

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

F. & L. W. CRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

one year in advance \$2.00

not paid in advance \$2.50

Terms of Advertising:

square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00

subsequent insertion \$0.50

one square counted as two, etc.

charges charged at advertising rates.

Large notices \$0.60

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Offices \$2.00

State Offices \$5.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:

square of 10 lines, three months \$5.00

square six months \$7.50

square twelve months \$10.00

fourth column three months \$10.00

fourth column six months \$20.00

fourth column twelve months \$30.00

half column three months \$25.00

half column six months \$40.00

half column twelve months \$60.00

one column three months \$40.00

one column six months \$60.00

one column twelve months \$90.00

Jessamine's Happiness.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

They were as unlike as one could

imagine two girls to be—Maude Tre-

vanien, tall and stately as a lily, with

a haughty way of carrying her head,

and her low, refined voice, that for

worlds she would not have heard above

certain, well-regulated, aristocratic

speech—with black eyes and pale, ivory

complexion, contrasting superbly with

the curving, scarlet lips and inky black

hair; that was arranged always in a

fluffy and becoming way—a way that

the country girls imitated in vain, so

as the effect was concerned.

Standing in the open doorway of the

Horton farm-house, where she had been

"boarded" since the first blossom had

been showered, like a rain of fragrant

now, on the velvet grass, Maude

Tre vanien made a striking contrast, in

her young, proud strength and pulsing

itality, to the little thing sitting so de-

meanly, so quietly, on the lowest step

of the piazza—a slight fragile girl, with

pale, delicate skin, like the petals of a

sea-rose, with big, sorrowful eyes of

liquid gray—gray as one seldom sees,

with warm, bronze lights in their

grave, wistful depths; and soft, flossy

hair like a child's.

Jessamine herself was so like a child

that her eighteen years of delicate girl-

hood seemed almost a dream to look

back upon—to that time when she was

left, a motherless baby, on the hands

of the landlord of the little inn, where a

gentle-voiced, sad-eyed woman, herself

scarce more than a girl, had laid down

her own life, and given to the mercies

of utter strangers this little waif, who,

from that hour when the dying mother

had whispered "Call it Jessamine," to

the midsummer day when she sat on

the farm-house steps, looking up into

Maude Tre vanien's face, had known no

home but Horton farm. No parents ex-

cept the big-souled, rough-voiced farm-

er and his gentle, blue-eyed little

wife, whose heart was equally divided

between Jessie and her own child—big,

stalwart, handsome John, who

was heir to all the wealth of the

ones, whose expression matched Maude's

lips as she replied:

"Of course I know all that—John

consulted me about the parlor carpet

and the bed room suit. But I ask you

if you knew what it was all for?"

Jessamine looked surprised.

"All for? Why for nothing, but to

have the house look nice and more fa-

shionable. What else would it be for?"

Maude spread her rustling silk skirt

over the clean steps, as she sat down.

"Is it possible that you don't know

any more than that, Jessie?" Why

didn't you guess there was going to be

a wedding?"

The gray eyes opened suddenly wider.

"A wedding? Why, no! Whose

wedding, Maude?"

There was a slow drawing of white

pain on her face; of which she was not

conscious; but Maude saw it and was

satisfied.

"You baby! Why, John's of course!

Whose would it be?"

Her earnest, pale-stricken eyes were

looking so searchingly into Maude's

face, and Maude blushed and turned

away in a pretty confusion of manner,

that startled Jessamine with the truth.

"How do you suppose I know, Jessie,

unless—unless—"

Jessamine stifled the pang that was

tearing at her heart, and finished the

coquettishly hesitating sentence:

"Unless you have a right to know,

Maude. Tell me, please, her name!"

Her heart told her who it was—she did

not need to have Maude's lips confirm

the truth she felt in her own soul; and

yet she felt that if there was a shadow

of a possibility that she was mistaken,

Maude were the lips to tell her so. So,

with an agonizing little prayer, away

down in her heart, that she might be

mistaken, she put the question.

And Maude laughed, and evaded it

gracefully.

"I was afraid you wouldn't like it,

Jessie, knowing so well as I do that you

are in love with John yourself, and—"

"Maude Tre vanien, stop!"

Jessamine fairly gasped the words,

and her face grew white and stony;

but Maude went on—softly, gently,

mercilessly:

"I speak in all kindness, dear, and

you will thank me some day—when

John's wife comes, and you will find

what I have said is true, that you will

no longer be welcome in the house

where you will almost be a rival to her.

You will thank me for telling you, so

that you can get away without any-

body's feelings being hurt—for of

course the future Mrs. John Horton

will not want you here, and the old

people would hate to send you away,

delicate, weak as you are."

"A hot, scarlet wave rushed over

Jessamine's face. This from the "fu-

ture Mrs. John Horton!" herself!

"No one shall send me!" she ex-

claimed, passionately. "I know as well

as you I have no business here, and you

can tell the future Mrs. Horton I will

never trouble her!"

The sweet, pained voice quivered,

and she walked hurriedly away, as if

the brilliantly beautiful face was a

Medusa head; while Maude's red lips

slowly curved into a smile of triumph,

contempt, satisfaction, as she watched

the slender, willowy figure.

"She is dispensed with, at all events.

darling I have dared hope—Oh, Maude,

I beg pardon! We came very near

running over you!"

And seeing how easy Miss Tre vanien

accepted her own intrusion—no, of

course it could not be an intrusion,

when John was her lover—little Jessa-

mine stole away, with her last hope

crushed, her one earthly happiness

trampled down.

"I will go—I must go! I should die

if I stayed here and saw them!"

And while Miss Tre vanien sang sen-

timental songs on the front piazza, and

John Horton sat tilted back in his chair,

listening and thinking—we shan't tell

what—Jessamine was quietly explain-

ing to "Auntie Horton," in the kitchen,

the necessity of her own future depen-

dence on her own exertions, and suc-

ceeded in coaxing from that gentle

yielding old lady the direction of a dis-

tant relative in the city, who might aid

in procuring her a pleasant situation.

"Whatever John will say, I daren't

think," she began plaintively; but Jessa-

mine smiled faintly.

"John will not care, and he need not

know until after I am gone. He and

Maude are so much taken up with each

other, they'll never miss me, and I

shall really like it so."

Mrs. Horton stared through her gold-

rimmed glasses at the girl's truthful,

lovely face; and then, when she turned

around to peep at the sponge just set,

a grand, motherly smile broadened her

old face.

The afternoon sunshine came hot and

bright through the one uncurtained

window of the forlorn little station,

where Jessamine was patiently sitting,

waiting for the three fifteen train, that

should take her up—away from the

sweet, wide, country she had known

all her life—away from John Horton

and the dear old home—and deposit her

among the bustle and confusing strange-

ness, and stifling heat, and crowded

misery of the metropolis.

She was unspeakably miserable and

home-sick. The red chimney of the

farm-house, gleaming picturesquely

among the button-balls a quarter-mile

away, seemed thousands of miles dis-

tant, judging by the lonely pain she

felt, sitting there, solitary, on her self-

imposed term of banishment, and

shrinking off in one corner of the car-

riage-seat, after the long, dusty, shriek-

ing train had stopped a second, in ob-

edience to the little red flag she had

hung out, and then dashed on, away

into the new, strange world—the new,

strange, lonely life.

It was dark when she reached the

city—hot, breathless hot, and horribly

noisy and dirty. And oh, what had

Maude Tre vanien told her John

wouldn't care for her after he was mar-

ried? What had made everything so

miserable and tangled up, and desolate?

Her tears were coming in great salt

gushes, and she was wearily getting

her little shawl and big satchel to-

gether, to leave the almost deserted

train, with a heart heavier than lead,

when a firm hand was laid on her

shoulder, and her name, in a low, re-

proachful tone, was almost whispered

in her ear.

"Jessamine?"

She turned startled at first—then,

with a sudden bliss at her heart, met

John Horton's eyes.

WHY HE DIDN'T.

"But, Judge, you never told me why

you did not marry Miss Van Horn. We

all thought that matter was settled, but

suddenly we were surprised by the

news that you had married a stranger

in the city, and Helen Van Horn was

left desolate. I wonder what has

become of her; she must have married

well, however, she had a fine chance to

choose, for there was scarcely a good

match in the city that was not at her

command at one time."

"Yes, yes," answered the gentleman

addressed—Judge Hume; a distin-

guished, handsome, intelligent-looking

man of about forty-five years of age; a

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

one year in advance \$2.00
or paid in advance 3.00

Terms of Advertising:

square of 10 lines or less, first insertion 10 cents
subsequent insertions 5 cents
one square continued as two, etc.
special rates for advertising rates.
Advertisements for 100 lines or more, at special rates.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Officers. \$5.00
State Officers. 10.00
Immunities affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:

square of 10 lines, three months \$5.00
square six months 10.00
square twelve months 15.00
fourth column six months 10.00
fourth column twelve months 15.00
half column six months 5.00
half column twelve months 10.00
column six months 10.00
column twelve months 15.00

Celestial Enjoyment.

After the labor of the day is over the Chinese in San Francisco seek amusement for an evening's enjoyment. The club rooms are filled nightly. The Chinaman is an inveterate gambler. With him it is one of the necessities of life. He will stifle his stomach to have a few cents to gratify his insatiable desire to win or lose. He does not seem to care what the game is. It is said that in many places in China it is so unnatural to see rich merchants carrying large bundles of their coats. A certain mark is placed upon each insect. The respective owners make their bets, and the battle goes on until one or the other of the insects are killed. The time thing is done with tame quails, which are bred and tamed in the same manner as gamecocks. Since the effect of the game is to play upon the nerves of the players, and the severe penalties imposed upon all who are arrested for playing it, that game has been generally abandoned. The game which is now universally played is "dominoes." Instead of playing the game as the Chinese do, the Chinese mix the dominoes well together. Two dice are thrown for the choice. The man getting the highest number of spots on the dice draws off the first six dominoes. The second best throw takes second choice, and so on. The game is generally played by four persons. The first choice then plays first domino. At the end of the game pieces of Chinese coin are given out. These coins represent a certain amount in American money. All the players are seated outside of the club room. In this way the Chinaman is enabled to gratify his passion for gambling without trespassing upon the city laws prohibiting banking games. It happens sometimes that a police officer arrests a domino player by mistake. He sees the dice shaken, and being ignorant of the game, thinks that the men are playing a dice game. The Chinese have been raised so much during the past year that the appearance of a police officer at the door of one of their club rooms instantly creates a panic, and it requires the assurance of the officer that everything is "all right" to quiet them down.

Distribution of Animals by Swimming.

Very few mammals can swim over any considerable extent of sea although many can swim well for short distances. The jaguar traverses the widest streams in South America, and the beaver and bison cross the Mississippi, and there can be no doubt that they could swim over equal widths of salt water, and if accidentally carried out to sea, might sometimes succeed in reaching islands many miles distant. Contrary to the common notion, pigs swim remarkably well. Sir Charles Hall tells us in his *Principles of Zoology* that during the floods in Scotland in 1829 some pigs only six weeks old that were carried out to sea swam five miles and got on shore again. He also states, on the authority of the late Edward Forbes, that a pig jumped overboard to escape from a terrier in the Grecian Archipelago, and swam safely to shore, many miles distant. These facts render it probable that wild pigs from their greater strength and activity, might under favorable circumstances cross arms of the sea twenty or thirty miles wide; and there are facts in the distribution of this tribe of animals which seem to indicate that they have sometimes done so. Deer take boldly to the water, and can swim considerable distances, but we have no evidence to show how long they could live at sea or how many miles they could traverse. Squirrels, rats, and lemmings often emigrate from Northern countries in bands of thousands and hundreds of thousands, and pass over rivers, lakes, and even arms of the sea; but they generally perish in the salt water. Admitting, however, the powers of most mammals to swim considerable distances, we have no reason to believe that any of them could traverse without help a strait of upward of twenty miles in width, while in most cases a channel of half that distance would prove an actual barrier. —Harper's Magazine.

Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.

Dunham.

"GIVE HIM A LIFT."

Give him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer, Nor moralize with his despair; The man is down and his great need Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

"Time that the wounds are washed and healed, That the Christy motives be revealed; But now, whatever the spirit may be, Mere words are but a mockery."

One grain of aid just now is more To him than tones of saintly lore! Pray, if you must, in your full heart: But give him a lift!—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice, Of prayer, and praise, and preaching nice; But the generous souls who aid mankind Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds; A noble life's the best of creeds; And he shall wear a royal crown Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

Daisy's Courtship.

The old fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the sanded floorboards, swaying in slow, graceful waves the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of steamed flowers in a shallow glass dish.

"Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough—here, at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me—gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving wherever I want to, and always sent luscious things to eat—and in winter rides and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music."

"And John Maurice?" Her aunt asked the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face.

"The pretty lips pouted charmingly. 'Maurice! Oh, John's good enough, of course; but—'

"It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Engaged to one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—a Miss Winchester, visiting at Castledean's."

Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly.

"He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's perfectly natural, I suppose. I suppose Miss Winchester, did you say?"

I suppose she is a decided blonde, and petite?"

Daisy didn't say that Maurice had often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own.

"Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow."

Daisy rose and took down her garden hat.

"I dare say he is—only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark women to captivate anybody. I'm going over to Minnie Castledean's while Mary watched the *petite*, graceful figure in the navy blue foulard cambric, and white tulle-trimmed hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled serenely.

"You darling—you perfect darling to come to us. Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly time this summer, you know. The house is full, and there is Nellie Winchester especially I want you to know, and the handsomest young officer on leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel Cressington; and we've impressed John Maurice—remember John. He's the handsomest fellow beats the colonel, I tell you, and Nellie's just bewitched after him."

And Daisy laughed and assented, and declared she half remembered John Maurice, and was dying to see Miss Winchester, and intended inaugurating a flirtation at once with the military gentleman.

Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-year old girls have a way of doing.

"It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbons for the picnic—oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cressington will be delighted to be your escort."

"Colonel Cressington will be happier than ever before in his life, if he may have that honor, Miss Minnie."

When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it, not because he was so handsome and so entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because—well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little.

And, as if the very fates themselves were propitious, who should she and her gallant cavalier meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but John Maurice!

John Maurice—so perfectly splendid in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his stylish clothes—everything just as it should be.

This John Maurice—and engaged to Nellie Winchester!

Daisy's heart gave a bound as he extended a hand which she saw had a plain gold ring on the little finger.

And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her hand with a cool, graceful little bow.

"Daisy May! Is it possible? Why,

you are prettier than ever, and—I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again."

He was so easily familiar, so frank—and engaged to her?

Daisy smiled.

"Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your good will. I am glad to see you."

It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome face.

"I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshade over her head. Good bye till I see you again."

His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight when Daisy bowed good-bye to her unformed gallant at the gate.

"What a handsome fellow John Maurice has grown to be, hasn't he now?"

Daisy was sipping her coffee slowly that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June day, that the gods had arranged for the Castledean party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her forehead in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to get through her toilet.

Her uncle buttered a slice of homemade bread with keen relish.

"You might travel a seven years' journey and not come across his equal. And he's lucky, too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, enough to buy him the prettiest farm in the country—Edge Wre, and his stocked first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that Winchester girl'll bring him considerable."

"He'll never think of her money. He's not that kind of a man at all."

Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's face.

"John's a splendid fellow and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have pleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you."

"You should have said if I had taken a notion to John. But you see—I haven't."

She threw a kiss coquettishly, and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she dressed herself.

And when Colonel Cressington drove up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture of girlish beauty and happiness in all his life.

And Maurice dashed by in his chaise with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good—very good friends.

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnickers it was time to be preparing to return.

Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledean and a dozen others were lounging on the soft sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a *dolce* for niente generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with his head bent down as if in close search for something lost—his ring that had until several minutes before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for it.

Not that it was so valuable.

But a pained white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why.

He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until, sobbing, low, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakably attracted his attention, and a second's continuance in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.

Seeing him she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes said:

"I found your ring, Mr. Maurice."

She drew it off her finger and handed it to him, clapping all the powers of an unhappy, foolish little head to aid her to make her strong and indifferent—who had been sitting there kissing and crying over John's engagement ring.

John took the ring, and holding it between his fingers and thumb, looked in her face, with his own pale and eager.

"Daisy, tell me you were crying because you love me. Is it so? Daisy, my only, my own darling. I almost dread to have your answer, for I fear it will be no. But—do you love me, my darling?"

A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then her lips quivered piteously.

"Oh! John, how can you talk to me so? Nellie Winchester!"

He pressed her suddenly close to him and pushed her head down on his shoulder.

"Look up, little one. Nellie Winchester is nothing to me, although rumor has said so. You are all the world to me, darling. Am I so to you? Will you take the ring I bought when I heard you were coming home, and determined to secure you for my own as soon as I saw you? Daisy, I have been engaged to you since I can remember. Will you ratify it?"

And with all her soul in the kiss she gave him, Daisy knew her heart was all rest in John Maurice's love.

That night it was announced in the Castledean's parlor privately, of course, that the picnic had been a great success.

Colonel Cressington had proposed to Nellie Winchester and had been accepted, and Minnie confidentially whispered to Daisy:

"Wasn't it cunning? for Nell carried on with John Maurice just to try to make the colonel piqued, so that he would propose. That's the way I mean to do; don't you?"

And Daisy smiled and blushed, and stole a glance at John's happy face, and thought how good everything was.

Varieties of Canaries.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive: these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however, where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great center whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Harz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, and one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs secure from all harm. When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away around to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably 25,000 come to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or so singing at the top of their voices in a single room added to the din of small maniaerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

The Charm of Simple Cookery.

English cooks overdo everything, and the great charm of a French dinner is the simplicity of its dishes, not only in the simplicity of its dishes, but even of its sauces. An English fish, for instance, puts butter into her apple sauce, and considers that every joint ought to be accompanied by three vegetables at least, if not by four.

The English host is never so proud as when he sees upon his table some gorgeous dish, such as a salmon *a la Chambord*, or a Normandy sole. Now, carp *a la Chambord*, or club *a la Chambord*—if chub is to be eaten at all—is all very well; for lean and muddy fish require to be thus dressed up. So, too, when a sole is not quite so fresh as it ought to be, an ingenious cook will smother it with mussels, oysters, truffles, onions, mushrooms, and a hundred other such garnishes. But fresh salmon or a fresh sole, cannot be cooked too plainly and simply.

We spoil half our dishes by English barbarism. There is, for instance, only one way to eat an anchovy; but at an English table anchovies are literally served as a vegetable with the meat. Asparagus is similarly desecrated. Salad is taken in conjunction with hot meat, and as often as not on the same plate; while the English idea of salad is that you cannot trust them together. The result, of course, is that each neutralizes the flavor of the other, and what we get is a jumble of lettuce, onion, tarragon, endive, cucumber, beetroot and celery, all mixed up together.

The French, who know better than this, allow some one herb to predominate distinctly in every salad. Too much rich cookery may be fatal to a little. —London Examiner.

The Great Wall of China.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the Great Wall of China. It is there built of large stones cemented together with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erected, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, blocking them with fortifications. The Chinese estimate its length to be about 3,300 but in parts more remote from Peking the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw it on the borders of Ala-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upwards of two centuries before Christ, to protect the empire against the invasions of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barbarians were never checked by this artificial barrier. —Blackwood's Magazine.

Sponge and Sponging.

