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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

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No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Ala.

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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.

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TERMS CASH.

AUDACITY.

Of the truth I have had quite enough
"The seldom, or never, delightful!"
It is often most "pestilent stuff!"
Disagreeably nasty and spiteful!
It is stupid and dull, and I'll try
To shake off mere modest veracity.
And will learn how to tell a good lie—
And stick to it too—with audacity!

If I could only succeed in this plan;
And make folks believe in delusion,
I am sure I should find that I can
Make more without silly confusion!
I am now so disgracefully shy,
It is really beyond my capacity!
But I know I shall learn by and by
The way to make love with audacity!

Don't infer that I mean to suggest;
By the way I have yet been declaring,
That Love and Lie-making are best
Achieved by the same sort of daring!
Fabrication, like fisherman's lies,
Gudgeons swallow with stupid voracity!
So fish can be captured by flies—
And Love can be won by audacity!

Saved by a Ring.

"My dearest Violet, what do you think? Here is Captain Thornycroft's carriage at the door. This bitter day, too. What does it mean?"

Mrs. Rutherford turned from the window and gave her daughter a searching glance. Violet simpered and tossed her red gold curls.

"Change your ruffe for a lace frill, and put on your diamond pin, my love," her mother continued, "with a long breath of content, 'and go down at once.'"

Violet hastened to obey, while Cousin Nell bent over her embroidery in silence. She was only a country cousin.

"You see, Nell," continued her aunt, "this Captain Thornycroft comes of one of our best families, and is the best match of the season; and you know, Nell," looking sadly pathetic, "while it would quite break my heart to part with Violet, I naturally feel solicited about seeing her suitably settled, and this Captain Thornycroft is—"

Further mention of the Captain was cut short by the reappearance of Violet carrying her head high, and shooting blue fire from her eyes.

"Why, Violet, what is the matter?" cried the amazed mother; surely Captain Thornycroft cannot have gone so soon?"

"No, mamma, but we made a mistake," replied Violet, "Captain Thornycroft has called to see Nell!"

"What? Nell, do you know Captain Thornycroft?"

"Yes, Aunt Eunice, I know him," answered Nell, demurely, and a minute later she was gone.

At supper Violet's sharp eyes caught the glitter of precious stones on her cousin's finger.

"What does it mean, Nell?" she questioned, when they were alone.

"It means I have promised to be his wife," faltered Nell. "I have known him for over a year, and oh, Violet, I am so happy!"

"Undoubtedly! Let me see your engagement ring."

Nell held out her pretty finger.

"It is splendid," said Violet, moodily; "I never saw a finer opal, and those small diamonds are superb. It didn't cost a cent less than five hundred."

Nell ran away to her own room, and, after having a silly cry over her great happiness, she sat down to write to her father and mother.

The bells were striking for midnight when she sealed her letter.

A rap against her window-pane made her start. She caught sight of a face pressed against the glass. It was her brother's face, wan, and worn, and changed, yet she knew it in an instant. She raised the sash.

"Oh, Jack, is it you?"

"Yes, Nell. Don't speak so loud, for heaven's sake! If any one sees me here I am lost!"

Poor Nell grew white as death, but kissed him. He was her twin brother, and, despite his faults, she loved him.

"What is it, Jack, she asked, tremulously. 'Tell me, and I'll help you if I can.'"

"Yes, you have always helped me, Nell. I'm an ungrateful dog to come to you now. Poor little Nell! I wouldn't mind, only for your sake and the old people's. Nell, I mean to do better, I did indeed. I'd got into good quarters in a banking house, and I was keeping dark till I could surprise you all. But the old sins got the better of me, Nell; I fell into bad company again, took to whisky and gambling, and embezzled some of the funds—I meant to put it back, Nell, but I can't, and unless you can help me, I'm done for. It will be out in less than a week's time."

Nell looked at him with wide, piteous eyes.

"Oh, Jack, is it so bad as that? How can I help you?"

"I must have money, Nell."

"How much, Jack?"

"Three hundred and fifty—"

She gave a little cry of terror.

"So much? How on earth could I get so much money, Jack?"

"The Governor's got it."

but to come to you. You're always helped me in my trouble. You're so clever I fancied you might fall on some plan. Couldn't you get it for yourself? The old folks would give you anything."

"No, Jack, I couldn't do that."

"Then I must face the worst, Nell. I've half a mind to blow my worthless brains out, and have done with it."

"Oh, Jack, hush! Maybe I can help you. Let me think."

She clasped her hands in an agony of irresolution, the flashing opal shining on her finger.

"Violet said she thought it was worth \$500, and she knows," she thought. "I might borrow something on it, or sell it. What shall I do?"

"I won't keep you here in the cold, poor little Nell," said her brother, turning his haggard face away from her. "I'm a villain for coming to you at all. Never mind; let the worst come; I'll stand it. I'll get off if I can, and when the story gets about, Nell, try and remember that I didn't intend to steal. I was sure I could put the money back. Good-by, Nell."

"Come back, Jack. I think—I'm not sure—but maybe I can help you. Where can I see you to-morrow night? You mustn't come here."

"On the old bridge, Nell; it is quiet there. What hour?"

"About nine, Jack. Good-by; you'd better go now."

"Heaven bless you, Nell."

The window closed and Jack disappeared.

"It is my duty to tell you, Captain Thornycroft, though you may fancy how unpleasant it is," explained Miss Violet, a few days after.

She had met the Captain by appointment.

"It is my duty to warn you. I'm very much afraid, Captain Thornycroft, that Nell is deceiving you. Her actions of late have been so unaccountable that mamma has decided to send her back home to Maplewood."

The Captain's dark cheek flushed and his eyes blazed.

"So this is why you've sent for me, Miss Rutherford," he said, hotly; "to slander my promised wife? I beg your pardon, but I don't wish to hear, neither will I believe, a single word against her." Violet laughed softly.

"Spoken like a loyal lover and a gentleman. All the same, Captain Thornycroft, it is my duty to tell you the truth. Nell went to Wicherly bridge after dark two nights in succession, and met some unknown man; more than that, she has sold her engagement ring."

"You seem to have been playing spy pretty closely, Miss Rutherford."

"I have. You don't believe me, Captain Thornycroft?"

"I do not."

"Very well. Go to Graham & Dalton and ask for proof."

Miss Rutherford swept away, her eyes full of exultation, and Captain Thornycroft stalked out, jumped into his carriage, and drove to Graham & Dalton's.

"Show me some opal rings."

The clerk obeyed with alacrity.

"This one, sir," he said, "has an inscription. It was only bought in a day or two ago, and it was neglected to reface it."

The captain examined it, with a flush of rage and pain in his cheek. It was Nell's engagement ring.

"If you like it," pursued the obliging salesman, "we'll effect the name at once. It is really a superb article."

"No matter, I'll take it as it is," said the captain.

His next step was to go in search of Nell. He found her just leaving her aunt's house.

"I am going to Maplewood, she said, looking up to him with wistful eyes. 'Aunt Rutherford has just sent me away.'"

Captain Thornycroft gave her his arm.

"Now, Nell," he said, "tell me what it all means. Why did you sell the opal ring?"

"I was obliged to have some money. Please, Arthur, don't ask me any more I can't tell."

Her face was scarlet, her downcast eyes full of tears.

"You can't tell me, Nell?" said the captain, giving her a keen glance.

"I would rather not; but, dear Arthur," she added, wistfully, touching his arm with her cheek, "if you will allow me a little, all will be well. Can't you, Arthur? Surely under the same circumstances, I could trust you."

"I don't know, Nell. I dislike concealments about all things," replied her lover sternly. "I've a right to ask an explanation of your conduct. I don't care to make even you my wife under a cloud of deception."

"That will do, Captain Thornycroft," interrupted Nell, a sudden flash in her gentle eyes; "there is no compulsion in the case. You are free; I will return your letters the first hour I reach home. And some day," she added, with a stifled sob, "I will repay the value of your opal ring. Good-by, Captain Thornycroft."

She was gone. The Captain watched her light figure till it disappeared.

"So it ends," he muttered. "Is there a woman on earth worthy of a man's love?"

Nell went home to Maplewood, and Captain Thornycroft rejoined his command.

Nell, "let's sit down to our Thanksgiving dinner, it is quite ready."

The old father arose and took off his spectacles.

"A cheerless day for Thanksgiving," he sighed, "and it will storm before night? Aye, wife, it's not like the days we've seen."

The old wife's eyes filled; she was thinking of her banished son.

"Come, come, the turkey is growing cold," urged Nell, struggling to keep back her tears.

The lawn gate closed with a clang, and there was a sound of horses on the gravel. Nell flew to the door. Two men in blue and brass. One of them she knew in an instant.

"Oh, Jack, Jack! Mother, Jack has come home!" she cried out.

In another instant the prodigal son was in the room, and had the old woman in his arms.

"Forgive me, father," he said. "I've come for good this time, and I'll not put you to shame again—Nell saved me."

The father clasped his hand in silence.

"Nell," said the second one, advancing, "is there pardon for me, too?"

"Captain Thornycroft!"

"Let me tell the story," shouted Jack. "Nell was engaged to the Captain there, father, and she sold her troth-ring for money to help me out of trouble. She saved me and lost her own happiness. But I've fetched your soldier back, Nell," he went on. "I chanced to strike his company when I went into the army; and once, when he was near dying, he told me his story. I saw how the lady lay in a trance, and here he is, willing enough to trust you now. You must forgive him, Nell."

"Will you, Nell?" whispered the Captain.

For answer Nell put her hand in his. He carried it to his lips.

"Here's the opal ring back again," he said, taking it from his pocket, and slipping it on her finger. "I've kept it all these years, and, Nell, I love you better to-day than the morning we parted."

Precautions against Fire.

