

# Jacksonville

# Republican

VOLUME XLII.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."  
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 2146.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

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## DANSE MACABRE.

The girl is asleep in her chamber. The door looks quivering in its hinges. Outside there is humming and strumming. As of times when the waltzers spin. "I'll look out of my window, and see who is disturbing my rest there below." And there stands a skeleton fiddling: And he sings as he jerks his bow: "Once you promised to dance as my partner— You broke your word; and to-day, There's a ball going on in the churchyard. We'll dance it out there—come away!" The voice strikes home to the maiden. It wiles her out at the door: She follows, as, singing and fiddling, The skeleton leads on before. It fiddles, and skips, and once expires: It claps, claps go its bones, and its skull Keeps grinning and nodding. In the cold, eerie moonshine dull.

## The Good-For-Nothing.

"Yes, I think I may say without boasting that this is the model school of the State, and Clarence Tracy is its model scholar."

Mr. Pigeon, as he spoke, glanced at a slight, tall boy, at the head of the class. "Always first. Recites page after page without the break of a syllable. Obedient, gentlemanly! In short, sir, if you discover a fault in that boy, you must have keener eyes than mine."

It was Mr. Pigeon's last day in the academy. He had been appointed to a professorship in a college, and the new teacher, Mr. Nagle, had arrived to take his place. Mr. Pigeon, in fact, was inaugurating him in his office.

"Here is the roll of names," he said. "I have added a remark to each which may give you a hint of the character of the boys. You will find it useful."

Mr. Nagle looked it over. "John Steele"—which is John Steele? he asked.

"The loutish, red-haired lad at the end of the bench. You'll observe the vacancy in his face."

Now opposite John Steele's name was written, "The good-for-nothing."

As the boys entered class, Mr. Pigeon whispered, "I am almost forced to believe that that boy's mind is impenetrable—so far as knowledge goes."

Mr. Nagle paid more attention to John Steele than to any other boy that afternoon. It was undeniably a bad case. He was in the first page of the Latin grammar, while other boys of his age were reading Virgil.

John stumbled over the first declension, breaking down invariably in the vocative. He bounded France by Russia, and moved Canada in a lump down to South America.

Mr. Pigeon had a taste for poetry; he read with due effect, and was anxious that his boys should acquire the same taste. He was in the habit of reading some brief poems to them at the close of the morning's exercises. To-day he chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

The boys were encouraged to give their opinions on it.

"How does this poem affect you, Clarence?" asked Mr. Pigeon.

"They are most noble verses, sir," said the lad, dutifully. "We might take some of them as a motto for our lives."

"Very true. Good criticism. And what did you think of them, John?"

"Didn't think anything."

"You must have had some glimmer of an idea about them."

John's freckled face grew red. "What was it? Out with it."

"Any man's a fool to be spendin' his time makin' footmarks on the sand," burst out John. "Why didn't he build somethin'—somethin' that wouldn't wash away?"

Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at the boy, puzzled. He managed to talk to most of the boys separately during recess, and among the rest to John.

"I am sorry to see you so low in your class, John."

"I'm always there," promptly. "Mostly foot."

"We must try and bring you up," cheerfully.

"You can't do it, sir,"—looking him straight in the eye, and speaking with a ready decision that startled the teacher. "I study more than any boy here. But I can't learn. I'm of no account, Mr. Pigeon says."

Mr. Nagle was very patient with John. But after a few weeks, he began to despair. The boy seemed to have absolutely no memory for words, and very little for ideas. As a rule in arithmetic or a fact in history was hammered into his head to-day, by to-morrow it was sure to be gone. As far as his poor brain was concerned, it certainly seemed as if nature preferred a vacuum.

One day John's mother called on Mr. Nagle. She was a little anxious woman, dressed in deep mourning.

"Can you do nothing with the boy?" she said, with tears coming to her eyes. "He is all I have. His father is dead. I hope to give him a classical course, and to see him in some profession."

"I will do all I can," promised Mr. Nagle. But his heart sank within him. Leaving Mr. Steele, he went down the village street. A crowd had collected about a trench which had been dug for some purpose. The doctor's horse had fallen into it, and was struggling desperately to get out, the shaggy yellow dog giving him an uncertain foothold.

Some of the men had beat him cruelly, and some were trying to urge him by dragging at the reins. All the others were looking on solemnly, with their hands in their pockets. Just then

Mr. Nagle heard a clear, authoritative voice.

"Help me bring these planks and put them in the trench!"

Surely that was John's voice.

To his surprise, the men listened to him. "What's yer idea, Johnny?"

"The horse can help himself better than all of you can drag him, only give him a solid footing."

In five minutes the poor beast, had struggled out, with the help of two or three planks.

He limped as he was led off. Nobody noticed this but John.

"Stop a moment," he cried, and lifting the horses foot, he picked out a stone from it with a little tool which he took from his pocket: for John's pocket was filled with little tools and queer, tiny mechanical contrivances.

"Who made them, John?" said his teacher.

"I did, sir,"—looking stupid again. The next day, about dusk, Mr. Nagle was in the ferry-boat which crossed the river at that point. Several of his pupils were on board, coming back from a match of base-ball; among them Clarence and John.

When half way across the river, there was a loud explosion, and Mr. Nagle found himself clinging to the deck rail with his legs in the water.

The boiler had burst with such force that the boat was shattered. A portion of the deck had parted from the hull as the latter sank to the bottom of the river. There was a frantic struggle for life. Then the portion of the wreck he was on floated down stream.

About a dozen passengers of the clung to it. The night fell fast. The shore was but a fast-receding dark line, with red twinkling lights.

Upon the shattered deck cabin hung a single life-preserver. John saw it, climbed like a cat to where it was, and brought it down.

"Give me that!" shrieked Clarence. "Oh, give it to me! I can't swim!"

"It's for this woman."

There was but one woman among them, and she was old and lame.

"Give it to me, I say? Help, help! We're drowning!"

He seized the life-preserver. John quietly took it from him, and buttoned it about the old woman's waist.

Then he began to drag out one or two benches and boxes that were in the cabin.

Mr. Nagle noticed how cool and alert the boy was, in spite of his deadly paleness and trembling.

"We had better tie ourselves to these," he said. "This deck is so shattered it will go to pieces before they see us from shore."

Mr. Nagle, without a word, followed his advice. John was a Latinist and no poet, but he had one quality which made him a leader just then.

A few moments later, the deck broke up, and Mr. Nagle found himself in the rushing current, but was picked up by one of the boats which were out in search of the victims.

The banks were lined with pale, terrified faces. As he was lifted on shore, he saw a boy dragged out of the water, and a poor little woman in black fly to him with a wild cry.

"I'm all—all right, mother," gasped John; and then he cried over her breast like the child that he was. "I thought I'd never see you again!" he sobbed.

Now there had been a stranger on board—a queer, wizened little man with a foxey wig. This man, who was among the saved, took up his quarters at the village inn, and presently there arrived by express a mysterious engine or pump, directed to him, which was placed in the hallway of the inn.

It seemed to have a curious fascination for John. He spent half his leisure time pouring over it,—measuring the tubes with his inch rule.

In front of the case there was a square of plate-glass. Now it happened that one day, while John was relaxing his mind by game of ball in the street, he threw the ball plump into this costly bit of glass.

The other boys ran, and John ran too,—but only for a few steps. Then he went to his savings-bank, and took out the money which was meant for Christmas. He presented himself before the old man, who was looking at his shattered glass and taking snuff violently.

"I did that, sir. There is the money for it. Will it be enough?"

"Oh, you did it, eh?" scowling at him. "Well, give me the money. What are you eternally prying into my press for, anyhow?"

"It's not a press. It's a pump. I understand it all but that wheel. I can't make out what that wheel is there for," starting for it, his hands in his pockets.

The old man talked to John awhile. That evening he called on Mrs. Steele, and sent up his card. "Peter Copley, Machinist."

"I've had my eyes on your boy, ma'am," he said, abruptly, "for some time. Noticed him the night of the explosion. I'd like to take him with me and teach him my trade. He has a sound, practical head, that boy."

Mrs. Steele accepted the offer, and went with her boy.

Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Nagle, then a judge in the Supreme Court, tried a case in which the firm of Copley and Steele, engine builders, was plaintiff.

In the course of the suit, he became acquainted with the junior member of the firm, a man of high standing in his

business, and of equally high repute as a man of probity and honor.

One day there was a sudden recognition.

"John Steele, the—?"

"Good-for-nothing? Yes," said John, with a laugh; "and no better acquainted with the classics or belles-lettres than then, judge. I had but one talent, and I came very near burying it for life. Whenever I hear a boy respond because he has not a dozen talents, I say, 'Look for the one talent, boy! Look for the one!'"

## Glimpses of Fairy Land.

Emerging from the labyrinth of pine, in Estes Park California, we find ourselves upon a level stretch of country, some three-quarters of a mile long by a half mile in width, and studded with small trees and slender piles of rock that form wonderfully picturesque groupings. A little farther, and we come upon a scene quite remarkable in its grand effects—lines of spruce trees running in all directions, and so amazingly uniform as to make it appear scarcely possible that the hand of man had naught to do with the landscape. These trees are the cone-shaped spruce, their branches commencing within six inches of the earth, and tapering in absolutely perfect symmetry to the topmost spear. They run almost altogether in lines of single trees, and each row graded on a marvellously even incline, from the height of three or four feet to forty or fifty. The ground all around and about is literally carpeted with flowers of the rarest beauty and fragrance. A hundred yards to the left is Emma Lake, covering some five acres, the water very clear and deep, and constantly added to by the volume of a sparkling cascade at the head, and which suddenly springs forth from among the trees. The trail runs on through three diminutive parks, circumventing great walls of rock, and over grass of luxuriant depth. A half mile from Emma Lake is Clara Lake, and to get glimpses of its gorgeous wealth and purity, one has to climb a perpendicular wall of boulders forty feet or more, and is so surprised upon reaching the summit to find the water on a level with the eye as to almost fall over backward. On the one side is a sharp ledge and wall of rock, and upon the other long lines of graceful trees. Scrambling over the stones, we soon come upon a sight rivaling the most bewildering beauty of dream-land pictures, or the most bewitching fancies of fairy tales. An immense bank or drift of snow as seen from above; a grotto as seen from the level of the water, four or five feet in height, a hundred and fifty feet or more in depth, and twenty to thirty feet in width. From the roof hang long, slender icicles, glittering like so many diamonds; between them are pendent fringes of incrustated snow, and most wonderful of all is the bed of this exquisitely appointed grotto, one ravishingly beautiful mass of white flowers in full bloom, summer smiling upon winter. Clara Lake contains from twelve to fifteen acres, and passing on a few rods we are at the head of the divide, on a level with the timber line, and 11,500 feet above the sea. Going out upon a rocky ledge, we look back over the tree-tops and down upon Estes Park, with Long's Peak now appearing grand beyond expression on the right, and Mount Olympus in front. Down a gentle slope of 500 feet to Roaring River, and crossing it we go up the opposite side, over bridges of snow, underneath which the waters rush and roar in tremendous fury. Three-quarters of a mile, and Lawn Lake is reached, a charming body of water at the head of a broad, sweeping lawn, the lake covering an area a mile and a half long by three-quarters of a mile wide. To the north a half-mile is McGregor Park, its precipitous crest full 8,000 feet above us. From its highest crag we command a magnificent view of North Park and the illimitable plains, and with our field glasses we can distinguish Laraine City, untold miles away.

## Brain Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substances can only be had from nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.

—Great Britain imported last year 54,162,888 cwt. of wheat for home consumption.

Be noble minded. Our own heart and not other men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

## A Frontier Bulldozer.

When I applied for the position of city editor of the *Daily Scalper*, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age, and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me.

"The proprietor is not hard to suit," I said to the foreman that evening as I began business.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he engaged me at once," I replied.

The foreman laughed. "That's because he thinks you won't last more than a day or two. They never do."

"Who do you mean?"

"The editors—get cleaned out, you know; knocked in the head, shot to pieces—busted. Some of 'em leave the first day, others hang on a week or more, and then we carry 'em to that hill you see over there and plant 'em. There's a row of local editors over there half a mile long, and all died with their boots on."

Truly, this was not very encouraging; but I did not half believe it.

"It's a fact, though," declared the foreman. "This town ain't like other places, and then this is a high-pressure newspaper. If you wish to be popular you must pitch into people like blazes. Those fellows on the hill were popular."

"And that's why they got killed, I suppose?" said I.

"I reckon so; at any rate they are dead. Joe Hodges killed them."

"Joe Hodges?"

"Yes."

"Who is he pray?"

"The town bully; the master of the village; a genuine, double-back-action rogue. Better not say anything about Joe, or he'll wait in here and mash you into a jelly in no time. Very particular is Joe about newspaper notices."

"Then he shall have none in this paper," I said, determinedly.

"Oh, but that won't do," exclaimed the foreman. "Joe is that sort of a fellow that won't be slighted—nothing he hates so as neglect; and then he's mixed up in every row, so you'll have to mention him. In fact, Joe Hodges is on the fight worse than any man I ever knew."

"Copy!" yelled one of the compositors.

The foreman cleaned the book and rushed into the composing room.

"I'll fix Joe Hodges," I said to myself, when the man was gone. "The first blow is the best, so here goes."

I seized my pencil and wrote a little notice, comparing Joe Hodges with a mule, and saying that, according to all accounts, he was a drunken rascal, unfit for human association.

The notice was put in type at once, and appeared in the paper the next morning, along with the other local calls; and that afternoon Joe Hodges called.

I was busy writing when he came in, but I looked up, and a hurried glance told me who he was.

A short, heavy-set, swarthy, low-browed rascal, with black hair and eyes, and red shirt—that was Joe Hodges.

"Take a seat," I said, and went on writing.

In a half-drunken way he floundered into a chair.

"What is your name?" I said glancing at him.

"Joe Hodges."

I dashed it down on a broad piece of blank paper on the table.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-two," with a surprised look. I dashed that down in the same way.

"Your birth-place?"

"Missouri," with still more surprise. I put it down and then reached for a heavy revolver, which I cocked and laid on the table.

"Are you married?" I asked with a quiet look at the astonished man.

"No," he replied, staring wildly. I put the answer down.

"What is your business?"

"A blacksmith."

I made a record of the fact, and looked up to ask another question, when I saw that the bully had risen, and stood glaring at me, with his hand on the door.

"What in thunder are you writing?" he yelled, his face almost purple.

"An obituary."

"Whose?"

"Yours."

He may have had urgent business down on the street; I do not know; at any rate he suddenly withdrew from my presence and never appeared again.

Our Birds.

The earliest, and well-known harbinger of spring in this region is the blue bird, which coming early, is enabled to take a first choice of a site for a summer house, which is usually in hollow trees; they rear three broods in a

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**EDUCATIONAL REPUBLICAN.**—The friends of Capt. JAMES A. SAWYER, by his permission, hereby authorize him to announce through our paper his name as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun county in the next Legislature. April 10th, 1878.