As is well known, sponge is a marine production; and the finer kinds have long been an adjunct to the toilet, the bath, the nursery, and in surgical operations. There are more than two hundred and fifty species. Until within a few years it has for a long time been questioned whether to class it among the animal or the vegetable kingdom. Naturalists now agree that it belongs to the animal kingdom. The finest sponges are always of a pale color, very soft and light, having very small holes. They are found in great abundance in the Mediterranean and adjacent seas, Turkey, Aleppo, and the Grecian Archipelago. Sponges adhere to the rocks at the bottom of the sea and the coast where the water is comparatively shallow. All the finer sponges are procured by diving. The fishing-grounds of Florida cover a wide extent of surface along the coast among the "keys" and adjacent islands. The principal grounds are Rock Island, a scope of land forty miles long by seven miles broad, and sixty miles north of Cedar Keys; St. Mark's eighty-five miles from Cedar Keys; Piney Point, seven miles south of Rock Island, and ten miles from Cedar Keys, extending fifty-five miles; the mouth of the Withlacoochee river, Bay Port to Annex creek, eight miles south to St. Martin's reef, sixteen miles north to Anclote keys—a distance along the coast and islands of nearly three hundred miles. Sponging-fishing on this coast is of much greater magnitude and importance than is generally supposed. The number of vessels engaged is between seventy-five and one hundred, with an average crew of from five to fifteen men to each, and an average of three "dineys" to each vessel. A "diney" is a small boat used to gather the sponge, and is usually manned by two men. There are about six hundred men daily engaged in gathering when the weather is fair. Quiet weather and a calm sea are always taken advantage of. These dineys, when likely to be called into service, are towed Indian-style at the stern of the larger vessel.

Each sponger is provided with a sponge-book, made of iron, with three prongs, a socket fitting on a pole one-and-a-half inches thick and from eight to thirty-five feet long; also, a "water-glass"—a bucket with a pane of glass fitted in the bottom. This adds to the power of vision by excluding the light from behind, enables the sponger to penetrate with the eye at least ten or fifteen feet deeper into the water. The "sculler" propels the boat along very slowly. In the meantime the sponger sits hanging over the edge of the diney, with his head at the bucket held by the hand, and the eye penetrating the depths below, taking in all that passes within his line of vision. As soon as he sees his legitimate prey, he raises his sponge-book with his right hand—in which he is assisted by the sculler—still keeping his eye at the glass, grasps the sponge, then puts aside the glass, and hauls it in. Frequently his sight is darkened and his view obstructed by the intervention of the maws of the deep. A huge shark, a saw-fish, or perhaps an enormous devil-fish, and very often large schools of beautiful fish—Spanish mackerel, cavallie, "sailor's choice," "pompono"—pass beneath him in such numbers as to seriously interfere with his occupation. Again, his sight is regaled with lovely coral formations, deep fissures and grottoes, gem-lined within. When a diney-load is gathered, the sponges are taken to the vessel—roots down, eyes up—where they die. This part of sponge-fishing is the most disagreeable, and causes the vessel to be almost unbearable, the sponges exhuming a bloody, slimy matter of most offensive odor—another and palpable evidence of their being things of life. When the vessel has completed her cargo, the sponges are taken to a "craw"—made of mangrove or oak-stakes driven into the sea of some island—for about a week or ten days. The sponger then goes into the "craw" with a "bruiser"—a small paddle—and with a few strokes on the top of the sponges, clears them from the filth and skin, after which they are strung and ready for market.

In Russian Hotels.

You are bound to enter a succinct but exhaustive autobiography in a volume kept for the purpose, and are compelled, under awkward penalties, to put yourself in intimate relations with the authorities. You are bound to make up your mind as to your plans, and you must purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage*, good for a fixed number of days. If you overstay your leave, you do it at your peril, although you may have been the victim of circumstances beyond your control. Happily, this bureaucratic tyranny is freely tempered by bribery, another sign of a primitive society, and there are few officials so highly placed as not to be accessible to the Russian equivalent for backsheesh. The traveling arrangements are good on the great lines of railways, if you do not object to a most oppressive atmosphere in the carriages. But in the hotels out of the Capital, comfort is unknown, to say nothing of luxury. Bedding is scarce and linen unobtainable, for in the most favorable circumstances you must content yourself with blankets. Thus at Nijni Novgorod, which is the seat of the great fair and frequented by all the high commercial aristocracy, the travelers found the best establishment utterly uncarpeted and redolent of the fumes of stale tobacco. For a great part

of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate, and, as he seals the windows of the public rooms and conveyances, your involuntary contact with him becomes anything but agreeable. We have no right to throw stones at other people in the matter of intemperance, and to the Russian climate may be attributed the quantities of coarse spirits that are swallowed to correct the masses of oleaginous food. The consequence is, that, notwithstanding their stalwart frames, the natives are often sickly and despitic. Mr. Arnold tells us how he cured a couple of fellow-travelers on the Volga steamer by prescribing the opening of a chink in the cabin window and the hot water pipe. But if furniture is scarce in the best provincial hotels, there is one class of ornament which is never wanting. The picture of some saint is sure to be displayed on the wall, with the lamp of domestic sacrifice perpetually burning beneath it. The proverbial piety of the Greek Christian degenerates in most cases into gross superstition. The shrines in the public places are crowded by devoted worshippers, who cover with their kisses the spangled robes and even the gilded picture frames of the images; while showers of coins or copper money rattle into the boxes held by the priests.

Dispersion of Insects.

Winged insects are perhaps, of all, most admirably adapted for the special conditions found in one locality, and the barriers against their permanent displacement are numerous. Thus many insects require for their subsistence succulent vegetable food during the entire year, which, of course, confines them to tropical regions; some are dependent on mountain-vegetation; some subsist on water plants; and yet others, as the *Lepidoptera*, in the larva state, are limited to a single species of plant. Insects have enemies in every stage of their existence; foes are at hand ready to destroy not only the perfect form, but the pupa, the larva, and the egg; and any one of these enemies may prove so formidable, in a country otherwise well adapted to them, as to render survival impossible. But, on the other hand, most varied means of dispersal carry insects from their natural habitats to distant regions. They are often met far from land, carried thence by storm or hurricane. Hawk-moths are sometimes captured hundreds of miles from shore, having taken passage on ships which sail near tropical countries, and Mr. Darwin narrates that he caught in the open sea, seventeen miles from the coast of South America, beetles, some aquatic and some terrestrial, belonging to seven genera, and they seemed uninjured by the salt-water. Insects, in their undeveloped states, make their abodes in solid timber, which, transported by winds and waves, may carry its undeveloped, winged freight great distances. Tropical insects are not unfrequently captured in the London docks, where they have been carried in furniture or foreign timber. Insects are very tenacious of life, and nearly all can exist for a long time without food. Some beetles bear immersion in strong spirit for hours, and are not destroyed by water almost at the boiling-point. These facts enable us to understand how not only by means of its delicate wings, but by winds, waves, volcanic dust, and a thousand other agencies, insects may be carried to remote regions. —Popular Science Monthly.

Singular Lake.

Situated on the crest of the Andes, Lake Titicaca is the highest large body of fresh water in the world; and as concurrent traditions point to it as the spot where Manco Capac, the first Inca appeared and woke the aboriginal tribes from their long sleep of barbarism and ignorance, it is the historic centre of South America. Humboldt called it the theatre of the earliest American civilization. On an island within it are the imposing ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and all around it are monuments which attest the skill and magnificence of the Incas. There are also at Tiahuanaco and Sillustani the remains of burial towers and palaces, which antedate the Crusades, and are, therefore, pre-Incarnal. Lake Titicaca is about the size of our Ontario, shallow on the west and north, deep towards the east and south. The eastern or Bolivian shore, being backed by the lofty range of Sorata, is very high and precipitous. The lake never freezes over, although the temperature of Puno is often eighteen degrees at sunrise. Two little steamers of one hundred tons each do a trading business. Steam is generated by llama dung, the only fuel of the country, for there are no trees within 180 miles. The steamers actually cost their weight in silver, for their transportation (in pieces) from the coast cost as much as the original price. A steamboat company has just asked from Bolivia the exclusive privilege of navigating Titicaca and the Rio Desaguadero to Lago Pampa, with guarantee of six per cent. cost on the capital, and a share in all new mines discovered. Prof. Orton, the latest traveller in that region, calls attention to the fact that Lake Titicaca is not so high as usually given in geographical works by about 800 feet. Its true altitude is 12,493 feet, and in the dry season it is four feet less. This fact has been revealed by the consecutive levelings made in building the Arequipa Railway, just finished, which reaches from the Pacific to Lake Titicaca.

We are what we must, and not what we would be. One hour assures no another. The will and the power are diverse.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Order gave each thing its place, and peace.

Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakespeare.

Every man desires to live long, but no man would be old.

We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

You cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence.

Many persons are more desirous to know what they should do, than to do what they know.

Save not thy wounds with poison, as if a petty goodness of to-day hath blotted out the sin of yesterday.

Voltaire said: "Our physicians put drugs, of which they know nothing, into bodies of which they know less."

We treat men like the letters we get; we read them once with eagerness, and do not re-read them.—Voltaire.

It is not to taste sweet things but to do noble and true things, that the poorest son of Adam dully longs.—Carlyle.

I admire pashance but I know lots of people who are pashant just because they are too lazy to be anything else.

'Time is incredibly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one only wishes to fill it up.—Goethe.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and who find in the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation.

To neglect, at any time, preparation for death, is to sleep at our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

Fair soul, in your fine frame bath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, you are no maiden, but a monument.—Shakespeare.

The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness.

When you feel as if you have violated a rule of propriety, you feel ashamed; of rule of propriety, regret; when a rule of right, you feel remorse.

I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.—Steele.

It is the amends of a short and troublesome life that doing good and suffering all little man to one longer and better.—William Penn.

God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man who knows how to use his time, can commonly make shift to find as much as he needs.—Lovel.

The difference between a fashionable hat and a fashionable bonnet is very simple. One is worn over the ear and the other is worn on

Point Clear, Ala.

During the session of the Press Convention in Mobile last week, an invitation was received from Capt. Baldwin, for an excursion to Point Clear. The invitation was cordially accepted, and at 12 o'clock on Friday, most of the members of the Convention, together with others who had received a like invitation, went on board the elegant low pressure coast steamer "Annie," Capt. Baldwin, arriving at the Point in less than two hours. To many of the party it was a first visit, who expressed both surprise and delight at the extensive improvements and beautiful groves, views and scenery. Capt. B. has just finished a splendid hotel, 300 feet in length, two stories high, containing 200 rooms, with a double veranda running the bay shore, together with other buildings, bath houses, bowling and billiard saloons, &c. Nothing seems to have been omitted for the amusement, convenience and comfort of guests. Many persons who have visited Cape May, Long Branch, Saratoga, Thousand Isles and other places in the North, say that Point Clear cannot be excelled, as a Winter or Summer resort by any other place in the United States. We hope that in future, both Winter and Summer, it may be crowded, and thus many thousands of dollars retained in our own section, which have heretofore been lavished abroad.

On the return voyage, resolutions of thanks were passed by the excursionists to Capt. Baldwin, for his liberality, kindness and courtesy. This short but delightful excursion will form a pleasant memory in their future lives.

GADSDEN.—The Junior Editor took a flying trip to Gadsden this week and upon return barely has time to say that Gadsden has grown greatly since his last visit and appears to be pushing forward very vigorously. It is a stereotyped remark of the "oldest inhabitant" that Gadsden would have been a place of five thousand inhabitants now but for the hard times; and it might have been. We cannot say as to that, but we know she has excellent business men, broad and liberal in their views and free with their money when any enterprise affecting the interests of the town is on foot. The only apparent lack of enterprise that we could discover was the absence of water works, which we understand they intend having before a very great while.

During a very pleasant stay of a day and a half we frequently called on Bro. Meeks of the *Times* and found him happy over the prosperous condition of his excellent paper. He had read in the Republican that our hat was somewhat damaged, and promptly presented us a new one, for which we tip the same to him.

The Grange Mill company are going right ahead with the manufacture of their excellent Mills and will hope realize a fortune out of it. It is decidedly the best Mill we have ever seen and will as surely supersede the old Mill as the circle saw superseded the upright. It is built on the true principle and is bound to make its way.

We met many warm old friends of the day of "lang yore" during our short stay, who rendered the visit so pleasant for us that we think of repeating it "when we can stay longer" in the near future.

The Commissioner of Agriculture of Georgia advises the farmers of that State to plant plentifully of German Mistle and other crops that will save the feeding of corn to stock and to check off their cotton fields and plant corn. He thinks the war will become general and that cotton will not bring over of production.

The fruit crop in this portion of the county promises to be better than for many years past. The trees are loaded and our people ought to make preparation in time for drying great quantities of it. Dried peaches are worth from two to three dollars per bushel and there must be money in it. We hope to see our people dry great quantities of blackberries also this season. It is easily done by the children about the place, and the fruit when dried is worth fifteen cents per pound for exportation to Germany. We intend to write and see if we can find a market for dried blackberries and when we do will let our people know of it.

We intend to keep hammering at this subject until the attention of our people is attracted to it. There is more money in it than there is in cotton.

We have no war news of sufficient importance for publication this week. It is still progressing and a great battle is expected soon. Both England and Austria will almost inevitably drift into it very soon, when other Powers will follow.

A MODEL FARMER.—Jas. Rowland, a colored man living near here, has ploughed up seven acres of cotton and put the ground in corn, upon the strength of what he read in the Republican about the effect of the European war upon prices. His acts speak well both for his good judgment and patriotism.

Dr. B. D. Williams was Memorial orator in Gainesville on Decoration day. He has the ability to do, and we are sure, to do it well. Calhoun boys always do that wherever they may be.

The Alabama Press Association met in Mobile yesterday. It was our desire to attend, but circumstances prevented the realization of our wish. We particularly desired to shake hands with Mr. Grant, and meet Mr. Carter, the weather prophet who is not without honor in his own country.

Littig's Journal.

ALABAMA PRESS CONVENTION.

From the Mobile Daily Register.

The Editors and Publishers Association of Alabama assembled in the Board of Trade Rooms at 10 o'clock and was called to order by the President, Hon. J. F. Grant, of the Jacksonville Republican. Upon a call of the roll the following Journals were found to be represented: Montgomery Advertiser, W. W. Screws; Mobile Register, Jos. Hodgson; Jacksonville Republican, J. F. Grant; Tuskegee News, D. W. Melver; Greenville Advocate, J. B. Stanley; Shelby Guide, W. F. Wilkinson; Hayneville Examiner, W. Brewer; Lafayette Clipper, W. Bledsoe; Demopolis News Journal, M. G. Burke; Southern Plantation, W. H. Chambers; Callahan Tribune, W. L. Prince; Wetumpka People's Banner, Prince; Fayette Gazette, W. S. Persinger; Shelby Guide, D. B. Grant; Monroe Journal, Joseph O. Trilane, Roberts; Journal News, S. E. Jones.

The regular constitutional rule was suspended and the following were admitted to membership in the Association: Escambia Standard, J. J. Bedford; Florange Gazette, J. J. Mitchell.

Mayor Walcott, in behalf of the Hook and Ladder Company, extended their Hall to the Association for its use during the session, which was accepted, and the Association adjourned to the Hook and Ladder Hall, where business was resumed, and the President read an eloquent address to the Association, which was ordered printed in the minutes.

We regret that want of space forbids its publication.

The Treasurer's annual report was read and approved.

Communications were read from the Western Union Telegraph Company, through the gentlemanly and courteous Superintendent, C. G. Meriwether, tending the free use of the wires to the Association while in the city for social and family character, and from Capt. U. C. Baldwin, the gallant Captain of the steamer Annie, tending an excursion to Point Clear, which courtesies were accepted and the thanks of Association voted these gentlemen for their kindness and attention.

The Association determined to take the excursion to day at 12 o'clock, and return in the afternoon.

In accordance with the suggestion made by the President in his address, upon motion of Mr. Grubbs, Messrs. Grubbs, Brewer and Snodgrass were appointed committee to draft suitable resolutions in respect to the memory of M. M. Cooke.

Upon motion of Mr. Wilkinson, a committee of three, Messrs. Wilkerson, Bledsoe and Mitchell, were appointed to revise the Convention and By-laws. The committee made a report which, under the rules, was laid on the table until to-day.

Maj. J. H. Francis submitted a proposition to the Convention relative to furnishing letters from Washington to the papers belonging to the Association. Chambers, Brewer and Prince were appointed a committee to consider the proposition, who made the following report, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Editorial and Publishing Association of Alabama commend the proposition of Maj. J. H. Francis to the favorable consideration of the weekly press of the State.

Resolved, That for the purpose of increasing his facilities for the more efficient performance of the engagement which he proposes, the Editorial and Publishing Association of Alabama accredit Maj. Francis as its agent at Washington, and bespeak for him the favor of those who control the sources of political intelligence in that city.

Resolutions of respect to the memory and in appreciation of the distinguished services to the profession of the Hon. John Forsyth were read by W. W. Screws. Mr. Screws in introducing the resolutions said:

Mr. President—Since our arrival in Mobile the sad announcement has been made of the death of one who was recognized as one of the foremost editors of the Union. After many months of illness, Hon. John Forsyth has passed away, and the place that once knew him will know him no more. He was a noble exemplar of Journalism, and deserved to rank among the ablest and brightest of the age. In early manhood he gave promise of that great ability which was fully realized in his long, able and unblemished career as the Editor of the *Mobile Register*. All will concede that he was the most distinguished and the most widely known of Alabama editors, and as a token of our respect for his memory, and as a mark of our appreciation of his great services to the State and country, I offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this Association has learned with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. John Forsyth, which event took place at his home, in this city, at 6 o'clock, on Saturday, May 11, 1877.

Resolved, That as a citizens and as members of a profession which he so highly honored, we feel a just pride in his career as Journalist, diplomatist and statesman, and strive to emulate those qualities which made him so conspicuous in every position he occupied.

Resolved, That for the many hard contests he waged for the Right, he deserved while living the gratitude of his fellow-citizens; and that as he has passed away from the midst of men, the tenderest and most respectful remembrance should ever linger around his great and historic name.

Resolved, That the members of the Press Association of Alabama extend to his family their sincere condolences and sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Association, and a certified copy of the same be furnished to the family of the deceased.

Col. W. H. Chambers, in seconding the resolutions, made some very eloquent remarks.

The resolutions were adopted unanimously by a rising vote, and seemed to be affecting—all feeling the deepest sorrow in the loss of one so high in the esteem and confidence of his countrymen, and who was an honor and an ornament to the profession he had chosen.

Next came the annual address of Mr. Carter, which was an able and exhaustive document, and which we regret, for want of space, we cannot give in full—however, it will appear in the proceedings of the Association.

Honorary members were named as the place for the next annual meeting, the time to be announced hereafter, by the President.

The Association adjourned to nine o'clock this morning, when they will attend the funeral of the Hon. John Forsyth in a body, and at 12 o'clock they go on an excursion to Point Clear.

SECOND DAY.

The Convention assembled, according to adjournment at 9 o'clock, a. m. Friday. The following were elected members of the Association: W. C. Garrett, Southern Watchman; J. R. Goode, Springfield Enterprise. The following members appeared and paid their annual dues: T. G. Hingham, State Journal; L. H. Giddens, DeWitt's News; S. Snodgrass, Scottsboro Herald; Benny Sallinger, of the Philadelphia Democrat; and Major W. T. Walcott of Mobile were elected honorary members.

The committee appointed to adopt resolutions in respect to the memory of M. M. Cooke asked, and were granted leave to hand the resolutions to the Secretary for insertion in the minutes.

M. C. Burke, of the Demopolis News-Journal, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Association are due, and are hereby tendered the Mobile Board of Trade and to the Hook & Ladder Company, of Mobile, for their kindness and courtesy, in tendering the use of their halls for the meetings of the Association.

Resolved, That the officers of the South and North Alabama Railroad, the Western Railroad, of Alabama, the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, the Memphis and Charleston Railroad and the Montgomery and Balfaula Railroad and Alabama Central Railroad, for liberality in passing on their roads, free of charge, the delegates to this Association.

Resolved, That for the great pleasure given us, and the opportunity afforded of viewing the bay and harbor of Mobile, we are under special obligations to Capt. U. C. Baldwin, who placed at our disposal his beautiful steamer Annie, and did so much to add to our pleasure and comfort while on the excursion and that we will ever cherish a lively recollection of his kindness.