Now the long evenings are coming on and the lamp is coming into use, it is an excellent time to form strict habits of guarding against explosions. Every accident of this kind results from simple carelessness; and the following rules, while perhaps not covering all classes, will, if observed, undoubtedly render mishaps from fire exceedingly improbable:

1. Never buy anything but the best quality of oil.

2. Never make a sudden motion with a lamp, either in lifting it or setting it down.

3. Never place a lamp on the edge of a table or mantel.

4. Never fill a lamp after dark, even if you have to go without a light.

5. See that the lamp wicks are always clean, and that they work freely in the tube.

6. Never blow out a lamp from the top.

7. Never take a lamp to a closet where there are clothes. If necessary to go to a closet, place the light at a distance.

8. Use candles just as much as possible in going about the house in bed rooms. They are cheaper, can't explode, and for very many purposes are just as good.

9. Matches should always be kept in stone or earthen jars or tin.

10. They should never be left where rats or mice could get at them. There is nothing more to the taste of rats than phosphorus. They will eat it if they can get it. A bunch of matches is all too certain to be set on fire if rats get at it.

11. Have perfectly good safes in every place where matches are to be used, and never let one be left on the door.

12. Never let a match go out of your hand after lighting it until you are sure it is out; and then it is better to put it in the stove or an earthen dish.

13. It is far better to use the safety matches, that can only be lighted upon the box which contains them.

14. Have your furnaces examined carefully in the fall, and once in the winter, by a competent person. All of the pipes and flues should be carefully looked to.

15. If there are any closets in the house near the chimneys or flues—which there ought not to be—put nothing of a combustible nature in them. Such closets will soil silver and crockery.

16. Never have any wood near a furnace, range or stove to dry.

17. Have your stoves looked at frequently to see that there are no holes for coals to drop out.

18. Never put hot coals or ashes in a wooden receptacle.

19. Be sure there are no curtains or shades that can be blown into a gas-light.

Clouds.

Nothing in nature is so immaterial and delicately changing as the clouds.

It is worth while to spend a day in observation, to note what exhaustless possibilities of change lie in a few hours' time. One of the commonest shows of cloud-formation, and one which seems to follow a certain law, begins with a multitude of soft, globular figures that may cover the entire sky; these dissolve into a host of finely mottled images like fish scales, then marshalled themselves into ranks like waves of the sea, emerging at last into a thin delicate fabric like crumpled muslin.

Remarkable Fulfillment of a Dream.

The streaks of insanity which a French philosopher declares run through every man's brain show their edges in sleeping, if not in waking hours; and as for the superstition they were in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of common sore throat—severe and protracted, but not considered dangerous. At the same time one of them had borrowed a watch of some female friend, in consequence of her own being under repair. The watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having aroused the other, told her that she had a frightful dream. "I dreamed," said she, "that Mary's watch stopped, and when I told you of the circumstances you replied: 'Much worse than that has happened, for James' breath has stopped also!'—meaning that brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner, the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the other room. When her note was ready for sealing, she was proceeding to take out her writing desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and, at the same instant, she heard a scream from her sister in the next room. Their brother had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

Stars at Rehearsal.

Mr. Boucicault is a very funny and difficult to please. Mr. Raymond is the same genial, good fellow off the stage as he is in "Colonel Sellers," and he is never fussy or cross at rehearsal. John E. Owens is a very difficult man to please; once while playing "Solon Shingle" he nearly frightened out of his wits a young actor by scowling at him and muttering, "What a—d numery is this? Did you ever hear such a voice?" etc., until the poor fellow forgot his lines entirely. George Rignold is another man very hard to suit. He is of a nervous temperament, and the work of supernumeraries at every place where he produces "Henry V." is no light task, to say nothing of the fatigue of his part, and the general oversight of the piece, which he refuses to allow any one else to look after. Not long since, when, as King Henry, he was on his knees uttering the well-known prayer, a candleman light was mismanaged, and he intermingled a few words of his own, sotto voce, with the lines of Shakespeare, something after this fashion: "O, God of battles! (Hing that fellow!) Steel my soldiers' hearts; Possess them not with fear; (Can't you shift that light?) Take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord."

Barry Sullivan is reputed very uncomfortable to get along with; he will allow no one to differ with him on the least point without getting into a towering passion. Edwin Booth is careful at rehearsal, but never forgets that he is a gentleman; a lady who has acted with him in Boston many times declares he is "the nicest man she ever saw" on the stage. "Where do you want me to be at this point, Mr. Booth?" she asked, at the first rehearsal with him, and he answered: "You have played the part; stand just where you think you will be most effective, and I'll find you." John McCullough is another gentleman who remembers that actors and actresses are human beings as sensitive as himself, and he takes care never to give offense in stage directions. Lawrence Barrett, sending a deputy to read his part and give directions. Clara Morris also sends a deputy, often her husband, and in consequence frequently finds that, when she comes on to play, her business is entirely new to the company, and prevents them from doing justice to themselves or properly supporting her. The late E. L. Davenport was very courteous to the members of any company with which he appeared.

F. S. Bangs is a nervous man hard to rehearse with. He would not speak to Davenport or Barrett during the latter part of the season in which they played in Julius Caesar, and they would not speak to each other or to him. A gentleman who was with the combination states that they were as jealous of each other as so many operative prima-donnas, and were no more chary of showing their feelings. Perhaps this may explain some "conspicuous absences" at Mr. Davenport's funeral. Fechter is courteous, usually, but has an occasional attack of ill-temper, during

which he shows no mercy to the man, woman or child who chances to do otherwise than according to his directions. Montague is very "nice" and easy at rehearsal, but those placid eyes of his can shoot fire, and his mouth, on occasion, can utter biting sarcasms, upon occasion, which are sharper than oaths or bluster. The Florences are good-natured and easy, but insist upon a strict attention to stage directions by the company supporting them. Frank Mayo is thoroughly good-natured, also; and when he "makes up his mind" not all the powers of earth or air can move him; something must yield, and it's not he. Frank Chanfrau is the genial "Kit" at "Kit's" best, and is liked by all who have played with him. His wife is also much liked, but has a very decided way of making herself understood if anything goes amiss. So with Mrs. Bowers and with Rose Etynges and Kate Claxton.

Our National Banks.

Our national banking system, though not absolutely perfect, is admittedly more nearly perfect than any other financial organization of comparable extent in existence. It gives all the facilities, conveniences, aids and advantages that banking is capable of affording to forty-five millions of people, efficiently, uniformly throughout the country, with hardly a possibility of loss to the community, and at the least cost ever attained in the performance of similar functions. The most important of these functions are the issue of a circulating medium, the agency for effecting current exchanges by checks, drafts, etc., and the granting of credits. In the office of affording a circulating medium, this system has all the advantages of a government national bank as the Bank of England. The bills issued, protected by the government, are perfectly safe, independently of the solvency of the bank putting them forth. They are of like appearance, and no matter what locality they emanate from they pass current, not only over this continent, but to an increasing extent in other lands. When the now trifling premium on gold has disappeared, our national bank bills will rapidly become acceptable in any part of the world.

As banks of loan and deposit these institutions have all the desirable character of State or private banks, owned, controlled and managed by the business men of the neighborhood in which they are located. The people can do all their own banking best, and the establishment of a United States bank will never be seriously thought of again; but there are great advantages secured by unity, uniformity and governmental supervision, which commended the United States Bank to the judgment of intelligent financiers.

The safety and trustworthiness of the banks is also promoted by this system, so that the people may transact daily business through them with greater confidence. Beside the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasury, to secure the circulation, a national bank is required to satisfy the Controller of the Currency that it is located in some town, city or village easily accessible, and not in any out

114. practice in all the courts of the
12th judicial District and the supreme
court of the State.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BIG SHOW!

John Robinson Excelled!
Great European Elapsed!

Horses in great variety of color, size and
Animals, comprising almost every spe-

cialties, from a two
wheel chime to a train of cars.

The most celebrated band of music on in-
struments from a common Jew-harp to a

Grand Piano.
The most renowned leapers, tumblers and

back-bend riders.
And undoubtedly the most beautiful

troupe of ladies ever beheld in one collection.
The most beautiful feature of all is, you

can see the whole troupe, tastefully arranged,
for the simple purpose of going to

MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.
Or you can buy any portion of the grand

troupe for less money than you ever bought
any goods in your life.

Call soon before they are picked at the
Red Store.
Well, Well.

Who would ever have thought that \$3 50
would have bought a brand new SADDLE.

My friend it is even so—go to
MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A few 50 lbs. CANS OF LARD at the
Red Store, will be sold CHEAP by the can,

or retailed at fair prices.
In great variety at
MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Goblets at 50c per set.
Tumblers 35c " "
Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to buy

your CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Go to Maddox & Privett to get your
GROCERIES.

Go to Maddox & Privett to get HAP-
PENESS, SADDLES or BRIDLES—CHEAP.

Thanks to Gen. Morgan for public
documents.

Mardi Gras in Selma will be a grand
affair. We are authorized to state that

part of six will be taken from this
place to Selma and back, furnished sleeping

car accommodations and boarded at
the St. James Hotel three days for \$11.

00 each. Fare to Selma and return to
all others \$5 00.

The brilliant young editor of the Ox-
ford Tribune has gone and "buckled to"

an accomplished lady of Marietta, Ala.
May his little "Gaines" in time amount

to a large family fortune, and may he
never Rob (or's) her of a single moment's

peace by a too frequent attention once on
the ledge or other such strategems, fre-

quently resorted to by naughty Bore-
diets. We have not the happiness to

know this lady, but without acquaintance,
presume seriously to congratulate her up-

on having cast her lot with such an ex-
cellent and honorable gentleman.

Attention is directed to the advertise-
ment of that most invaluable and indis-

pensable farm implement, LINDER and
MONTGOMERY'S Mangle Distributor. It

has received the highest encomium
wherever used, and is destined to be

as common on the farm as the plow,
the harrow and other indispensable. It

saves more than its cost in two seasons.
Parties who have tried it declare they

HIS LAST GAME OF POKER.

Thousands of Dollars Bet and lost
on a single Hand.

From the Dakota Herald.]