By his permission, the friends of W. P. COOPER, Esq., present his name to the voters of Calhoun county as a suitable man to represent them in the lower House of the next Legislature.

We are authorized and requested to announce Geo. JAMES M. SMITH as a candidate for Representative of Calhoun county in the next Legislature.

## DEMOCRATIC STATE CONSERVATIVE STATE TICKET.

For Governor.  
RUFUS W. COBB, of Shelby.

For Secretary of State.  
WILLIAM W. SCREWS, of Montgomery.

For Treasurer.  
ISAAC H. VINCENT, of Chambers.

For Auditor.  
WILLIS BREWER, of Lowndes.

For Attorney General.  
HENRY C. TOMPKINS, of Bullock.

For Superintendent of Education.  
LEROY F. BOX, of St. Clair.

WALTER AND SCREWS.

Having published Judge Walker's letter to Mr. Screws, of the Advertiser, last week, we are requested by the latter gentleman, as an act of justice to him to print his reply which appeared in his paper on the 26th inst., as follows:

## DONE WITH IT.

On the 4th of April an editorial in the Advertiser headed "The Devil and Tom Walker" gave great offense to Judge Thomas A. Walker of Calhoun county. Its object was not to do him any harm and not to reflect in any way on him personally. It was sent in an answer to that article which contained his published views on State finance, rule, and ruling and violent letter. It was given full space in this paper, on the 23rd of April, although it was a great stretch of courtesy for a man to surrender his own columns to one who dealt in the grossest abuse of him. To the reply which went out in same issue with his letter, and which still remained on attacking him Judge Walker replied in the same spirit as before, only intensifying with malice and bitterness. That letter was also given full space in the Advertiser, and a reply published in it which took Judge Walker slightly to task about some of his public record. On the 16th inst. a letter was received from him which consisted of a repetition of all he had ever said in his published reply to the article. Owing to absence from the city of three out of four of the gentlemen to whom he referred, it was impossible to give his letter immediate insertion. He has seen proper to publish it in the Jacksonville Republican of this week. In an other place we give him the full benefit of all he has to say about himself, omitting altogether his repetition of matter twice before published in these columns.

He repeats for the many purpose, as confessed, to defeat us before the approaching convention, his accusation that we were guilty of bribery when we agreed with Mr. Sawyer in our election of 1870, that he should have a portion of the proceeds, a matter in which one on earth was interested or could be harmed or helped except the individual parties at interest. In no event could the prices to be paid for the public printing, be injured by the transaction to the extent of one cent. It was not secret and was entirely satisfactory both to the parties interested and to their friends. But Judge Walker knows very well there was no bribery about it. He knows too well what bribery is. When a State official—a sworn officer, say—takes money from men upon the express condition that he will not present them to the grand jury, that is bribery and being bribed. Judge Walker learned long ago what bribery is. But we desire—the facts speak for themselves.

He says that we are economical in "statement of expenses" about those railroad transactions of his. We are not conscious of such economy. He charged that we would subordinate the state's interest to our own. If placed in position to do so, he was exceedingly unfeeling and unjust in pressing the point. We only desired to show that the public interest in his own well human nature and there fore referred to this fact, that while he was a State Senator, sworn to protect the State's interest, he introduced and carried through the Legislature an act which allowed the road of which he was President, to pay a large sum to the State in worthless money. His statement is published elsewhere. The letters of Judge Rice, Gov. Watts and Mr. Miller, drawn out by his own recollection, will strongly induce the belief that Judge Walker, of Calhoun county, is not the man to bring the charge of being economical "in the statement of expenses" against any one.

Here are letters from three of the gentlemen to whom he referred:

MONTGOMERY, May 20.

DEAR SIR—Hon. Thos. A. Walker in a letter dated May 14th says in reference to a certain payment to the State:

"All I can say is that when we had paid over the money, I heard the S. & N. R. Co. applied to get it, and was willing to receive it, but Gov. Watts declined to let that money have it for the reason that it had not been paid with the provisions of the act. I do not know this to be so, but Gov. Watts does know the reason he refused to pay over the money to the South & North Railroad. He lives in your town, Calhoun."

I desire to ascertain from you whether or not any person connected with any railroad ever applied to you for the money paid over to the State on account of the indebtedness of the Alabama and Tennessee River Railroad Company, for a loan to it under act of January 15th, 1869, of a portion of the 3 per cent fund. If you have any recollection of the pay-

ment into the Treasury of the State by the A. & T. R. R. Co., of said loan, I would be glad to know who paid it, and under what circumstances, and when. An early reply will oblige.

Yours very respectfully,  
W. W. SCREWS.  
MONTGOMERY, May 25, 1878.

DEAR SIR—I have been absent at Selma for the last ten days and have just received your letter of the 20th inst. I now reply to the inquiries propounded by you. After the laps of fourteen years, it cannot be expected that my memory should enable me to state, with perfect accuracy, matters of which I made no memorandum at the time.

I was inaugurated Governor on the 2d of December, 1863. Shortly afterwards, I think in January, 1864, Hon. Thomas A. Walker, and Mr. A. M. Goodwin, Secretary and Treasurer of the A. & T. Rivers R. Co., called on me at the Executive office and asked me to give an order to the Treasurer of the State to receive from Mr. Goodwin fifty or more thousand dollars, a part of the money borrowed by said railroad company, under an act passed in 1860 authorizing a loan of the three per cent fund to several railroad companies, including the A. & T. River Railroad company.

I declined at first to give the order requested, and stated that by the terms of the contract, and of the law under which the loan had been made, the money so borrowed was not then due, and could not then be legally received into the Treasury of the State. I then requested that Judge Walker should thoroughly call attention to an act of the Legislature passed November 14th, 1862, entitled "An Act to authorize the sale of lands mortgaged to this State."

After examining this Act, I came to the conclusion that it was my duty to give the order that the proceeds of the sale should be received by the Treasurer of the State. I find by looking over the books of the Treasury that under the order I, as Governor, then gave. There was paid into the Treasury on the 12th of January 1864, by Mr. Goodwin as Secretary of the A. & T. R. R. Co., the sum of \$54,293.85. And then afterwards in March 1864 the further sum of \$170,704.15, was paid into the Treasury of the State; the two sums making the principal of the amount so loaned by the State to said Railroad Company. The interest I think had been paid before.

I have no recollection that the South & North R. R. Co., or that any person connected with that Railroad Company, ever applied to me for the money loaned to the State Treasury, whilst I continued in the office of Governor.

I believe I have answered as fully as I can, after so great a time the question yet propounded.

Very respectfully yours,  
T. H. WATTS.  
MONTGOMERY, A. L. May 20.

Hon. Samuel F. Rice.  
DEAR SIR—In a letter written by Judge Thomas A. Walker, and dated May 14th, he says:

"Under an act of 1860, the A. & T. R. R. Co. borrowed \$225,000, something over 200,000 acres of land to turn said sum, with interest, to the State, and same act provides when said State is returned or paid back to the A. & T. R. Co., now the S. & N. R. Co., upon certain conditions and stipulations in said act mentioned. In 1862 I did have the honor to represent the county of Calhoun in the Senate, and at the November session of the Legislature the President of the S. & N. R. Co., or Mr. Miller, one of both, and the then Senator of Montgomery asked that it would be convenient for the A. & T. R. R. Co. to pay that portion of the 3 per cent fund to the State; that the S. & N. R. Co. wished to get it under the act of 1860."

"I replied to these gentlemen if the State would allow our railroad to sell their lands mortgaged to the State, we would sell our lands to pay off our mortgage and obligation. It was known we had no currency then but Confederate money—the parties to whom the debt when paid was going, were perfectly willing to take Confederate money. By mutual consent, an act was passed and approved on the 14th of November, 1862—see page 63. No opposition was made to the passage of the act by any one—all of the parties in interest were agreed."

Yours very respectfully,  
W. W. SCREWS.  
MONTGOMERY, May 21, 1878.

DEAR SIR—My answer to yours of yesterday shall be brief.

Judge Thomas A. Walker is entirely wrong in stating that, as Senator from Montgomery in 1862, he had no capacity ever asserted in any manner the passage of the bill referred to by him, or made any agreement with him or any body else relating to the passage of said bill. In 1862, the S. & N. R. Co. was the beneficiary of the 3 per cent fund, and did not become such beneficiary until after the end of the session of 1863, under acts passed at that session. I regret that Judge Walker has so entirely mistaken the facts, and that he should have called on me for anything which I know he is wrong in his statement. But I know he is wrong in his statement, and I attribute his error to mistake or forgetfulness.

Very respectfully,  
SAM'L F. RICE.

federate money was of some value. But Governor Watts, in his letter, tells when and how Judge Thomas A. Walker paid it against his objections.

It was done at the instance and through the instrumentality of Judge Walker. While he was still President of the Senate, he deliberately laid this heavy burden upon his State, whose interest he was sworn to protect, and this he would do, notwithstanding the protest of the Governor. He declares all this was done at the instance of Judge Rice, who was then the Senator from Montgomery, and also of Mr. Miller and Mr. Gilmer, one or both. Mr. Gilmer's answer we have not been able to get, as he has been absent and is still absent from the city. Mr. Miller and Judge Rice whose letters we print tell how widely he drifts from the facts so far as they are concerned. He says he is not ashamed of any of his official acts. He confesses outright his strange ignorance of any proceedings against the State which came of this imposition of his and says the constitution would not allow it.

Now in a few words we will show Judge Walker how his canebrake firm, and copper mines, and the extraordinary duty devolving upon him while he was so regularly receiving \$10,000 a year as receiver of the Selma Rome & Dalton R. R., has interfered with a proper knowledge on his part of the records of the Supreme Court of this State and the United States. The S. & N. A. R. R. Co. after it became the beneficiary under the act of 1863, of the 3 per cent fund filed its bill in the Chancery court of Montgomery against the State to recover the loaned fund loaned to its road, besides the loan to other railroad companies. The State by a law in force long before, during and after the war was liable to suit by citizens or domestic corporations when they were defrauded.

After that commenced all laws authorizing the State to be sued were repealed, and under this repeal the suit was dismissed in the Chancery Court of Montgomery. This dismissal was affirmed by the Supreme Court. Appeal was taken from the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is now pending there. The suit is for the \$225,000 loaned to Judge Walker's road, with interest, besides some other loans under the act of 1860 to other roads.

An ordinance of the convention of 1865 expressly refused to ratify the act which Judge Walker introduced in November, 1862, and under which in 1864 he paid over to the State in Confederate money the sum of \$225,000, loaned to his road. The act was loaned to his road under the act of 1860. More we might say, but already our comments have extended far beyond what we intended. By a little skillful manipulation of whip and spur we can keep him frothing and kicking through the whole of dog days. But we shall leave him alone after this. We have not the heart to torment him further as he snorts and bawls in the painful predicament in which his own pitiful folly has plunged him.

## LETTER FROM ATLANTA.

[From our own Correspondent.]  
ATLANTA, Ga. May 22nd, 1878.

Gen'l. Conference the great ecclesiastical Judiciary of the M. E. Church South, has just closed its session here. This body is the highest tribunal of the Methodist church, combining as it does, Judicial and Legislative powers, and composed of the most learned, profound and eloquent men of that denomination. The General Conference represents thirty-seven annual Conferences. Three of these are on the Pacific coast, one in Illinois. The entire number of representatives is three hundred and six, half of whom are lay delegates. The largest Conferences are, Baltimore, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The General Conference of the Southern Methodist church, represents a membership of nearly eight hundred thousand. The membership of the Methodist church in the United States, reaches the tremendous aggregate of three millions and a half. The number of ministers is fifty thousand. The value of church property is over sixty five millions of dollars. The Northern Methodist Church has three hundred and fifty thousand members in the South, one half of whom are colored. Four hundred colored students are pursuing Theological studies in the United States. The College of Bishops consists now since the death of the lamented Marvin, of Bishops, Paine, McTear, Karan, Bish, Doggett, Wightman, Pierce, Keener, Bishop Paine is the senior Bishop. McTear is the great ecclesiastical lawyer, financier, and possesses a high order of administrative and executive ability. Bishop Pierce enjoys the reputation of being one of the most eloquent preachers in America. He is surely the silver tongued pulpit orator of the South. A few Sabbats ago we had the pleasure of listening to a sermon by Bishop Pierce. The elegant hall of Westly Church, with accommodations for over twelve hundred, was crowded to its utmost capacity. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the Bishop's sermon, the most eloquent and beautiful, to which we have ever listened. His descriptive and imaginative powers are very fine. His attitude in the pulpit is exceedingly graceful, his gesture is almost faultless with a voice of rare and exquisite melody, he possesses in an eminent degree, that quality of magnetism, which forms one of the principal elements of the highest type of oratory. Bishop Pierce was rocked in the very cradle of Methodism. His father the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, was one of the pioneers of Methodism, and has been identified with all its institutions through a long eventful life devoted to the christian ministry. He is a delegate to the Conference, and although his hair is silvered by the frosts of age, his faculties are unimpaired, and his devotion as warm and ardent as when in the vigor of intellectual manhood, he first consecrated his life to the service of the church. Bishop Wightman is the most elegant and comprehensive scholar in the college. He was called from an honorable and prominent position in one of the principal educational institutions of the Church, to the Episcopacy. Bishop Doggett is a logician of remarkable power, a fine ecclesiastical historian, and accomplished and graceful writer. Bishop Keener is the youngest member of the college. He is a fine parliamentarian and with the exception of Bishop McTear is the best presiding officer in the body. Bishop Karanugh is a splendid representative of primitive Methodism. A man of powerful intellect, yet limited education, bold, aggressive, in his nature, firm and decided in his principles, fearless and uncompromising in his adherence to truth and right, he looms up in all his grand and rugged character, the "Old Hickory" of Southern Methodism.

The death of the peerless Marvin, made a vacancy in the College of Bishops, but it was decided by the Conference not to elect another. Fratern Messengers from the M. E. Church North, Canadian Methodist, Protestant Methodist and African Methodist, were present at the Conference. Many grand words of fraternity, reconciliation and peace were spoken, and the two great divisions of Methodism once bitter and hostile, are now working in unison to accomplish the evangelization of the world. The address of W. D. Johnson the colored delegate created quite a sensation in the Conference. It was universally regarded as one of the most brilliant efforts made before the Conference. It was remarkable for its depth of thought, elegance of expression, beautiful imagery, peculiar and powerful eloquence. It was published entire by the press of this city. It has been decided by the General Conference that an eccumenical Conference, and a grand Centenary of American Methodism, shall be held in Boston, December 1884. The growth of the Methodist Church has been truly marvelous. A century has not elapsed since Wesley threw aside the surplus of the established church, of England, and gathered around him a weak and insignificant body of Christians, called Methodists. The seeds of Methodism sown by Whitfield, amid the unbroken solitudes of the West, when civilization was casting its first faint gleams of light across the blue waves of the Atlantic, have grown and developed until to-day, through the younger seed, it is the most powerful and influential denomination in America.