Resolved, That Mr. C. Meriwether, Superintendent of the Division of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is entitled to most cordial thanks for placing at our disposal the wires of the Company and sending free of charge messages to friends and relatives at our respective homes.

The next business was the election of officers, which resulted in the selection of W. Brewer, President; M. C. Burke, 1st Vice-President; A. Snodgrass, 2d Vice-President; W. C. Bledsoe, 3d Vice-President; W. L. Wilkinson, 4th Vice-President; J. B. Stanley, Secretary; J. J. Mitchell, Treasurer; D. W. Melver, elected 2d Vice-President, but declined the honor.

Hon. W. H. Chambers of the Southern Plantation, was selected as the Annual orator.

The Convention then adjourned sine die.

The Mississippi Vendetta.

A few days ago in our Telegraphic columns appeared a brief account of the assassination of Mr. John W. Gully, of De Kalb, Georgia, and the following account of the killing of four persons, the following account of which was sent from the *Meridian Mercury* of the 10th inst.

Gully, it seems, knew the party who waylaid and shot him last December, but declined proceeding against him, hoping that course would prevent any further violence. In the public mind, the attempt to shoot him was fastened upon as a rash and unprovoked act. Gully had been a daily foe, which had before that been the cause of bloodshed. A few years ago, Ben Rush, on the streets of De Kalb, shot at John W. Gully and killed Sam Gully, John's son. In return, Gully shot at Ben Rush and killed him. Gully was shot down by John W. Gully, and at the time, was supposed to be mortally wounded, recovering to the astonishment of even his physicians. From the date of the attempt upon Gully in December, Rush has disappeared from the country, and consequently the guilt of it, in the public mind, upon him.

There is another conviction equally as firmly fixed in the public mind that Gully and Glimmer, and their clique, were engaged in an attempt to assassinate the late Governor, and the same conviction is fastened upon the public mind that they were cognizant of and privy to the final successful attempt at assassination last Thursday evening. A suspicion that amounted to a belief existed, that these desperadoes returned to finish Ben Rush, and this feeling was fastened upon the public mind, with the knowledge of Gully's death, with the knowledge of the conspiracy, and the knowledge of the fact that Gully was shot down by John W. Gully, and at the time, was supposed to be mortally wounded, recovering to the astonishment of even his physicians. From the date of the attempt upon Gully in December, Rush has disappeared from the country, and consequently the guilt of it, in the public mind, upon him.

Mr. Gully was buried last Saturday evening, in the presence of a large concourse of people, who had lined him up in highest esteem, and who felt that at the manner of his death. Suspecting that the Glimmer-Gully clique were the cause of his death, and remembering the wrongs that the people of Kemper had long suffered at their hands in the past, and the knowledge of the fact that Gully was shot down by John W. Gully, and at the time, was supposed to be mortally wounded, recovering to the astonishment of even his physicians. From the date of the attempt upon Gully in December, Rush has disappeared from the country, and consequently the guilt of it, in the public mind, upon him.

On Sunday morning the Sheriff arrested W. W. Chambers and sent him to a guard in his own house. The crowd immediately clamored for him to be put in jail, and the Sheriff, almost per force of public sentiment, took him to jail. His wife and daughter and a young son, aged four years, followed him to jail and went in with him. Chambers had on a trace of pistol, and when the Sheriff proposed to him to leave them off, he refused, and insisted that he might need them in self-defense. At Chambers' special request a guard was put over him in the jail—men of his own race and outside guard.

Chambers had sent a runner, a negro, to Scottsboro, for Glimmer and Rosencorn to come to him. He properly displayed his runner to the guard, and was granted an anticipation of trouble, as they left Scottsboro in the forenoon of Sunday for De Kalb. When their arrival in De Kalb they were both arrested upon the warrant issued against them. Glimmer and Rosencorn, on Saturday night, were arrested at first by the Sheriff, and then by a crowd of angry, hungry and desperate men, and he was freed by a mob of men, who were angry at being denied a share in the killing of Gully. He was brought down by some person to our informant unknown. He was shot to death as he had shot Hal Dawson in Scottsboro. The other person arrested was Rosencorn, who was taken to the jail by the Sheriff and lodged in it. Hooper, whom the writ was also directed, had also been arrested and lodged in jail without molestation by the crowd.

At 4 p. m. in the guard on the inside of the jail he was asked and asked to be released, which request was granted as a portion of them, some three or four. They set their guns down in the jail and went out by permission to get others to take their places, and again they were armed with revolvers and shotguns, and were allowed to go outside the entrance of the jail guards to pass in behind a curtain and up stairs. It is supposed that Chambers, not knowing of the change in the jail, believed that the people he saw pressing up the stairs

way was purely a mob, and seizing a double barrel gun that one of the guards had left behind, he took effect upon his twelve year old boy, who happened to get in the way of it, and killed him. We hear that he stated that to be a fact on Monday morning, before which it was known how or by whom the boy was killed. The next night was freed with deliberation, and scattered out the brains of Dr. Rosser, reported, as above to be coming as a relief to the guards.

Now all the furries broke loose. The maddened crowd pressed up the stairs over the dead and dying boy, and man overboard vengeance upon Chambers, and perhaps, others of his clique. With the despairing screams of wife and daughter, who clung to Chambers, shrieks and curses, the fusillade of pistols and the sulphurous odor, there was a pandemonium of actors in it themselves. It could scarce give an adequate account of what occurred. It is said that the other two prisoners, Hooper and Rosencorn, ran into an iron cased cell, and so probably escaped. McClelland, a Scotchman, has stood close up to Chambers and his clique, and who was there on guard in the building as his friend, to stand by him to the death, and attempted to escape by flight from the building; he was shot down dead after he had succeeded in clearing the building, by some unknown person. Chambers is reported shot badly through the lower bowels and in his legs. His daughter, clinging to him received a shot in the wrist—not dangerous, and his wife escaped unhurt, and its almost a miracle they were not both killed. The first report of the shooting of Chambers, Rosser's death to her fearless pulling of the deadly trigger of a double barrel gun, proves to be untrue. It is reported and believed that Mrs. Chambers fired one or more pistol shots, but with what effect, it is not known. Her son, Sam Gully, killed by Ben Rush, as above stated, was in the melee and received a shot in the jaw. Several persons were just touched with the flying bullets, and made miraculous escapes.

Four persons were killed outright (two of them the hands of Chambers), it seems well ascertained, namely, Chambers' son and Dr. Rosser. In the jail, and J. P. Glimmer and A. McClelland outside. Chambers was reported mortally wounded, but was alive at 5 o'clock on Sunday evening as reported. Chambers is reported shot badly through the lower bowels and in his legs. His daughter, clinging to him received a shot in the wrist—not dangerous, and his wife escaped unhurt, and its almost a miracle they were not both killed. The first report of the shooting of Chambers, Rosser's death to her fearless pulling of the deadly trigger of a double barrel gun, proves to be untrue. It is reported and believed that Mrs. Chambers fired one or more pistol shots, but with what effect, it is not known. Her son, Sam Gully, killed by Ben Rush, as above stated, was in the melee and received a shot in the jaw. Several persons were just touched with the flying bullets, and made miraculous escapes.

At the meeting of the District Grange of Central Alabama, held in this city on the 10th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Whereas, the state of war now existing in Europe bids fair to result in an increased demand for grain, and other articles of subsistence, with a low price for cotton and consequently a scarcity and want of the South should our house supplies fall short; and

Mayor's Office,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.
May 7th, 1877.
THE tax-payers of the Town of Jacksonville, are hereby notified to call at my office and assess their taxes for the year 1877.
H. L. STEVENSON,
Intendant & Tax Assessor.
May 12—81

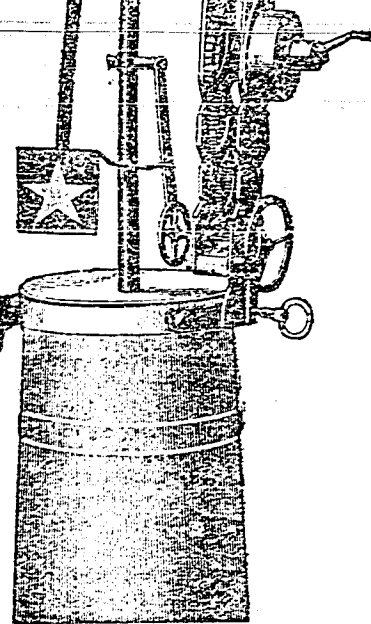
POSTPONED
SHERIFF'S SALE.
BY virtue of an alias fa. issued from the circuit court of Calhoun county, Alabama, and to me directed, in favor of Green Fletcher and against John B. Towery and Green B. Skelton, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the door of the court house of said county, on the first Monday in June next, the following described real estate, as the property of John B. Towery, to-wit: The north half of the north west fourth of section 20, township 16, range 6 east in these Land District in said county, to satisfy said alias execution.
A. O. STEWART, Sheriff.
May 12—11.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.
No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans. Although years of experience in medicine had failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy for this disease and its effects, such as Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Water-brash, Sick Headache, Constipation, palpitation of the Heart, Liver complaint, coming up of the food, low spirits, general debility, etc., yet since the introduction of GUNN'S ACCEURFLOWER we believe there is no case of Dyspepsia that cannot be immediately relieved. 30,000 doses sold last year without one case of failure reported. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve you. Regular size 75 cents.

MURDER WILL OUT.
A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin Dyspepsia made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GUNN'S ACCEURFLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without intending it, its sale has become immense. DRUGGISTS IN EVERY TOWN in the United States are "doing it." No person suffering with Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Constipation, palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, etc., can run three days without relief. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NISBET, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

An extol traveler describes the busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the spot of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in hampers, which ran up into the beach, and the boatsmen, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transport the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. Lowell, Mass.' U. S. A., showing that they contained medicine, and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transport to the interior. Thus the skill of the West went back to remedy to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit these eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—*Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle.*

Miller's Automatic Churn.



The ladies' best friend is found in this wonderful invention, patented January 22nd, 1873, and the greatest labor-saving machine ever introduced into the family circle. No family can afford to be without one after they have seen it. It is run by a spring, like an ordinary house clock, and gives the dasher an up and down stroke, which will admit of making the best and most butter. It will butter the butter in from ten to fifteen minutes, and is provided with a fan which brushes away all flies or moths from the butter. While the application is new, the principle is old, and its durability well known to all. Any child ten years old can run it, and it needs no further attention until the work is all done.

A RARE CHANCE FOR MEN OF SMALL CAPITAL TO MAKE A FORTUNE!

You have seventeen years of indisputable title to any territory you may desire. You will sell country rights in, or exclusively to, any of the following territory: The North half of Alabama. The Tennessee and West Virginia. We will sell the times. Call and see our chart or address us at JACKSONVILLE, ALA. FILE & WHITNEY.

May 5

Final Settlement Notice.
STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, May 9, 1877.
THIS day came John A. Peeling, former Guardian of Wm. M. Whitehead, Executor of his last will and testament, and filed his statement and accounts for an annual settlement of his guardianship. It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested in said estate are to appear and contest the said settlement, if they desire to do so.
L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.
May 12—31.

Final Settlement Notice.
STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, May 19, 1877.
THIS day came P. M. Watson, Guardian of P. D. Watson, a minor, and filed his statement and accounts for an annual settlement of his guardianship. It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested in said estate are to appear and contest the said settlement, if they desire to do so.
L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.
May 12—31.

Final Settlement Notice.
STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, April 19, 1877.
THIS day came G. B. Skelton, Executor of said Estate, and filed his statement and accounts, vouchers and evidence for a partial settlement of said estate. It is ordered that the 15th day of May, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested in said estate are to appear and contest the said settlement, if they desire to do so.
L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.
April 12—31.

Final Settlement Notice.
STATE OF ALABAMA,
CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate Court, April 19, 1877.
THIS day came G. B. Skelton, Executor of said Estate, and filed his statement and accounts, vouchers and evidence for a partial settlement of said estate. It is ordered that the 15th day of May, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested in said estate are to appear and contest the said settlement, if they desire to do so.
L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.
April 12—31.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.
For County Treasurer.
We are authorized to announce
ISAAC L. SWAN,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
THOMAS L. WAKELEY,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
E. L. WOODWARD, Sr.,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
R. F. (Toke) HUGHES,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

For Tax Collector.
We are authorized to announce
JOHN M. PATTERSON,
as a candidate for County Treasurer of Calhoun County.

20 Cards, no two alike 10c. 40 of assure in handsome double case 35c. 25 acrol 20c. 25c. 30c. 40c. 50c. 60c. 70c. 80c. 90c. 1.00. 1.10. 1.20. 1.30. 1.40. 1.50. 1.60. 1.70. 1.80. 1.90. 2.00. 2.10. 2.20. 2.30. 2.40. 2.50. 2.60. 2.70. 2.80. 2.90. 3.00. 3.10. 3.20. 3.30. 3.40. 3.50. 3.60. 3.70. 3.80. 3.90. 4.00. 4.10. 4.20. 4.30. 4.40. 4.50. 4.60. 4.70. 4.80. 4.90. 5.00. 5.10. 5.20. 5.30. 5.40. 5.50. 5.60. 5.70. 5.80. 5.90. 6.00. 6.10. 6.20. 6.30. 6.40. 6.50. 6.60. 6.70. 6.80. 6.90. 7.00. 7.10. 7.20. 7.30. 7.40. 7.50. 7.60. 7.70. 7.80. 7.90. 8.00. 8.10. 8.20. 8.30. 8.40. 8.50. 8.60. 8.70. 8.80. 8.90. 9.00. 9.10. 9.20. 9.30. 9.40. 9.50. 9.60. 9.70. 9.80. 9.90. 10.00. 10.10. 10.20. 10.30. 10.40. 10.50. 10.60. 10.70. 10.80. 10.90. 11.00. 11.10. 11.20. 11.30. 11.40. 11.50. 11.60. 11.70. 11.80. 11.90. 12.00. 12.10. 12.20. 12.30. 12.40. 12.50. 12.60. 12.70. 12.80. 12.90. 13.00. 13.10. 13.20. 13.30. 13.40. 13.50. 13.60. 13.70. 13.80. 13.90. 14.00. 14.10. 14.20. 14.30. 14.40. 14.50. 14.60. 14.70. 14.80. 14.90. 15.00. 15.10. 15.20. 15.30. 15.40. 15.50. 15.60. 15.70. 15.80. 15.90. 16.00. 16.10. 16.20. 16.30. 16.40. 16.50. 16.60. 16.70. 16.80. 16.90. 17.00. 17.10. 17.20. 17.30. 17.40. 17.50. 17.60. 17.70. 17.80. 17.90. 18.00. 18.10. 18.20. 18.30. 18.40. 18.50. 18.60. 18.70. 18.80. 18.90. 19.00. 19.10. 19.20. 19.30. 19.40. 19.50. 19.60. 19.70. 19.80. 19.90. 20.00. 20.10. 20.20. 20.30. 20.40. 20.50. 20.60. 20.70. 20.80. 20.90. 21.00. 21.10. 21.20. 21.30. 21.40. 21.50. 21.60. 21.70. 21.80. 21.90. 22.00. 22.10. 22.20. 22.30. 22.40. 22.50. 22.60. 22.70. 22.80. 22.90. 23.00. 23.10. 23.20. 23.30. 23.40. 23.50. 23.60. 23.70. 23.80. 23.90. 24.00. 24.10. 24.20. 24.30. 24.40. 24.50. 24.60. 24.70. 24.80. 24.90. 25.00. 25.10. 25.20. 25.30. 25.40. 25.50. 25.60. 25.70. 25.80. 25.90. 26.00. 26.10. 26.20. 26.30. 26.40. 26.50. 26.60. 26.70. 26.80. 26.90. 27.00. 27.10. 27.20. 27.30. 27.40. 27.50. 27.60. 27.70. 27.80. 27.90. 28.00. 28.10. 28.20. 28.30. 28.40. 28.50. 28.60. 28.70. 28.80. 28.90. 29.00. 29.10. 29.20. 29.30. 29.40. 29.50. 29.60. 29.70. 29.80. 29.90. 30.00. 30.10. 30.20. 30.30. 30.40. 30.50. 30.60. 30.70. 30.80. 30.90. 31.00. 31.10. 31.20. 31.30. 31.40. 31.50. 31.60. 31.70. 31.80. 31.90. 32.00. 32.10. 32.20. 32.30. 32.40. 32.50. 32.60. 32.70. 32.80. 32.90. 33.00. 33.10. 33.20. 33.30. 33.40. 33.50. 33.60. 33.70. 33.80. 33.90. 34.00. 34.10. 34.20. 34.30. 34.40. 34.50. 34.60. 34.70. 34.80. 34.90. 35.00. 35.10. 35.20. 35.30. 35.40. 35.50. 35.60. 35.70. 35.80. 35.90. 36.00. 36.10. 36.20. 36.30. 36.40. 36.50. 36.60. 36.70. 36.80. 36.90. 37.00. 37.10. 37.20. 37.30. 37.40. 37.50. 37.60. 37.70. 37.80. 37.90. 38.00. 38.10. 38.20. 38.30. 38.40. 38.50. 38.60. 38.70. 38.80. 38.90. 39.00. 39.10. 39.20. 39.30. 39.40. 39.50. 39.60. 39.70. 39.80. 39.90. 40.00. 40.10. 40.20. 40.30. 40.40. 40.50. 40.60. 40.70. 40.80. 40.90. 41.00. 41.10. 41.20. 41.30. 41.40. 41.50. 41.60. 41.70. 41.80. 41.90. 42.00. 42.10. 42.20. 42.30. 42.40. 42.50. 42.60. 42.70. 42.80. 42.90. 43.00. 43.10. 43.20. 43.30. 43.40. 43.50. 43.60. 43.70. 43.80. 43.90. 44.00. 44.10. 44.20. 44.30. 44.40. 44.50. 44.60. 44.70. 44.80. 44.90. 45.00. 45.10. 45.20. 45.30. 45.40. 45.50. 45.60. 45.70. 45.80. 45.90. 46.00. 46.10. 46.20. 46.30. 46.40. 46.50. 46.60. 46.70. 46.80. 46.90. 47.00. 47.10. 47.20. 47.30. 47.40. 47.50. 47.60. 47.70. 47.80. 47.90. 48.00. 48.10. 48.20. 48.30. 48.40. 48.50. 48.60. 48.70. 48.80. 48.90. 49.00. 49.10. 49.20. 49.30. 49.40. 49.50. 49.60. 49.70. 49.80. 49.90. 50.00. 50.10. 50.20. 50.30. 50.40. 50.50. 50.60. 50.70. 50.80. 50.90. 51.00. 51.10. 51.20. 51.30. 51.40. 51.50. 51.60. 51.70. 51.80. 51.90. 52.00. 52.10. 52.20. 52.30. 52.40. 52.50. 52.60. 52.70. 52.80. 52.90. 53.00. 53.10. 53.20. 53.30. 53.40. 53.50. 53.60. 53.70. 53.80. 53.90. 54.00. 54.10. 54.20. 54.30. 54.40. 54.50. 54.60. 54.70. 54.80. 54.90. 55.00. 55.10. 55.20. 55.30. 55.40. 55.50. 55.60. 55.70. 55.80. 55.90. 56.00. 56.10. 56.20. 56.30. 56.40. 56.50. 56.60. 56.70. 56.80. 56.90. 57.00. 57.10. 57.20. 57.30. 57.40. 57.50. 57.60. 57.70. 57.80. 57.90. 58.00. 58.10. 58.20. 58.30. 58.40. 58.50. 58.60. 58.70. 58.80. 58.90. 59.00. 59.10. 59.20. 59.30. 59.40. 59.50.

ELECTRO PLATE CO., NORTON, Pa.
cut.