JAMES H. ANDERSON, born in the
State of Maine, regarded in all circles,

a graduate of Yale College, and destined
for the bar, arrived in the great city of

New York on the 10th day of July,
1876, and entered upon a career of dis-

sipation, which culminated in a deter-
mination to seek excitement and adven-

ture in the Black Hills. He started
from New York with a companion, arriv-

ing in the city of Deadwood without
once having drawn a sober breath. In

Chicago he paid a visit to a noted gam-
bling hall, where he won \$1,200. He left

the tiger's den at midnight, and as he
was passing down Dearborn street he

was attacked by two ruffians, who suc-
ceeded in hurling him to the ground and

when about to rob him steps were heard
approaching. In this adventure he had his

arm broken. He was taken to his hotel
where the injured limb was set.

At the end of three weeks he was
sufficiently well to proceed on his way to

the Hills, to which his companion had
preceded him. He arrived at the El Dor-

ado in September, and began anew
his career of dissipation. Strange to

say he was a most fortunate gambler.
Drunk or sober, he invariably came a

winner, and one time, it is said, he ac-
tually broke a faro bank, cleaning the

place out of nearly \$7,000. Twice he
was waylaid and robbed, but he appears

to have been a victim of carrying, but a
small amount of money. The profes-

sional gamblers grew to fear and hate him
for his extraordinary good luck. It is

said that when he was in the Hills he
lost over \$15,000, and spent his money

as recklessly as he had acquired it.
But fortune deserted the reckless

youth. One night he was out at a gam-
bling hall, and encountered a man named

Anderson. They were introduced, and had
some talk together, and sat down to a game

of poker. They played with varying
fortunes for two hours, until at last An-

derson proposed to make the "ante"
\$500. Brody assented, the cards were

dealt, and Brody offered \$100 on his hand.
Anderson saw him and went him \$200

better. A crowd had gathered about the
table, and they saw the \$1,000 and went

\$200 better. The silence of death reigned
in the gambling house. Anderson

looked at his hand, and coolly raised his
opponent \$1,000. The money was de-

posited as fast as called for. Without
hesitation Brody saw the \$1,000 and went

\$200 better. The excitement was in-
tense. A pin might have been heard to

drop while the two men looked at the
cards they held. The face of Anderson

was very pale, while great drops of per-
spiration rolled down the brow of the gam-

bler. It was a magnificent moment to
Anderson, whose "lay" it was. He

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

For information, in regard to any of
the Lands mentioned below, parties can

apply to the undersigned either by letter or
in person. Parties of either buyers or sellers

promptly and cheerfully attended. Parties
with the means and the desire to purchase

will be shown any lands advertised at the
expense of the undersigned. These lands

being to sell are invited to communicate
with him when commission for selling, dis-

tribution for writing advertisement, etc. will
be given.

L. W. GRANT,
Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

\$1200. Three hundred acres on
road to Greensport, eleven miles from

Jacksonville, one mile from Peck's
Hill Post Office, known as Fullender

place. 100 acres in cultivation, balance well
timbered in Oak, Poplar, Hickory and Black

Walnut. Three good springs on the place.
School house and Church on the premises.

TERMS—Half cash, balance in one and
two years. Title perfect. A bargain!

\$350 CASH.—Six room house, kitchen
and stable. Rooms plastered

or cased; porches in front. Lot contains
128 feet front and extending back 240 feet.

Fine fruit, and well on premises. 300 yds
from Court House. Possession given 1st of

January 1878. A good investment for any
person desiring to move to Jacksonville for

school facilities.
\$350 TWO HUNDRED Acres

seven miles north east of Jacksonville on
the Graham-Centre road. About sixty acres

under fence; balance very well timbered—
Very good farm ground. Running water

through the farm. Good ten year location.
One third cash balance in 1 and 2 years.

\$1300.—THE undersigned offers
for sale a bargain in a FARM

situated on the road to Greensport, eleven
miles from Jacksonville, one mile from Peck's

Hill Post Office. One hundred and twenty acres of land,
nearly all cleared—good orchards, three

good farms, two houses, two barns, two
springs (one stone and one limestone).

Running water in every lot and a good
view of the very best meadow land in this

country. One of the farm houses was put
up last fall at a cash expense of six hundred

dollars. The present proprietor gave for the
place, some time ago, \$3,000. Desire to

move to Texas is his reason for selling at a
sacrifice.

\$400.—EIGHTY acres of fine wood
land, within three miles of

Jacksonville, on main road. Two thousand
acres of wood and he cut from it. Growth

mostly Oak. Land very good. It is a
bargain at \$400.

800 ACRES of good land either in a
body or in small lots, on the

Spring Springs Bottom land. Excellent
dwelling. Store house and tenant house,

Orchard, etc. on the place. Fine place for
German settlement. All surrounding property

will be sold.
\$1500. ONE HUNDRED & FIFTY

A BARGAIN.

400 acres or more, sold
in separate tracts or together. Emburies

fine haying and corn mill, saw mill and
cotton gin. Two sets of loaded dwellings

and outbuildings. Four good settlements in-
cluded. Land in good state of cultivation.

Terms to suit purchaser.
A RARE CHANCE FOR CAP-

ITALISTS.—200 acres, 500 acres fine
haying land, 400 acres inexhaustible rich

the finest iron ore. On the graining land
is a dwelling, house and outbuildings, that

cost in erection \$3000. Immense deposits
of best limestone contiguous to a never-
failing creek of water flowing through the

tract. Timber abundant. The whole
situated within the fourth of a mile of the

Selma, Rome & Dalton Road, in Calhoun
county. The best location on the Road for

large iron works. Price \$15000. Titles
perfect. Letters asking further information

cheerfully answered.
Land buyers will take notice that I have

other valuable places booked for sale not
advertised. L. W. GRANT.

"German Syrup"
No other medicine in the world was

ever given such a test of its curative qual-
ities as Beecher's German Syrup. In three

years two million four hundred thousand small
bottles of this medicine were distributed

free of charge by Druggists in this country
to those afflicted with Consumption, Asth-

ma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and
other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, giv-

ing the American people undeniable proof
that German Syrup will cure them. The

result has been that Druggists in every
town and village in the United States are

recommending it to their customers. Go
to your Druggist and ask what they know

about it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regu-
lar size 75 cents. Three doses will relieve

any case. For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET,
Jacksonville, Ala.

NE J. TURNLEY,
Attorney at Law

AND
Solicitor in Chancery,
GADSDEN, ALA.

WANTED.
(Advertisements of two or three lines, in-

serted under this head three weeks for 50c.)
WANTED.—To sell a fine Mather's

plow—good as new—in excellent condition.
Cost \$250. Will be sold for \$200. Apply

to this office.
Best Proof Oats.

I have 500 bushels. Best Proof Oat
which I will exchange, bushel for bushel,

for corn or sell at 60c. per bushel.
J. L. GREEN,
Alexandria, Ala.

Dr. J. C. FRANCIS.
At his old stand north-west corner of

the Public Square, has just received
A CHOICE LOT OF

FAMILY GROCERIES
CONSISTING IN PART OF

Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Soda, best
Baking Powders, pure Vinegar, Rice,

Pepper, Spice, Pickles, Oysters, Sardines,
Crackers, Cheese, Canned Smell,

Tomatoes, Apples, Oranges and Nuts of
all kinds.

Linder's Distributer.

MANUFACTURED BY
LINDER & MONTGOMERY,

PATENTEES.
Peck's Hill, Ala.

THE GREATEST
LABOR-SAVING
MACHINE IN

BOY LARGE
ENOUGH TO
DRIVE A MUM

THE WORLD.
Can do the Work of Ten Men!

It will grind and distribute in the drill, rough Stable Manure, right
from the stable, at the rate of 1500 pounds per acre.

OFFICE OF R. O. RANDALL,
GEN'L AGT. & MANAGER MOBILE LIFE INS. CO.,
GADSDEN, ALA., August 17, 1877.

MESSRS. LINDER & MONTGOMERY, Peck's Hill, Ala.—
Dear Sirs.—The Linder Distributer is all you claim for it, and I am perfectly

satisfied with my investment in it. The one bought you in April last has already
paid for itself in saving labor and fertilizers, on a town farm of only 30 acres. As

an Alabama inventor on and enterprise I commend it, and wish you success com-
mensurate with the merits of your machine. Yours truly,

R. O. RANDALL.
J. W. PHARES, Belmont, Sumpter County, Ala., says: Your Distributer

is a complete success. I distributed every year without trouble as much manure
as I wished to the acre—manure that had never been composted, but with cobs,

etc. in it just as it came from the stable. I am well pleased with it, and consider
it the most useful machine to farmers that has ever been introduced, and would

not be without one for three its cost.
SIMON LANGFORD, Alexandria, Ala., says: I am well pleased with it,

and would not take a ton of the best Guano in the world for it and do without it.

IMPROVED AND PERFECTED FOR NEXT SEASON.
PRICE, \$20.00—delivered on the Cars at Jacksonville, or Boat at Greens-

port, Ala.
Address, LINDER & MONTGOMERY,
Patentees and Manufacturers, Peck's Hill, Ala.

BARNEY & PEARCE,
Oxford, Ala.,

DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING, NOTIONS, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

HARNESS, BRIDLES & SADDLES
ALSO, FINE STOCK OF

REPAIRS—TACKLE, ETC.,
ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH. You can

money by giving them a call and buying what you need.

A Certain Cure for
CANCER!

THE undersigned, having been advised
of a certain cure for the most distressing

and heretofore considered incurable cancer,
which has been tested by several persons

and proved to be a certain cure, thinks
it his duty to inform the afflicted, where

they can obtain the cure.
The cure consists of a certain ointment, which

is applied to the cancer, and it is removed
by the use of a certain instrument, which

is used to cut out the cancer, and it is
removed by the use of a certain instrument,

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is removed by the use of a certain instrument,

East Tenn. Va. & GA.

(BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE.)
SCHEDULE SUMMER 1877.

