Beautiful
Mother.

THE LEADER is favored with the following beautiful tribute to the memory of the mother of Mayor Carter Henry Harrison, the victim of the assassin's bullet, from a well known Lexington lady:

CARTER HARRISON'S MOTHER.

If it be true that the mother makes the man, the memory of the late Carter Harrison's mother surely deserves more than a passing word or the mere mention of the fact that she was the mother of a talented and brilliant man.

His lineage through her traces back to the time of the Norman Conquest. The Russells were originally of Normandy, but following William the Conqueror they became established in England during the eleventh century. This family has always been represented by the Dukes of Bedford, whose histories are given in "Wiffin's Memoirs of the House of Russell." A branch of this house was the founder of the family in America. William Russell, born in 1685, came over with Sir Alexander Spotswood and landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1719. Having large grants of land from the Crown, he settled in Spotsylvania and improved an estate bordering upon the Rappahannock. He died in 1757.

His only surviving son, William, became a distinguished officer in the war of Revolution, serving continuously from its beginning to the end, much of that service being in Washington's grand army. He retired with a gallant record and abundant honors and died at his home in Virginia in 1793.

His eldest son, William, began his military career at the battle of King's Mountain, where he was aid to Gen. William Campbell. He served his country in a military capacity, through many succeeding years, and was com-