25 FANCY VISITING CARDS, white or color
fancy, by return mail only 10 cents. Garret
Co., Bethlehem, Pa. 36-1a

25 FANCY MIXED CARDS, no two alike, by
Nesman Card Co., Nesman, N. Y. 25-2c

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth
free. Strimmon & Co., Portland, Me. 14-1

50 FINE BRISTOL CARDS, name nearly printed,
latest style type, post-paid for 25c. Model Card
Co., Pontiac, Mich. 29-2c

3. You want one, 25 cts. for particulars. Phi-
delphia Purchasing Agency, 114 S 9th St.
Box 4. 29-1d

JEWELRY FOR ALL
The JEWELRY
KEY contains all
the gold jewelry
and silver buttons
and sleeves button
on the market, complete, 50 cents - three for \$1.25, six
for \$2.00, all sent postpaid to you. A
chain, and one ladies' heavy wedding ring, price 1
\$1.00, 2 and 12 for \$7.00, all sent postpaid to you. A
diamond and solid silver watch for \$20. American
Jewelry Company selling these cards. Send 10 cents
sample and a catalogue. We have all kinds of jewelry
at low prices. 25-12

MOLES & CO., 735 Broadway New York City.

SCHENCK'S MANDBARK
LIVER PILLS
FOR SALE
BY ALL DRUGGISTS

GOLD

COLLAR BUTTON and Catalogue sent
on request. W. E. Langlois, Publisher,
St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS WANTED FOR HISTORICAL
AGENT'S EXHIBITION**

It contains 330 fine engravings of buildings
and scenes in the United States, and is the
most authentic and complete history published.
Treats of the grand buildings, wonderful ex-
hibits, curiosities, great events, etc. Very cheap
at all sight. One Agent sold as copies in
one day. Send for our terms to Agents
a full description of the work. Address
American Printing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

CAUTION. Unreliable and worthless
agents are being employed. Exhibitions are
being circulated. Do not be deceived. Do not
buy unless you obtain 374 pages and 330 fine
engravings. \$1.00

GORHAM'S
First Patent Lin-
ing & Filling Ma-
chine. The up-to-date
Liner, Filler, and
Slicer. Made by mail
order.



PRINT YOUR OWN PRINTING FAVORITE

Self-inking Pressing.
Presses \$25 to \$100.
Order complete \$25, send
for 7x10 page book of
presses. No. 20 letter
pressed and worth \$25.
GOSBARD & CO.
Boston, Mass.

(with illustration of printing press)

MIXED CARDS with name, 10c. Sample 5c.
stamp, J. Minkler & Co., Nassau, N. Y. 24-6

GREEN, Grape Vines, at lowest cash rate.
Hoses, shrubs, & Catalogues free. Ad-
ds MERRELL & COLEMAN, Nurserymen, Geor-
gia. N. Y. 2-18-1

100 = \$1000 Invested in Wall Street
Stocks, makes fortune
every month. Book
free explaining entire
system. Address **BAXTER & CO., Bankers**,
Wall Street, New York. 2-27

1st and Latest Style Cards with same for
10 cents. **25 Transparent Cards, 15 cts. 4.**
DUNDEE, Jacksonville, Fla. 2-28-1

TELEGRAPH ACADEMY. Both main and
branch schools. Portland, Maine. Tele-

RICH and BEAUTIFUL.
FARMERS, FARMERS' WIVES,
SONS and DAUGHTERS, attention!
Increase the beauty of your HOME and
ENRICH the SOIL with the BEST AD-
VANTAGE and most ECONOMICALLY.

Everyone having a FARM or GARDEN should send a Postal Card at once for FREE descriptive CIRCULAR; or for illustrated Catalogue, 138 pages.

B. K. BLISS & SONS,
34 Barclay St., New York
Box 6712.

ing to Paint

**ENAMEL PAINT CO.'S
L PAINT**

is a paint that is MUCH HANDSOMER and still
more DURABLE than any other. Send for
Circular.

many of which have been painted six years.
 CHEMICAL PAINT has taken FIRST PREMIUMS at
 10.11-11
 COLORS SENT FREE Address
 MILLER BROS. 109 Water St. Cleveland, O.

The Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XXI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 2092.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:
For one year in advance, \$2.00
If not paid in advance, \$2.50

Terms of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 10 cents
Each subsequent insertion, 5 cents
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Outstanding charges at advertising rates.
Marriage notices, 50 cents

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.
For County Offices, \$5.00
For State Offices, \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines, three months, \$5.00
One square six months, \$7.50
One square twelve months, \$10.00
One-half column three months, \$10.00
One-half column six months, \$15.00
One-half column twelve months, \$20.00
One column three months, \$20.00
One column six months, \$30.00
One column twelve months, \$40.00

A. WOODS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Jacksonville, Alabama.

HAMES & CALDWELL,
Attorneys at Law,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

ELLIS & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

H. L. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,
SURGEON DENTIST,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

An Indian Legend of Evolution.
An ancient Indian village has been discovered in the woods of Utah, about 200 miles from Ploche. The houses were arranged in rows, were about eight feet by nine, of two stories, and were built of adobe. The houses were built of adobe, and were built of adobe.

RELIOTROPE.
While summer lives you lightly rise
From rough dull leaves your oval sprays,
Where shades of lovely color sleep
Dim tender blues and purples deep.

THE SETTLER'S ESCAPE.
There are many incidents connected with the early settlement of the country, that have not as yet been touched upon by the sketch-writer or the novelist, much as has been written of those days; and the following adventure, which we now give to the reader, is one of those that have for so long a time lain buried, and are for the first time brought before the gaze of the great public.

Among those that regarded themselves as living within the confines of Boonesboro, though so far from the station as to have the name of its founder as to be almost entirely unprotected by it, was a settler known by the name of Dick Turner. He had built his cabin on the very outskirts of the settlement, and with his wife and three children, had for two years lived in peace and quietness, unmolested by the savages that were at all times in greater or less numbers abroad on the war-path.

Their nearest neighbor was half a mile away down the river, out of sight and hearing; and, but for the smoke that every morning curled above the tree-tops, one would not have known, standing in the doorway of Dick Turner's cabin, that this was the only settlement for miles around, for on every side was the forest, unbroken and untamed, and in the days before Daniel Boone led the first party of hardy adventurers over the Cumberland Mountains.

One afternoon, the last of August, as Dick was at work in his clearing, (and, as it chanced, at a point as far from the cabin as was possible for him to be without being in the forest), he was startled by the sudden appearance of half a dozen Indians, hideous with war-paint, who surrounded him almost before he could spring and grasp his rifle, that he always carried into the field when at work.

Startled by their sudden appearance, he made a motion toward it; but a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his owner said, in broken English, "White man go with us."

"No," said Dick, looking him full in the face. "Can't do that; full work to do."

And he pointed at what he had been doing, and then he cast a wistful glance at his rifle, which was now in the hands of one of the savages.

"Come," said the savage, the one who appeared to be the leader, as well as the only one who knew a word of English. "White man go with us."

Dick glanced towards the cabin, and saw his wife standing in the doorway, apparently in great alarm at his situation. The savages saw her; and after a word or two between themselves, three of them started in that direction.

Superficially by his captors, Dick made a sign that his wife fortunately understood, and she disappeared without closing the door in such a manner that the savages failed to obtain admittance, as Dick saw, to his great joy, when they were trying for a few moments, they hastily returned and joined the others.

Evidently small in point of numbers, they cared not to waste the time that would be necessary for a siege; so they had desisted from their efforts to make captives of the woman and children.

"Come," said the savage, laying his hand on his captive's shoulder; and Dick, who had felt his heart rise that his loved ones were left behind, went almost cheerfully into the forest, in which the shadows gathered, casting only one backward glance at his home, to wonder when he would see it again.

Then he resolutely put his face forward for the fate the future had in store for him. The future might be long, but he was sure it might be death; yet, as he walked between his captors, and the shadows grew deeper about him, a hope was in his heart that he might escape, perhaps before the sun should rise on the morrow.

That night was a long and weary one to the settler. Evidently they feared pursuit, and stopped not for rest or food until the sun was an hour high, the next day. Then, as if feeling secure, they had a long halt, made a fire, and one of the number shooting a deer, they cooked and enjoyed a plentiful repast.

Thus far, the savages had used him well, only taking the precaution to bind his hands behind his back. In such a manner that he found it impossible to use them in the least. They had been very considerate of his comfort; and he determined, by appearing as cheerful as possible, to drive away from their minds any thoughts they might have of any unwillingness to accompany them, so that his chances of escape might be better, though their suspicions were constantly on the alert.

RELIOTROPE.

While summer lives you lightly rise
From rough dull leaves your oval sprays,
Where shades of lovely color sleep
Dim tender blues and purples deep.

Your lissome blooms, though frail of form,
Hide fervors tropically warm,
But well you keep in calm control
The fragrant secrets of your soul!

When wooed by sunny winds and skies
You reign for those but soft replies;
Yet rapture stirs your life when woo
The spells of darkness and of dew!

And all your tears take noiseless flight
Before the dusky kiss of night;
And all your love, in deep content,
Is given with sweet abandonment!

And then down shadowed garden ways
Your keen voluptuous perfume strays,
As though a ghost should roam unseen,
That once was some luxurious queen;

She that lit Egypt with her smile,
The tawny lily of the Nile;
Or she that built, in vanished hours,
The awful Babylonian towers!

The Settler's Escape.

There are many incidents connected with the early settlement of the country, that have not as yet been touched upon by the sketch-writer or the novelist, much as has been written of those days; and the following adventure, which we now give to the reader, is one of those that have for so long a time lain buried, and are for the first time brought before the gaze of the great public.

Among those that regarded themselves as living within the confines of Boonesboro, though so far from the station as to have the name of its founder as to be almost entirely unprotected by it, was a settler known by the name of Dick Turner. He had built his cabin on the very outskirts of the settlement, and with his wife and three children, had for two years lived in peace and quietness, unmolested by the savages that were at all times in greater or less numbers abroad on the war-path.

Their nearest neighbor was half a mile away down the river, out of sight and hearing; and, but for the smoke that every morning curled above the tree-tops, one would not have known, standing in the doorway of Dick Turner's cabin, that this was the only settlement for miles around, for on every side was the forest, unbroken and untamed, and in the days before Daniel Boone led the first party of hardy adventurers over the Cumberland Mountains.

One afternoon, the last of August, as Dick was at work in his clearing, (and, as it chanced, at a point as far from the cabin as was possible for him to be without being in the forest), he was startled by the sudden appearance of half a dozen Indians, hideous with war-paint, who surrounded him almost before he could spring and grasp his rifle, that he always carried into the field when at work.

Startled by their sudden appearance, he made a motion toward it; but a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and his owner said, in broken English, "White man go with us."

"No," said Dick, looking him full in the face. "Can't do that; full work to do."

And he pointed at what he had been doing, and then he cast a wistful glance at his rifle, which was now in the hands of one of the savages.

"Come," said the savage, the one who appeared to be the leader, as well as the only one who knew a word of English. "White man go with us."

Dick glanced towards the cabin, and saw his wife standing in the doorway, apparently in great alarm at his situation. The savages saw her; and after a word or two between themselves, three of them started in that direction.

Superficially by his captors, Dick made a sign that his wife fortunately understood, and she disappeared without closing the door in such a manner that the savages failed to obtain admittance, as Dick saw, to his great joy, when they were trying for a few moments, they hastily returned and joined the others.

Evidently small in point of numbers, they cared not to waste the time that would be necessary for a siege; so they had desisted from their efforts to make captives of the woman and children.

"Come," said the savage, laying his hand on his captive's shoulder; and Dick, who had felt his heart rise that his loved ones were left behind, went almost cheerfully into the forest, in which the shadows gathered, casting only one backward glance at his home, to wonder when he would see it again.

Then he resolutely put his face forward for the fate the future had in store for him. The future might be long, but he was sure it might be death; yet, as he walked between his captors, and the shadows grew deeper about him, a hope was in his heart that he might escape, perhaps before the sun should rise on the morrow.

That night was a long and weary one to the settler. Evidently they feared pursuit, and stopped not for rest or food until the sun was an hour high, the next day. Then, as if feeling secure, they had a long halt, made a fire, and one of the number shooting a deer, they cooked and enjoyed a plentiful repast.

Thus far, the savages had used him well, only taking the precaution to bind his hands behind his back. In such a manner that he found it impossible to use them in the least. They had been very considerate of his comfort; and he determined, by appearing as cheerful as possible, to drive away from their minds any thoughts they might have of any unwillingness to accompany them, so that his chances of escape might be better, though their suspicions were constantly on the alert.

In this manner the day passed, and with the first shades of evening, they made preparations to encamp. A fire was made—as they seemed to consider themselves so far from the settlements, that they need fear no danger from the whites—and a couple of the party soon brought in game enough to afford them a generous supper.

This cooked and partaken of, they all lay down to rest, Dick with a savage on either side of him, so close that he could not stir without their being aware of the motion; and, as an extra precaution, they had bound his feet together as tightly as his wrists, and the him as it had not done before; for he saw, while thus bound, no possible chance of escape offered to him.

A couple of hours passed, and still Dick had not closed his eyes. One after another of the savages dropped off, as he knew by their hard, regular breathing, until at last he was the only one of the group who was not asleep. Oh! if his hands were only free, how soon he would be at liberty again!

He pulled upon the thong with all his power, until they cut the rope from his hands, and he was free. He looked at the knot that held his left hand, and slipped a little. Another strain, and it moved a little further; and with another, it was parted so far asunder that, with trifling exertion, he pulled his hand through.

The savage lying on the left side of him moved, and he lay perfectly motionless, almost holding his breath, with his hands under him as when confined. But the Indian only stretched himself a little, and then was off to sleep again.

Dick now went to work to free his other hand; but the knot was so tight, that even with the help of the other, he found it impossible to do so. He remembered his pocket-knife, that he had given to his boy to play with, upon going out to work, the afternoon of his capture; and he had now, how quick he would be a free man!

The moon had risen, and was shining down through the branches of the trees, and he saw his rays glittering on the blade of the knife, the first hint of the escape that had so recently moved him. It was a desperate undertaking, but his situation required desperate measures.

With the utmost caution, he stretched out his liberated hand, and slowly drew the knife from its resting place. The Indian never stirred, and his deep breathing told Dick that he was sleeping soundly. A moment more, and he was lying with the cords cut from his hands, with no more of the savages' wiser for his motions.

Now came the most difficult part of the operation—to rise to his feet and get beyond the confines of the camp-fire, without awakening any of his captors. But Dick proved equal to the emergency. He crouched low, and with the utmost caution, he rose upon his hands and knees. The snapping of a twig, he knew, would betray him to the watchful ears of those about him.

On his feet at last, he stepped over the sleeping savages, whose heads he hid in his hand, and slowly approached the Indian by whose side his rifle was lying. That he did not mean to leave behind, he would need it for his own protection, and to procure food with, before he reached the settlement, who had been in pursuit all the day and night, rushed forward, and an exclamation of disappointment fell from their lips, as they saw nothing of the object of their search.

At that instant, the report of a rifle rang out, as if from the centre of the fire, startling them back again; but the next moment, the one of them who had been examining the end of the tree, that as yet was untouched by the fire, exclaimed, "Quick! boys! fear away the fire. He is in this trunk, and the redskins were roasting him alive."

With a will, the brands were scattered in the forest, and in a few moments Dick was hauled out, more dead than alive, though not much burnt; and afterwards, whenever he told his story, he always said that his rifle saved his life, the heat causing it to be discharged just at the right moment.

Many of these dancing girls are extremely delicate in their persons, soft in feature, and symmetrical in form. Dedicated from childhood to this profession, they preserve in general a modesty and a decency in their demeanor; and their dances require the utmost attention, from the dancers' ankles being hung with bells attached to their gold or silver anklets, which ring in concert with the music. Their motions are meant to express, with the song or music, love, hope, jealousy and other passions, which can all be understood even by those who are ignorant of Hindostani. Another class of dancing girls, quite apart from these, are those who are dedicated to the temples. These are supplied by the parents, who are taught that the presentation of a beautiful daughter to the deity is highly acceptable. All these dancing girls, of every kind, are generally gorgeously attired, and their scant long black hair with oil of cloves, attar of rose, and the like, and they quite frequently wear strongly scented flowers. They are permitted to eat meat of every kind, except beef. They may even drink of spirituous liquors, and they frequently have accompanied Asiatic armies to the field. No ceremony or festival of any kind is considered complete without their presence, and every great temple has its own set of dancers attached to it. Dr. Buchanan tells us there were one hundred of these girls in Conjeeveram in 1809. Their most graceful measure is one called the "Kite Dance," the air for which is slow, and to which they imitate the gestures of a person flying a kite. The attitudes incident to this are favorable to oriental grace while the upward direction of the eyes displays the finest features of the Nautch girls to the best advantage.

Never go back. What you attempt, do it with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

"Great men," says Themistocles, "are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding refuge in the time of storm and rain." But when they have to spend a sunny day under them they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.

In a few moments he knew, by the sound of feet, that the savages were all together, and he heard a consultation, not one word of which he could understand; but he was not long left in suspense as to what they had agreed upon. He heard some at work at the entrance of the trunk, while others were heaping brushwood above him; and he knew, by this, that his hiding-place was discovered, and that the savages intended to burn him alive inside the tree.

To describe the terrible agony that convulsed the heart of the settler, as he became aware of the object of his enemies, is more than our pen can do. He was not afraid to die; but a death by fire is one from which the bravest would shrink. There was no chance of dying by suffocation, for the tree was full of seams that admitted the air. No death would afford him the relief, until the red flames should wrap his body like a winding-sheet. And this would not be quickly done. Hours must elapse before the flames would reach him. The tree was a resinous pine, and would burn briskly for awhile on the outside; but the interior of the trunk was damp, and would not catch so readily. The torture would only be the more prolonged.

At length the slave died, and after he had gone, his bow and quiver, the story of which he had often told in eloquent language, were preserved as relics of the faithful servant in the colonel's family, for the family did not but gratefully remember the services, the fortitude and the unswerving fidelity of the strong and gentle Lambo.

During the Revolution, Colonel Motte fell while fighting for liberty. In the campaign of 1781 his widow was driven from her house on the Congaree river, and the place was turned into a British garrison and strongly fortified. In time this garrison was besieged by a detachment of the American army, but its defenses were so strong that the force was not sufficient to take it by assault. The American commander, who was a South Carolinian, and an old time friend of the Motte family, went to the widow, now living in a poor hut within sight of her stately mansion, and told her that the preservation of her house and property was the only impediment to the capture of the British.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Motte. "Set the mansion on fire and burn them out," was the officer's reply. "And how will you set it on fire?" "I have not yet thought, Madam. I had regard for your wishes in the matter, and wished first to consult you." The widow reflected awhile and then asked: "When would be a favorable moment for applying the torch?" "This very night, after the sentinels are posted, and the rest of the garrison asleep."

"Make your arrangements," said the patriotic woman, "and at your signal I will set the house on fire for you." "You?" "Yes. I will do it."

The officer said that she was in earnest and he went his way to make preparations. And then the widow went at her work. One of the children had brought away with them from the house Lambo's bow and quiver of arrows. The arrows were long and finely made, with steel heads and delicately feathered shafts. With a lot of loose tow she made torches of the arrows, the prepared heads of which she set in a pail filled with spirits of turpentine.

At eleven o'clock that night the American commander came and told Mrs. Motte that all was ready. Taking the pail, with the soaking arrows in her hand, she called upon her stout servant to attend her. He was a powerful fellow, and used to the bow. Arrived at a favorable locality, she opened her lantern, and lighted a pitchwood splinter. Then the servant fixed an arrow torch to the bow string, and the widow set the inflammable tow on fire. In an instant the fiery messenger was sped on its way, and it alighted upon the roof of the mansion, far from the immediate reach of the garrison.