All Georgia breathes more freedom to-day. In the fall of 1876 at a ball in Pickens county, there occurred a homicide under very peculiar circumstances. A young wife jealous of the attentions shown by her husband to a woman of ill repute, and maddened by the dishonor brought upon her, took the life of her rival. For thus avenging the honor of her name, and only guilty of taking human life under these circumstances which always exempts man from punishment, a beautiful and accomplished woman was condemned to suffer an ignominious death upon the scaffold. Upon the 21st of June she was to die, at the early age of nineteen, with a babe of but a few months in her tender girlish arms, only guilty of taking the life of one who had robbed her of her honor, of her husband's love and devotion. Could there be found a jury in all Georgia that would punish a man for taking life under these circumstances? It never has been done. As the time approached for the execution of the condemned woman, and the circumstances attending the homicide together with the fact that she was to become a mother because generally known, it occasioned intense excitement throughout the State, and aroused for her a national interest and sympathy. A tremendous pressure was brought to bear upon Gov. Colquitt from all over Georgia, and packages of letters from different portions of the United States have been received by the Gov., begging commutation of her sentence. Influential men have visited the Governor in person and so powerful was public sentiment in favor of the condemned woman, that the Judge and jury who convicted her, and the family of the murdered woman, joined in an unanimous petition for executive clemency. Atlanta entered a protest too strong and earnest, that it could not be disregarded, and by executive power. Thousands of her citizens petitioned the Governor in person and in writing, while the press of the city poured column after column of eloquent and pathetic appeals for the unfortunate woman into his ear. In the face of this immense pressure, and in view of the extenuating features thrown around the homicide, Governor Colquitt could not be silent, and upon yesterday Mrs. Sothens sentence was commuted to ten years imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Although many believe she ought to have been pardoned, all are delighted to know, the woman who took life upon that provocation which always justifies man, will not die upon the scaffold. Yesterday sentence of death was commuted but knowledge of the fact, that she was lying in jail with a tender infant in her arms, and that for striking down one who had invaded the sanctity of wedded life and robbed her of her husband's heart, has aroused a sympathy wonderful beyond all comparison in the annals of crime. The Constitution states that a dozen letters were received by the Governor this morning from New York and Philadelphia, from the wives of some of the most prominent men in the United States. One was from Mrs. J. W. Forney, one from the wife of an editor of the New York Herald, another from the wife of a distinguished Senator praying for pardon for this unhappy woman. Many beautiful letters from ladies throughout the entire country, extracts of which are published by the city press and monster petitions are pouring in from every city of Georgia praying for a full pardon of this unfortunate young wife.

If I had not taken so much space in describing the Conference I would have given you the particulars of this case, for it is one of the most extraordinary that ever happened in America, exciting a national interest, and is a thrilling theme of newspaper correspondence throughout the entire country.

W. W. W.

## 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. Letters of either buyers or sellers promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties with the means and the desire to purchase will be shown the lands, and the lands to be shown the undersigned. Those having lands to sell are invited to communicate with him, when commission for selling, directions for writing advertisement, etc. will be given.

L. V. 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 Fullenwider place; 70 acres in cultivation, balance well timbered. One Pond, 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.

**\$400.** EIGHTY acres of fine wood land, within three miles of Jacksonville, on main road. Two thousand loads of wood can be cut from it. Growth mostly Oak, Land very good. It is a bargain at \$400.

**\$2 000.** TWO HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND splendidly improved, heavily timbered and well watered. It is situated on the Jacksonville and Gulf railway, seven miles from Gadsden. Daily mail both ways. One of the most desirable places in the county. Terms made known on application.

**\$1700.** THE undersigned offers for sale on easy terms, a FARM near Jacksonville for \$1,300. It contains one hundred and twenty acres of land, nearly all cleared—good orchards, three good fountains, two good springs, one fine stone and one limestone. The running water in every lot, and about ten acres of the very best meadow land in this section. One of the farm houses was put up last fall at a cost of \$200, and is worth \$1,000. The present proprietor gave for the place, since the war, \$3,000. Desire to move to Texas is his reason for selling at a sacrifice.

**\$1500.** ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES, FIVE acres of land more or less. Good new dwelling of five rooms—new kitchen, bath, and several other improvements. Fine springs within a half mile. Good soil. Excellent yard site. About fifty acres under fence. Land produces well. Natural fish pond on the place. Fine range for stock. Situated about five miles south of Jacksonville on public road from Jacksonville to Oxford. Good stand for blacksmith and woodshop.

**\$4,000** SIX HUNDRED ACRES of fine river bottom land on the place—five good springs, gin house, three acres of the finest orchards in the county. First crop, 150 acres. 150 acres open. Enough pine timber on the upland tract to pay for the land at the ruling price. The healthiest location in the country. A boat landing on the plantation. One boat a week from Rome, Ga. The bottom lands are very rich and inexhaustible. Splendid range for stock. Splendid range for stock.

**\$4000** THREE HUNDRED & FIFTY ACRES, situated on the Oxford Road, one mile from White Plains, Calhoun county, in the rich and fertile valley of Choctawhatchee. One hundred acres in cultivation, balance well timbered. A running stream, two good wells, one good dwelling house, splendid range for stock, splendid range for stock, but yields fine corn and wheat crops. Last year thirty acres of this land made seventeen tons of cotton. One hundred acres of land within a half mile of church, school house and post office. Excellent settlement. One of the most desirable locations in the county. Terms of payment made known on application.

**\$480** One Hundred and Fifty five acres—about five miles from the city. Very rich soil. Good range for stock. No. 1 neighborhood. Good school and churches close by. Three payments of \$160 each. 12 acres of it will make fifty bushels of corn to the acre.

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**\$1,650** One hundred and sixty—six acres three miles north of White Plains on south side of Choctawhatchee creek, and back being the line. Good dwelling and all necessary outbuildings. Acres cleared and in high state of cultivation. Good school within one mile and a half. Churches convenient. Terms cash.

**AT A SACRIFICE.** Two town lots, one as seen as the Hudson River stable lot; the other facing the south-west corner of the public square. Terms made known on application.

It was the proprietor of an American lunch counter said: "I care not who makes the laws of the country, if I make its sandwiches," and he finished hammering out the bottom of one, welded the upper crust down to it, brazed the edge, and filed out and laid it in the sun, while he waited for the next customer.

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W. W. W.

## A RARE CHANCE FOR CAP.

ITALISTS.—300 acres 500 acres fine farming land. 400 acres inexhaustibly rich in the finest iron ore. On the main line of a dwelling house and outbuildings that are in erection \$5000. Immense deposits of best limestone contiguous to and a never-failing creek of water flowing through the land. Timber abundant. The whole situated within one-fourth of a mile of the Selma, Rome & Dalton Road, in Calhoun county. The best location in the Gulf for large iron works. Price \$10000. Titles perfect. Letters asking further information cheerfully answered.

**\$3,500** FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICE—

One of the most convenient and desirable homes in Alabama, situated at Alexandria, in the beautiful valley of the Tallapoosa river, and consisting of a dwelling with five rooms and all necessary outbuildings, new and in elegant repair, two fine wells of water, an orchard of select fruits and 40 acres of very rich, fertile and productive land in a high state of cultivation, and a portion of which are in clover and other portions in blue and orchard grass; in a word, everything necessary to a home proper. Also 80 acres of land, well timbered and lying about one and a half miles from Alexandria.

**\$4,550** Six hundred and forty acres, known as the Greene place, six miles north of Jacksonville, in the fine valley of the river. Splendid farm house and several good outbuildings, gin, barn, all very convenient to the house. A first class farm. Orchard, land fine and splendidly watered. Pleasantly adapted for a stock farm. A capital bargain. Terms, one-third cash, balance in one and two years.

**\$5000** Seven hundred acres in Calhoun county. One hundred and seventy-five acres in cultivation. All in one tract one and a quarter by three quarter miles square. Watered by two mountain branches and several springs. Two hundred acres of the finest limestone. There is besides a good well in the yard and one in the house lot, well supplied with pumps. The dwelling is a new one, built in tasteful style, and neatly finished. It cost \$2000. There is on the place six good tenant houses, gin house and screw, large barn and stables, well built store house, shoe and blacksmith shop, tur yard, and a large range of sheds, one leather finishing house and many other buildings necessary to a well improved farm and country merchant's stand. It is convenient to the river, and there is a good school on the place. A capital bargain. Terms, one-third cash, balance in one and two years.





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A. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

W. M. HANES, J. M. CALDWELL, W. M. HANES, J. M. CALDWELL.

Caldwell, Hanes & Caldwell, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

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W. W. WOODWARD, Attorney-at-Law.

Solicitor in Chancery.

Office formerly occupied by Gen. W. H. Forsyth, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

BRADFORD & STEVENSON, Attorney-at-Law.

AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

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ELLIS & MARTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business confided to them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

H. L. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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### LOCKIN' THE BARN.

"Jamie, where ha' ye been, my lad? There's tallow upon your sleeve. An' your face is just as red as your beard. I verily do believe."

"I was out 't' the barn-a-lockin' up, sir. For to keep the thieves awa'; ye'll mind as ye told me not to forget! Just a week agone to-day."

"Jonnie, where ha' ye been, my lass? Your tresses are a' awry, an' the red on your cheeks is very red. An' a sparkle is in your eye."

"The win' was a-blowin' so droary, sir. That the candle-light was dim. An, please, sir, I only went along just to hold it weel for him."

"Weel, many's the time I've lockt the barn. An' I've still a clean coat sleeve. An' Jennie held niver a light for me. I verily do believe."

There's somewhat comin', God bless ye both. I know what I'm about; Take care that the dreary win' of life blows niver your candle out."

### Marshal De Saxe and the Blacksmith.

Maurice de Saxe was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—tall, strong, handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the king, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he didn't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as to have not much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many other princes in those days. So he went over to France, and entered the army of King Louis XV.

Now, at that time, there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe; and the king cared very little who his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, as you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was quite as brave as any of them, and a good deal cleverer than most, began to make his way. First, he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still quite a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe and Field-Marshal of the Army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him. That was pretty good promotion, wasn't it?

Curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prized himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar, or felling a horse with one blow of his fist; and he was fond of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any one who was stronger than himself, if he could ever fall in with him.

Now it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength as usual, till at last an old German general, who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his Excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him, in his strong white fingers, (for, big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as any lady's, and he was very proud of them), and without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper.

"Can your Honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German; and, although the General was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your Excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but, nevertheless, I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."

"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Scheveningen, Dirk Hogan by name. All the country around knows of his exploits; and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible, had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the Marshal heard this, he looked blacker than ever; and the first thing he did next morning was to send off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Scheveningen, and a man named Dirk Hogan. And sure enough, some of them came back with news that there was such a village, and that Dirk Hogan, the smith, had been living there till quite lately, but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment to our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong reinforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him; and he was riding out one morning to reconnoiter their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

"There's a village just ahead of us, your Excellency," said one of his officers. "Shall I ride on and see if I can find a blacksmith?"

"Do so," answered Saxe, and the officer came back presently to say that he had found what he wanted. So the

horse was led up to the door of the smithy, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared, the Marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him through. And well he might, for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very nearly as tall as Saxe himself, and even broader across the shoulders, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope. The Marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow, so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so, and Saxe, looking at it, said quietly:

"This ware of yours is but poor stuff, my friend; it will not stand work. Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biscuit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken aback, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third, but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe, and fitted it on, and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light, and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is but poor metal, my friend," said he, saying the words just as the marshal had spoken his. "It won't stand work. Look here."

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two, like a wafer.

It was now the Marshal's turn to stare, and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown and then a third, but the smith served them in like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the Marshal's voice to perfection, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot. Give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—the Dutchman looked at the Frenchman—and then both burst into a roar of laughter, so loud and hearty, that the officers who stood by could not help joining in.

"Fairly caught!" cried the Marshal suddenly, and added, "What's your name, my fine fellow?"

"Dirk Hogan, from Scheveningen," the Dutchman cried Saxe.

"Dirk Hogan!" cried Saxe. "The very man I've been looking for. But I've found him in a way I didn't expect."

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I needn't ask who you are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met with him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and I promised to give him my purse whenever I did meet with him; here it is. And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my headquarters staff, I promise you that you shall have no cause to repent of having met with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.

### A Hermit Sportsman.

Every summer steamers from Hull and Leith bring over to the port of Trondheim, Norway, parties of British sportsmen and lady travelers. The rivers of Norway are crammed with salmon, thousands upon thousands of trout play in the leaping torrents, while in the almost unbroken woods abounds red deer, reindeer, grouse, woodcock and elk. The Norwegian fjords, which cut so deeply into the coast, offer to pleasure yachts a safe harbor and easy navigation. Sailing around the Northern Cape to Bergen, the summer traveler sees on one of the islands of the lonely fjord a British flag flying from the top of a neat cottage. The steamer touches the shore, and the English colony is found to consist of a single house which was brought here directly from London, with its pretty pointed roof, its green shutters, its tiny tower and its graceful bow window. Every summer it is erected on the banks of some Scandinavian fjord, and in the autumn it is taken down, board by board, and returns to London to pass the winter in a storehouse. The proprietor is a jolly gentleman who receives his visitors in a room hung with emblems of his prowess as a fisher and a hunter, with tents easy to pitch, and the last new thing in fowling-pieces and fishing-rods. Outside, a flourishing kitchen-garden is the result of the planting of the seeds he brought from England. His little house is an exact model of the home he lives in in the suburbs of London—a jolly place, easily fitted together. In the spring this eccentric gentleman boards his yacht, embarks his house upon it, takes with his baggage a collection of seeds, a cellar of wines, tinned provisions, tea, coffee and sugar, and turns prow towards the east. When he arrives on the Norway coast, he takes possession of a deserted islet, in a fish-haunted fjord, puts in his house and plants his salads. By day he hunts the deer and fishes for salmon; in the evening he eats the fish he has caught, the deer he has killed, the vegetables he has sown. The few steamers which pass before his windows bring him his only news of the world. As soon as the first cold weather comes he folds his baggage and returns to London.

### "To Have and to Hold."

Several days ago a prominent Episcopal clergyman was invited to a hotel to marry a couple. They did not want any witnesses, and they wanted the ceremony to be about one minute long. To this the reverend gentleman objected. Under the laws of the State a marriage is not valid which is not witnessed by two persons. They were procured, and the couple struck an attitude calculated to show to advantage an array of fine clothes, and two rather good looking faces, the owners of which would (so the marriage certificate stated) never see their twenty-sixth birthday again. The ceremony ran smoothly until the pledges were given.

"I Kate," continued the minister.

"I Kate," she faltered.

"Take thee, William."

"Take thee, William."

"To be my wedded husband—"

"To be my wedded husband."

"To have and to hold—"

A smile puckered the corners of her mouth, which was finally extended into a hearty laugh; no response. The minister was astounded at the untimely exhibition of frivolity; the witnesses were highly amused, and the would-be bridegroom struggled to maintain his self-possession.