Leave JACKSONVILLE 1.02 P. M.
DALTON 8.48 A. M.

KNOXVILLE 10.48 A. M.
BRISTOL 4.48 A. M.

Washington City 10.00 P. M.
Arrive, NEW YORK 7.00 A. M.

Two Trains Daily from Dalton.
Quick-Time. Lowest Rates.

Dalton to Washington, 28 Hours.
Dalton to New York, 37 Hours.

This is the only line reaching Watling
Place of East Tennessee and Virginia, and

quickest and best line to Washington City,
Richmond, Philadelphia, New York and

New England. For further particulars apply to
H. H. HAMMOND, Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.

General Ticket Agent, Knoxville, Tenn.
R. S. RUSHTON, Agent,
July 14, 1877. Dalton, Ga.

LIVERY & SALE STABLE.
H. H. HAMMOND, Agent.

State Agricultural and
Mechanical College,
AUBURN, ALA.

Next Term Begins Sept. 24th, 1877.
Five independent courses of study—Agriculture,

Literature, Science, Engineering,
Surveying.
An Excellent Preparatory school pro-

vided, with graded classes in English,
Latin, Greek, thoroughly taught in this school.

Special attention given to Penmanship and
Grammar.
By a recent ordinance of the Board of

Trustees, the following reduced rates have
been established: Each Cadet from Ala-

bama, or elsewhere, at the beginning of each
term, or half year, must deposit with the

Treasurer—Contingent fee, \$5; Surgeon's
fee, \$1.00. Total College Fees per term,

\$7.00.
EXPENSES PER TERM.
Board and Lodging \$10.50 to \$25.50

Washing 4.50
Fuel, Lights and attendance 2.00
Surgeon's Fee 1.00
Contingent Fee 5.00 5.50

Total \$21.50 to \$37.50
Cadet Uniforms are furnished in Auburn

at the lowest possible rate. Board, wash-
ing, fuel, lights, and attendance are paid for

at the beginning of each term.
For further information send for Cata-
logue. Address any member of the Facul-

ty, or
Aug. 13—4m
T. T. TIGHEBOR,
President

A GREENHOUSE AT
YOUR DOOR.

For \$1.00 we will send Free by
Mail

8 different varieties, Monthly Roses, Winter
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do do do do do do do do do do

Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XXI.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2130.

THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance \$3.00

If not paid in advance \$3.00

Terms of Advertising:

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

Each subsequent insertion \$0.50

Over one square counted as two, etc.

Advertisements charged at advertising rates.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices \$5.00

For State Offices \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months \$2.00

One square six months \$3.00

One square twelve months \$5.00

One-half column three months \$1.00

One-half column six months \$1.50

One-half column twelve months \$2.50

One column three months \$2.00

One column six months \$3.00

One column twelve months \$5.00

Advertisements charged at advertising rates.

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THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES.

The leaves are fading and falling. The winds are rough and wild. The birds have ceased their calling. But let me tell you my child.

Though day by day, as it closes. Doth darker and colder grow. The roots of the bright red roses Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over The boughs will get new leaves. The quail come back to the clover. The swallow back to the eaves;

The robin will wear on his bosom The vest that is bright and new. And the liveliest wayside blossom Will shiver with sun and dew.

So, when some dear joy leaves. Its beautiful summer glow. Think how the roots of the roses Are kept alive in the snow.

A Detective's Ruse.

AN ADVENTURE IN A COINER'S DEN.

During the year of 1848 the West was doaded with counterfeit coiners. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United authorities requested that a skilful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners.

I was fixed upon to perform this duty. I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory might be somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I first proceeded. I spent five weeks in that beautiful city, but without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result.

One day I received a letter from my wife requesting that I would send her home some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, among which were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of the half dollars back to me.

"Counterfeit," said he. "What?" said I, "do you mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"

"I do." "Are you certain?" "Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but they are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them in the scale against a genuine half dollar on the other side. The latter weighed down the former.

"That is the best executed counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining it very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"Oh, dear no," replied the clerk. "It is not nearly so well done. These are the work of Ned Willett, the famous New York counterfeiter. I know them well, for I have handled a great deal of them in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several half dollars from a drawer. "You see the milling is not nearly so perfect as Ned Willett's although it is pretty well done, too."

I compared the two together, and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeit half dollars with good coins, and returned the former to my pocket again.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a village situated about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the ugliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet.

In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodgings there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look to his wife, and after some whispering I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible that I could have a bed.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodation, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was small in size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheets or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of any consequence, as it was oppressively hot.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was spread an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and was the croak of the tree frog and the hum of the locust not a sound reached my ears. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged into a deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound that awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed

to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose up from my bed and went to the window; the moon was low in the western horizon, by which fact I knew it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated about one hundred yards from the house.

Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night in such a remote-out-of-the-way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to get out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded and cautiously opening the door of my chamber, noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and unfastening it without making the least noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Nothing was visible, but the sound continued and grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through the keyhole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen strong-looking men with their coats off and their sleeves rolled up performing a variety of strange operations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of moulds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed—the man polishing off some half dollar pieces just turned from the moulds, while the woman was packing the coin into rolls.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment again, when suddenly I felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head around, to my horror, found myself in the grasp of an ill-looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"Well, what are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed in a gruff voice, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to retain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps, you'll just take a stroll in here, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door, and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work, and rushed toward me when they saw me.

"Why, what's this?" they all exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peeping outside," said the man who had captured me.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern to-night and asked for lodgings; the last time I saw him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not uttered a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would in all probability do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be settled, for the blackest and dirtiest of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say stranger, look here—you must die!"

I did not move a muscle, nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was still silent.

"We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of saying whether you will be hanged or shot."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter, in fact, it was hysterical, but they did not know that. They looked from one to the other in the greatest amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow," said one.

"I suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, time dies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man is mad?" they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys," I cried, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever seen. What, hang a pal?"

"A pal—you a pal?"

"I ain't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What's your name?"

"What you ever hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he at the head of our profession?"

"Well, I'm Ned Willett!"

"You Ned Willett!" they all exclaimed.

men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that all their doubts were not yet removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked taking up a roll of the money. We'll, all that I can say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us anything better?"

"I rather think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket, which had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job; what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying that it was no counterfeit at all, others saying that it was.

How will you prove that it is a counterfeit?" said one of the men.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted, and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard one of the men whisper to another.

"Try these," said I, taking the other two from my pocket.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed some. "Excellent!" said others.

When they had examined it to their satisfaction, they all cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me, involving some of the technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would much rather drink a glass of whiskey than answer questions. The whiskey was produced, and we made a night of it, and it was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago, and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. This party was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term of years in the State prison.

I have those counterfeit half dollars still in my possession, and never intend to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

The Patriarch Tombs of Palermo.

A monk—a merry monk as one would hope to see of a summer's day in fair Italy—led us down a long flight of steps into the tombs. The long, low, narrow halls were joined one to another by passages at the extreme ends. It seemed as if we walked a mile or more on one hall and down another, until we were quite at a loss to find our way back to the steps by which we had entered. On both sides of these halls lay heaps of boxes, piled one above another, five or six deep. Some of these boxes had windows in the sides, a single pane of glass; some were all of glass, like show-cases. Within them lay the bodies of the late residents of Palermo, dressed in their best, and frequently exhibiting their caries de visite in a gilt frame on the outside of their show-cases. One man held his photograph in his white-gloved hands so that you could see it readily; and there he lay with a waxed moustache and a pair of staring glass eyes, a white necktie and plumpers, fondly regarding the counterfeit presentment of the swell he was, and smiling at life's fleeting show as one might smile who considers himself beautiful forever.

The first families of Palermo, when they perish, are carefully anointed with balsams and decently buried. In a year or two they are resurrected by contract and examined. The well preserved are arrayed more or less gorgeously and hung up on a nail to dry. The doubtful cases are allowed to rest in their coffins, but they may still receive the gaze of the curious through a sky-light or a show window, so they have not died in vain. Rows of stuffed children sat in little chairs, awaiting the last trump, and gathering more dust than is becoming. Virgins were crowned with silver-gilt crowns as high as a section of stovepipe, and still they looked no happy. Young men smiled with a sad strange smile that came back to me long after I had fled from the place, and chilled me to the marrow. Old men had dropped away into the corners of their cases and looked bored even in death. The walls were lined with these mummies, all ticketed and labelled, all classified and festooned, along from arch to arch, devilishly decorative, and as we went to and fro, not knowing whether to laugh or to weep, a large cat sported among the bodies, and from time to time ceased purring and arching her back, as she sprang at a fly on the cheek of some old acquaintance, or played with the skirts of a lady in blue satin, with a wreath of large yellow roses titling over one eye. We were asked to kindly take hold of the tongue of a monkey, just within arm's reach, which was like a bit of leather, and that member had ceased to wag for more than a hundred years. This is indeed death's victory, when one is held up to everlasting derision, and the embarrassment of such an exposition as this is the gravest undying sting.

Etiquette of Knocks and Pronunciation.

"By the way, you are aware, I suppose, that England, next to Germany, is the most formal country in Europe?"

"More so than Spain?"

"Yes. At least more so than Spain is at present. Etiquette pervades everything; and it is by the observance or otherwise, in its smallest details, that the Englishmen form their opinion of strangers. As for instance, in writing to another, there are various recognized ways of signing yourself. To a superior or a high official you must say: 'I am very respectfully your obedient servant.' In writing on business, you are 'Yours truly.' To even an acquaintance you are, 'Faithfully yours,' while to a friend, you are, 'Sincerely yours.' Again, an Englishman always knows the rank of any one who knocks or rings at his street door by the manner of his doing it. A postman gives a loud rap, followed by a light one, which means that there is a letter in the door-box. If he wishes to speak to anyone, he adds a single pull at the bell. A tradesman's assistant gives a single rap and a pull at the bell. A servant does not rap, but pulls the left hand or servant's bell. A lady gives three or four light raps, and pulls the right hand bell. A gentleman does the same, except that his raps are louder. When a carriage containing some person of rank calls, the stuffy gives a series of thundering raps that may be heard a mile. And so on."