By the time five of these ignited torches had been surely landed upon different parts of the roof, the mansion was in flames beyond the power of the aroused inmates to subdue them. And yet the brave, noble woman did not lose much of her property. The British, fearing a horrible death by fire, laid down their arms and surrendered, and joined with their captors in extinguishing the flames, which was accomplished before the fire had extended below the garrets.

A Doctor's Duel.
Near Dublin lived a beautiful young lady, rich as she was beautiful. Of course she was beloved and sought by many suitors among them a lawyer and a doctor. The latter was the favorite of the lady, and consequently the disciple of Demosthenes was jealous of the follower of Aesculapius. The former initiated a quarrel with the latter, who applied an insulting epithet to him, whereupon the lawyer challenged the doctor, and he therefore had the choice of weapons. Aesculapius chose that with which he had killed many a patient, in addition to writing death warrants in Latin prescriptions, namely pills. Demosthenes was indignant, but was answered by his opponent that those were the weapons with which he had fought even death himself, and he would fight with no other. Upon consultation the challenged party, from time immemorial, had the choice of weapons, and a right if it was his selection to fight with pitchforks or twenty-four pounders.

The day and place were arranged, and the manner of the duel was as follows. There were two pill boxes to be placed in a hat, and shaken before taken, as is customary with physis. The challenged party to draw first, he did, and the doctor obtained the fatal black box, the opponent lawyer the white. The pills were to be swallowed within five minutes after drawing. The doctor solemnly gave directions for the disposal of his property, and instantly upon a signal, each swallowed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood erect and smiling, as he saw the doctor fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to breathe. The lawyer, however, became affrighted at the death of his opponent and by such an unusual duel; was advised at once with second and surgeon, to journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in Ireland. They took the advice, and were off like rockets, without even leaving taking of the fallen physician. Scarcely were they out of sight, when like Anteus, up sprang the doctor from the mother earth, refreshed, and not injured, announced his own safety to his lady love, married her the same day, and lived the happiest of the happy!

How did he recover? Why, both the pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, and not death. His skill, acting and imagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, and his patients increased accordingly, while the lawyer ceased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

A Romantic Belle.
I once had pointed out to me, at Peale's old museum in Philadelphia, a bow and quiver which had a history. What became of the articles when the curiosities of that museum were divided I do not know.

An African prince, captured in battle, begged so hard that his bow and quiver, which had been his father's might be left in his possession, that his request was granted. Captivity, of course, meant slavery. For a beggarly sum he was sold by his black captor to a slaver, and in time found his way to South Carolina, where he became the property of Colonel Motte. He brought his bow and quiver with him, and in his new home, with arrows fashioned by his own hand, he brought down many a choice bit of game for his master's table.

The slave was strong and remarkably intelligent, as well as willing, and as the master was kind and humane, the life of the dusky prince was far from unhappy or irksome. The whole family prized him, and he, in turn, became strongly attached to them.

At length the slave died, and after he had gone, his bow and quiver, the story of which he had often told in eloquent language, were preserved as relics of the faithful servant in the colonel's family, for the family did not but gratefully remember the services, the fortitude and the unswerving fidelity of the strong and gentle Lambo.

During the Revolution, Colonel Motte fell while fighting for liberty. In the campaign of 1781 his widow was driven from her house on the Congaree river, and the place was turned into a British garrison and strongly fortified. In time this garrison was besieged by a detachment of the American army, but its defenses were so strong that the force was not sufficient to take it by assault. The American commander, who was a South Carolinian, and an old time friend of the Motte family, went to the widow, now living in a poor hut within sight of her stately mansion, and told her that the preservation of her house and property was the only impediment to the capture of the British.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Motte. "Set the mansion on fire and burn them out," was the officer's reply. "And how will you set it on fire?" "I have not yet thought, Madam. I had regard for your wishes in the matter, and wished first to consult you." The widow reflected awhile and then asked: "When would be a favorable moment for applying the torch?" "This very night, after the sentinels are posted, and the rest of the garrison asleep."

"Make your arrangements," said the patriotic woman, "and at your signal I will set the house on fire for you." "You?" "Yes. I will do it."

The officer said that she was in earnest and he went his way to make preparations. And then the widow went at her work. One of the children had brought away with them from the house Lambo's bow and quiver of arrows. The arrows were long and finely made, with steel heads and delicately feathered shafts. With a lot of loose tow she made torches of the arrows, the prepared heads of which she set in a pail filled with spirits of turpentine.

At eleven o'clock that night the American commander came and told Mrs. Motte that all was ready. Taking the pail, with the soaking arrows in her hand, she called upon her stout servant to attend her. He was a powerful fellow, and used to the bow. Arrived at a favorable locality, she opened her lantern, and lighted a pitchwood splinter. Then the servant fixed an arrow torch to the bow string, and the widow set the inflammable tow on fire. In an instant the fiery messenger was sped on its way, and it alighted upon the roof of the mansion, far from the immediate reach of the garrison.

By the time five of these ignited torches had been surely landed upon different parts of the roof, the mansion was in flames beyond the power of the aroused inmates to subdue them. And yet the brave, noble woman did not lose much of her property. The British, fearing a horrible death by fire, laid down their arms and surrendered, and joined with their captors in extinguishing the flames, which was accomplished before the fire had extended below the garrets.

A Doctor's Duel.
Near Dublin lived a beautiful young lady, rich as she was beautiful. Of course she was beloved and sought by many suitors among them a lawyer and a doctor. The latter was the favorite of the lady, and consequently the disciple of Demosthenes was jealous of the follower of Aesculapius. The former initiated a quarrel with the latter, who applied an insulting epithet to him, whereupon the lawyer challenged the doctor, and he therefore had the choice of weapons. Aesculapius chose that with which he had killed many a patient, in addition to writing death warrants in Latin prescriptions, namely pills. Demosthenes was indignant, but was answered by his opponent that those were the weapons with which he had fought even death himself, and he would fight with no other. Upon consultation the challenged party, from time immemorial, had the choice of weapons, and a right if it was his selection to fight with pitchforks or twenty-four pounders.

The day and place were arranged, and the manner of the duel was as follows. There were two pill boxes to be placed in a hat, and shaken before taken, as is customary with physis. The challenged party to draw first, he did, and the doctor obtained the fatal black box, the opponent lawyer the white. The pills were to be swallowed within five minutes after drawing. The doctor solemnly gave directions for the disposal of his property, and instantly upon a signal, each swallowed his allotted pill. The lawyer stood erect and smiling, as he saw the doctor fall to the earth, in all the agonies caused by the fatal pill. He finally ceased to breathe. The lawyer, however, became affrighted at the death of his opponent and by such an unusual duel; was advised at once with second and surgeon, to journey to France to escape the penalty of the English law, which prevailed also in Ireland. They took the advice, and were off like rockets, without even leaving taking of the fallen physician. Scarcely were they out of sight, when like Anteus, up sprang the doctor from the mother earth, refreshed, and not injured, announced his own safety to his lady love, married her the same day, and lived the happiest of the happy!

How did he recover? Why, both the pills were made of pure flour, the bread of life, and not death. His skill, acting and imagination fought and won his victory matrimonial. He was regarded thereafter as the best bred (bread) physician in Dublin, and his patients increased accordingly, while the lawyer ceased to have clients, from having lost the chief suit of his life.

Cures for Fits.
For a Fit of Idleness—Count the ticking of a clock. Do this one hour, and you will be glad to pull of your coat the next, and work like a negro.
For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly—Go to the workhouse, and speak to the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.
"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to lie on it."

For a Fit of Ambition—Go into a church-yard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father and the worm your mother and sister.
For a Fit of Despondency—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For All Fits of Doubt, Perplexity and Fear—Whether they respect the body or mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for we have it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

For Fits of Repining—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

Testing Friendship.
It is one of the severest tests of friendship to tell a man of his faults. If you are angry with a man, it is not hard to go to him and stab him with words and looks, stinging him to madness, or disgracing him in the presence of his foes. But so to love a man that you cannot bear to see the stain of sin upon him, and to go to him alone and speak painful truths in touching, tender words—that is friendship, and a friendship as rare as it is precious. Few, indeed, have such friends. Our friends are apt to pet us, and praise us, and flatter us, and justify us in all we do, and tell us that we are right, when we are wrong, and they know it, and might correct us, but do not, for fear they shall hurt our feelings. They allow our enemies to rip the coverings from our faults and show us what we are. If friends would reprove us more, enemies would wound us less. Do you wish to be my friend? Then tell me my faults to my face. Will you do so before you are angry? Will you refuse to be an enemy, and not allow yourself to be counted as a stranger, but keep on in faithful dealing till you have won me to the right. If so, I greet you and welcome you, for "Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Self-Respect.
Always remember no one can abuse you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your fallings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but staple principle. An honest man is honest from his inmost soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that is mean though great results hang on the petty fraud.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The longer here, the later there
There is no little enemy—Franklin.
The key to the penitentiary—Whisker.
Silence never yet betrayed any one—Rear.

Never cast a stone into a well out of which you have once drunk.
Who hath many wishes has generally but little will.
Neither great poverty nor great riches hear reason.
Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes.

A word once spoken, a dozen horses cannot overtake it and bring it back.
I never have found cunning and honesty living together yet.—Josh Billings.
"A little scandal now and then, is related by the very best of men.—Josh Billings.

"Be content with what you have," as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.
Look out for the best aspects of a man as you do for the fine views in the country.
Just in proportion that a man can be counselled of his blunders, just so there is hope for him.

Dewdrops caught are diamonds at morn; so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.
When a man has business that doesn't pay, he usually begins to look around for a partner to share his losses with him.
Men have been born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

Why do the birds feel depressed early on a summer morning? Because their little bills are all over dew.
If we lose a piece of our money we may find it again; but if we lose a piece of our good temper, it is lost forever.
This world of ours is like a fair bell with a crack in it; it keeps on clanging, but does not ring.

The only use of theories is that they make us believe in the connections of phenomena.
Sorrow turns the stars into mourners and every wind of heaven into a dirge.—Hannay.
Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter, when feeble ones, like summer plants, are leafless.

If we waited until it was perfectly convenient, half of the good actions of life would never be accomplished.
What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.
Where diligence opens the door of the understanding, and impartiality keeps it open, truth is sure to find an entrance and a welcome too.—South.

The farmer has no need of popular favor, the success of his crops depends only on the blessing of God and upon his honest industry.—Franklin.
The man who loves children, and whom children instinctively love, is always a man with a heart good, pure, and sympathetic.
Man is a central creature between the animal, that is to say, the most perfect form, and the trials of all in the most complete epitome.

harm of the
Emmet (C
the whole
uch credit
nainted wi
him direct

LOCAL MATTERS.

Both editors attend the District meeting at Cross Plains this week and part of next.

Thanks for an invitation at the hands of Mr. Laddbetter for a visit to the Sunday school celebration at West's on Saturday 26th.

Mr. Vinson brought in a tender young chicken. Let others follow his example, and bring also mutton and spring chickens.

A member of the enterprising firm of Laddbetter & Co., Weaver Station, dropped in to see us one day this week. They keep a large and well selected stock of dry goods and groceries and give the cash trade special attention.

Some friend in the neighborhood of Davidson, has sent the senior editor of this paper a tasty pickle, saying that he has understood that we lost some treasure some time ago, and thinks this is a smart, hoping some friend will send the pickle. A pretty good joke, but not very fresh. However, we will keep this and all others sent on that score for good luck.

Monday the younger branch of the editorial staff of the Republican had his first Spring chicken of his own raising. It was delicious, and the fore runner of one hundred and sixty that are now running about the yard or kicking around in eggs under ill old hens. If people won't bring them into market, people living in market will be forced to raise them, that's all.

NEW INVENTION.—We have had in our several days a new Tin Churn Dasher, invented by our ingenious townsman, Mr. W. W. Nesbit, and find it to perform admirably. He has applied for a patent, and will doubtless obtain it in a few days. We would advise all who wish to save labor in the laborious operation of churning to call upon Mr. N. and obtain an explanation of the machinery in which it works.

We have been shown a bunch of wheat heads pulled at random from the field of Mr. Robert Alexander, one of our best farmers. These heads, now fast in bloom, measure seven inches in length. The wheat is about four feet high, and will probably reach five feet. The heads are situated at the top, but we did not find the name of the variety. Nevertheless, some complaint of it, we think the wheat crop will be a fair average in this section, where it has been properly put in. No complaint as yet of smut or rust.

THE GRANGERS' SUPPER AND PLAY AT ALEXANDRIA.—It was rather a convivial party in our carriage that went to see our Alexandria friends Friday evening, on the occasion of the Grangers' supper, and performance of the drama of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room."

We enjoyed ourselves none the less for that, and fully appreciated the magnificent culinary accomplishments of the good housewives of that lovely valley, and the dramatic talent of its accomplished sons and fair daughters.

To say that the supper was good does not sufficiently express it, and we speak understandingly, for we made the entire length of the table. It was simply magnificent. We have been to many banquets spread by the proudest cities in the South, but never have we seen better cookery, though in some respects their menu may have been more extensive.

That is in expensive wines, game and fish. In all other respects it more than rivalled any supper we ever attended.

The Drama, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," is rather a poor play; but the actors got everything out of it possible, some of them rivaling the best professional stock acting on the boards, while Mr. Fleming, Misses Linder, Miss Cooper, Mrs. Miller and others would grace the boards as stars.

As a barkeeper, Mr. Cooper was a success—albeit he is a strict temperance man.

As a drinker Mr. Miller performed elegantly, for a gentleman who never indulges in the flowing bowl.

Other actors in the drama acquitted themselves splendidly. Our space forbids a particularization of each character, but we must say that Willie Woodruff, Cal. Landerford, Charley Martin, and S. H. McGeheon, all performed their parts excellently.

T. S. Arthur, a milk and cider writer, and editor of the "Ladies Magazine," is author of the story, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room." He published it in book form and made it a hit. It is among the temperance people. It has been dramatized by some one, and has been acted on the boards as a temperance drama; but the play has never won its way in first-class theatres before critical audiences.

We all know our own humble observation a better and more touching temperance story than that told by the kid-gloved Arthur, from his slight observation of the roughs of Philadelphia—we all know a better and more natural story than that, and one that touches the heart quicker.

Let this poor drama be abandoned for one more naturally conceived and more strongly written. It is so weak that a really strong and vigorous acting spoils it, like putting in too much cream into a cup of coffee that has barely lized the grounds.

The String Band, composed of Messrs. Dush, Ezell, Sam Doss and others, discoursed most sweet music throughout the performance, and added greatly to the charms of the play.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

CORN GROWING.—We are needing rain very much at present. Wheat has improved lately. Oats are suffering for a general shower. Good stands of cotton and corn generally.

An abundant peach crop. Very few Apples.

Health of the country good. ***

RABBIT TOWN.—Our farmers are well up with their work at present—thanks to the favorable weather and their industry.

The prospect for a fruit crop here is very promising, especially peaches.

Mr. Roberts' saw and grist mill, including about 2000 feet of lumber, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of the 10th; the work of an incendiary.

Regular monthly services, including communion, was held at the Rabbit Town church on the 12th and 13th. Interesting discourse each day by Rev. W. E. Mountain, pastor.

Whit Whiteside's stock of bees have increased to the tune of sixteen swarms this season. He is the most successful bee raiser in our community.

BELTON DEFREES.

MARSHALL.—The weather is warm and dry.

Mr. J. M. Carroll has returned from Tennessee.

Mr. J. F. Walker had thirty acres of cotton hoed by the 12th inst.

Those using the Carrol Cotton Planter secured a better and earlier stand than any other planters used in the same fields. It is simple, cheap and efficient in work.

Rev. Mr. Guinn, of Oxford, delivered an excellent discourse on the Power and Demonstration of the Spirit, at Post Oak Church on Sunday, 12th inst.

A United Sunday School, with Rev. Wm. Cobb as Superintendent, has been organized at Union Church.

CANE CREEK.—The crops in this section are generally in good condition.

Corn is generally small, but looks green and thrifty. Cotton has been looking very sick for several days, but we attribute that to the universal condemnation made on farmers for planting it, or something else. It is thought the wheat crop will be very short. Spring oats are looking very fine. The oat crop will be very much needed in this section. The gardens are generally very promising.

The general health on the creek is very good. A goodly number of us had the pleasure of attending the Grange Concert at Alexandria last Friday night. We found it to be an eminent success. The supper, of which we were made the happy recipients of, we deemed unsurpassable. This play was very entertaining. The efficient manner in which Miss Nantie, Alice and Lizzie performed their parts achieved for them the eulogy and compliments of the entire audience. The actors all acquitted themselves with great credit; and, in short, all we have to say—Grangers, give us a chance at another one.

CREAK.

Attention Grangers.

The Calhoun County Grange meets with the Calhoun Grange at Oxford, Thursday May 24. A full attendance is respectfully solicited as there is important business to transact.

F. W. SMITH, Master.

Owing to unavoidable circumstances PYLE & WHITLEY have failed to be here with their automatic churn, but will be here in a few days.

A California Lynching.

From the San Francisco Post, May 3.

SANTA CRUZ, May 3.—The murderers of De Forest—Francisco Arias and Jose Chamalis—were this morning found hanging from the upper crossbeams of the upper San Lorenzo bridge, dead, their hands and feet being tightly bound with hay ropes. Night before last men were seen in the orchard, back of the jail, but as no attempt was made to reach the prisoners, the people concluded that the law would be allowed to take its course. At two o'clock this morning the jailer and under sheriff were surrounded by a mob of men. These men broke open the jail yard door and obtained from the officers the jail keys. It is surmised that the prisoners were placed in a wagon and driven to the place of execution, the wagon being driven from under them after the "hangers" around their necks had been fastened to the beam above. This morning the people gathered in large numbers, but there was no excitement. The regret was great that Lynch law should be resorted to in this heretofore law-abiding community, a city in which no one has been executed without due process of law since 1852. There was a feeling of security manifested, and a general relief that life was no longer endangered by the existence of two as desperate assassins as ever stretched hemp. Chamalis was executed within 300 yards of where he was born, and at the time of his death was twenty-one years of age. He was sent to the State Prison from this county for three years for the robbery of widow Rodriguez. He broke jail, was rearrested and served out his term, his time expiring in March last. Last Monday he was brought to this place, and confessed all in the presence of four witnesses. According to his statement, Arias came to the house where he was and asked him to accompany the speaker to the circus; that he refused that they had no money, and that Arias said they would get some; that they went to the hotel where he was kept, and he killed him. Do Forest, coming along, Arias fired at him; that De Forest not stopping, Arias fired again, De Forest falling; that they remained in the willows till all was quiet, when they dragged the murdered man across the road. His pockets were robbed, they getting \$5. Arias kept \$5.50 of the amount, and they went home, and he and his brother, thirty-eight years of age, and born near Pecos, he still having relatives residing in this county. For murdering a sheep herder in San Luis Obispo he was sent to State Prison for three years, his brother having been sent there for life for the same crime. For robbing the house of J. Murphy, of Watsonville, he was sent to State Prison from this county for two years. For a time he denied the murder of De Forest, but on being closely cross-examined, indirectly admitted the crime. By request of Chamalis they were put in different cells.

GADSDEN, May 9, 1877.

Editors Jacksonville Republican.—In traveling over the State; and especially the northern part, I find a great many people very badly dissatisfied in regard to the medical work entitled the Family Physician. I send you a few lines to publish for their benefit, if it seems good in your eyes:

FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

The agents for this mighty book, Our thresholds could not pass; But with a grudge and serious look, Would fill our minds with gas.

They told, and told, and told, What great things were in it; And showed how many they had sold, If you'd but wait a minute.

The money, it would save so much, And time for going to town; For no where on this earth had such A book been found.

Yourselves, your children, and your wife, Hens, horses, and your cattle; 'T would cure you all—insure your life—O how their tongues did rattle.