"To have and hold," repeated the minister.

"To have—Te! he! he!" and she broke down again. A repetition of the former scene was broken into by the solemn and commanding voice:

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Virginia and California mines, dipping down as it went, and could not be traced any farther. But that fact was nothing to people who were bent on having mining stock, and vein or no vein the stock they would have. Consequently they bought into every mine in the neighborhood—good and bad alike—sending prices up to unheard-of limits, and investing millions in worthless properties that have never yielded a shilling in dividends, and never will. When Flood had bought a large quantity of the Bonanza stock, and had assured to himself and his partners a controlling interest in the mines, he recommended all his friends to buy a little; and O'Brien did the same. Those who took the advice are now drawing their proportionate shares of dividends, amounting to about \$500,000 a month. The majority of those who bought into other mines are, in California parlance, "busted." What these three men and their latest partner, Mackey, are going to do with their money is a curious problem, the solution of which will be watched with great interest in a year or two to come. The money they hold now is yielding them returns so enormous that their maddest extravagance could make no impression on the amount.

### Fifty-Mile Ride.

A fifty-mile race took place recently at the trotting park at San Francisco, Cal. The conditions of the race were fifty miles out, each contestant to be allowed ten horses, and be required to change every mile. Three starters were announced on the bills, but only two came to post when time was called. These two were Pablo Castano and James Smith, the latter a very young man, well known as a skilful and experienced cross-country rider, who had engaged in such contests before. Peralto, the third candidate, was present, but, as some of his arrangements to obtain horses, had miscarried, he declined to start. They got under way about two o'clock with an even-end-off, and from first to last the tide of success was continually changing from one to the other. In the first miles Smith was uniformly in the lead, with varying distances. Castano came up and took his turn at showing the way, and on the thirty-first mile they left the score a dead lock. Smith then drew away again and for ten miles kept in front by a lead varying from twenty yards to a full quarter. Castano then changed places with him, and the concluding circuits were a series of struggles for the mastery. Castano coming under the wire at the finish two lengths ahead, which for the distance is uncomfortably close. The betting was very limited, the odds being two to one on Smith almost to the very end. He seemed to have the sympathy of a great majority of the audience, and was certainly the more active and skilful in his mounts and dismounts, but Castano held over him in the superiority of his animals, and to the fact that he sat his saddle much lighter than Smith. The time of the fifty miles was two hours and seven minutes, which, considering the grade of horses used and the paraphernalia with which they were handicapped, was a creditable performance. Squire Osbaldistone, in the great match in 1871, made 200 miles in 24.47m., 50 miles of which he accomplished in 2h. 5m. 25s., in a driving rain storm, and on the 27th of June 1875, Junius Shatto made fifty miles in 1h. 49m. 17s. In both these events the horses were the finest blood in England, and the difference between them and the mustangs, who backed their brief hour at the Trotting Park, was much greater than the difference in time.

### Steamers Locomotives.

The London papers publish an account of what is known as the Walker substitute for coal in the generation of steam for locomotives or marine engines. This plan, it appears, covers an arrangement by which air is converted into hydro-carbon gas of great heating power, and is then stored in a chamber subjected to considerable pressure. From this it is forced out again through a pipe to the perforated tubes, from which combustion takes place in the furnace and by burning hydro-carbon with the gas—in a gaseous or much divided state, without the adjunct of external heat to gasify or divide them. The heavy oils, in this divided or gaseified state, burn over the grate in conjunction with the hydro-carbon gas. The principle, as thus explained, is regarded as of extreme simplicity, and the practical arrangements are said to be equally so, insuring a certainty of operation, and, in fact, reducing the question of preference to one of cost and convenience merely. The comparison for storage room and economy, in this case, is shown in the following data, namely: that if the calorific power of coal per pound be estimated at 8,000 calorific units, then that of liquid hydro-carbon per pound must be taken at 13,000 units, which gives an advantage, weight for weight, of 62½ in heating power, to a liquid hydro-carbon, compared with coal. Again, in the combustion of coal, as carried out in the usual construction of boilers and fire grates, only a very small proportion of the heat theoretically evolved can be made use of, while by the use of burning gas and hydro-carbon in a gaseous form, close to the heating furnaces, it is claimed that a much greater percentage of useful evaporation is secured.

### The Youth's Advice.

The architect who plans high front steps to a house is in league with certain boys who have a "large and assorted stock" of meanness born in their natures. Proof of this can be found any day in the week in Detroit. A very nice young man, dressed in the noblest style and sporting a cane which never cost less than a dollar, walked up the high front steps of a Jefferson avenue mansion and pulled the bell. It was plain enough even to the driver of a street car that the young man had an affection for some one in that house, and that he was about to meet his charmer. But it wasn't so plain to a stub-nosed boy who was drawing a picture of an Indian warrior on the flagstones with a piece of indigo. He looked up, quit his work, and, leaning along to the gate, he called out—

"Them air folks don't want any patent tooth-paste to-day!"

The nobby young man gave a sudden start of surprise, but he instantly realized the vastness of the gulf separating him and that street boy, and he did not reply.

"Our folks don't want any clothes wringers to-day, and you want to hear me!" called the boy.

The young man heard him. Several pedestrians also heard him, and as they looked up, the young man wondered why no one answered the bell.

"I'm telling you follow up there," said the boy, that we don't keep no boarding house here! If you want cheap board you must go around the corner and three blocks straight on. Do you propose to pay in advance?"

As no one came to the door, the young man pulled the bell again.

"I'm telling you that you can't pass yourself off on us as a grasshopper-sufferer!" shouted the boy. "If you want some cold vittles, go around to the side gate!"

Four pedestrians had halted on the other side of the street, and the young man looked down on the boy and softly said—

"Boy, can you catch ten cents?"

"We don't sign no petitions here for a national monument to the inventor of the dishpan!" replied the boy. "What I'm talking to you is that you want to go around to the cook's door."

The young man wished a wish containing 413 grains fine that the builder of those high steps had been dead for forty years, but the door didn't open, and the boy hung right to him, calling out—

"Hain't I been telling you that you can't get in there? You may be the private watchman on this block, but you can't go around pulling front-door bells and putting on airs! If I have to argue much longer I'll call the police!"

"I've got half a dollar here, boy!" said the young man as he turned around.

"Let's see how it looks!" softly replied the lad.

But the half dollar was at home. The young man searched for it in vain, and the disgusted boy turned to the men across the street, and called out—

"Isn't it agin the law for a fellow to be taking a beeswax impression of a front-door lock in the daytime?"





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VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

WHOLE

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### SONG SUNG.

'Tis not the lark's wild string alone  
Whose music charms the ravished breast:  
The thought of a remembered tone,  
The singing of a bird that's flown,  
Oft fills us with a deep unrest  
Which music's most consummate art  
Can never waken in the heart.

Within the master's teeming brain  
What cord has swelled, what anthem  
Striven,

Struggled for utterance in vain,  
Cried out for life, but died again  
Unknown but to its native heaven  
And left the mourning sons of earth  
To find above its perfect birth!

Within each separate human soul  
Live melodies "at sweetest" are  
Than those which solemn organs roll,  
Or silver-tongued singers tell,  
Or morning stars cries out to star:  
But chilled by the dark world's eclipse  
They die before they reach the lips.

### Mary's Love Letter.

"So you won't marry Hawkins Jessup?" said Squire Bergamot, knitting his black eyebrows together until they formed an ominous black bar across his forehead, and nearly frightened his bright-eyed daughter out of her senses. But Mary Bergamot stood bravely to the guns of her little citadel.

"No, father," said she. "O, how can you ask me, father, when you know I don't love him, and never can?"

"Never is a long while," said the squire.

"Yes, papa, I know that," said Mary. "But indeed, I mean it."

"You mean it, do you?" said the squire, in low and measured tones. "Now, let me tell you what? It isn't that you don't like Hawkins Jessup, but that you have been so close enough to go and fall in love with that young idiot, George Lake!"

Mary turned very red.

"Papa?"

"There's no use mincing matters," said the squire. "An artist, indeed! Why don't he go into white-washing and painting, and get a decent living?"

"But papa—"

"Needn't attempt to argue with me, miss!" said Squire Bergamot, sternly. "I'll have none of it, and so I tell you! If George Lake comes into my house, he'll be put out very quick! And so you may tell him."

So saying, the squire strode out of the room. Mary looked after him with soft, sorrowful eyes. She was a delicate, oval-faced girl, with sunny brown hair and straight features, as unlike the round and positive squire's as light to darkness. But as she put down the iron with which she was "doing up" her father's shirts—Squire Bergamot would have thought it a crying sin to employ a laundress while his daughter enjoyed her ordinary health—she leaned up against the window where the arrow sunbeams came in through the tremulous veil of heart-shaped morning-glory leaves, and drew from her pocket a note written in a strong, masculine hand:

"My DEAREST MARY:—I love you. Will you promise to be my wife, spite of all opposition? Will you tell me so with your own lips?"

"Ever yours, faithful to death,  
George."

How her eyes glittered as she read and re-read the short and simple lines, pressing them finally to her red lips.

"I do love him! I will be his wife!" she murmured. "And I will tell him so the very first chance I get. Only papa!"

A momentary cloud stole over her serene brow at this, but it was transient.

"I don't believe in elopements," said Mary Bergamot, still riveting her eyes on the sheet of paper in her hand. "I never did. But if papa still persists in opposing our marriage, I will leave my home and go out into the world hand-in-hand with George."

Just as this revolutionary thought passed through her mind the door creaked on its hinges. A heavy, well-known foot-step sounded on the threshold.

"It's papa!" cried Mary.

In her consternation her poor little heroine could not find the entrance to her pocket in the multitudinous folds of her dress. For a second she was in imminent danger of detection; then she hurriedly thrust the incriminating document into the yawning mouth of a paper bag of choice seed-corn, which hung by the window. And the next instant Squire Bergamot was in the room.

"Mary," said he, "go up stairs to the left-hand corner of my middle bureau drawer and get me a clean pocket handkerchief."

And Mary went out with a dubious glance at the wall on which the bag of "Early Sugar Corn" hung.

When she returned the room was empty, and Squire Bergamot was just climbing up into his lumber-box wagon in front of the picket fence.

"Bring it out here," said the squire, "I'm going over to Miss Polly Pepper's to get my empty elder cask. She might have had the sense to return it herself!"

He stowed the pocket-handkerchief away in his pocket, and was just taking up the reins when Mary rushed out again, crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Father, that bag of seed-corn?"

"O, it's all right—it's all right!" said the squire, placidly. "I promised a little to Miss Polly Pepper, and this is already shelled."

"But, father," gasped poor Mary, "let me tie it up first."

"Nonsense," said the squire; "I just

folded over the top, and it'll go as snug as a thief in a mill, right atop of my bags of meal."

Away he rattled over the stony road as he spoke, and poor Mary ran back into the kitchen to cry herself into a second Niobe.

"O, my letter!" sobbed she; "why was I such an idiot as to put it there?"

Miss Polly Pepper, a gaunt spinster of a very uncertain age and a very certain infirmity of temper, opened the bag of seed corn as the squire drove off. "Might have brought it before," said she. "Promised it to us last fall. I do despise those folks that are always putting off things. Mercy upon us! what's this?" as she drew out the note; "some receipt that that shiftless Mary's tucked away here to get it out of the way! No, it ain't. It's a love letter!—and to me—My dearest Mary, and signed at the foot George Washington Bergamot; and that's his name. Well, I do declare! Ain't he far gone? 'All opposition. I s'pose he means Mary and my two brothers-in-law, that think a woman over forty hasn't no business to marry! But I'll see 'em further afore I'll let 'em overturn my matrimonial prospects—see if I don't. Tell him with my own lips. Of course I will! I'll go right over there at once. Delay is dangerous! And if he really is in such a hurry—"

Miss Polly's fingers trembled as she took her little cork-screw curls out of their papers, and pinned on a fresh collar tied by a blue ribbon.

"Blue's the color of love," said she to herself, with a slumber, "and it was so romantic of my dear George to think of proposing in a bag of seed-corn!"

The squire was at his supper when Miss Pepper walked in, flushed with her long expedition on foot.

"Sit down and have a bite, won't you?" said the squire. "Mary, fetch a clean plate."

Miss Pepper took advantage of the momentary absence of her step-daughter-elect to proceed directly to business.

"George," cried she, almost hysterically, "I am yours!"

"Eh?" said the squire.

"Forever and ever!" said Miss Pepper, flinging herself upon the collar of his coat.

"Are you crazy?" said the squire, jumping up.

"You asked me to be your wife," said Miss Polly, meltingly.

"I didn't!" said the squire; jumping up.

"Then what does this letter mean, eh?" demanded Miss Polly. "It's a clear declaration of love as ever was writ—"

"And good ground to sue on," said the squire, staring at the sheet of paper as Miss Pepper waved it triumphantly over his head.

"But I didn't write it," gasped Miss Pepper.

"Then who did?" demanded Miss Pepper.

Just as this moment Mary, entering with fresh tea and a clean plate, caught sight of the letter.

"It's mine!" she cried with sudden dawning of the cheek and glitter of the eyes. "My letter! How dare you read it, Miss Pepper?"

"I got it out of the bag of seed-corn," protested the spinster.

"And I put it there for safe keeping," blushing acknowledged Mary Bergamot. And Mary confessed, "George Lake, papa."

Miss Pepper went home, crying very heartily, with mortified pride and disappointed expectations. And the squire came to the conclusion that true love would have its way in spite of all dissenting of the parents.

"Papa," said Mary, "please may I have George?"

"I don't care," said the squire.

And that in his case passed for an affirmation. But the squire remains a widower still, and Miss Pepper's chances grow "small by degrees and beautifully less."

### He Preferred to Walk.

"She's pretty hot, ain't she?" said a back-woods passenger, addressing the engineer of a Mississippi steamer, that was racing with another boat.

"So-so," responded the engineer, as he hung an additional wrench on the safety-valve cord to prevent the steam from escaping.

"I reckon we'll overtake that craft soon," pursued the passenger.

"That's about it," returned the engineer, giving the cords another twitch and hallooing through the trumpet to the fireman to "shove her up."

"One hundred and ninety-five," hummed the passenger, looking first at the gauge and then at the boilers.

"That's about where she's rusticated," put in the engineer.

Then the passenger ran his fingers through his hair nervously, and walked about the decks for a few minutes, when he came back to the engineer and observed: "Hain't you better let that boat go?"

"Can't do it; must pass her."

"But s'pose we should blow up?"

"Well," said the engineer, as he peeped over the guard to see how fast he was gaining, "if it's the will of Providence for this boat to blow up, we'll have to stand it." Then he hailed to the fireman to roll up another cask of bacon, and to mix plenty of rosin with the coal and give her a little more turpentine and oil.