I assured the doctor that although I had a general idea of front door etiquette, I had no notion that it was reduced to so fine a point.

"Yes, it is. And, moreover, an Englishman will form an unfavorable estimate of you if you do not understand these details. There's the same rigidity in other directions. You must address an Archbishop or a Duke as 'Your Grace.' You must know exactly how to address a letter, whether to 'His Grace,' or 'The Right Honorable,' or 'The Honorable,' or 'Mr. So-and-so,' or 'So-and-so, Esq.' Every person of a certain rank requires a certain address, and every person of every other rank requires a different address, as well as a different manner of subscribing yourself at the close of the letter. You will, for instance, address a tradesman as 'Mr. Jones,' if you have occasion to write to him, while literary and other gentlemen, without rank, you will address with the addition of 'Esq.'"

In speaking of Ireland, the Doctor once or twice made use of the word "Keltic." Later, in referring to the title of a well-known book, he called it "Ekkie Homo."

"That's the English way of doing it," said the Doctor, in reply to my application for information. "They have a great many peculiarities. Trait is pronounced *tray*; *issue*, by Mr. Gladstone and many others, is *isoon*. *Darby's Derby*, clerk is *clark*, *Berkley*, *Borkley*, and so on. I have a rather good joke on an Englishman who is a prominent politician, and a purist in language. In a conversation in which he was denouncing the 'vicious pronunciation of Americans,' I asked him what is the standard dictionary in use in England. He answered that it is the 'Imperial.' I said that of course it differs entirely from any American dictionary. He said that it most certainly does, because the American pronunciation is vicious and intolerable. I asked him to bring a copy of the 'Imperial.' He brought one down from the library; and then I asked him to be kind enough to read the title page. He did so, and elicited, to him, most novel and startling information that the 'Imperial' dictionary is the work of one Noah Webster. In other words, it is Webster's Dictionary worked over in two volumes, and cut down somewhat from the unabridged edition."

Webster's Anecdotes of Benton.

Mr. Webster continued: "Colonel Benton afterwards came to me and said: 'Webster, that (procuring the reconciliation of Benton and John Wilson) was the kindest thing that you ever did. God bless you for sending John Wilson to me! That is one troublesome thing off my mind. That was kind, Webster. Let us get these things off our minds as fast as we can; we have not much longer to stay; we have got pretty near the end; we want to go into the presence of our Maker with as little enmity in our hearts as possible.'"

"I told him how much pleasure it gave me to reconcile persons who had been alienated. It was better than a great Senatorial triumph. 'And now,' I added, 'I have one other thing in my heart, and I am determined to bring it to pass. We have talked these matters over—of how little consequence are all these personal bickerings and strifes to a man when he gets near the end of life. What are all these honors and contests to a man when the interests of the future life begin to magnify in his eyes, and those of this life to dwindle away? Now, Colonel, look at me. You have been a great many years in the United States Senate, and your relations to Mr. Calhoun are not friendly. I want to reconcile you and Mr. Calhoun, and then I shall be content!'"

"Webster," he replied, curtly, 'don't you mention that to me! Anybody else—anybody; you may tell me to go and ask the pardon of a negro in jail, and I will go and do it. But I won't be reconciled to Calhoun—I won't sir! Calhoun is a humbug. I won't have anything to do with him—I won't sir! My mind is made up. Anybody else, but not Calhoun. He is a humbug, and I won't do it, sir!'"

Mr. Webster said that when Mr. Calhoun's lifeless body was brought into the Senate, the Committee of Arrangements, who had charge of such matters, of course selected from the contemporaries of Mr. Calhoun such gentlemen as they thought would esteem it a privilege to speak.

"I never in my life," said Mr. Webster, "performed a more pleasing duty at a service of that kind—solemn and touching; for I had very great respect for Mr. Calhoun. He was a man of great worth, most sincere, upright—and with all the qualities, not only of a very great man, but of a very estimable one."

The committee invited Colonel Benton to speak, not with the expectation that he would consent to do so, but because they thought it was due to his age that he should have an opportunity at such an hour, when everything should be banished from the heart but kindness, to say a word. But he declined without comment. Mr. Webster said: "His seat was directly opposite mine, and when I was making the few remarks which the state of feelings would allow, I looked across and saw that Benton had his back turned to the Senate, and was twirling his spectacles attentively. So strong was the feeling of dislike which he entertained for Mr. Calhoun."

Mr. Benton had all sorts of knowledge, and seemed to have acquired more political facts than any man Mr. Webster had ever met; even more than John Quincy Adams. He had a wonderful memory, and read everything, and gave his whole time and attention to politics, never practising his profession. During the discussion on the Oregon bill, Mr. Benton made a speech, as did many other members, and near the close of the debate, Mr. Webster was about to speak, and wanted to get a book, of which he had an indistinct recollection, for some geographical fact to illustrate a point in his remarks. It was something that he had seen a great many years before in a book which was now probably out of print. He only knew the name of its author, but he set to work to find it. He asked Peter Force, who had collected a great political library at Washington, but Force could not find it. He then got the Librarian of Congress to hunt for it, but he also had no success. Mr. Webster was about giving it up in despair, when it occurred to him to speak to Benton. He went to him and said:

"You know everything, Colonel, and where everything is. Have you any recollection or knowledge of such a geography, such a book or such an author?"

The Colonel stopped a moment to think, and then replied:

"I know what you want; I'll see if I can find it."

An hour afterwards Mr. Webster having left the Senate, returned to his seat, and, as he said to me, "There, lying on my desk, was an immense book, with a leaf turned down to the place that I wanted to find, although I had not said a word as to the particular part of the book I wanted to consult. Without any suggestion of mine, Mr. Benton had guessed at what I wanted, and turned down the leaf. I looked up from my desk to him, and there he was, bowing to me, as if to say, 'That's it.' I do not suppose there was another man who could have found that book for me."

Charles Rich wanted to explain how it was and when he got the word "go" he began:

"Well I and 'mother fellow sat down to play a game of euchre for the beer. I shuffled and he cut."

"Cut you with a knife, eh?" asked his Honor.

"Then sir; he cut the cards. Then I dealt."

"You dealt him a blow?"

"Oh, no; I dealt out the cards. Then we began to play. He threw down a king."

"What king did he throw down—what is Mr. King's name?"

"He threw down the king of spades, sir, and I took it."

"You took it eh? Did you take it kindly as an insult, or how? Or did you take it and put it in your pocket?"

"Well Judge, if you can't play euchre I can't go into particulars. It was all in fun you see. We had a dispute about the last trick, and he called me a liar and ran out doors. I was trying to catch him when the officer here caught me. I'm very sorry, sir and I hope this will be a

LOCAL MATTERS.

BIG SHOW!

John Robinson Excelled!
Great European Eclipsed!

Horses in great variety of color, size and
Animals, comprising almost every species
from the cat to the elephant.
Birds in endless variety.
The best trained performing horses, goats,
and dogs.

Vehicles in great variety, from a two
wheel chime to a train of cars.
The most celebrated band of music on in-
struments from a common Jew's harp to a
Grand Piano.

The most renowned leapers, tumblers and
bare-back riders.
And undoubtedly the most beautiful
troupe of ladies ever beheld in this collec-
tion.

The most beautiful feature of all is, you
can see the whole troupe, tastefully arranged,
for the simple purpose of going to
MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.

Or you can buy any portion of the grand
array for less money than you ever bought
such goods in your life.

Call soon before they are picked at the
RED STORE.

Well, Well.

Who would ever have thought that \$3.50
would have bought a brand new SADDLE.
My friend it is even so—go to
MADDOX & PRIVETT.

A few low bids. CANS OF LARD at the
Red Store, will be sold CHEAP by the can,
or retailed at fair price.

Classware

In great variety at
MADDOX & PRIVETT'S.
Goulds at 50c per set.
Tumblers 25c " "

Go to MADDOX & PRIVETT to buy
your CHRISTMAS GOODS.
Go to Maddox & Privett to get your
GROCERIES.

Go to Maddox & Privett to get HAR-
NESS, SADDLES or BRIDLES—CHEAP.

The 200 acre tract of land lying 7
miles northeast of Jacksonville on the
Goshen-Centre road, advertised for
some time in our real estate column, is
no longer advertised, the same having
been sold to Mr. D. J. Puvert of this
place, at the advertised price.

Our considerate Representative in Con-
gress, GEN. W. H. FORNEY has our
thanks for a copy of the Report of the
U. S. Fish Commission, on the propaga-
tion of food fishes of the United States.

A correspondent of the Cherokee Ad-
vertiser, suggests Hon. W. H. Forney of
this place for next Governor of Alabama.

We will distribute by lot two silver
dollars to the first ten of our subscrib-
ers who pay up their subscription dues, for-
ward the same to the lucky ones and
publish their names. We will also give
two silver dollars to any one who sends
us five cash subscribers at two dollars
each. Offer open until recalled.

MORE BLOOD STOCK. Capt. Jas.
Crook, in addition to his pure bred
Jerseys, has just received a "car and"
of pure Ancona goats, which he will put
on his stock farm.

The attendance at Calhoun College is
about in the increase. Monday of
this week one hundred and seven pupils
were in attendance.

The Thorne Troupe

After playing here Monday, Tuesday
and Wednesday nights, (the first night
at the special request of the audience)
of the two nights previous have gone
to Oxford and Talladega, where we
hope they may meet with large audi-
ences. It is but simple justice to say it
is the best company that has ever visited
this place. Mr. THORNE in the role of
Rip Van Winkle is said to be second only
to Joe Jefferson, and is certainly very
fine. Miss MEYER is equally good in
the character of Gretchen. Both are
supported by a very good stock com-
pany. During their stay they played
"Fanchon," "Rip Van Winkle" and
"East Lynne" respectively. In the last
named play the leading actress, Miss
MEYER, did not have that support, her
stage necessities calculated to render her
acting as effective as it otherwise might
have been, but for all that, she displayed
great dramatic power, and can justly
lay claim to the rank of a first class
actress. Mr. THORNE as Miss CORNEY
was imitable. In Fanchon all did
well without distinction. Rip Van Win-
kle could have been played here several
nights in succession to large audiences.
There is nothing in their performances
that have an immoral tendency. We
hope that the company may find it to
their interest to visit Jacksonville again,
in which event we give the assurance of
full houses every night during their stay
be it long or short.