The Doctor, you would never need To ask him for a thought; If you'd only take good heed To what the great book taught.

All manner of disease it cures, And costs you but the price; The measles and the whooping cough, Rheumatism and phthisis.

The people got the famous book, The agents got the pay; They turned the leaves about, to look For that much better way.

The Bible for a while lay still, The law against all wisdom; The new book now their minds doth fill To overflow with gossamer.

For while it doth propose to give Disease one general name; By searching well among its leaves We had much balderdash.

But while it cures you of disease, From chickenpox to measles, It kills your rats too, if you choose, By having of your measles.

The loving folks who bought the book, Not bothered much with mice; Would think themselves in big old luck To sell for half the price.

For when they have a pain or ache, The book—they think they'll find it; Which says go to the woods for herb, But there they cannot find it.

To such for time to come we'd say, When agents come to see you; Just let them bark and bark away, But never let them tear you.

They come with mouths as soft as wool, With tongues both slick and fuzzy; And when they get you crammed with gas, They will crowd out your money.

D. A. W.

A SONNET.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O, warble of thine solemn bird of night, Thy notes doth reach the true Promethean fire.

Which is burning to Orpheus' lyre—That fills the soul with rapture and delight.

What pleasure more, or sweeter thoughts, Than thine, O bird, that dost thy notes inspire?

My soul more than sadness can my heart desire.

When melancholy fancy's fire is kindled, Along the deep and dark-hued ocean's shore

In mid-night's shades and dreary hours, I hear

Three single well thy notes with ocean's roar, Which ebbs the soul and makes the world seem dear;

Yet, the world I love not less, but rather more;

And long for melancholy thoughts, since I CANE CREEK, ALA., May 12, 1877.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

PAT MCCARTY.

O, Ireland! rejoice, you're another Moore, He sits on the banks of Cane creek, And physics for evermore.

Though his name is slightly weak, 'Tis in fact his very heart—his name is Pat McCarty.

Come, Ireland, take your poet home; His is the brilliant green of home, Or we shall claim his royal name, And share his illustrious fame.

Pat gives us happy news: This thought his kinsman Moore, Of English birds and Scotch Revivers, But Pat has none of his classic lore.

What a pleasure to be wise—To write poetry about lovely eyes, And thus win noble fame, By responding to the same.

Pat, you are a splendid poet, And only—you know it, Still you seek to sing love songs, And make the world love you.

Martin's X News, May 28, 1877.

Plowing.

The first thing a stranger, who knows nothing of farming, notices when he comes to this country, is the style of farmhouses and the character of the plowing done in the field; and in most cases he goes away impressed with the fact that the majority of the farmers in Alabama know nothing of the nature of the soil and of the draft horses. The plow will make it if it is stirred deep, but if plowed shallow it will wear out. Air and rain principally feed and keep alive the soil; and when the plow is used without cultivation, it does not require a crop to be made; it will eat poor itself, eat up the soil, and leave the land without cultivation, if it remains open or clear. You may try it and find it to be so. There is a philosophical reason for this. The only salvation for soil on cleared fields is deep plowing. The lower soil must be turned up, to catch breath and food from the air and water. For this purpose heavy draft horses are necessary. The horses which take the premiums at our fairs are not worth having on a farm; like their owners, they are generally worthless to society and a drag upon wealth and prosperity.

There is philosophy in this question of plowing; but we intend these remarks for practical farmers, we tell them in plain words that they are getting poorer every year by shallow plowing, for two reasons: The first is, because the soil is getting thinner; the second is, because whatever you plant will be fed from the soil, and if the ground is not stirred deep enough the

grain will flourish and starve before it matures. We hear farmers talking about the small field of wheat when they expect to much, as the stalk looked healthy early in the season. Gentlemen, there was not sufficient nourishment for the grain, and it was because the ground was not plowed deep enough. Plow deep, break up well with a harrow, and plow your wheat in. Never think of harrowing wheat in the light soil of Alabama. If you do the head and grain will be small—if, in fact, the crop does not turn yellow before it matures.

To secure the success of the farm it is essential to know how to plow. Deep plowing will revolutionize farm life, but deep plowing will not amount to much in a year. It will require several years to be felt.—Ashville Regis.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Have your fancy work, Chromos & other Pictures framed at Green's Gallery. Nice Moulding just received. Call for Photographs \$3, 50 per dozen. Gems 8 for \$1.00. Babies 1 single pictures, 50 cents. Sewing Machine needles. 60 & 75 per dozen in assorted papers.

WORTH KNOWING!

For ONE DOLLAR you can buy at the RED STORE

1 lb best cable twist tobacco, Or 1 bunch factory thread, Or 3 lbs choice brown sugar, Or 20 lbs pearl grits, Or 32 aluminum candles, Or 10 lbs choice rice, Or 5 lbs oriental Java coffee, Or 12 bars full weight olive soap, Or 2 sets heavy tumblers, Or 1 large glass pitcher, Or 5 pt bottles fresh pickles, Or 20 nice fresh mackerel, Or 24 papers garden seed assorted.

We do not claim the title of the DOLLAR STORE, but we propose to give you as much value for your money as can be had in this or any adjacent market.

AT THE RED STORE

you will always find Meat, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Corn, Cornmeal, Crockery & Glassware, Lamps, Lamp fixtures, Buggy & Wagon Harness, Saddles, Brilles, Whips, Trace chains, Backbands, & everything in the grocery or harness line at rock bottom cash prices. Harness and Saddle repairing a specialty.

Maddox & Privett will give you groceries or anything they sell for your clean cotton rags.

Those PEANUTS & HOMINY at Maddox & Privett's 20 lbs for one dollar are perfectly splendid with gravy.

Full weight 1 lb. plugs TOBACCO at the Red Store for 15 cents each.

La Estrella Fija is the brand of the finest little cigar in town & for sale at the Red Store.

Fresh Tomatoes at the Red Store 20 cents per can, who are going to get the small lot of fresh tomatoes codfish at Maddox & Privett for 10 cents per pound call at once or miss the bargain.

Harness and saddle making and repairing done extremely low during the dull season.

MADDOX & PRIVETT.

THE THOROUGHbred JACK

JOHN

will stand at home for \$8 inst. for L. C. O'BRIEN, Ladiga, Ala.

Blank Land Deeds

AND

Deeds of Trust,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Waiver Notes, neatly and correctly printed, for sale at this Office at one dollar per hundred.

CROP LIEB BLANKS

Constantly on hand at this office, as well as all Magistrate's Blanks.

TEACHERS' MONTHLY REPORTS

Six month's supply at this office for 25c.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Extract of a letter of Dr. Louis F. Fierce, 5 Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davis.

Dear Bro. Davis: Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pay it a little. Had tried many things, but no benefit. From a conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Thrash's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been taking now; it is the ninth day, and I can now walk with ease. I came here, a clear and healthy preparation, containing neither oil, dye, nor any thing deleterious, and imparts to the scalp what is most needed—a sense of pleasant and delightful freedom from sturt or dandruff.

New York Co. (N. Y.) Times.

Mayor's Office, JACKSONVILLE, ALA., May 10, 1877.

The taxpayers of the Town of Jacksonville, are hereby notified, that for the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

For the year 1877, they are to pay their taxes for the year 1877.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, Taking Effect Sunday, April 6, 1877.

6:10 a.m.	Leave Selma	Arrive 9:30 a.m.
7:58	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
9:29	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
11:28	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
12:40 p.m.	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
12:50	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
1:35	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
2:50	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
3:07	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
3:27	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
4:15	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
4:25	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6:10	" " " " " "	" " " " " "
6:45	" " " " " "	" " " " " "

Through Sleepers will run from Vicksburg to Lynchburg without change.

Connecting at Dalton with E. T. & G. R. R. for Eastern Virginia cities, Virginia Springs, and with W. A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities.

Close connection at Culter for Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans.

Close connection at Selma with Ala. Gen. R. R. for Meridian, Natchez, Vicksburg and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations.

M. STANTON, RAY ENIGHT, Gen. Sup't. Gen. Pass. Agt.

Cross Plains High School.

Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal.

Miss ANNA CLEAVLAND, Assist.

This School for Boys and Girls, located at Cross Plains, Calhoun county, Ala. is now in successful operation.

All branches systematically taught. Young men prepared for Junior of Senior class in College.

Good decorum and thorough instruction the motto of the Teachers.

Cross Plains—situated on the Selma, Rome & Dalton R. R. is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and is one of the most healthy and moral communities in the State.

Good Sabbath School and church privileges every Sabbath. No liquor sold in the place.

Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences.

Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

Rates of Tuition per month.

First Term, \$1.50

Second " " " " " "

Third " " " " " "

Fourth " " " " " "

Pupils charged from the time they enter until the close of session, except in cases of protracted sickness. Mar. 17—27.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (free) the receipt for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Also instructions for preparing a luxurious growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address: Ben. Vandell & Co. Box 5121, No. 5, Wooster St. N. Y.

Dec. 30—6m.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

This advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to all who suffer the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription to 1, (free of charge), with the directions in preparing and using the same, which will cure a Cough, Sore Throat, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis, &c.

Parties wishing the prescription, send address, Rev. E. A. NILES, 121 Fern st., Williamsburg, N. Y.

Dec. 30—6m.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous debility, premature decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, win, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Persons wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN L. FREEMAN, 33 Cedar st. N. Y.

Dec. 30—6m.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.

HAVING bought the entire half interest of J. W. Vallender in the stock and outfit of the late Hammond & Fullender's Stable, we will continue the same business place, and hope that by fair dealing and reasonable charges to merit a liberal share of patronage. A stable is an indispensable necessity to all villages, and we hope our citizens may give us sufficient patronage to make the stable self-sustaining. We will also continue the mail line to and from Gadsden, daily except Sunday.

Price for Gadsden Hack \$3.00 through or \$5.00 return.

Hack to and from depot 25c day the night. Horse and buggy per day, \$1.00 per day. Hack and two horses per day, \$2.00 per day. Waggon, Hack, Buggy and Horses &c ways on hand.

W. S. HAMMOND, J. D. HAMMOND, Agent.

Annual Settlement Notice

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, April 20th, 1877.

This day came F. M. Roundtree, Guardian of Josephine Foster, a filed his statement, accounts, vouchers, and evidences for an annual settlement of his guardianship, is ordered that the 25th day of May, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement; at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

May 5—31.

Jacksonville Hotel.

West Side Square, Jacksonville, Ala.

Is now prepared, to the care of Commercial Travelers, and other Gentlemen and Ladies. Comfortable rooms, polite and attentive servants and as good fare as our country affords.

A large room specially for Exhibiting samples of merchandise.

Board per day, \$2.00

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

" " " " " "

400

VOL
 THE RE
 EDITED, PRINTED AND
 J. F. & L.
 Terms of
 For one year in ad
 If not paid in adv
 Terms of
 one square of 10 li
 portion.....
 paid subsequent
 For one square of

Counties charged
 Marriage notices.
 ANNUNCIATE
 For County Offices
 For State Offices.
 Communications
 Advertis charged as

Rates on
 One square of 10 lines
 One square six mcs
 One square twelve
 One-fourth column
 One-fourth column
 One-fourth column
 One-half column
 One-half column
 One-half column
 One column three
 One column three
 One column twelve

A. V.
ATTORNEY
 JACKSON
M. J.
ATTORNEY
 SOLICITOR
 JACKSON

Will practice in
DeKalb, Elberta and
With thanks for
of several pa-
He trusts his lo-
cal friends and
Who confide their
Those who want
employment, can
reasonable advice
law, with, with
and other writ-
practice is worth

WM. M. HAMES,
Attorney.

No. 7 Office Ro
& Prompt Att

G. C. ELLIS
ELLIS
ATTORNEY

No. 7 Office Ro

Have associated
together, and will
solicit, in the co-
council, and advo-
cates of the State.

H. L. S.

ATTORNEY
JACKSON
J. D.
SURGEON
JACKSON

All work executed
Scientific management
Charges very moderate

S

There are various animal
some depend
upon their strength
agility, and yet
ning. There is
the sea, seen
more than an in
a sort of squint
or irritated, to
It is called the
itself is a squint
to that when
legs to ran with
and is fastened
stem; so it can

disturber of the
It is shaped
ered by a skin
ture. This out
case lining or
muscular fibres
contraction of
is enabled to ex
mons flow of w
breathing sac
This stationer
tions of a high
of nobility at
swim about in
rior class, there
ists in a connect
of squirrels join
interesting bra
worth studying

According to
composition of
supposed to be
old, has been a
copper and 10
tin was known

—The number
to wear the cro
of honor is abo

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:
For one year in advance \$2.00
If not paid in advance \$3.00

Terms of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00
Subsequent insertions three months \$1.50
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Obituaries charged at advertising rates.
Marriage notices \$50

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.
For County Offices \$5.00
For State Offices \$10.00
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:
One square of 10 lines, three months \$5.00
One square six months \$7.50
One square twelve months \$10.00
One-fourth column three months \$15.00
One-fourth column six months \$20.00
One-fourth column twelve months \$25.00
One-half column three months \$25.00
One-half column six months \$35.00
One-half column twelve months \$45.00
One column three months \$45.00
One column six months \$60.00
One column twelve months \$75.00

A. WOODS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

M. J. TURNLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Jacksonville, Alabama.

Will practice in Calhoun, Cherokee, Cleburne, DeKalb, Etowah and Talladega.
With thanks for the past, he solicits a continuance of liberal patronage.
He trusts his long experience and extended practice will enable him to be useful to those who confide their business to him.
Those who wish to employ him without further employment, can consult him at any time for a reasonable advice fee; and thereby often avoid a lawsuit, with its train of troubles, expenses and other evils arising therefrom. An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure.

W. M. HAMES, J. M. CALDWELL,
HAMES & CALDWELL,
Attorneys at Law,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

Prompt Attention given to Collections.

May 15-1877-1y

C. C. ELLIS, JOHN T. MARTIN,
ELLIS & MARTIN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State. May 15-1877-1y

H. L. STEVENSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

J. D. ARNOLD,
SURGEON DENTIST

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner. Charges very moderate. May 15-1877-1y

Sea-Squirts.

There are various means of defence among animals. Some have horns, some depend upon their teeth, some upon their strength, others upon their agility, and yet others upon their cunning. There is a little inhabitant of the sea, seen at low-water mark, not more than an inch long, which employs a sort of squirt-gun, when it is touched or irritated, to protect itself from harm. It is called the sea-squirt, and the body itself is a squirt-gun, or can turn itself into that when necessary. It has no legs to run with, nor fins to swim with, and is fastened to a rock by a sort of stem; so it can only squirt water at any disturber of the peace.

It is shaped like a bottle, and is covered by a skin of tough, leathery texture. This outer skin has a very delicate lining or membrane, composed of muscular fibres, and it is by the sudden contraction of these, that the animal is enabled to eject the water, a continuous flow of which passes through its breathing sac or lungs.

This stationary sea-squirt has relations of a higher order, forming a sort of nobility among sea-squirts, who swim about in the sea. Of this superior class, there is a species which exists in a connected state, a whole family of squirts joined together. This is an interesting branch of natural history, worth studying by the young.

According to a German analyst the composition of an old bronze weapon, supposed to be about two thousand years old, has been ascertained to be 90 parts copper and 10 parts tin, proving that tin was known to the ancients.

The number of individuals entitled to wear the cross of the French legion of honor is about 57,000.

WORK AND WAIT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Forty days and forty nights,
Blown about the broken waters,
Noah and his sons and daughters;
Forty days they beat and blow—
Forty days of faith, and lo!
The olive leaf, the lifted lights,
The rest at last, the calm delights.

Forty days of sun and sand,
Serpents, beasts, and wilderness,
Desolation and distress,
War and famine, wail and woe—
Forty years of faith, and lo!
The mighty Moses lifts a hand
And shows at last the Promised Land.

Forty days to fast and pray,
The patient Christ outworn defied
The angry tempter at his side.
Forty days or forty years—
Of patient sacrifice and tears—
Lo! what are all of these the day
That time has nothing more to say?

Lift your horns, exult and blow,
Believe and labor. Tree and vine
Most flourish ere the fruit and wine
Reward your planting. Round and round
The rocky walls, with faith profound.
The trumpet blow, blow loud, and lo!
The tumbled walls of Jericho.

—Independent.

Margie's Promise.

The boat-house was completed. It was roomy and substantial, though the spiles on which it rested infringed upon Neptune's watery domain. The young gentlemen who composed the club had issued invitations for a social entertainment, and our story commences upon that evening.

It was a unique affair, the more enjoyable for its accessories. The shells, tapering to a long, very thin, delicate point, from a centre large enough to hold a full-grown man, were drawn up in their polished completeness and fastened to the ceiling. Here and there a dainty silken banner caught the light, a trophy of some member's victory in a friendly trial of skill. Flags draped the walls, giving the needed touch of color to the oaken beams. A gayly decorated barge floated upon the surface of the broad river, at the option of any party who desired a moonlight sail.

Two young stranger guests were standing beside the stairway leading to the dressing room improvised for the occasion, noting the arrivals.

A young lady entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. As she left her escort and ran lightly up stairs, she flashed a swift glance around from eyes so large and lustrous, that Bert Evans involuntarily quoted the words of the poet about "sunshine in a shady place," as he stepped impulsively forward.

His friend laid a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Softly, old fellow—not too fast. The girl is a beauty, I'll allow, but—she is spoken for. I know Mr. Livingston, and he's an engaged man. Put two and two together, eh?"

Bert's face expressed volumes as he said:

"I never yet was struck with a girl's face but what it had to be the same old story—engaged!"

Wait! laughed.

"Try if he's a foeman worthy of your steel; in plain English—try to cut him out."

Bert's indolent face kindled with sudden fire.

"If anyone else but you had said that, Walt, I'd take it as an insult. A girl who would be faithless isn't worth a second thought."

During the evening Bert Evans and Margie Eustace were introduced. He was a handsome fellow, brimful of romance, and something in the expression of her large, wistful eyes put him upon his metal to entertain her in a very different way from his usual conversation to a young society belle. No stereotyped commonplace left his lips, but instead they talked of poetry and her twin-sister art.

Through it all he was conscious of a subtle undercurrent of sadness, like the minor tone which oftentimes thrills its plaintive meaning through some bewitching strain of music.

In this chivalric idea of woman the rumor of her engagements made her seem as inaccessible as was the distant moon whose silver crescent shone above him as they stood upon the balcony.

After a time he resigned her to her escort, and could not but notice the change in her manner. She had seemed so interested and animated, and had smiled so merrily at his witticisms; but in Mr. Livingston's society she seemed a veritable ice-maiden.

For days after the girl's face dwelt persistently in his mind, and at last drew him to the city where she lived. He thought another meeting might prove the haunting memory of her beauty, to have been over-drawn by fancy, and thus lay it to rest.

Mrs. Eustace was sitting in her room. Her handsome, manly face wore a look of depression which was foreign to it. Her disposition was so sunny that a sigh from her awoke an echo through the family—it was a sound so unwelcome. Her present uneasiness was not without cause.

Her precious Margie, her only child, was strangely changed. Her moods were variable. Sometimes she would not smile for days, and then a fitful gaiety would take possession of her, as natural to her evenly poised nature as it would be to hear the song of a canary

from the throat of a nightingale. All this gave the loving mother food for serious thought.

The door opened suddenly. Margie came in, and handed her a letter and a package.

She was flushed and nervous, but her manner was decided as she said:

"Mother, here is a note I have written to Mr. Livingston, to tell him that I wish to be released from my engagement. This package contains his ring. I will never wear it again."

"Margie! You cannot mean it! An engagement is not to be put off as easily as you would a glove. My little girl cannot find it in her heart to treat a loyal gentleman so capriciously."

She laid her hand gently on Margie's head and smoothed its dark locks tenderly as she spoke.