The next moment there was a splash heard in the river; but before the yawl could be lowered, the man had succeeded in reaching the shore and halloed out:

"Go on with the race. I guess I'll walk!"

### A Day in Damascus.

The baths of Damascus, in olden times, attained great celebrity, and although they are still very numerous in the city I failed to discover any of great splendor. The magnificent Turkish Hammam of Paris, or even the one in London, is so much more luxurious than those here that no comparison can be instituted. In addition, a contact with the best of Syrian fellow bathers would not be pleasant, and for this reason I concluded to forego the proposed trial. The coffee houses are also noted, but they are nothing more than the usual diminutive, uninviting resorts so numerous in the East. The coffee, which is simmered with sugar, is quite thick and served without milk.

All the hotels and private houses in the Orient furnish it freely, it being customary to take several of the small cups during the day. It is thought to aid digestion, and a taste for it is quickly acquired. Of course the inevitable *natyrah*, *Joseph* or *shekook* must accompany the coffee. The tobacco used for these pipes is of a leafy character, but before being placed in the bowl it is soaked and wrung out. A coal of fire is then laid on top, and Mr. Arab sits cross-legged, tugging away in blissful contentment. The situation of Damascus is fine, and as it is surrounded with richer vegetation than almost anywhere in the Arabian peninsula, the Arabs regard it as an imitation of Eden.

Mohammed is said to have refused to enter the city, as a man is not entitled to more than one paradise and his was heaven. Such impressions as the latter are, however, not realized by travellers from the West, although the view of the city from the Kubbet-en-Nasr (Dome of Victory) on the Lebanon hills is sufficiently impressive. The city boasts of 350 mosques, so that the squeaky, nasal intonation of the muezzin is frequently heard on the minarets. Many of the native houses are elegantly finished within, and constitute a style confined to Damascus alone. Within the walls of the chief Biled Association is the quaint "street which is called Straight" (Acts ix, 11). Whatever it may have been when Saul of Tarsus was led as a blind man into the house of Judas, it is far from being straight at present. A portion of its length is a covered bazaar, and the part near the Eastern Gate is comparatively modern. The house of Judas, on Straight street, and that of Ananias, in an alley near by, are still pointed out. The site may be correct, but the latter building is decidedly modern. Without the city, near the Christian cemetery, is the traditional place in the wall from which Saul was let down at night in a basket (Acts ix, 25). In the cemetery named is the most revered tomb of "St. George, the Porter." An inquiry as to its identity developed the story that he was the porter of the gate and assisted Saul in his nocturnal escape. A short distance along the road from the wall is a carefully preserved elevated piece of an old Roman road. Here the scene of the conversion (Acts ix, 3-8) is alleged to have taken place. This site, however, much disputed, many authorities maintaining that the true spot is further from the city. The women of Damascus are the prettiest in Syria, although that does not signify great beauty. Every one of the hundreds on the promenade wore the white, baggy outer gown of unclean, which extends over the head. They are excessively careful to cover their faces; but with that much the anxiety terminates. While we were still walking a group of weather-worn men came in over the French road. They were immediately surrounded by little knots of joyful friends, and it was not difficult to understand they were veterans from the war. The men, it proved, had been with Osman Pasha, and returned but to tell how the decisive field had been lost. Since we have arrived, some of the Circassians have straggled along, and many of those who have families and are in wagons, will continue on to Bagdad.

### A Snake's Tongue.

The peculiarity of form and position in the tongue of a snake lead to the use of the word "exertion" in speaking of that organ. Being, when at rest, enclosed within a sheath, the tongue cannot move within the mouth, like the tongues of animals, but only when thrust forth or exerted. Of quadrupeds one might affirm (thought the expression would be rather strained,) that they "exert" their tongues when putting forth their power, say to remove food from the teeth, or to lick the palates; both actions being possible within a closed mouth. But a snake cannot do either of these things. With the reptile to "exert" is also to exert the tongue, for its motion can be but in one direction—viz., forward and beyond the mouth. A slight click in the upper lip gives egress to this long, thin, and highly sensitive organ, while the mouth can remain closed. Thus exerted, the tongue appears to be constantly engaged, like the antennae of insects, in exploring and investigating. No other word conveys the idea of the tongue's motion and direction like exertion—the opposite to insertion; while exertion (the opposite to insertion,) may be applied to activity, which does not necessarily imply exertion or thrusting forth. The two words have sometimes been confounded.

Idea of booming through the world leader than cannons. Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots.

### Casting a Gold Brick.

Recently the largest gold bar of which there is any record was cast at the assay office of Molitor Brothers in Helena, Montana. The process of melting, which began before midday, consumed several hours, and not until past 3 o'clock was the accumulated mass of retort crowded beneath the lid of No. 100 crucible and reduced to its molten state. The moment finally arrived when the melted treasure, skimmed of the borax slag covering its surface, was ready to pour. The heavy tongs were adjusted to the crucible, the pulley tackle securely hitched on, and at the signal given the seething mass was raised from the furnace and rested upon the iron table. The spectators were all manifestly excited, and the assayers and assistants evinced anxiety. At the word the tackle was unhitched, and four men, with hands and arms muffled in padded mits, grasped tongs and leverage, and tipped the crucible. The liquid metal poured in a golden rivulet into the great iron mould, the oil from which sent up a dense, smothering smoke, followed by brilliant flames. In the midst of the pouring the mould cracked with a loud report, but the workmen, unmoved by this accident, held steadily to the business in hand, and kept up the "pour." The molten mass was drained, and in the mould lay the red hot solidifying monster bar. A few minutes intervened, when the bar was discharged from the mould and lifted into the cooling tank. Its temperature being reduced to handling touch, it was taken from the water and a muscular man put to work scouring. This labor ended, the bar was carried to the counter of the front office, the doors thrown open and the public admitted. In the course of a few hours hundreds of people called at the office to inspect this extraordinary golden specimen. The dimensions, weight, fineness and value of the bar are as follows: Length, twenty inches; top depth, seven inches; bottom breadth, six inches; depth, three inches; weight, 3,389.96 ounces; fineness, 700 gold; 253 silver; value, \$53,258.30 gold; \$97,332 silver. This is understood to be the largest gold bar ever cast in Montana or elsewhere. It exceeds by more than one thousand ounces the great gold bar cast in Helena by S. H. Bohm & Co., in 1870. The product comes entirely from the Penobscot mine, and is the result of thirty full days' working of one astrata, and less than twenty days' working of five stamps.

### Hunting a Coyote.

Recently a party of Virginians engaged in a coyote hunt, near Virginia City, which was perhaps one of the most remarkable sporting events ever witnessed in the country. The meet took place at noon on the alkali flat about eighteen miles east of this city. The place selected for the liberation of the coyote was a sort of alkali flat about six or seven miles wide. The coyote, caged in a close box, had been brought to the place in a wagon, and was liberated about half past twelve in the center of the alkali flat. It was agreed to allow him to reach the edge of the sage-brush, some three miles distant, before the hounds were slipped. When let out of his box the coyote trotted off leisurely, leaving behind eighteen or twenty hounds struggling fruitlessly in the leash and clamoring for the run. It took the coyote about fifteen minutes to reach the edge of the flat, and just as he melted into the sage-brush the pack were turned loose upon the desert, and took the trail in full cry, followed by a well-mounted field.

The sage-brush was soon reached, and then the chase began in earnest. John S. Kaneen, who was splendidly mounted, took the lead, with Jack Magee close at his heels and the rest of the field trailing behind. The sage-brush and boulders were not the easiest things in the world to run in, but the horses, which had got warmed up to the work, made light of the rough condition of the track as they went crashing through the brush or took flying leaps over the boulders. The hounds were about half a mile ahead in the sage-brush, their course marked by a continuous yelping and a trail of dust.

After a run of about twenty minutes, the coyote turned upon the trail and took a course leading back to the flat. Reaching the limit of the sage-brush, it shot into the clear flat again, and made a bee line for the box from which it was first liberated. The hounds cleared the brush but a few minutes behind, with the field not twenty yards in the rear, and at this point the chase became very exciting. The flat was as level as a floor, and when the field straggled out of the brush the coyote was about half a mile ahead, and had three miles to run before reaching the box—a point for which it was evidently making. Horses, hounds and coyote were now all, for the first time, in sight of each other. About half a dozen horsemen led the field.

As they neared the box the coyote was pretty closely pressed by the hounds, but made a spurt and slid into his old retreat like a flash of lightning. The driver of the team who had brought him out jumped down and closed the door, and in a minute a pack of disappointed dogs were yelping all around it. The riders came up immediately afterward, and a hearty cheer went up in honor of the sagacious coyote, followed by a general laugh when the utter ridiculousness of the situation became apparent.

After the coyote had taken about half

an hour's rest, it was decided to give the hounds a second run, and the snarl in coyote was again turned out upon the cold charities of the sage-brush. He made off this time at a pace which discomfited his first effort. It did not take over five minutes for him to reach the sage-brush, and the instant he disappeared the field took the trail. He covered about the same ground as before, but doubled more frequently and ran a good deal faster. In about twenty minutes he again turned into the flat, and "Little Martin," the driver, who was near the box with his team, concluded to go out to meet him. The coyote was doubling in fine style on the hounds, but when Martin had traveled about a mile from the box the animal turned and made for the wagon. The dogs overtook him when he was yet about fifty yards from the wagon, and the leader, springing forward, fastened his teeth in his shoulder. The coyote turned nimbly, and appropriating a portion of the dog's ear, traveled on, and gaining the wagon, stopped directly under it, trotting along like a coach-dog beneath the fore axle. The hounds surrounded the wagon, yelping savagely, and one would occasionally shoot between the wheels to try conclusions with the coyote, who would generally send him howling back with the blood streaming from his hide.

The coyote finally became emboldened by its success, and, gliding from between the wheels, sprang into the center of the pack, and for a few seconds fought savagely, sliding back to its vantage-ground again when numbers threatened to overpower it. Little Martin, the self-constituted guardian of the coyote, enjoyed the fun immensely, and drove the wagon straight up to the box. The hounds, which seemed to anticipate a repetition of this strategic movement, made a rush to cut off the retreat; but the hunted animal fought his way through, and, clearing the back of the last one in his way by a leap that must have measured five times his length, he gained the door of the box, and was inside again in a second.

The field now came up, and sent up another round of hearty cheers for the coyote.

### Raising the Obelisk in London.

The plan for raising may be very briefly described. The column will be fitted with a powerful iron jacket as near the centre of gravity as is wanted, and this jacket has two massive iron trunions, just like the trunions of a great gun. These trunions will rest on two wrought-iron girders of great strength, and the whole will then resemble a monster cannon on a slide without wheels. One end of the column being raised by hydraulic presses a sufficient height, say a foot, it will be kept so raised by a powerful bulk of timber slid under it. The other end will then be similarly treated, and thus slowly, but surely, it will ascend foot by foot, shored up with timber at every stage, laid in the way which will best insure the stability of the whole structure. The jacket, it is thought, will clip the stone sufficiently tight to hold it when in a vertical position; but in dealing with such enormous weight and a tapering column, it is as well to err on the safe side, so Mr. Dixon has wisely decided to have a wrought-iron strap, eighteen inches broad and more than an inch thick, which will pass from one side of the jacket under the base of the monolith, and up again to the jacket on the other side. Thus, then, during the few minutes it will be suspended vertically before being lowered to its base, it will stand in the band as if in a stirrup, and the more its weight presses on the band the tighter it will make the jacket grip. The column, as we have explained, will be hoisted horizontally, but when it has reached the required height the supports under the base will be removed, and the base being slightly in excess of the rest (2½ tons), the whole stone will slowly revolve on the trunions till it hangs direct over its appointed spot and about four inches above it. It is then simply turning on the taps of the hydraulic presses, and the column will sink into its base in about two minutes. A small gap will be left in the centre of the base, so as to enable the iron band to be removed, but when this is done and the gap filled up with granite blocks all will be completed.

### Birds Singing at Midnight.

Two observers at different places in England note in *Hirundo's Science-Gossip* the singing of birds in the midnight-hours of February 15, and of the three following nights. Blackbirds, thrushes, and many of the smaller birds joined in the chorus performed at this very unusual season. The weather was calm and mild at the time, and a brilliant moon was shining. "Between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock," writes one, "I was considerably surprised to hear a thrush singing away merrily. Presently the songster was joined by others, and in a short time a regular concert began, taken part in by at least a dozen blackbirds and thrushes; whilst the robin, wren, and other small birds were singing and chirruping in the hedge-rows, just as you hear them in the early morning in summer. On the following night, about the same hour, the concert again commenced, and was even more lively than on the preceding night, and continued until morning."

—More than six hundred patents have been taken out in England for railroad car wheels.

### FOOL FOR?

Self-denial is a grand  
Every high aim lifts you  
Selfishness has a variety of disgr  
but under the velvet you can alw  
find the glow.

It takes less time to get over  
own misfortune than to be recon  
neighbor's good fortune.

A man who gives to be 35 years on  
cant form any new habits much;  
best he, he is so pensive on

A man who strives perseveringly a  
earnestly to convince others, at l  
convinces us that he is convinced hi  
self.

It is a trouble that wears the heart  
out. It is easier to throw a bombsh  
a mile than a feather—even with artil  
lery.

The beautiful things are never deso  
late; some one always loves them—God  
or man. If man abandons, God takes  
them.

To all men, and at all times, the best  
friend is virtue; and the best compan  
ions are high endeavors and honorable  
sentiments.

Ignorance and deceit are two of the  
worst qualities to combat. It is vastly  
easier to dispute with a statesman than  
with a blockhead.

If it be important to know whether a  
man will cheat you if he can, sound him  
as to his willingness to help you to  
cheat somebody else.

A dead man can drift down a stream,  
but it takes a live man to pull up. That  
is the time that tries a man's soul,  
when the tide is against him.

A man who covers himself with costly  
apparel and neglects his mind, is like  
one who illuminates the outside of his  
house and sits within in the dark.

The main token of a strong character  
is not to make known every change and  
phase in thought and feeling, but to  
give the world the finished results.

The friendship of the good is like a  
river, insignificant in the beginning,  
strong in the middle, widening at each  
step; when once on its way it turns  
not back.

There is a purple half to the grape,  
a mellow half to the peach, a sunny half  
to the globe, and a better half to the  
man that is so fortunate as to have a  
good wife.

With time and patience the mulberry  
leaf becomes satin. What difficulty is  
there at which man should toil, when  
a worm can accomplish so much from  
a leaf.

The ordinary employment of artifice is  
the mark of a petty mind; and it almost  
always happens that he who uses it to  
cover himself in one place uncovers  
himself in another.

If you were as willing to be pleasant,  
and as anxious to please as you own  
home, as you are in the company of  
your neighbors, you would have the  
happiest home in the world.

If we would have powerful minds, we  
must think; if we would have faithful  
hearts, we must love; if we would have  
strong muscles, we must labor. These in  
clude all that is valuable to life.