Why They Often Fail.

Young men often fail to get on in this
world because they neglect small oppor-
tunities. Not being faithful in little
things, they are not promoted to the
charge of greater things.

A young man who gets a subordinate
situation sometimes thinks it is not nec-
essary for him to give it much attention.
He will wait till he gets a place of re-
sponsibility, and then he will show peo-
ple what he can do. This is a very great
mistake. Whatever his situation may
be, he should master it in all its details,
and perform all its duties faithfully.
The habit of doing his work thoroughly
and conscientiously is what is most
likely to enable a young man to make
his way. With this habit a person of
only ordinary abilities would outstrip
one of greater talents who is in the habit
of doing subordinate matters.

But, after all, the more adoption by
a young man, of this great essential
rule of success, shows him to be a suc-
cessful person.

Roll of Honor.

The following named gentlemen have
paid subscriptions to the Republican,
since our last report.
Dr. W. Lloyd. W. R. Hubbard,
G. J. Walker, N. L. Weir,
J. B. Broughton, Rev. J. M. Webster,
A. L. Young. W. E. Wells,
J. W. Ford. W. B. Doss,
Capt. W. Carpenter G. W. Hooi,
R. J. Boles. Col. R. H. Paris,
K. J. Turk. Wm. Dothard,
J. W. Whitely. Rev. J. A. Alday,
Rev. J. P. Wilkins. D. F. Hicks,
B. G. McClellan. Crawford McDaniel.

Prof. BULKLEY intends to apply for
a patent for his pneumatic pressure mo-
tor. He is well satisfied that if it does
not produce a revolution in the trans-
portation of freight and passengers it
will be for the reason that he will fail to
procure the necessary assistance to prove
by actual practical demonstration, that
he can by means of his invention, trans-
port both passengers and freight with
safety at the rate of one thousand miles
per hour. Quite a number of our citi-
zens who have seen his model and its
performance believe there is a great
future in his invention. Presently about
the 15th inst. he will be back from the re-
alization of all the wonderful things he
claims that his motor can achieve. We
heartily wish him great success—only
we don't wish to go on the trip at the
speed he proposes to travel.

A Gentle Hint.

In the style of climate, with its sudden
changes of temperature, rain, wind and
sunshine often intermingled in a single day,
it is no wonder that our children, friends
and relatives are so frequently taken from
us by neglected colds, half the deaths result-
ing directly from this cause. A bottle of
Boschee's German Syrup kept about your
house for immediate use will prevent serious
sickness, a large doctor's bill, and perhaps
death, by the use of three or four doses.
For curing Consumption, Hemorrhages,
Pneumonia, Severe Coughs, Croup or any
disease of the Throat or Lungs, its success
is simply wonderful, as your druggist will
tell you. German Syrup is now sold in ev-
ery town and village on this continent.
Sample bottles for trial free; regular size 75c.
Sold by Dr. W. M. NISBET, Jacksonville.

A Cool Mother.

A few days ago a lady in the Sixth Ward
was making some count for her children.
While remitting the method found from the
above, her little boy in his haste to obtain
his portion, attempted to drink over her hand,
burning her in a frightful manner. She
immediately dropped her hand up in a con-
stant handkerchief and extracted it with a
bottle of Volcanic Pain Pain, kept it
constantly on, with the remedy. The re-
sult was more than wonderful, it not only
stopped the pain in a very short time, but
her hand did not even blister, and the next
day was apparently as well as ever, with
the exception of two small places where the
skin was actually burnt at the time of the
accident. She says that with this re-
medy she never fails in removing Headache,
Toothache and Neuralgia within a few minutes
by an external application, besides curing
lung inflammation, leading Ulcers and some
of long standing, without causing any pain
in its direct application, and its cooling and
soothing effect on all inflamed surfaces.

This remedy, "Volcanic Pain Pain,"
has been before the public for many years,
and is well known for its medicinal prop-
erties as a healing agent. For the benefit of
our readers we would say that this medicine
is manufactured by R. L. Wolcott, 43 Court
Street, New York, and sold by all druggists.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS.

The success of the leading literary paper
of the West, The Chicago Tribune, is truly
remarkable. Since its introduction to the
reading public, six years ago, this paper has
steadily advanced in favor and is now
acknowledged second to no paper of the
continent. Its circulation is now 100,000
copies, and has been obtained through the
efforts of its publishers, to produce a paper
of high moral character, and at the same
time a paper that is consistent with the
present hard times. They have suc-
ceeded, and well, on the thousands of read-
ers of the Ledger gathered from Maine to
Texas and from Oregon to Florida will be
testimony. The Chicago Ledger is a large
four-column weekly paper, published at
a moderate price, and is a credit to the
city of Chicago. It is a paper that is read
by the masses of the day, and a great variety of
information interesting to every one.
The subscription price of the Ledger is only
\$1.50 per year, postage paid, and it is
equal in value to any other paper of the
same character which sells for \$3 a year.
Three copies of this valuable paper will be
sent to any one who sends 15 cents and their
address to the Ledger, Chicago, Ill.

Starvation is abroad in the Flower
Kingdom. The news is to the effect
that " famine is raging in the four North-
ern Provinces." These are China (in
which is the City of Peking), with a popu-
lation of 28,000,000; Shanai, 14,000,
000; Shansi, 10,000,000, and Kansu,
15,000,000. In China the population
numbers 475 to the square mile. The
whole district is affected, over 250
people to the square mile. The popula-
tion of Massachusetts averages 180 to
the square mile. It may thus be seen
that a failure of the crops in so dense a
population as the famine-stricken dis-
tricts named above may result in great
distress.

An Iowa man recently exploded ten
pounds of gunpowder under a platform
where two sore seats, allured by a liberal
spread of milk and bones, were having
an oratorical quarrel. There was a
general explosion, and the result was a
man who would have made the hair-
stand straight on a billiard ball, and
fifteen minutes later the cats organized
on the roof of a neighboring workshop,
passed resolutions expressive of their
sentiments, and then went on with the
performance just as if nothing had hap-
pened.

A professor was expostulating with a
student for his laziness, when the latter
said, "I don't use, I was cured for a
long time." Well, the professor, sur-
veying the student critically, "where-
as you are not under the influence of laziness."

A Queer Question of Identity.

WILLIAM E. CHANDLER seems
to have found his match, and rather
more than his match, in the art
in which he most excels—that of
cutting personal veneration. Maj.
A. E. BURKE, of New Orleans,
whom Chandler interviewed by
telegraph respecting a certain mem-
orandum of a conference last Febru-
ary at Wormley's Hotel, in
Washington, sent back a reply
which is a curious specimen of par-
rying by a rapid succession of
home thrusts. Burke made a lu-
dicrous affectation of ignorance as
to what particular Chandler it was
that had honored him with a com-
munication by telegraph, and re-
turned a series of mock inquiries
to ascertain the identity of his cor-
respondent. It is very much as if
Schuyler Colfax had manifested his
virtuous indignation respecting
the doings of the Texas Pacific
Railroad lobby, and received in re-
ply to an application for document-
ary proof a string of questions
like these:—"Pray, what Colfax
are you? Are you the same Schuy-
ler Colfax that was once Speaker
of the House and became the
mysterious owner of Credit Mobil-
ier stock while holding that office?
Are you the same Schuyler Colfax
who was afterward Vice President
and disgraced himself by swearing
before a committee of investiga-
tion that he had never owned such
stock? Are you the same Chris-
tian statesman that was driven out
of public life and politically ruined
by the exposure of those transac-
tions?" We imagine that in such
a case Mr. Colfax would not be
particularly anxious to establish
his identity; and that the idea
might flash upon him that he was
not the fittest person in the coun-
try to perform an investigation of
Colonel Scott's alleged railroad
lobby.

This is precisely such a mess as
the unfortunate Chandler has got
himself into. Had he been wise
he would have subsided after the
humiliation put upon him by the
Republican State Convention of
New Hampshire, which was like an
extinguisher put upon a flaring lat-
tern candle. Since William Lloyd
Garrison took compassion on him
and lifted the extinguisher the
smoke and smell with which Chan-
dler has filled the country has been
the reverse of agreeable, and no-
body will be sorry that Burke has
used a little of sewer water upon
the offensive wick. Chandler tel-
ographed a request for a "certain
writing supposed to be in Burke's
possession." "First satisfy me as to
your identity," replies the wicked
Burke. "Are you the Chandler
that Andrew Johnson kicked out of
the office of Assistant Secretary of
the Treasury for corrupt complicity
with the carpet-baggers? Are you
the Chandler that corruptly co-
spired to establish a bogus Leg-
islature in Louisiana in 1872?
Are you the Chandler that took a
fee of three thousand dollars from
Kellogg? Are you the Chandler
that conspired with the Returning
Board, in 1870, to throw out twelve
thousand democratic votes? The o
are specimens of the like sort, and
which go to show that Chandler is
the last person in the country who
should busy himself with the ex-
posure of election frauds perpetrat-
ed in Louisiana. Without inquir-
ing Burke impartial persons will be
apt to conclude that poor Chan-
dler has been pretty well snuffed out
by a sharper and checkier man
than himself.—N. J. Herald.

A Very Grateful Fact.