"Mother," she answered sadly. "I have been coming to this resolution for months. I respect Mr. Livingston, but I do not love him."

"Do you realize, child, that it is a sin to trifle with a human heart? You are betrothed to him and it is too late to say that you do not love him. You should have decided earlier."

Margie broke in excitedly.

"It means life or death to me! The more I see him the less I like his society. I have never allowed him the slightest caress, and the thought of a kiss from him—"

"Margie!"

"It is true! And if it had not been for you and papa we would never have been engaged. I told him that I did not love him at the very first, and he said if I would promise to be his wife, friendship would change into a warmer feeling, and if it did not he would be satisfied, if I did not—love—another."

She hesitated, and her voice sank to a low, plaintive tone which went straight to her mother's heart. She drew the girl to her and kissed her soothingly.

"Tell me the whole truth. Do you love some one else?"

Margie hid her face on her mother's breast. It was enough. Mrs. Eustace asked to know no more.

The painful interview was ended by the mother's promise to see Mr. Livingston and break the truth to him as gently as possible.

Mr. Livingston read Margie's frank, straightforward letter. The girl's heart was full of pity, notwithstanding her decision; and she said if it would make him any happier, she would promise to remain single, and thus atone for occasioning him the pain of rejection.

He turned very pale as he read. After a moment's thought he turned to Mrs. Eustace:

"Tell Margie she has done right. I do not blame her. A marriage without love is a mockery, and I thank her for her frankness. Tell her also that it is but right in her to make some little atonement for what she has caused me to suffer. I accept her promise in the same spirit as it is made."

Tears came to Margie's eyes when her mother brought this letter to her, but the tears of youth are but April showers, and her eyes, like the violets, shone all the bluer for them; and her voice soon rang out again with all its old joyous melody, as she flitted from room to room arranging and re-arranging them with an interest which had long been wanting.

Sometime after this Bert and Margie met at a party. He had been making inquiries about her, and had just heard of the broken engagement. He said:

"I hope Miss Eustace is justifiable in her action. I cannot imagine that she could do wrong. She always seemed to me to be raised to a higher altitude than other girls; but from my heart I despise a flirt."

He raised his voice unconsciously, when a warning touch upon his arm checked him. He turned and saw—Margie.

Her large eyes were full of reproach. She had evidently overheard his last words.

He tried to make amends for his incautious speech, but Margie knew the secret of her wayward heart, and her maiden delicacy was swift to erect barriers against his betrayal.

Bert was as much charmed with her character on further acquaintance as he had been at first by her beauty, but as time passed on he was in despair. He could not understand her. She was a "rose-bud" of a girl, but most certainly was set about with wilful thorns.

At last an accident told him the truth. They were invited to join a gay yachting party. While at the height of enjoyment a playful little child overbalanced himself and fell into the water. Without a moment's hesitation Bert sprang in and succeeded in grasping him as he rose to the surface. Climbing with his insensible burden into the yacht, the boom swung around and struck him on the temple.

Eager hands caught the child from his arms, and kept him from falling back into the water. They laid him, pale and apparently lifeless, upon some cushions brought hastily from the cabin.

Margie's reserve was forgotten in her anguish. She knelt beside him regardless of the surrounding company, and called him endearing names in low passionate tones.

Her voice recalled him to life. He opened his dim eyes, and smiled faintly; then, with a long quivering sigh, sank back into unconsciousness.

As the yacht turned homeward, a mournful gale replaced the merry-making; for Bert was a great favorite. He was taken to his rooms and a capable nurse procured.

He lay for weeks vibrating between life and death. At last the crisis came and he began to mend slowly.

Margie's passionate words, as she thought him dying, had echoed through his mind during his illness, and had helped to lure him back from the world of shadows which had peopled his delirium.

He called one day and asked to see Margie. Tears filled her eyes as the poor, pale young fellow rose to meet her, and poured out his heart's desire in a flood of eloquence.

She clasped her hand so tightly together as she listened, that she left the imprint of her nails in the tender palm.

"Mr. Evans, you make me very unhappy. I hope nothing in my conduct has led you to make this proposal. If so, I am a cruel, wicked girl! For I cannot marry you."

"Do not give me an answer now. I will wait—any time—if you will only let me hope."

Bert was still weak from his illness, and his voice broke—the disappointment was too great. He sank into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. He was so pale and attenuated, so different from what he had been.

Margie stood a moment, her face agitated by conflicting emotions; then she made a resolve.

"Mr. Evans, I am bound by a solemn promise to one who unwisely released me from my engagement. I shall never marry. I hope you will forget that such a girl as Margie Eustace is in existence. I seem fated to make all who love me wretched."

Bert rose to his feet:

"Answer me one question. Did I dream or was it your voice which recalled my senses when I was so nearly dead?"

He was answered by the sudden tide of crimson which dyed the girl's face. He saw that she, too, was suffering, and he would not make her trial any harder to bear.

"Thank you; I shall carry away into exile the thought my love was not an unvalued gift. Good-bye; God bless you!"

Margie had struggled for calmness, as much for Bert's sake as for her own, but she burst into a passion of tears as the door closed upon him. Her promise should be faithfully kept; but her love for Bert was stronger than life, and she knew that "good-bye" was a final parting.

Two or three weeks after she received a farewell letter from him, written on the verge of his departure for Australia. It was better than this. The wider the distance between them the less chance of a painful meeting.

Time rolled on. Margie, in a quiet way, was happy. She found too many duties to attend to in the miniature world of home, to spend her time in useless laments.

It was fully five years since she had received Bert's farewell letter, and during that time she had not heard from him. She had passed from her "teens" into her "twenties," and "sweet sixteen" began to call the beautiful girl of twenty-three—old maid. But more discriminating eyes thought her more interesting at that age than when younger.

One day a gentleman called and sent up his card. As she read the name—Bertram Evans—her heart gave a wild throb. What could his errand be?

She went into the parlor. A tall, bearded man came forward to meet her—no longer the slight boyish-looking Bert of her remembrance.

He held her hand, as his eyes rested lingeringly on her face. Then he gave her a letter and withdrew to a little distance while she read it. What were her emotions as she read:

MARGIE:—It was a severe test to give a young girl, but you have stood it nobly. I thought it was right that you should suffer a little as well as myself; but I now think it proves that such selfishness showed me to be unworthy of a woman's love.

I absolve you from your promise, as freely and fully as time has freed my heart from pain.

Evans is my dearest friend, and it is through his tender care and nursing that I live to tell you this. I have heard the story of his love, and hope that his long waiting will be rewarded.

Your friend,
THADDEUS LIVINGSTONE.

"Margie!"

She turned as in a dream. Their eyes met.

"My own darling," murmured Bert's deep voice, and Margie's sigh of content, as her lover drew her to his bosom, told of happiness too deep for words.

Disappointment and Success.

When poor Edward Keen was acting in barns to country bumpkins, barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefcase and suspected junior barrister.

And when George Stephenson died, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous humbug the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the King's highway and mail coaches would be drawn by steam.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us beneath those we hate.—Rochester.

A Lowly Life.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied; from receiving and from paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime to two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor knowing anybody. It was the case of Aeneas and his Achaetes, when they walked invisibly about the streets and fields of Carthage. Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast that none might know, or see them, as they passed. The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing a tinkler-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator, I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight—slot.

Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus; after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicitates of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honor that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord-chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," or "This is that Incitatus," when they were led prancing through the streets, as, "This is that Alexander," or, "This is that Domitian," and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honorable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true, good fame because it is the shadow of virtue; not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy, merely national and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbors that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful, quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace called him, this *mota persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; may, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

Hygeia, the New City of Health.

Utopian cities have been constructed by the fertile imagination of dreamers almost from time immemorial, and yet the real cities of the world have advanced toward these ideals with slow and lagging steps. It is not a difficult thing to construct in fancy a well-arranged and well-governed city, and every ruler of a city, can paint the picture; but how is it then, that recognized principles and admitted necessities are of so little avail? The marts and capitals of the world have for the most part struggled into their greatness without much purpose, order or forethought; they have been altered and tinkered a good deal as opportunity has occurred or circumstances made urgent; but, as a rule, they have not been constructed in accordance with any given design, or any definite end. We have to take our cities as we find them, just as if they were so many wildernesses, which settlers hew into shape as best they can, conscious that it is impossible to transform them at will into blooming plantations.

These struggles with adverse conditions only serve to make more entertaining the ideal project of reformers and idealists. We here, in New York, find it difficult to secure such elementary felicities as honest rulers and clean streets; but it is no reason why we should not thoroughly enjoy reading and thinking of cities of the millennium. The latest ideal of this nature is the city of Hygeia, drawn in charming lines and fascinating colors by Dr. Richardson of London. Hygeia is, of course, a model city of health. A physician of long study and observation would be sure to let his imagination dwell on cities where perfect sanitary regulations banish fever, wise forethought render epidemics impossible, and wholesome food and healthful habitations hold all disease in masterly check. The Utopian cities of poets, artists, merchants, or pleasure-seekers, would naturally be of different conditions; yet poets, artists, merchants, and pleasure-seekers, would all be glad to have the healthful charm of Hygeia incorporated in their own visions. Health, obviously must be the corner-stone of all true Utopians.

In studying Dr. Richardson's plan for a model city, readers here must be struck by the many suggestions which have been anticipated by American builders. "All the streets of Hygeia," says Dr. Richardson, "are wide enough to admit of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways." This picture would naturally occur to one, familiar with the narrow and treeless streets that so abound in European cities. "All the interspaces," quoting again from the description of this ideal Hygeia, "are laid out in gardens; then all the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores are to be carried; hot water from the kitchen boiler, and cold water from tanks, are to be distributed by means of pipes into the sleeping rooms; every floor or story is to have a sink for waste-water, "whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-ball up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary; every floor has an opening into a dust or ash shaft, which descends to a dust-bin under the basement of the house; on the landing of the middle or second story is a bathroom supplied with hot and cold water; all domestic offices of every kind are to be within the four walls of the building. These details of domestic comfort, generally found in recently built houses in leading American cities, prove how much in certain particulars European dwellings are behind our own—a fact which every traveling American has discovered.

But if in certain domestic details we have anticipated Hygeia, our cities in many things most emphatically show the need of a little wholesome planning and dreaming. In Hygeia, there will, we are told, "be no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side openings into sub-ways." In New York it is the too frequent absence of scavenger-carts that we have to deplore; in truth, if we could reach the height of London or Paris neatness in this matter, we should almost fancy we were already abiding in Hygeia.

Among other features of the new ideal city, we find the garden on the roof, which readers familiar with *Appleton's Journal* will affirm is not original with Dr. Richardson; then the kitchen is to be placed at the top of the house where "hot odors, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments." If the kitchen is to be placed under the roof, which we admit is a good situation for it, then gardens on the roof would hardly be agreeable as a pleasure-resort, charged as the atmosphere would be with the redolence of the kitchen. The roof-garden in this case would be a prime place for early peas or green cucumbers. By placing the kitchen and offices at the top of the house, the doctor is enabled to erect his dwellings on arches of brickwork, "which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is to be got rid of." In the way of travel and transportation, a railway beneath each main street is to be constructed for heavy commodities, but no tramways are to cut up or obstruct the roadways. Railways beneath, cabs and omnibuses above are to suffice.

These are only a few of the reforms and changes Hygeia is to show the world. Naturally the dream-shop is to be abolished, and even tobacco comes under ban. Hygeia is pre-eminently the city of health, of course, each one at his pleasure can to the doctor's ideal art-galleries, concert-rooms, opera houses, lecture-rooms, libraries, public parks, handsome shops, gar equipments; and as health would obviously fill the streets with the blooming faces of happy men and women, the picture, it will be seen, is a fascinating one—and yet, fascinating as it is, there is nothing in it which is not entirely practicable.—*Appleton's Journal*.

Revenge.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is a spirit of the devil, than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity designs to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and a revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every day life.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. An oak tree is not felled with one blow.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A good name keeps its lustre in the dark.

Mean souls, like mean pictures, are sometimes found in good-looking frames. True sympathy is the very essence of Christianity, and every human heart craves it.

A woman's head is always influenced by her heart; but a man's heart is always influenced by his head.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. All things come into being by the combination of atoms, and eventually perish by their disintegration.—*Epictetus*.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

In the education of children, bodily health should have primary attention. The tree of knowledge should be grafted with the

LOCAL MATTERS.

An amateur theatrical troop is on the tapis.

The name of Mark Driskell is added to the list of candidates for Commissioner this week.

Now that the great European war is likely to create a demand, at fair prices, for all kinds of produce and subsistence, it is the part of wisdom to prepare beforehand to make the best of our opportunities.

For years we have been importing English rams, and now it seems that England is adopting ours, the difference in the two being that the former attacked only farmers and boys, while the latter are expected to operate against big ships.

From all that we can learn from inquiries of persons from various parts of the county, the wheat crop is very good. The corn is late, but looking well and in good condition. Cotton is very late and poor stand. It is at least a month behind time.

Our correspondent from Bolivar county, Mississippi, indulges in some pretty hefty statements, but we are bound to accept the truth of them until the contrary is established. Do wish though he had made it less than twelve hundred bushels to the acre.

Attention is specially invited to the advertisement of Mr. W. Nesbit, who is prepared to furnish molasses manufacturers with everything needed. He is too well known to need commendation from us. He does his work well and faithfully, and makes no false representations.

Mr. Willie W. Stevenson, living about two miles south of this place, informs us that he has twenty acres of cotton which he has already chopped out. Most of this cotton will now average three to four leaves to the stalk, and a great deal of it has many as six. It is the best cotton we have heard of in this section. Who can beat it. He wants look fine, and corn is splendid. It is now being plowed a second time.

We learn that our fellow townsman, Col. J. S. Crook, has been selected by the faculty of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn, Ala., to deliver the annual agricultural address at commencement. The selection is a good one, and it is accepted of the invitation we can assure those who are so fortunate as to be present on the occasion of its delivery, that they will enjoy a very intellectual treat.

To SUBSCRIBERS.—We wish our subscribers to understand that we disclaim all connection with advertisers offering bargains as special premiums to subscribers of this paper, unless the same is signed by our firm name. There may be bargains offered in these advertisements or not—we do not know as to that; but we are not offering any special premiums now. When we conclude to do so the names of J. F. & L. W. Grant will be signed to the advertisement.

After the District meeting at Cross Plains was over the junior editor remained with friends near Bethel church to enjoy two or three days fishing in Terrapin Creek; and he can truly say that he never spent a more agreeable time in his life. Not many fish were taken it is true, but the fishing formed one of the least of the pleasures of the visit. For genuine, old-fashioned hospitality, with an attendant grace, the people of that section of our county cannot be surpassed by the people of any other spot in the world; and the writer shall ever remember the time thus spent in freedom from the monotonous duties of office work with feelings of the liveliest pleasure.

MAYOR'S COURT.—George Hoke, Nol Walker, Jere Abernathy, Walt Abernathy and Step Clark, young bloods of the colored town, went to a ball last week and raised a row, blew out the lights, secured the colored dancers, and broke up the party. George Hoke attempted to keep the peace by striking Nol Walker, who in return knocked him in the head with a brick. Step Clark and Jere Abernathy figured conspicuously with an old pistol. Walt Abernathy only looked on and cried. The Mayor acquitted Walt, Nol, Jere and Step contributed \$10 each, and George \$2, towards paying the Mayor's salary.

The attention of our grocery and provision dealers is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. Yates & Hood of Mobile. Mr. Yates is well known to a number of our citizens, having lived in this place several years before he went into the grocery business. He has had a number of years experience in the extensive, well known and popular grocery house of L. Brewer & Co.

Mobile, all things considered, is the best, cheapest, and most convenient grocery market for our section; and we venture to assert, that for promptitude, fair dealing and liberality, the firm of Yates & Hood cannot be excelled in any Southern city.

We thankfully acknowledge the receipt from the young ladies of our Female Academy, (now under the superintendence of those competent and accomplished ladies, Miss Fullenwider and Mrs. Bellamy,) of a basket of strawberries and beautiful flowers, raised on the Academy lot. The lot is one of the most beautiful in our town, and we are gratified at the spirit of ornamentation and improvement recently manifested. We hope that all our citizens may take pride and interest in it, until the shrubbery, fruits and flowers, shall vie in beauty with the lovely and beautiful human flowers who are there being educated and qualified for the duties and responsibilities of life.

District Conference.

The Talladega Conference was held at Cross Plains, in this County, commencing on Thursday 17th inst, and continuing until Saturday evening. Bishop McVey presided, fully sustaining his high reputation for executive ability, and Rev. Messrs. Boland and Kerr, acted as Secretaries.

The business of the Conference was transacted with harmony and to full perfection. All the delegates, about fifty in number were in attendance with the exception of one or two, said to be the fullest attendance ever convened in the District since the institution of District Conferences by the Church. The numbers of visitors was also very large; yet notwithstanding the unusually large attendance, they were entertained with princely hospitality by the generous and liberal citizens of Cross Plains and vicinity.

Bishop McVey preached on Saturday and Sunday at 11 o'clock A. M. On both occasions the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and also crowded at the doors and windows outside, notwithstanding there was preaching to large congregations at the same hours at the Academy near by, and at Ladiga and Bethel, two or three miles distant. During the Conference there was preaching at various hours by Revs. Boland, Stevenson, Brindley, Melton, Brown, Taylor, Roberts and others.

At the close, resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed, to the officers of the Conference, to the citizens of Cross Plains and vicinity for their generous hospitality, and to the officers of the Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, for their liberality in passing Delegates at half fare.

A Chicago girl is so modest that she refuses to let the clothes remain on the line during the day time. In our neighborhood the tramps refuse to let the clothes remain on the line during the night.

COUNTY INTELLIGENCE.

NANCES CREEK.—Our farmers have been making good use of the time during the most favorable weather.

It is thought now that the wheat crop will be very good, notwithstanding so much complaint while back about the fly.

Stands of cotton only tolerably good. Some have plowed up part of their cotton and planted it in corn. Some have checked from ten to twenty feet and planted corn. The plan to check cotton every twenty feet for corn will prove profitable, especially if prices should take as at present. Suppose I take a square of ten acres, I will put my cotton rows 33 inches apart, and I obtain 249 which are 500 feet in length, one stalk of cotton to every foot in drill, 5 bolls to every stalk, and 100 bolls per pound gives me 7920 pounds seed cotton. Now to cross this every 20 feet for corn I obtain 7920 corn hills, equal to about 80 bushels corn. There are one-twentieth as many corn hills as cotton hills, but the corn will necessarily shade the cotton, hence we will say the cotton is damaged three-twentieths, equal to 1188 pounds seed cotton, or 360 pounds lint at 10 cents, \$36 against \$80. The 10 acres will make one-third as much corn as if it were all planted in corn, and better corn because it will receive more workings.

Rev. Thos. K. Trotter is expected to preach at Nances Creek Baptist Church on the 1st Saturday and Sunday in June—3 p. m. Saturday, and 11 a. m. Sunday. Rev. Jno. A. Glenn, the pastor of Nances Creek Church, will preach at Hebron Church the same time—the two Churches exchange churches for the time being.

It is being insisted that the candidates and citizens should join in and have a general picnic or barbecue somewhere in the county before August. It is yet to be seen how the thing will take.

We had a splendid rain Monday evening. GEORGE.

PEAKS HILL.—It is high time that Peaks Hill awoke out of sleep and tell what she is doing. We are needing rain now. We had rain last Saturday; it was a trash nover.

The people keep their farms worked well; they keep the upper hand of the grass this year.

You may talk about killing two birds with one stone; we can kill three. We can go to the store, to the blacksmith shop and to the mill all at once. Who can beat that for convenience?