Study to wear thy heart from the  
love of visible things, and to take thee  
to things unseen; for they that follow  
the pleasure of their senses sully con  
science and lose the grace of God.

The happiness of your life depends  
upon the quality of your thoughts;  
therefore guard accordingly, and take  
care that you entertain no notions un  
suitable to virtue and unreasonable to  
nature.

A sunny, cheerful view of life, resting



# ED. G. CALDWELL,

(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Chow-chow and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Gelatine, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those choice Sugar Cured HAMS at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Choice Vegetable and Flower Seeds for sale cheap at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosine oil at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers prices at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

Got your 20 mackerel for one dollar at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheaper than the cheapest, one box of good Soap at 5 cts. per box, at the

RED STORE.

You can buy the best Starch at 8 cts. per pound, at

D. J. PRIVETT.

You can buy one dozen cakes of nice Toilet Soap, at the RED STORE for 75 cts.

Large lot of Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, and Glass-ware to be closed out at a sacrifice, at the

RED STORE.

Cheaper than raising them; two pound can Tomatoes at 10 cts. per can, at

PRIVETTS.

Pickles and Extracts for 10 cts. per bottle, at the

RED STORE.

A full lot of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips and Saddle hard-ware, will be on hand at prices to suit the times. Repairing a specialty.

But one way to get your Tobacco and Cigars cheaper than I will sell them, and that is to steal them.

D. J. PRIVETT.

W. P. & ED. L. PARR, Grocers & Commission Merchants,

Solicit consignments of all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Corn, Wheat, Flour, Bacon, Lard, and any other article usually sold in a Grocery Store.

Go to Parrs and buy SUGAR, COFFEE, Meal, Grits and Hominy.

If you want SOAP that will clean your clothes without washing, go to Parrs' and buy their Magic Soap.

The best Smoking TOBACCO is the genuine Blackwell. Parrs have it—try it.

Go to Parrs to buy your Butter, Crackers, Nuts and Candy—come one, come all.

The Parrs are selling 25 lbs best Pearl GRITS for \$1.

Go to Parrs to buy MATCHES at 40c per doz. round wood boxes.

W. P. & ED. L. PARR will pay the market price in cash for Corn Meal, Flour, Butter, Bacon and Lard, &c.

SUGAR! SUGAR! Sweet Sugar, the best Brown Sugar at Parr's, 11 cents per pound or nine pounds for one dollar. Come and see it and you will be sure to buy.

Go to Parrs to get your fresh Lemons, 10 cents each or 4 for 25c.

The Parrs have just received fresh Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Figs, Cakes and Crackers of all kinds, come and see.

The best Tobacco and Cigars to be found in the market; go to Parrs to buy what you want in the Grocery line, you will be well treated and honestly dealt by. Come all of you that want good Goods and Cheap Goods, they think it does not pay to keep poor goods.

GLASS and CROCKERY ware. The Parrs are receiving a large and well assorted stock of GLASS and CROCKERY WARE, which they will sell lower than has ever been sold in this market before.

Call and examine their Stock at the old and popular Woodward store. They will sell you a set of TUMBLERS for 25 CENTS, a set of CUPS and SAUCERS for 50 CENTS, one set of plates actual measure 9 inches, 40 cents, a nice dish for 25 cents, cream pitchers for 25 cents, a nice Bowl for 10 cents; all other Glass and Crockery ware in proportion to the above prices.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

George White proposes to furnish Blackberries for one dollar per bushel.

Sewing Machines Needles 60 cts. a doz., or 4 for 25 cts. J. T. Tinsley

We had a pleasant call from Messrs. Out Smith and J. W. McDaniel this week.

The corn crop is just-booming. The wheat and cotton crops will be somewhat injured by the late rains.

The Jacksonville brass band, which has become very proficient, gave our people a delightful serenade Saturday.

The proprietor of the Va., White Sulphur springs have invited the Ala. editors to visit that celebrated watering place some time this summer.

All Styles Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Sewing Machines, &c., neatly and cheaply repaired, and warranted by J. E. TINSLEY, Jacksonville, Ala. May 11th, 78. tf

We publish the appointments of the three candidates out for the Legislature. It is to be hoped the people will give their good audiences at each of their appointments.

Before and after the Military Social Tuesday evening, our excellent band gave us some fine music. They need two more pieces to make the band one of the very best in this part of the State. Let the money be raised.

We now offer our Dress Goods and Clothing at actual cost, and no humbug. Call early and make selections.

A. MEYERS & CO. Cheap Cash Store.

The late storm totally destroyed the gin-house, cotton press, barn and mill of Mr. Abe Green, of Greensport, and the Mill of Mr. R. W. Whisenant, near Greensport. Great damage was otherwise done in the track of the storm.

The new military company, styled the "John Pelham Guards," named in honor of the immortal Pelham, was out drilling Saturday, and, we understand, made a very creditable display for a new company.

FINE APPLES.—We have received specimens of very fine red and striped June apples from Mr. J. W. Bradley, of this County. He has a good nursery, and informs us that he is now engaging trees of the above and other varieties. Persons wishing to start an orchard would do well to obtain trees from him.

The amount of goods sold by A. MEYERS & CO. fully attest the popularity of the firm and their low price.

A. MEYERS & CO. Cash Store.

A serious difficulty occurred in Ashville, the 14th inst., between D. B. Meredith, of Columbiana, and W. T. and Daniel Hodges, of Ashville, in which weights, hatches, knives and pistols were used. Both Meredith and Hodges were seriously wounded, but it is hoped both may recover.

We learn from Mr. H. Stewart, at present operating with the Revenue Department, that two prisoners were rescued from the hands of the Revenue officers in Cleburne county—He goes over, he tells us, to investigate the matter. We hope he may find there is nothing in the rumor.

Several Revenue officers have since gone to Cleburne to aid in the arrest of the parties charged with violation of law, and we have, further, seen it stated in the Washington dispatches that these officers have authority to deputize sixteen citizens of that county to aid them, in order that the sincerity of their late promises to the Department may be tested.

We are selling our fancy goods such as, Ruffians, Lace and Silk Ties, bows, Fans, Parasols, Collars and Cuffs &c., at very low figures, come and convince yourself.

A. MEYERS & CO. New Store.

We have to be slightly impolite every few days to shake off a lightning rod agent. Each has committed to memory his little speech, out of a book of directions to agents, and will say out "if it takes all summer," no matter how great a hurry one may be in. The chances are about one in six hundred thousand million that a house will be struck by lightning, and we would advise our people not to allow themselves humbugged by these pests.

See notice of raffle by Jno. A. DeArman, through a committee, during the Fair. The land cost more than it is to be raffled for, and we say, for the benefit of parties abroad, that both it and the other property offered is very desirable.

We have added to our stock a nice line of Ladies and childrens Hats and Black hats—trimmed at our Millinery Emporium, which we are selling very cheap. Call and see them. We are prepared to furnish any style and quality of Hats lower than can be brought elsewhere.

A. MEYERS & CO. Cheap Store.

We had the pleasure of a call last week by Mr. Wm. H. Lane, General Southern Traveling Agent of G. G. Green. Proprietor of those just celebrated and popular medicines, Green's August Flower and Boche's German Syrup. In an experience of more than forty years in the newspaper business, we can truthfully say that we have never met with a more gentlemanly, correct and efficient Agent than Mr. Lane; and we heartily commend him to the confidence and friendship of all with whom he may have business or friendly relations.

MARRIED, by Rev. John B. Stevenson, Mr. John W. Patrick, of Etowah county, to Miss Martha A. Watson, of Calhoun county, Ala.

The notice of the advertisement of Dr. Francis of the 8th of June was over looked in the make-up of the paper. He has not only the best family flour, but some of the most delicious country cured hams over in this market, besides everything else in his line at remarkable low prices. Give him a call.

We learned recently through Mr. Elias Stephens, one of the former commissioners of this county, that the late storm struck the premises of Mr. Robt. Page, among other gentlemen, and blew down three valuable stables, unroofed three dwelling houses, prostrated several hundred panels of fence and all his wheat and oat shocks.

Mrs. George W. Humphries. It was with the deepest sorrow that we learned through one of our correspondents last week of the death of Mrs. George W. Humphries, a most estimable christian woman, and the devoted wife of one of the oldest, most prominent and most universally respected citizens of this county. The warm sympathy of many hearts all over Calhoun will go out to our old friend in this hour of his distress and bereavement.

Appointments for Speaking. Hollingsworth, Monday July 15. Pecks Hill, Tuesday " 16. Polkville, Wednesday " 17. Sulphur Springs, Thursday " 18. Maddox, Friday " 19. Alexandria, Saturday " 20. June Bug, Monday " 21. Anniston, Tuesday " 22. Oxford, Wednesday " 23. Days Town, Thursday " 24. White Plains, Friday " 25. Rabbit Town, Saturday " 26. Ladiga, Monday " 27. Cross Plains, Tuesday " 28. Ledbetter's Sel' H's, Wednesday " 29. Jacksonville, Thursday Aug. 1st. J. H. SAVAGE, W. P. COOPER, J. M. SHELD.

Mr. J. D. Hammond, of this place, has now on exhibition and for sale, Randall's Grain Separator and Cleaner, which is decidedly the best machine for cleaning, separating and grading wheat that ever has been introduced into this country. It will take out all the smut, cockle and chert from the foulest wheat and separate it into three classes ordinarily. It can be so arranged as to separate down to ten per cent of the best and largest grains for seedling purposes, absolutely free from any faulty grains whatever. The machine is inexpensive and is within the reach of every farmer. Call on Mr. Hammond and examine this machine and you will be certain to purchase. It will revolutionize the wheat growing interest in this country, June 15th.

SUPPER AT WHITE PLAINS. The following communication handed us by a young gentleman who attended the late supper at White Plains, was mislaid, and only found in time for appearance this week:

Messrs Editors.—It was my good fortune to attend the supper given at White Plains, recently, for the benefit of the M. E. Sunday School, and permit me to say, that I never witnessed a grander feast both in variety and quantity. After we had done justice to the elegant supper prepared by the good people of White Plains, we were invited to a cozy little room, where we spent several hours, and a highly pleasant one by the beautiful young ladies, who showed their interest in the good cause by arranging and selling bouquets; while others dispensed delightful lemonade. We do not know the exact amount realized, but think it was nearly \$75.

If you have a chronic disease which has resisted the skill of your local physician and your own good care of yourself, place yourself in correspondence with E. D. FOOTE, M. D., 120 Lexington Avenue, New York City. It will only cost you the postage you put on your letters, as all consultations by letter as well as in person are free. Dr. Foote is the well known author of Medical Common Sense, Plain Home Talk, Science in Story, &c. June 22—1m.

Council Chamber June 13th, 1878.

It is hereby ordered, that notice be given to all tax payers, that a meeting of the council will be held Saturday June 22d, at 4 o'clock p. m., at which time all errors or mistakes in assessment for the year 1878, can be corrected, and also the assessments equalized.

JNO. D. HAMMOND, Mayor. June 15-2t

Liver is King. The Liver is the imperial organ of the whole human system, as it controls the life, health and happiness of man. When it is disturbed in its proper action, all kinds of ailments are the natural result. The digestion of food, the movement of the heart and blood, the action of the brain and nervous system, are all immediately connected with the workings of the Liver. It has been successfully proved that Green's August Flower is unequalled in curing all persons afflicted with Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint, and all the numerous symptoms that result from an unhealthy condition of the Liver and stomach. Sample bottles to try, 10 cents. Positively sold in all towns on the Western Continent. Three doses will prove that it is just what you want.

QUESTION FOR SCHOOL BOYS.—A farmer invested \$75 in horses, mules and sheep. He paid \$45 for each horse, \$20 for each mule, and \$9 for each sheep. There were three times as many sheep as mules, and twice as many mules as horses. How many were there of each kind?

The above question, as it appeared last week, was incorrectly written.

ILLUSTRATION BY PICTURES.—One of the great contrasts between the School Books used by the fathers and mothers of the land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of it, look at the three pictures of a Ship on page 173 of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—these alone illustrate the meaning of more than one hundred words and terms far better than they can be defined by any description in words.

ALEXANDRIA.—A little child of Mr. Wm. Lee's died last week. There is some sickness in the Valley at present. The corn and cotton crops looks very promising—and I think when we have sufficient volume of currency to meet the demands of trade, we can bid hard times, a long farewell.

The Green-backers think they will have a candidate for the Legislature.

Rev. John B. Stevenson will deliver a temperance lecture, at Weaver's Station, on the 5th of July, at 7 o'clock p. m., at which time he will organize a lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars.

Mr. C. M. Martin is soon to handle the yard clock behind the county of Crook & Bros. Charles, we welcome you home again. TELEPHONE.

MARTINS CROSS ROADS.—Last week said the farmers were all smiles, but now, alas! all wear the long face. "Too much rain, too much rain" is the cry. Threshers will start soon as the weather permits.

Rev. Dr. Henderson delivered a discourse at Mt. Zion Baptist church last Sunday to a very good congregation. Having the misfortune to arrive too late, we did not hear his subject, but gathered from his sermon, that it was "Sin."

Mr. Thos. Pitt, of Morrisville, showed us an Irish potato weighing one pound and two ounces. He said he dug from the same hill all weighing six pounds and this was one of them. Who can beat it? T. H. M.

DEBATING SOCIETY. Pursuant to a call, several young men in this vicinity met, last Saturday night and organized a debating society.

Mr. Thos. Pitt was called to the chair as president pro tem.

It was moved by Thos. H. Martin, Jr., that we conduct in orderly manner a debating society for the improvement of the young men of this community. Said society to be known as the Prosopope debating society. Approved.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS. Mr. D. B. Nunneley was unanimously elected President for one month, and Mr. C. Martin, Vice President, Thos. H. Martin, Recording Secretary, Charles Nunneley, Treasurer, L. D. Morris, Marshall.

Mr. E. D. Emmerson was elected monthly Orator, to deliver an original address at the end of four weeks.

The subject selected to be discussed at next meeting, Saturday night, June 22nd, was "Should females be as highly educated as males?"

On motion of Mr. L. J. Morris, a committee consisting of Messrs. E. D. Emmerson, E. M. Reid, Thos. H. Martin, Jr., was appointed to frame a constitution, by-laws, &c. by the next meeting.

A motion by Thos. H. Martin, Jr., so-far as the attendance of all young men and citizens of the community was unanimously adopted.

No further business, a motion to adjourn was adopted.

THOS. H. MARTIN, Rec. Secretary.

Constable Sale. UNDER and by virtue of an execution issued from the Justice Court of Botetown, Calhoun county, his honor R. A. Buzworsky, Justice, in favor of I. N. Phillips and against J. J. Reynolds, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court-ground in front of No. 7, on Monday the first day of July, 1878, five and a half bushels of Wheat, more or less, and twenty-five shocks of Oats more or less, to satisfy said execution.