Today the State Treasurer will com-
mence to pay the ordinary expenses of
the State government in Federal cur-
rency. This is a very gratifying
fact to the people. It has been
nearly twelve years since anything else
than our "State money" would be issued
to pay those who labored in the public
service. "Household" and "Patron
money" were the best that any public
servant could hope to get, and these, as
is well known, were sometimes away
down in the sixties and seventies. Un-
der the present prudent and vigilant ad-
ministration the faith of the people in
State money, has grown to complete con-
fidence, and "House money" and "Patron
money" in their hands, are now quite as
valuable and serviceable every way as
the greenbacks themselves. That the
Treasurer should be able to handle green-
backs in payment of any warrant that
may be presented is certainly a most
gratifying fact. We heartily congrat-
ulate the people upon it, happy advance-
ment of their State from the dismal con-
dition into which it languished at the
date of the final departure of reckless-
ness, mismanagement and dishonesty
from the seat of government.

To the Governor and his able as-
sociates who have labored so faithfully in
the public service, this glorious deliv-
erance must be peculiarly gratifying.

"German Syrup."

No other medicine in the world was ever
given such a test of its curative qualities
as Boschee's German Syrup. In three years
two million two hundred thousand small
bottles of this medicine were distributed
free of charge by Druggists in this country
to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma,
Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia and
other diseases of the Throat and Lungs, giv-
ing the American people undeniable proof
that German Syrup will cure them. The
result has been that Druggists in every
town and village in the United States are
recommending it to their customers. Go
to your Druggist and ask what they know
about it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regu-
lar size 15 cents. Three doses will relieve
any case. For sale by Dr. W. M. NISBET,
Jacksonville, Ala.

A dentist told his first operation with
gas on a robust colored woman. After
she had used up all the gas in the office
she wheeled in the chair, and shouted:
"Hurry up boss, and bring on another
bag of that sweetened starch."

WANTED TO SELL OR EXCHANGE.

THE undersigned offers his Town
Property in Jacksonville for sale at
a low figure, one third cash, balance in
one and two years, or will exchange it
for a good piece of land in the country. The
house has five rooms, is in good repair,
and is very convenient to water. There
is between seven and nine acres attached
to it. It is situated close to the Col-
lege, and would be the very place for
some one who would desire to have in-
to town to secure educational advantages
for his children.
Address C. A. ALLDAY,
Cross Plains, Ala.
Feb 9-17.

VICK'S



Each number contains thirty-two pages
of reading, many fine Wood Cut Illustrations,
and one Colored Plate. A beautiful
Garden Magazine printed on elegant pa-
per, and full of information. In English
and German. Price, \$1.25 a year; Five
copies \$5.00.
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden,
50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth
covers \$1.00.
Vick's Catalogue, 500 Illustrations, only
2 cents. Address
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

"BLUE MOUNTAIN ROUTE."

Selma, Rome and Dalton Railroad,
TIME TABLE, No. 23,
Taking Effect Sunday, Sep. 30, 1877.

No. 1, North. STATIONS. No. 2, South	
6:00 p.m. Leave Selma.	Arrive 8:35 a.m.
8:55 " " " "	8:55 " " "
10:40 " " " "	10:40 " " "
12:31 " " " "	12:31 " " "
2:48 " " " "	2:48 " " "
3:00 " " " "	3:00 " " "
3:45 " " " "	3:45 " " "
5:20 " " " "	5:20 " " "
10:30 " " " "	10:30 " " "
5:40 " " " "	5:40 " " "
6:46 " " " "	6:46 " " "
7:25 " " " "	7:25 " " "
8:35 " " " "	8:35 " " "
10:15 " " " "	10:15 " " "

No. 1 connects at Dalton with E. T.
Va. & Ga. R. R. for all Eastern and
Virginia Cities, and with W. and A. R.
R. for Chattanooga and all Western
Cities.
No. 2 connects at Selma for Mont-
gomery, Mobile and points South.
Sleeping Cars on both trains between
Selma and Dalton.
M. STANTON, Gen. Supt.
RAY KNIGHT, Gen. Pass. Agt.
April 7, 1877.

WILLY HOUSE.

South East Corner Public Square—
(OLD FORNEY CORNER)
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

HAVING made additional improve-
ments for the comfort of guests we
respectfully solicit a continuance of the
patrons who have so liberally bestowed upon us
for the past 12 years. It is our pride and an-
ticipation to make it one of the best HOTELS
to be had in any Village and to make
every one comfortable and their stay pleas-
ant we will do it. Every convenience given
at a moderate price for showing samples
Board per week 9.00
" " " " 5.00
" " " " 3.00
Reasonable reduction on board by the
day for regular customers and country peo-
ple.
JOHN M. WILLY.

Dr. J. C. FRANCIS.

At his old stand north-west corner of
the Public Square, has just received
A CHOICE LOT OF
FAMILY GROCERIES

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Syrup, Soda, Rice,
Baking Powders, pure Vinegar, Best
Pepper, Salt, Cakes, Oysters, Sar-
dinia Cakes, Cheese, Candies, Snuff,
Tobacco, Matches, Soups of all kinds,
Raisins, Apples, Oranges and Nuts of
all kinds.

Also a large lot of CHOICE FLOUR.

Also constantly on hand a full stock of

Drugs & Medicines.

Fancy Stationery & Toilet Articles.
Jacksonville, Ala., Dec. 15, 1877.—17.

N. B.

I am thankful to my customers for their
very liberal patronage, and hope in future
to merit a continuance of the same.
I have on hand a good stock of fine
Brandy, Whiskey, Wines and
Beer.
Call and see me, and all who are indis-
posed to me with please call and settle their
bills, either with cash or by order, as I
must close up my books to commence a
new year. Yours Respectfully,
JOHN RAMAGNANO.
Dec. 22, 1877.—31.

Germania Tanning Co's

STORE,
GERMANIA.
FRESH arrival of a large quantity of
BACON, LARD, FISH, &c.

Also, Groceries, Dry Goods &

Hardware.

CHICKENS, BUTTER AND EGGS

constantly on hand.

Corn, Wheat, Peas, and Cotton

Seed bought, or exchanged, at highest

market price.

Cash paid for HIDES, SKINS, &c.

Call and judge for yourselves.

Nov. 15, 1877.—25.

WANTED.—To sell a fine Mathushek

plow, as good as new, in excellent condition.
Cost \$500. Will be sold for \$200. Apply
to this office.

Rest Proof Oats.

I have 500 bushels, Rust Proof Oats
which I will exchange, tushel for bushel,
for corn or sell at 60 cts. per bushel.

J. J. GREEN.

Albion, Ala.

Linder's Distributer,

MANUFACTURED BY

LINDER & MONTGOMERY,

PATENTEES.

Peck's Hill, Ala.

THE GREATEST BY ITS AID A

LABOR- SAVING MACHINE ENOUGH TO

DRIVE A MULE

Can do the Work of Ten Men!

It will grind and distribute, in the drill, rough Stable Manure, right

from the stable, at the rate of 1500 pounds per acre.

Office of R. O. RANDALL,
GEN'L AGT. & MANAGER, MOBILE LIFE INS. CO.,
GADSDEN, ALA., August 17, 1877.

Messrs. LINDER & MONTGOMERY, Peck's Hill, Ala.—

Dear Sirs,—The Linder Distributer is all you claim for it, and I am perfectly

satisfied with my investment in it. The one bought you in April last has already

paid for itself in saving labor and fertilizer, on a town farm of only 20 acres. As

an Alabama Inventor and entrepreneur I commend it, and wish you success com-

mensurate with the merits of your machine. Yours truly,
R. O. RANDALL

J. W. PHARES, Belmont, Sumpter County, Ala., says: Your Distributer

is a complete success. I distributed every and without trouble as much manure

as I wished to the acre—manure that had never been composted, but with collas.

As it is just as it came from the stable I am well pleased with it, and consider

it the most useful machine to farmers that has ever been introduced, and would

not be without one for three its cost.

SIMON LANGFORD, Alexandria, Ala., says: I am well pleased with it,

and would not take a ton of the best Guano in the world for it and do without it.

IMPROVED AND PERFECTED FOR NEXT SEASON.

PRICE, \$30.00—delivered on the Cars at Jacksonville, or Boat at Greens

port, Ala.

LINDER & MONTGOMERY,
Patentees and Manufacturers, Peck's Hill, Ala.

BARRY & PEARCE,

Oxford, Ala.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

DRY GOODS.

CLOTHING, NOTIONS, HATS, BOOTS & SHOES,

HARDWARE, CUTLERY,

HARNESS, BRIDLES & SADDLES

ALSO, FINE STOCK OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH. You can save

money by giving them a call and buying what you need.

LOOK OUT FOR

CANCER!

THE undersigned having become master

of a remedy for this most distressing

and heretofore considered incurable disease,

which has been tested by several persons

and proved to be a radical remedy, thinks

it his duty to inform the afflicted where

they can obtain relief.

He at present resides in Jacksonville, Ala.,

and is now perfectly cured by the use of

this remedy. Mr. Allen's just office is

Gadsden, where persons desiring information

can write to him.

Any person wishing to test the remedy

can do so by calling on or writing to the

undersigned at White Plains, Calhoun Co.,

Ala. A. J. KERR
Sept. 27—17

R. T. HOYT,

(Successor to W. D. HOYT & CO.)

Wholesale Druggist.

No. 47 Broad Street, ROME, GA.

Keeps constantly on hand,

DRUGS, FIELD & Grass Seeds of

all kinds; ONION SETS; seed

THE REPUBLICAN.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For one year in advance.....\$3 00
If not paid in advance.....\$3 50

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one square of 10 lines or less, first insertion.....\$1 00
Subsequent insertions.....\$0 50
Over one square counted as two, etc.
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices.....\$5 00
For State Offices.....\$10 00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

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One square of 10 lines, three months.....\$5 00
One square six months.....\$7 50
One square twelve months.....\$10 00
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AN INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let a soldier sing of the mighty deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor,
But in my heart I keep—
This independent farmer.
When first the robe of green
Unfolded its crimson lining,
Around his cottage porch is seen
The housewife climbing;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield
To bees that gather honey,
He drives his team across the field,
When skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind the plow,
The quail pipes loud and clearly,
You orchard hides behind its boughs
The home he loves so dearly;
The grey and old barn doors unfold,
His simple store in nooks and corners,
More rich than hoards of hoarded gold,
A blessed peace and repose;
While you stand in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his lands—
The independent farmer.