Some men are taking more exercise this year than usual, especially the candidates. They are as thick in this country as pig tracks in a plum orchard. But let them alone, they are clever fellows. Agents have broke out in a new streak. Talk about trouble; they worry a fellow, and you can't get shut of them unless you kill them or trade with them, one or the other.

Linder & Montgomery are selling goods now to men who pay their debts. Don't get scared boys, it is right that Linder & Montgomery should be paid.

Now is the time to fish if you want to catch some. Men say, "fish when the sign is in the head." That may do, but I will try it while the sign is in the stomach—that is, when they bite best.

I don't think that my wheat will head this year, but it will be only the sooner next.

Let me hear from other localities.

his profession. We are always glad to hear of the Doctor passing around, for he always leaves entire satisfaction wherever he operates. The people on our creek anticipate turning out, unanimously to the Sunday School celebration at Weaver's academy Saturday. We learn that quite a number of Sunday schools are expected to attend. All who do so will find it profitable as well as pleasant.

We hope we will have the pleasure of meeting one or both of the genial editors of the Republican on that occasion; for we are always glad to see you among your people. CREEK.

MIDDLE ONATHUR.—Our farmers are getting along with their work fine. Corn looks well. Notwithstanding the cool nights and mornings, cotton is looking very well.

I understand that Dr. Cobb says the Middle Onathur localist has damaged Calhoun county from \$5,000 to \$10,000, by saying the fly had ruined the wheat. As I take the REPUBLICAN I can testify to the fact, that "Felix" never has alluded to the wheat but twice, and that was early in the spring, and the news was favorable. I beg leave to say we must look over the Dr's blunders, as he has read the paper in a hurry and cannot retain borrowed news correctly. Think he had better subscribe for the Republican, so he can make a correct statement when he tells the news. SUBSCRIBER.

CANE CREEK.—Corn and cotton suffering for rain. Cotton is looking badly, from the cold nights and dry weather. Corn is very good. Gardens are looking finely.

There was a Sunday School started at Jones' school house last Sunday; also one at Oak Bower Church.

Two more souls found happiness last week, but they had to clope to find it. Joy be with them. That preacher man set a bad example when he stole his bride; it has put some others in the same notion.

Old corn is very scarce, and a great many wanting to buy; and there is little or no old wheat in the country. The present crop is suffering from rust on blade and stalk, and from fly.

We would reply to—X Roads but from his productions in last week's REPUBLICAN, although "Mooney" thinks himself equal to "Beretis" "Pat" hardly thinks he is *compe* *compe*. And as to giving vulgar names, if we were to give any the editor would not publish it, unless it was to have something to suit the mental and moral culture of "Mooney's," as well as his more intelligent readers. "Vale Mooney," beland and we will close for this time. PAT MCCARTY.

LADIGA.—Weather very dry. Farmers are chopping cotton rapidly this week. Wheat is very good in this valley.

Old man in Beat 7 has been troubled with candidates so much that he has fenced up all the roads leading to his house.

Some of our young men will attend the Sunday School celebration at Weaver's.

A Paper Read by Miss Fanette Williams before White Plains Good Templars Lodge.

"THE RESULT OF MODERATE DRAM DRINKING."

We would first ask, who is the moderate dram-drinker? The majority of mankind. They are scattered all over our land, in Church and State. There are moderate dram-drinkers here in our own community, who are daily exerting their influence over their children and neighbors. They contend there is no harm in a moderate dram. A boy is easily led to believe that father says is all right—I will try one and see how it tastes. That dram is taken, another, and another; and it ends in making him a drunkard. There are many evils and disasters which result from dram-drinking. One daily lives point them out. We see the wife and her husband come home reeling under the influence of strong drink. She grieves to think of her husband being a drunkard. She thinks probably of their children that may follow his footsteps. We see the widowed mother as she pleads with her only dear son, to leave off dram-drinking. He would readily obey if it was not for his companions. Young men beware of such companions; they will do you injury, of which, perhaps, at the time you are unaware. You say: "I don't intend to make a drunkard." You may not; but, if you take a dram to-day, to-morrow, you will be led to believe that you can get out without it, and it will be your eternal ruin. There is something in the vice of intemperance which is exceptionally mean. Not only like all other vices, it is debasing and evil in itself, but having the property of leading along with all other vices, its companionship sinks each one of them down to a still lower level of shame and degradation. There is no vice which so effectually extinguishes the ordinary moral virtues. A liar may be courteous, cleanly, humane, capable of faithful friendship and ardent affection, and too honest or too proud to steal, but a drunken man can do neither of these. In his drunken moments he is rude and brutal, and will descend to the lowest depths of baseness and dishonor. A man has no conscience when he is drunk; his spirituality is absolutely extinguished; he can neither fear or love, pray, worship or adore. He is unable to see his sin, and cannot, therefore, be fully penitent for it or repent of it. The only penance, the sacrifice, the redemption of his soul, can make no impression on his bestialized soul; nor will the Holy Spirit enter his dwelling; it is impossible for the love of God to find room in his heart; and we have the inspired word of the Apostle that those who are like him shall inherit the Kingdom of God. This terrible vice is perhaps the most difficult to conquer of all. No other sin stratches its roots down so deep into our natures, its tendrils so insidiously and widely with every part of our moral nature. So that, commonly speaking, the drunkard is in a condition of almost abject

hopelessness; and humanly speaking, he is most ready to believe that he will be utterly prostrated, his conscience so blunted, his sense of shame and self respect so obliterated, that effort expended upon him is felt often, alas—too truly—to be labor in vain.

But my friends, let us work more faithfully for the cause of temperance. There are those who are themselves conquerors over our hearts and we feel as if there were no hope for the drunkard. For this there is no cure but for us to work. We must put all our energies into motion, and this heaviness will disappear as just before the morning sun. There arise doubts in the human mind which sink into lethargy, wrap us in gloom, and make us think 'tis useless to attempt anything. We must task our intellect, stir up our feelings, and these doubts, hanging like a heavy cloud upon the mountain, will scatter and disappear and leave us in sunshine and open day. In order to accomplish this deed we must work. We must work and not sit, for therein is the well-spring of human hope and happiness.

To the sunny soul that is full of hope. And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright. Though the wintry storm prevaileth, Better to hope though the clouds hang low. And keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through. When the ominous clouds are rifed: W. F.

There are some strange revelations in the quarterly report upon immigration which is made by the Bureau of Statistics. England sends more emigrants than Ireland, while the single Canadian province of Quebec does nearly as well. Distant Australasia sends several times as many as our neighboring continent of Europe. No liquor sold in the place. Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

IMPORTANT.

W. W. NESBIT. I HAVE prepared with Tin, Sheet Iron and Copper to do all kinds of work and repairing on SORGHUM MACHINERY. SMOKE STACKS of superior construction, which will make more Molasses in a shorter time than any other, *specially*. MEASURES, SKIMMERS, DIPPER, &c. constantly on hand for sale. RAPID SORGHUM COOLER.—The best thing ever invented. Does away with the necessity of cooling in barrels. Terms cash or good paper. Jacksonville, May 26, 1877.

A SLENDID TWO-HORSE WAGON for sale.—Terms easy.—Price low.—Apply to JOHN M. CALDWELL. May 19—3t.

Green's Gallery is still open for another week after this.

AT THE RED STORE you will always find Meat, Lard, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Flour, Corn, Corn-meal, Crockery & Glassware, Lamps, Lamp fixtures, Buggy & Wagon Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Trace chains, Backbands, & every thing in the grocery or harness line at rock bottom cash prices. Harness and Saddle repairing a specialty.

Maddox & Privett will give you groceries or anything they sell for your clean cotton rags.

Those FEAR GRITS & HOMINY at Maddox & Privett's 20 lbs. for one dollar are perfectly splendid with gravy.

Full weight 4 lb. plugs TOBACCO at the Red Store for 15 cents each.

La Bestrilla Figs is the brand of the finest little cigar in town & for sale at the Red Store.

Fresh Tomatoes at the Red Store 20cts per can, who are going to get the small lot of fresh tomatoes cooked at Maddox and Privett for 10cts per pound call at once or miss the bargain.

Harness and saddle making and repairing done extremely low during the dull season. MADDOX & PRIVETT.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

[Extract of a letter of Dr. Lovie Pierce, of Sparta, to Rev. L. F. Davies.]

Dear Bro. Davies. Excuse me for writing only when I am deeply interested. I have been speechless about two months. Could not read and pay to a family. Had tried many things, but not a benefit. From a Sine conference some one sent me from America a bottle of Threlk's Consumptive Cure and Lung Restorer, which I have been using, and now I feel better. I can walk now with some ease. I came here, many other things, to supply myself with this medicine. No drugstore here has it on sale. I must have it. I want you to go in person to Threlk & Co. and get this letter, and make them send me by express to Sparta, Ga., two, three or four bottles, with bill. I am getting on fairly. LOVIE PIERCE. For sale by Dr. W. M. NESBIT, Jacksonville, Ala. Sep. 23—3m.

MURDER WILL OUT.

A few years ago, "August Flower" was discovered to be a certain cure for Dyspepsia and Liver complaint, a few thin dyspeptics made known to their friends how easily and quickly they had been cured by its use. The great merits of GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER became heralded through the country by one sufferer to another, until, without advertising, the sale has become immense. It is in EVERY TOWN in the United States are selling it. No person suffering with Stomach, Sick Headache, Constipation, Palpitation of the Heart, Indigestion, low spirits, &c., can take three doses without relief. Go to your Druggist, Dr. W. M. NESBIT, and get a bottle for 75 cents and try it. Sample bottles 10 cents.

HALL'S VERMILION HAIR RESOLVER now stands among the first, and at the head of all articles for a similar purpose. The testimony of our physicians is conclusive as to its value, and we are personally acquainted with scores of cases where it has been used with the best of results. It will restore gray hair to its original color, and leaves it glossy, and in a healthy condition; while, for heads troubled with dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, it acts like a charm in cleansing them. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

Lowell Courier, May 2, 1880.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad, Taking Effect Sunday, April 8, 1877.

8:10 a. m.	Leave Selma, Arrive 9:30 a. m.
7:58 "	" Randolph, " 7:10 "
9:20 "	" Calver, " 8:35 "
11:38 "	" Talladega, " 1:15 "
12:40 p. m.	" Oxford, " 1:25 "
1:50 "	" Anniston, " 2:35 "
1:35 "	" Jacksonville, " 12:35 "
2:50 "	" Stoneville, " 10:49 p. m.
2:58 "	" Teetmeh, " 10:40 "
3:07 "	" Plover, " 10:55 "
2:27 "	" Grove Spring, " 10:55 "
4:15 "	" Active Rome, Leave 9:10 "
4:25 "	" Leave Rome, Arrive 5:50 "
5:10 "	" Plainville, " 8:05 "
6:45 "	" Arrive Dalton, Leave 6:10 "

Through Sleepers will run from Jacksonville to Lynchburg without change. Connecting at Dalton with R. T. Y. & G. R. R. for Eastern Virginia cities, Virginia Springs, and with W. & A. R. R. for Chattanooga and all western cities. Close connection at Selma with Montgomery, Mobile and New Orleans. Close connection at Selma with Ala. Gen. R. R. for Meridian, Jackson, New Orleans, and Vicksburg, with good sleeping accommodations. M. STANTON, Gen. Supt. RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt. April 7, 1877.

Cross Plains High School. Rev. G. B. RUSSELL, Principal. Miss ANNA CLEVELAND, Assist.

This School for Boys and Girls, located at Cross Plains, Calhoun county, Ala. is now in successful operation.

Young men prepared for Junior or Senior class in College. Good, thorough and thorough instruction in the motto of the Teachers. Cross Plains—situated on Selma, Rome & Dalton R. R. is easily accessible from all parts of the country, and is one of the most healthy and moral communities in the State. Good Sabbath School and church privileges every Sunday. No liquor sold in the place. Parents now have a splendid opportunity of giving their children a good education, and at the same time have them surrounded by moral influences. Board can be had at from \$8 to \$10 per month.

Rates of Tuition per month. First class, \$10.00 Second " 8.00 Third " 6.00 Fourth " 4.00 Pupils charged from the time they enter until the close of session, except in case of protracted sickness. Mar. 17—3m.

PIMPLES. I will mail, free, the receipt for preparing a simple VESICATOR. Data that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and Blemishes, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful. Also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head, or smooth face. Address Rev. Wendell C. Box 5121, No. 5, Webster St. N. Y. Dec. 30—6m.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The advertiser, having been permanently cured of the Lung disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription at 1/4, free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a Sine Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address, Rev. E. A. WILSON, Dec. 30—6m.

ERRORS OF YOUTH. A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous debility, premature decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who will send him the directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Persons wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence, JOHN V. GORDEN, 41 Cedar St. N. Y. Dec. 20—6m.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE. HAVING bought the entire hal interest of J. W. Fullenwider in his stock and outfit of the late Hammond & Fullenwider's Stable, we will continue the same business place, and hope that by fair dealing and reasonable charges to merit a liberal share of patronage. A stable is an indispensable necessity to all villages, and we hope our citizens may give us sufficient patronage to make the stable self-sustaining. We will also continue the mail hack to and from Gadsden daily except Saturdays. Price for Gadsden Hack \$3.00 through or \$5.00 return. Hack to and from depot 25c day 50c night. Horse, single led 35c or \$1.00 per day. Horse and buggy per day, \$3.00 Hack and two horses per day, \$5.00 Wagons, hacks, Buggies and Horses always on hand. W. B. HAMMOND, J. D. HAMMOND, Agent. —tfoot—

Final Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County, May 15th, 1877.

Joel H. Farmer, dec'd.—Estate of. THIS day came Wm. R. Hubbard, Adm'r of the estate of Joel H. Farmer, deceased, and filed his statement, accounts, vouchers and evidence for final settlement of his administration.

It is ordered that the 11th day of June A. D. 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, May 12, 1877. THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate of R. M. Reddie, dec'd, and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, May 12, 1877. THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate of R. M. Reddie, dec'd, and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, May 12, 1877. THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate of R. M. Reddie, dec'd, and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, May 12, 1877. THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate of R. M. Reddie, dec'd, and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Annual Settlement Notice. THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court, May 12, 1877. THIS day came C. D. Davis, Adm'r of the Estate of R. M. Reddie, dec'd, and filed his statement, account, and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

It is ordered that the 15th day of June, 1877, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement, at which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement if they think proper.

W. M. HAMES, Register, May 19—3t. Acting as Probate Judge.

Jacksonville Hotel.

West Side Square, Jacksonville, Ala. Is now prepared, to take care of Commercial Travelers and other Gentlemen and Ladies. Comfortable rooms, polite and attentive servants and as good fare as our country affords.

A large room specially for Exhibiting samples of merchandise. Board per day, \$2.00 per week, \$7.00 per month. We have also a LIVERY and FEED STABLE—Hacks, Wagons, Buggies and Horses, always on hand. Call and see me. J. D. HAMMOND, Pro. April 29, 1876.

W. W. NESBIT. South East Corner Public Square (OLD FORNEY CORNER).

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. HAVING made additional improvements for the convenience of guests we respectfully solicit a continuance of that patronage so liberally bestowed upon us for the past two years. It is our pride and intention to make it one of the best HOTELS to be found in any Village, and to make every one comfortable and their stay pleasant while with us. Every convenience given to commercial men for showing samples. Board per day, \$2.00 per week, \$7.00 per month. Reasonable reduction on board by the day for regular customers, and county people. JOHN M. WILLY.

The Rome Hotel. Within Ten Steps of the Rail Road. BROAD STREET, ROME, GEORGIA. NO OMNIBUS NEEDED.

The Hotel is situated in the principal business square of the city, is New and Clean from Bottom to Top, having been THOROUGHLY RENOVATED. In the last sixty days, and has received an addition of fourteen ELEGANT, AIRY AND CONVENIENT ROOMS, NEWLY FURNISHED.

The Hotel is abundantly supplied with Fresh Milk, Butter and Vegetables from our own Dairy and Garden. Rates Two Dollars per day, or seventy-five cents for single meal and single lodging, with no extra charge for handling baggage. Representatives from the principal business houses of the city can be found boarding in the Hotel. J. A. STANSBURY, Proprietor. Sept. 30—1y.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1835.) H. A. SMITH, ROME, GA. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Bookseller and Music Dealer. KEEPS constantly on hand, a large stock of School and Miscellaneous BOOKS, Stationery and Fancy Articles—Pianos and Organs, at prices that will defy competition in any market in the South.

A MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF VALENTINES. FOR 1877, at wholesale and retail prices, from 1 cent to \$5.00 each.—Orders by mail promptly filled heavy discounts to Merchants and Schools. Jan. 27, 1877.

R. T. ROY, (Successor to W. D. ROY & CO.) Wholesale Druggist, No. 43 Broad Street, ROME, GA. Keeps constantly on hand, DRUGS, Field & Grass Seeds of all kinds; ONION SETS; Seed Irish Potatoes; GUST'S GARDEN SEEDS; VARNISHES, &c. Rome, Ga. Jan. 20, 1877—1y.

Fashionable Millinery. The undersigned have just received a full stock of fine and fashionable material for Millinery: Ribbons, Laces, Ties, &c. Trimmings HATS of every variety and price, from 75 cents to \$10.00. LADIES DRESSES cut and made in the latest styles. Room back of W. A. Driskell's Dry Goods Store. Ladies respectfully invited to call and

35 34

SILVERWARE
AS PREMIUMS
IMPORTANT NOTICE
A \$4 Set of Extra Plate
SILVER SPOONS

Given away as a Special Premium to the subscribers of this paper. Silver Goods for sale under this Premium Proposition are of the best, well known and reliable Union Silver Plate Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Under a very favorable proposition from the above well known house, all regular subscribers to this paper can secure a useful and handsome set of Extra Plate Silverware, as well as very valuable Premium, in the shape of a handsome set of **Extra Plate Silver Spoons**, warranted equal to the best of the kind sold in this country for \$4.00 per set. And in addition, each spoon will be handsomely engraved with your name in elegant gram initial.

All who are entitled to receive this useful and useful Premium can do so on compliance with the following conditions—Send your name and post-office address, together with your order, to the following address—**Union Silver Plate Co., 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.** together with the following Premium:

and inclose with your order to cover, express charges of engraving your initials, express charges for boxing, and packing, and you will receive a return express (or mail, if you so desire) to your office) a full set of extra plain silver spoons free of any charge. All express and packing charges are covered by the company. Spoon sets will be delivered to you free. If you do not desire to have the spoons expressed, you are only required to send money to pay for expressage and boxing. The company may be as cases be sent, to indicate that you are entitled to this premium, as this very liberal offer has been extended to any one who is not a patron of the paper. The retail price of this set of spoons is \$4.00, as the following letter will show:

OFFICE OF THE UNION SILVER PLATE CO.
PULFORD, PA.

We assure all subscribers that the goods we have contracted for are first-class in every respect. That the usual retail price for these is \$4.00 per set. Our lowest price for a set of 12 is \$3.00 per dozen sets, and we will in no case retail at any lower price, and we will not in single sets at any price who does not send in the required number of papers that the sender is a patron of this paper.

UNION SILVER PLATE CO.

Premium Silver Spoon Coups
PREMIUM
Silverware

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Dr. S. Silberman's
EXTERNAL PILLS
cures instant relief
of all ailments of the
urinary system.
To remove it we seal
the pores of the skin
with a special
plaster for all
cases of
GONORRHOEA
and
GONITIS.
"KIDNEYS," Box 3845, New York
City, or "Countdown" In buying the "Countdown"
from Druggists, be careful to get the
"Countdown" which is the
"Countdown." Observe that the signature
of Dr. S. Silberman is on each one of the boxes.
485

for use in WHITE or ANTI WHITE
many of which have been painted its red
CAL PAINT has taken FIRST PRIZES
COLORS SENT FREE. Address 10117
ELLER BROS., 109 Water St. Cleveland, O.