W. D. ATKINS, Constable. June 22—2t.

Dissolution. THE Mercantile firm heretofore composed of F. W. Maddox and D. J. Privett, was on the 15th inst. dissolved by the death of F. W. Maddox. The business of said late partnership will be continued in the name of D. J. Privett, surviving partner, &c. until settled up.

All persons indebted to said late firm are earnestly requested to come forward and settle at once, either by paying by check or cash, or by giving a receipt by which it is our desire to close out said partnership business as early as possible.

D. J. PRIVETT, Surviving partner &c. of M. & P. June 22, 1878—R.

W. P. Crook, Adm. Ec. of Jesse W. Hannah, dec'd.

R. C. Hannah, John Hannah, Robert Gay, R. T. Gay, et al. In Chancery at Jacksonville Ala. Monday, June 3, 1878.

It is made to appear to the Register, by affidavit of John H. Caldwell, one of the Solicitors of the said complaint, W. P. Crook, that the said Defendants, Rebecca E. Gay and R. T. Gay are both non-residents of this State, and over the age of 21 years, and reside in San Sala County, Texas, post office San Sala. It is therefore ordered by the Register, that publication be made in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in the Town of Jacksonville, Ala. for four consecutive weeks, requiring them to appear and answer to the said complaint in this cause, by the 1st Monday in September, 1878, or in thirty days thereafter a decree pro confesso may be taken against them. Done at office this 31 day of June, 1878. W. M. HAMPS Register. June 22—2t.

CLEAR SIDE BACON FOR SALE. I have on hand one car load of East Tennessee clear side bacon, that I propose to sell on time to the 1st of November next, to parties making good paper, on reasonable terms. Application to LEONARD BROS., Weaver's Station, or to W. P. COOPER, Alexandria, will have prompt attention.

W. P. COOPER. April 6th, 1878—tf.

The July number of the ELECTRIC MAGAZINE, beginning a new volume, offers a favorable opportunity for commencing subscriptions, and its contents are certainly of a kind to attract all classes of readers. It is embellished with a fine steel-engraved figure-piece entitled, "The Roman Children," affording a pleasing variation from the portraits of which one is usually found in each number. The leading paper is a trenchant reply by Dr. Elam to Tyndall's famous Birmingham lecture on "Man and Science," and this is followed by a timely discussion of "The Eastern Crisis," by J. Norman Lockyer, F. R. S. "The Macand's Grave," "Glenn's Journal," a wonderful picture of "The State of Paris before the Outbreak of the Revolution," by Taine, and a curious account of "The Garden Bird." There are some delightful "Memorials of a Man of Letters," by John Morley; and "The Greatness of the Romans," by Goldwin Smith; and two last magazine articles of recent times. Besides several shorter papers and poems, there are four chapters of Black's "Macedon of Dares," and well-filled editorial departments; and the number altogether is one of great variety and interest. Single copies, 10c; one copy one year, \$3. Published by E. R. PIERCE, 35 Bond St. New York.

## The Enormous Wheat Crop.

A Kansas letter of June 12th says the wheat harvest had already begun a month ahead of the usual time, and the prospect is that not enough men can be obtained to harvest the vast crop. It is in splendid condition, notwithstanding the reported frost, and the yield transcends all precedent. While 50,000 idle tramps, more or less, are begging about New England and the Middle States, here a threatened loss of a part of the wheat harvest, in Kansas, for lack of hands to aid in the work of harvesting. It will be a fortunate thing for this country, in the existing state of affairs, that the crops of '78 are going to be so abundant. It is so much money in the hands of the people. Low prices may rule, but the crops are great.

## NOTICE!

CALHOUN COUNTY NURSERY. Being solicited by many influential citizens of this county, I commenced preparing in 1875 for an Apple Nursery, and will be prepared for market the end of June, and Winter with the best selection of Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter Apple trees, acclimated for this latitude. The following varieties are embraced in my list:

EARLY SEASON.—May Apple, Sweet Red June, Yellow June, White June, Green June, Striped June, Scarlet June.

SUMMER SEASON.—Sweet Apple, Horse Apple, Older Apple.

FALL SEASON.—Fall Excelior, Red Fall, Petry Fall, Turner Fall.

WINTER SEASON.—Shockey, Red Pippin, Haver Yabbers, Hall Crab, Clark Permain, Ben Davis, The Bradley, Nickajack, Carolina Red, Never Fall, Wine Sap, Limber Twig, English Crab, Sweet Permain, Tenn. Royal Red, Father Abram.

I solicit all citizens to buy trees of my Nursery, which will be cheaper and as good or better than others, being acclimated, and keep your money near home so your neighbors can get to pay you for what he needs, instead of buying from a distance, paying in currency and your money goes out of the country. I expect to be around and engage trees and deliver at some convenient point. My Nursery is eight miles North of Jacksonville at the head of Olathe creek.

Respectfully, May 18-6-m. JOHN W. BRADLEY.

## THE GRANGERS' SPINNER.

Patented September 15th 1874.

The undersigned having bought the right to manufacture the above named useful and altogether indispensable household article, has on hand both at his residence two miles north of Jacksonville, Ala., and at the store of B. F. Carpenter, Jacksonville, Ala. The Spinners, at a remarkably low price.

Its Points of Superiority over the old-fashioned wheel spinner are 1st. It will spin twice as rapidly and with more ease.

2nd. The lady spinning can sit and spin.

3rd. It operates by a treadle and comes to and passes from the hand by mechanical action.

4th. No throwing the hand.

It has many other advantages that cannot be pointed out in the length of a newspaper advertisement.

Call and examine it and you will certainly purchase. W. L. CARPENTER.

## Ice, Ice, Cold Ice!

I will keep on hand ICE during the Summer, to accommodate my customers.

I make a specialty of Good Legumes, Whiskies, Brandy, Wines, Beer and Soda Water, all of the best and purest Goods. The best article of Saccharine Wine will be kept by me.

All who want a good, cool drink to nourish and invigorate their drooping spirits will call at the CITY BAR, where they will find the best of all kinds of drinks ever offered in this place.

I keep a large stock of

Fine Tobacco and Cigars.

Now gentlemen, if you will drink, come to the City Bar, where you will get pure, good liquors. Respectfully,

JOHN RAMGANO. May 25, 1878—3m.

## NEW FAMILY Grocery.

THE undersigned having opened an establishment at the old stand of Whisenant & Driskill, has on hand and is constantly receiving a full stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Which he will sell at REMARKABLY LOW PRICES for CASH.

Mr. W. A. Driskill will attend to the wants of customers and otherwise transact the business of the house.

Bargains Guaranteed.

Call and examine goods and test prices before buying elsewhere.

COUNTRY PRODUCE, at the highest market price, taken in exchange for Groceries.

Respectfully, E. R. WILLIAMS. May 25, 1878—tf.

We are now selling NEW PIANOS for \$125

Erch. and all styles including Grand, Square and Upright, all new and strictly first-class, at the lowest net cash wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. No Agents; no commissions; no discounts. Pianos, containing

New Patent Duplex Overstrung Scale, which is without question the greatest improvement over put into a square Piano producing the most astonishing power, richness and depth of tone, of sustaining singing quality never before attained. Our uprights are the finest in America. Pianos sent on trial. Don't fail to write for Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue—mailed free.

MEDELSON PIANO CO. No. 38 Broadway, N. Y.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY.

Probate court, Special Term May 24, '78.

A t this term of Court came D. E. Hoke, administrator of the estate of J. D. Hoke, dec'd., and filed in court his report in writing and under oath.

Setting forth that said estate is, to the best of his knowledge and belief insolvent. Thereupon, it is ordered by the Court, that the 26th day of June, 1878, he appoints a day for the hearing and determining upon said report and declaring said estate insolvent, at which time all persons interested can appear and show cause if any they can, why said estate should not be declared insolvent, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate. June 1, 78-2t.

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FENCES.—It is imprudent and foolish to construct more fence than is needed, and to waste of time and timber, land and money. But fences, which have always been, used to small fields from their youth up, it is almost impossible to induce the adoption of a more economical system—throwing their lots into large fields. In a new country here, one will see more fields containing less than seven acres than above that number, and a twelve or fifteen acre field is a rare thing, though in the West, where the land is better, a richer lives on a farm of ninety-four acres, which is divided into eight lots, including the wood lot and orchard, and the number might be reduced one or two more. In the West, the farmer takes a proper rotation in farming, pasture and meadow, which is in every instance the objection against larger fields and fewer fences. Fences are necessary for a separation of ones, grow a part for corn, wheat or oats, grow the rest or raise any other crop. This can be done just as well without a fence. A part is cultivated and another part mowed for hay, and a third part come amiss for pastureage in the fall, after the crop from the other portion is removed. All that is required is proper foresight and prudence in planting, and the farmer can make his plans in advance, he is not likely to succeed by any method.

**TRAIN THE COLTS.** The horse submits to man's authority for the reason that he is made to believe that man is stronger. He is kind and tractable in being treated kindly and handled gently, but that a horse is once taught to believe that man is stronger than he, a colt is running by its mother's lead, it can be best taught valuable lessons. Man's strength can then easier overcome it. The more you talk to and handle a horse, the more you know you can handle him. The kinder it will be, the more you could ever permit a colt to have the mastery in strength, consequently small horses should not handle them until the horse is thoroughly subdued in this respect. Nor should you ever permit a horse to be caught by a halter which he can break. If he once learns to break his halter, he will take years to cure him the fault, if it is ever cured. But by teaching him to be pleased with them which are once engaged, he will not get within him—they will ever after easily caught, kind in service and trusting in danger or difficulty. When the colt comes who you never saw before, handle him gently, and with familiarity with him. Thus he will gradually become gentle and easily adapted to work. There will be no difficulty in breaking in such a colt. He will be obedient to you. By being treated thus, the colt can be easily taught in tricks and vicious habits.

**ROOT FACTS TREES.**—Mr. Hoopes, president of the Pennsylvania Fruit Growers' Association, boldly asserts that the diseases of fruit trees are, in cases out of ten, the results of which have their origin in carelessness rather than in bad planting. He is not in error—to plant a tree lower than it formerly stood is to give the right way, whilst many plant as they would a post. Roots are the life of the young and tender trees, composed of the finest fibers of the tree, always found near the surface getting air and moisture; roots of over one year old, which are the supporters of the tree and the inducers of its growth, are not so easily shaken, and the tree is thus enabled to put its roots to rest, and the delicate roots are so deeply buried in earth, that the young roots in contact with the young roots is, he tells us, the danger zone. The place to put the roots is on the surface, where the roots are not so exposed, and the roots disintegrate, dissolve and rot downwards. Numerous forms of diseases are generated and reproduced by the action of such manures as are applied to the roots, and the roots attack the tree. It is very well known that the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if it be in contact with the roots, the roots should be protected by some means.

**UNG CHICKENS.**—Those not at their care and attention. Animal of some kind, the most important, there being no worrisome now for them to catch. Ground of beef or pork, scalded, with soft food, are excellent; if this is not available, a sheep's hasket of one beef liver or good seal meat with the boiling liquor and stirred in, first having chopped it and then little and often. Don't let them enough to have the leave it spread it into the dirt. Be sure the feed warm. If with the hen, have in a sunny spot, protected from wind, so that when the hen is eating, the young are not so liable to suffer from the cold. The reason is that the artificial mother is recommended; the brooder is always for them, and they avoid being

**Highest Monument In The World.**—The new cast-iron spire of the Cathedral of Rouen has just been completed. One of the structures raised by the hands of man has made so magnificent a pedestal for the Christian religion, the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the level of modern art, thrown up by the genius of Bramante and Michel Angelo, has raised the emblem to 452 feet above the ground; the spire, the highest Cathedral in all France, reaches, with its celebrated tower, 505 feet; Amiens, 439 feet; Reims, 400 feet; Notre Dame, at Paris, 322 feet. The Paris Pantheon, the most perfect of the boldest edifices, is 295 feet high, the cross in front, on another side, the highest steeple, that of Cheops, measures 478 feet according to some travelers, 465 feet according to others; and this latter calculation which no human construction is ever exceeded. The pyramid of Cheops was 436 feet; that of Mycenæ 177 feet. Among more modern monuments the dome of St. Paul's, London, is 111 feet; that of Milan, 375; the dome of the Invalides, Paris, 351 feet; St. Sophia, at Constantinople, 285 feet; the leaning tower of Pisa, 187 feet; the dome of the Triumph, at Rome, 144 feet, the Pantheon of Agrippa to 141; the Observatory of Paris 132 feet. The dome of the Capital at London, including its statue, is 108 feet high, Trinity steeple being 120 feet. The dome to the top of the new, public buildings in Philadelphia, Pa., will be 100 feet high.

**CAUSE OF LAMP EXPLOSIONS.**—It is not the oil that explodes, but the vapor or gas that is generated from the oil. The vapor, when confined, or under pressure, is as explosive as gunpowder. The lamp may be standing on a table or mantel, and a slight puff of air from an open window or door may cause an explosion.

The lamp may be taken up quickly from the table or mantel, and quickly exploded. The lamp is taken out into the entry where there is a draft, or out of doors, and an explosion ensues.

A lighted lamp is taken up a flight of stairs, and carelessly placed in a closet or mantel, resulting in an explosion. In these cases the mischief is done by the air movement—either by suddenly taking the draft, or forcing air down the stairs.

Blowing down the chimney to extinguish a lamp is a frequent cause of explosion.

Lamp explosions have been caused by the oil or tallow broken off at the top, or one that has a piece broken out, whereby the draft is variable and the flame unsteady.

Sometimes a thoughtless person puts a lamp on a table, and the lamp is thus having considerable space above the wicks of the wick. An old burner, with its air-drift clogged up, which rightfully should be thrown away, is some-

**A NEW CURE FOR BURNS.**—It has been known for some time that the very best remedy for burns and scalds is salt water. The most common cooking soda or any other alkali in a neutral form, which will afford instantaneous cessation from pain. In all cases of superficial burning, the application of saturated salt water will effect a perfect cure in a few hours, and the deepest burns and scalds soon yield to it. At a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Dental Society in Salem, Dr. J. W. Foster, of Boston, gave a practical demonstration of the treatment, which required considerable nerve and more than in the efficacy of the treatment to its operation. The Doctor dipped a sponge into boiling water and squeezed it out, then he dipped the water flowing from the sponge into a glass, and poured the same over the arm, encircling it with severe scald two inches wide. Notwithstanding this, he dipped the sponge a second time and pressed closely on the under side of his wrist for half a minute. He then dipped the sponge in a solution of bicarbonate of soda and applied it wet cloth, and the intense pain was banished as by magic. Next he applied a wet cloth, with the exception of the burn, purposely made so severe, where the patient had been scalded. The effect was so practical that the Doctor showed where the water had flowed, this, too, without a second application of soda.