To him the spring comes dancingly,
To him the summer comes dancingly,
The autumn smiles with yellow rays,
He sleeps old winter hushes,
He cares not how the world may move,
No doubts and fears confound him.
His little flock is linked in love,
And household angels round him.
He trusts to God and loves his wife,
No grief or ill may harm her.
His nature's noblesman in life—
The independent farmer.

Mr. Dayton's Housekeeper.

"Wanted.—A housekeeper. No one but an elderly person, competent, and of the highest respectability, need apply. Call between the hours of three and four, Thursday, April sixth, at No. — Michigan Avenue."

Kate Franklin read this in the paper while lay on the counter in the little grocery while waiting to have an ounce or two of tea done up, and a roll of baker's bread.

She repeated the number of the house over to herself, as she received the change from the grocer.
She prepared the tea after she returned to the little bare attic, and ate her scanty meal mechanically. She forgot how unsatisfied her appetite still was, in her busy thought.

A stranger in a strange place, successively she had tried to find a situation as teacher, copyist, in a store, or sewing. She had failed in the first three, and was staying on the last.

She would apply for that place, but she would need references. Only one person she knew in the whole great city, of sufficient influence—Mrs. Davenport, the rich, haughty step-sister, who had ill-treated her gentle mother while she lived, and had hated Kate herself.

Perhaps, Kate thought, she would permit her to refer to her, because glad to have her descend to menial employment.
Kate was competent for the situation, for during her mother's long illness, and her father's absence, she had entire charge of their large family and splendid house.

But an "elderly woman." Now Kate was not an elderly woman, being only twenty; but she remembered, with a sort of pleasure, that in private theatricals in happier days, she had imitated the voice, and assumed the character of an old woman with great success. She knew how to stain the skin to give an old and wrinkled appearance, and she had in the bottom of a box, some faded grey hair and a muslin cap worn on one of these occasions. She did not need to look so very old—only to present a mature and matronly appearance.

Mr. Edward Dayton waited at home after his dinner to see the respondents to his advertisement. He was a handsome man, not yet thirty, with a gay frank, good-natured countenance.

He leaned back in a nonchalant way, with his feet on another chair.
"There ought to be a Mrs. Dayton to manage these housekeeping matters. Well, there's time enough."

Two applicants were seen and dismissed in Mr. Dayton's gentlemanly manner.
A third was ushered in. Mr. Dayton instinctively laid aside his cigar, and placed a chair for his visitor.

The lady-likeness and propriety of her manner pleased him at once. "Fallen fortunes," he commented to himself. She answered his questions readily, but in a few words.

"A silent woman—a good thing," was his inward remark.
"I think you will suit me," Mrs. — what may I understand your name?"

"Franklin."
"Mrs. Franklin you will be required to go out of town, about seven miles, to my country house, Oak Grove, in the town of Embury, on the Grand Central Railroad. The salary I propose to pay is six hundred dollars per annum. Do my terms suit you?"

She answered quietly that they did. "Then it is all settled. By the way, I suppose you have references, though that is a mere matter of form."

The name of Davenport was given. "Davenport?—Robert Davenport? I know them. All right. If convenient, you will please go to-morrow. Mrs. Franklin, on the next day, I shall not come till the middle of next week, and probably bring a friend or two with me. Have the chambers in the center and wings prepared, if you please. The housekeeper there now will not leave until Saturday. She will show you round."

"I thought—I believe—I cannot—"

"It's all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her; and the words she would have said, were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.
"Good morning, madam."

"Is Mrs. —, your wife there, or to go soon?"
He laughed.
"Mrs. Edward Dayton? No, she is not there, and I do not know of her going at present." Adding more seriously, "I have not the pleasure, Mrs. Franklin, of having a wife;" with a slight stress on "pleasure."

A vivid color came into the brown cheek of the housekeeper, and her manner showed evident embarrassment.
"I thought—I believe—I cannot—"

He did not notice it. His mind had already turned to other things. He rose.

"It's all settled, I believe. By the way," his eye falling on the rusty black dress, "you may like an advance, as an evidence of the bargain. It is quite customary, I believe, to do so."

The housekeeper's hand closed on the fifty dollars that he gave her; and the words she would have said, were left unuttered. She moved to the door. He opened it for her courteously.
"Good morning, madam."

"I cannot starve. I must go. I can keep up my disguise," she murmured.

Mr. Dayton, accompanied by a friend, arrived at his country house the middle of the ensuing week. Everything within and about the house was in perfect order. If the new housekeeper had made a few mistakes at first, they were soon rectified. Every room that she had touched showed a magical change.

Her predecessor had been one of the kind who believed in the sunlight never entering a room for fear of fading the carpets.

Mr. Dayton felt the change without knowing the reason of it. He looked around him with a satisfied air.

It was not possible to find fault with the variety and quality of the food placed before them, nor the manner of its being served; and the table appointments were perfect; and Dayton congratulated himself upon having secured such a jewel of a housekeeper.

The weeks passed, and a holiday came. Mr. Dayton had gone to town the day previous, to remain the rest of the week. The housekeeper had given permission to the servants to go also. She felt a welcome relief to have the house and day to herself. She locked the doors carefully after the last servant. She would make the most of her day. She would have no dinner, only a lunch. She had almost forgotten her real character in that which she had assumed; but to-day she could be herself without fear of intrusion or discovery.

She laid aside her cap and grey dresses, washed her hair with her skin, and arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming curls and donned a pretty, fresh muslin, which fitted well the slight graceful figure. This done, she entered the parlor and stood before the mirror, as attractive a figure as one would often see.

"Truly, I have forgotten my own looks! I am Kate Franklin, after all!" she laughed.

Removed from the long restraint, her spirits rebounded. She felt gay, light-hearted, and like committing any foolishness.

"Miss Franklin," she said, in the miming, affecting tones of an exquisite, "it would be impossible pleasure to hear the music of that long silent voice."

"It would be a great pity to deprive you of it, then," she answered in her natural voice, "and myself also," she added; and going to the piano she opened it and played a few pieces with exquisite taste and skill, and then she sang after song, in a sweet, clear, cultivated voice. She chose at first the brilliant and triumphant, then the sad and plaintive succeeded. There were tears in her eyes when she rose. But to-day her moods were capricious.

"Mrs. Franklin, who is playing on the piano?" she asked in an excellent imitation of Mr. Dayton's voice.

"It is only I, sir, dusting the keys. They need dusting so often," she replied, in Mrs. Franklin's mature tones; and she dusted them vigorously with her pocket-handkerchief.

"Ah, me," she said. "Now what other foolish thing shall I do to prove to myself that I am not an elderly housekeeper, but a young girl, who, by virtue of her age, should be gay, by right of birth, wealthy, and of considerable, visited and visiting, as Mr. Dayton's lady visits and is visited." She added, good and handsome. "How noble, good, and handsome. How gracefully she danced here at the party the other evening, when the old housekeeper was permitted to look on. My looks good and amiable too. Mr. Dayton danced with her three times. I wonder if I have forgotten how to dance?" and humming an air, she floated gracefully about the room.

She stopped breathless, her cheeks brilliant from the exercise, her splendid hair disarranged.

"I believe I feel like stiff, old Mrs. Franklin, with whom dancing doesn't agree."

"One more song by that heavenly voice, Miss Franklin, and I shall go away dreaming I have heard angels sing," in the indifferently affected voice she had before imitated.

"Ah," she laughed, yet half sadly, "the compliments poor old housekeeper Franklin receives, I hope won't quite spoil her, and turn her silly old head."

She sat down again at the piano, and sang "Home, Sweet Home," then played one of Beethoven's grandest, and solemn pieces.

She arose and closed the piano. "The carnival is ended," Kate Franklin disappeared from the scene, and Madame Franklin entered.

Neither Mr. Dayton nor the servants would have suspected, from the placid and dignified deportment of the housekeeper when they returned at evening, of what strange freak she had been guilty.

The housekeeper, as usual, when Mr. Dayton was alone, sat at the table. It had commenced to rain violently, and the weather had grown suddenly cold.

Mr. Dayton, as he had done occasionally, invited her to the library, where a cheerful fire burned in the grate. He read the letters and papers which he had brought with him from town, while she knitted.

An hour or more passed in silence; indeed, the housekeeper seldom spoke except when asked a question. At length Mr. Dayton looked up at her and said abruptly:

"You must be a lonely life, madam. If it is not a painful subject, may I ask how long since you lost your husband?"

Two hands suspended their employment, two eyes looked up at him with an alarmed expression. In his serious, sympathetic countenance there was nothing to frighten or embarrass, but the red grew deeper on her brown cheek.

"It is a painful subject," she said at last, faltering. "If you will please excuse me."

One morning he was speaking of the great loss to children in being deprived of their parents.

"I never knew a mother," he said. "She died before my earliest recollection. I believe that, as I am, if I had a mother, I should go to her with all my griefs, as a little child would."

He sometimes thought of asking her to act as mother in the quiet evenings, when he had longed to confide in some one. My mother would have been about your age, I think."

Again there was a vivid color in the cheek of the housekeeper, such as is rarely seen in the aged, but it is accompanied by a quiver of the mouth, and ends in a cough, but both mouth and cheek were quickly covered with a handkerchief, and quite a violent fit of coughing succeeded.

Mr. Dayton, however, did not seem to notice, though he had given her one curious glance, instantly withdrawn, and he continued:

"For instance, respecting matrimony, whose advice of so much value as a mother's? Who so quick to see through character, and make a good selection? Had you a son, whom about here would you select for a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Franklin?"

"I am not acquainted with any of the young ladies, Mr. Dayton," she answered, faintly, after a pause, during which he seemed to wait for