**POTATO AND ONION SOUP.**—Put four medium sized peeled potatoes in some boiling water, with a little salt, and here and there stir them with a spoon, until they are well done and mealy, then drain them and mash them smooth, and add gradually a quart of scalding milk. Stir it through the colander, to remove the lumps. Then add the potatoes, breaking, put a small tablespoonful of butter in a sauce pan and when melted, add in three or four sliced onions, and when they are quite brown, add the milk and potato mash, and put in a teaspoonful of flour, and stir until it begins to brown, when the onions may be mixed with it, and add on the flour is of the same color add a quart of milk and potato; season with salt and pepper, and simmer for fifteen minutes watching carefully that it does not burn. Serve with dry bread cut in dice and fried in boiling lard, (*croutons*) and a little chopped parsley.

the arteries have effect to an-  
the blood, and the arteries  
the calice of the blood vessels. It  
the les amica in the form of an  
the les composed of 10 grammes of  
the extract, to 20 grammes of honey.  
the tincture internally seemed to exert  
the cellular action, though less pronounced.

**RASPBERRY WINE.** taken internally  
the applied externally, is announced as  
the re for scrofula. To make the wine  
the ripe berries, mash them in a  
the mortar, put it in a stone  
the jar, and add one quart of water  
the to it berries; stir it well; set away  
the to stand a week; then strain it  
the through cotton, and you have a beauti-  
the wine, which, with a little sugar,  
the is a pleasant drink, at once cool-  
the and palatable. It does not ferment.

**DIGESTION.**—The perfect digestion of  
the of food that contain starch de-

greatly on the action of the saliva in the mouth, with which they are in contact during mastication. Therefore, the children to eat their food slowly to chew thoroughly.

**Poison in Artificial Flowers.**

The Board of Health, of New York, made an investigation of the case of a young girl, named Anna, daughter of Mary Ann Dougherty, the young woman whose death was reported to have been caused by the inhalation or by eating into the system of poison, by painting artificial flowers colored with a solution of copper. Dr. Waller found that artificial leaves are covered with a film of paraffine or wax, to prevent the leaves from rubbing, and to impart to them a brilliancy which they are composed of. The leaves are made of a material of necessary stiffness. Samples of different styles of leaves were examined, with the following results: The leaves of one style contained considerable amounts of arsenic, no doubt in the form of Paris green (arseniate of copper); two others contained very slight amounts of arsenic, and the other three were entirely free from it. The report says that Paris picro acid is used for coloring the green grass. The question of how it works with these articles is dangerous to the operatives, turns chiefly on the fact that Paris picro acid is dangerous to be apprehended from the leaves of the artificial flowers. As the hands take up enough of the coloring matter to get it into the brows, if the operatives eat their noonday meals with unwashed hands, they might be exposed to the danger of poisoning as well as the risk of contracting picro acid. The Paris picro acid is used as a medicine for many diseases, notably in intermittent fever, as a substitute for quinine. It is poisonous, and when it is caused by it, it results from the action of the action of the heart. The young girl Anna Dougherty owed her death to her occupation is a question of the Board of Health.

WHILE a number of lawyers and gentlemen were dining at Wisconsin recently, a jolly man from the Emerald Isle appeared and called for attention. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done. "Tell him crowd in among us," whispered a limb of the law, "and we will have a fun with him." The Irishman took him down the table and they were soon in this country, were you, my friend? "No, sir, I was born in Ireland." "Is your father living?" "No, sir, he is dead." "What is your occupation?" "A horse jockey, sir." "What is your father's occupation?" "A horse trader, sir." "Did your father ever cheat any person while he was here?" "Suppose he did cheat many, sir." "To heaven, sir." "What do you suppose he is doing in heaven?" "Trading horses, sir." "Has he cheated any one there?" "He cheated one, I believe, sir." "What was the name of the man?" "To heaven, sir." "Because they searched the whole kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer."

mean origin, thought to extol his superiority by asking Sir Thomas White what he thought of the quality of the horse Alderman "Truly," replied the worthy Alderman, "It seems to be a very good choice, but I remember when I was a young beginner, selling your lordship's father a far better, to make him a gown when he was Sergeant, and he was Mayor, and he was Mayor of London." "I don't doubt that," rejoined Sir Thomas, "but I don't doubt the scenes at a certain theatre will appreciate the situation when a prosperous equestrian's daughter observed to a retired actress: "Alter all, I was once a circus artist; my father collects you well as the elder actor retorted: "I dare say he does, my dear; he used to clank my shoes."

A STAY OF EXECUTION.—"Save me, Alderman, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

The doctor gave him a remedy that once eased him, and he called out: "Keep at it, doctor, and I'll give you check for five hundred dollars!"

"In fact, how much more he was able to let it up, and he said: "I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

"Doctor, I feel like giving you a fifty dollar bill."

When the doctor was ready to go, the check man was up and dressed, and he bowed the physician to the door, and he said:

"Say, doctor, send in your bill, and I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars."

"When six months had been gathered up, the doctor sent in a bill amounting to five dollars. He was called to get it down to three, and after so doing, he sent to get it, got judgment, and the patient put in a stay execution.

"There is a young man in the neighborhood who is always melancholy, and always out of work. The other day he was asked by a kindly disposed man whether he could find no work. "Sir," he replied, "I do nothing that shirs my appetite is my appetite. Can I help it?"

"No."

"The only thing that appeases my appetite is my food. Can I help it?"

"No, certainly not."

"The only thing that procures me food is money. Can I help it?"

"Of course not; everybody has to work."

"The only way for me to get money is to work. Can I help it?"

"But, sir, this is the best way to get it."

"But, sir," and here the tears came rolling down his cheek, "there is the only way. Work spoils my appetite, and I cannot eat anything else to live for."

A MAN was plowing over a field when

uddenly he saw a bull with head down  
feet pawing the grass. The man  
for the nearest fence, but just as  
he felt himself lifted by  
the two masts of the schooner  
the other side. He got up, and point-  
ed his finger at the beast said, "I'll  
have revenge. I'll get even with you."  
The bull was eating mutton with all life.  
The cowboy I eat nothing but beef."

"Hav ye got airy a clock to sell-  
nether?" notice, for a present to me  
"We have all kinds of clocks, from  
colled the jeweller—"twenty-four hour  
clocks and eight day clocks, from \$1.50  
to \$300 in price. Here's one that will  
run for a week, French clock worth  
\$10." "Divil take that!" said the clock-  
maker. "We wan the mister kin under-  
stand him what it strooks!"

A very tall, thin Highlander, said

He "hid a cold in his head, originated in his feet." She looked at him and said, "You are a cold in the head, as if measuring the distance back to the head to travel, and then ejaculated, 'gracious me! you must have got your wet some time last year.'" "When a boy finds himself, with an education on his part, assigned to a position between his sister and his brother's knee that he feels is not necessary, or the least the desirability, ordering the immediate mobilization of his forces."

NYACK MAN was discovered in the rear of a grocery store looking into a barrel of beef. When asked what he was doing there he gently and timidly replied, "I wish I could get corned like that."

CLERGYMEN, remarked an exchange, "like railway brakemen, do a great deal of coupling." Ay, yes, and in the coupled ones all the switchmen.

Natural Selection.

Investigators of natural science have demonstrated a controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that vouchsafes thrift and prosperity. Does not the same principle govern the human race? Can the weak and the feeble ever come to the surface? Can the mediocre not supersede the superior? The representative of this principle are the family of the Purgative.

By reason of superior merit, they have prevailed over all other medicines. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars. Gold is safe to say that no medicine has ever sold as well as they. They are exported all over the world up to several hundred thousand dollars annually. They could grow to such gigantic proportions that they would cover the entire surface of the earth and rest upon any other basis than the truth. It is safe to say that no medicine or combination of medicines yet discovered equals or can compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, for the cure of all ailments, and all putrefaction, for the cure of all ailments, for the cure of all ailments.

If the bowels be constipated the liver shall be diseased. The Purgative will give prompt relief, while the Purgative will cure the disease, perfectly.

Permanently cure those weaknesses and diseases that are peculiar to females.

In the People's Common Sense, a physician, as illustrated work of nearly one hundred years, the Doctor has fully discussed the principles of the Purgative.

Price \$1.00 post paid. Adapted to old

**Transplanting.**—The object of transplanting is to check the growth of the foliage and promote that of the roots, and this is best done while plants are young, so that, when they are transplanted, they will be sufficient root to support a vigorous upper growth. As soon as the plants are well above the surface of the soil they should be thinned out; that is, the weaker ones should be removed, so that the stronger ones may have free access to the air and not be crowded. In thinning out, leave the shortest and strongest plants, keeping them as nearly as possible an equal distance apart, with such small ones as will be wanted for the next year and those of the next. As soon as the plants have six visible leaves the first transplanting (called the pricking out) should be performed. The plants should be watered, and about an hour afterwards the plants should be removed to another bed, prepared of rich, light soil. In removing the plants from the old bed it is of great consequence to take care not to break the roots; this end a three or four pronged fork should be employed, lifting the plants gently and handling them carefully, planting them nearly four inches apart, and watering them well. As to the soil about them, and finally lightly sprinkling them with water. The bed in which they are transplanted should be

prepared a number of plants, and I put out 6000 in the before-mentioned manner. The plants are now in the state of plants that have been thus transplanted not only grow to greater perfection, but are more hardy and will stand a protracted drought much better.

**Curious Telephone Experiments.**—In a note to the French Academy M. Breguet says that all the points of the telephone—the handle the binding screws, the shell, etc., as well as the plate, may be made of wood, or even of cardboard. He illustrates this with the string telephone. Attaching the string to any point of the Bell telephone, and using the parchment membrane, one may easily correspond with a person using a Bell telephone. One may even attach the string telephone to a Bell telephone, several persons may hear the messages simultaneously. To render string telephones more practically useful, M. Breguet fixes to the center of the membrane of a string telephone a small thread at an angle. The sound carried by one of them is propagated by all the others. A thread is also passed through the centers of membranes, which then act as supports for long, straight lines. A sound relay is also made by means of a brass cylinder with two membranes, to which strings are connected. This method of extending the string telephone has been in use in this country for some time.

telephone has found a valuable application as a means of communication with submarine divers. Signals have hitherto been transmitted by simple pulls on the line, but, recently in England the instrument has been adapted for use by divers' helmets. It recently was the means of saving the life of a diver who just before fainting called to be pulled up without making the additional signal with his rope.

W. J. Miller has been conducting experiments that have led to results which may be turned to practical purpose in the future. Without the use of electricity, if a diver happened to be attached with mouth and ear pieces long enough to a third wire 150 yards long, and stretched on poles, breathing, singing, speaking at the transmitting terminal, and listening at the receiving terminal. Wires extending through a house—stretched tight however—and provided with mouth and ear pieces—near the several rooms, furnished the means of conversation could be carried on without difficulty. This is because the sound rather than the gladder ones. Perhaps simple appliances like these may be made to serve the purpose of the somewhat filthy and rather expensive divers' telephone tubes which are tolerated for emergency use.

*Flint* is really nothing more nor less than sponge turned into stone. Once the sponge grew at the bottom of the sea, as other sponges grow now; but when ages and ages ago, and since then sponge, turned to flint, has lain in the rocks and earth of many continents piled thick above it. Seen by a microscope, flint shows the make of sponge in its fibres; and sometimes you can see bedded in it, the shells of the tiny creatures upon which the sponge was built. Then, inside a flint, will be found bits of sponge not yet changed.

*Britannia metal* is tin 150 pounds, copper three pounds, antimony ten pounds.

**Out of Tune.**

When the tones of a musical instrument become harsh and discordant, we say it is "out of tune." The same may be said of that far more wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, the human system, when its various organs are disordered. Not only actual disease, but some far more common causes, overwork, mental anxiety or grief, may impair its vigor and activity. The best remedy for the total collapse of the vital energies, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is at once tonic and agreeable to mind cheering cordial, and the best poultice invigorant in all cases of debility. It is also a powerful medicine against biliousness; eradicates fever and ague, and prevents subsequent attacks. It remedies with promptness all heartburn, sour stomach, flatulencies, dyspepsia, nervousness, rheumatic humors, and many other bodily ailments. It counteracts influences which predispose to fevers.

**PONTS YEARS OF SUCCESS** is sufficient evidence as the value of Scheuch's Pulmonic Balm. Hoarseness, Sore Throat. It contains opium in such small quantities as to be perfectly safe by all Druggists.

**Reliable Dry Goods House.**

We notice that B. F. Demeez, 725 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia has been appointed agent of the very celebrated Double Warrant Black & Blue Cloth. This cloth is said to be almost everlasting in wear, and at present selling at a price from \$1.25 to \$2.00, but sold at retail at from \$2 to \$3 per yard. If you want any kind of dry goods, write for samples.

**The Great Spring Medicine**

**Hooftland's German Bitters.** It tones the stomach and assists Digestion. It arouses the intellect. It purifies the action, and regulates the circulation. It gives vigor to the system, and strength to the whole exertion. It expels Dyspeptic symptoms, with its loss of appetite, depression, and depression. It infuses new life and energy into the whole system. All suffering from deranged digestion will find relief almost immediately in Hooftland's Bitters. They are sold by Druggists everywhere. Holloway & Co., 692 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

**Rheumatism Quickly Cured.**

"Durang's Rheumatic Remedy," the great French medicine, will positively cure any case

[illegible]

roller, and is so effective in its cure, as in what is termed female weakness. It has never failed to give its cure.

# VEGETINE.

## Kidney Complaints.

(CINCINNATI, O., April 19, 1877.)

MR. H. R. STEVENS :—

I have suffered several years with the Kidney Complaint, and was induced to try Vegetine. I have taken several bottles of your preparation, and am this day cured of a valuable remedy. I have done more good than any other medical cure. I can only recommend it to all suffering from Kidney Complaint.

Yours Respectfully,

J. S. MCILLLEN.

First bookkeeper for Newell, Galt & Co., Dough merchants, No. 86 W. Front st., Cin., O.

Vegetine has restored thou ands to health who had been long and painful suffer rs.

# VEGETINE.

## Dyspepsia, Nervousness and General Debility.

(CINCINNATI, O., April 9, 1877.)

MR. R. STEVENS :—

I hear Sir,—I have used several bottles of Vegetine for the cure of my Nervousness and General Debility, and I can truly say it has cured me, and made me so strong in 6 weeks; therefore I will recommend it to all sufferers.

Wahmut Hill, 41 Court st.

For General Debility the good effects of the Vegetine are realized immediately after commencing to take it.

# VEGETINE.

**Dizziness, Liver and Kidney Complaint.**

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

DEAR R. STEVENS:—

I hear of you—I have received great benefit from your medicine, and can safely recommend it for Dizziness, Head of Blood to the head and for a general blood purifier. It has also been used by other members of my family for Liver and Kidney Complaints.

Mrs. A. C. Birchett,  
424 Taylor street, Cincinnati.

Vegetine is the great health restorer, composed exclusively of herbs, roots and herbs. It is very pleasant to take; every child likes it.

**VEGETINE.**

Prepared by

**H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.**

**Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.**

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and the Publisher by stating in the advertisement inserted in this journal (naming the paper)

**TEXAS LAND & RAILWAY TICKETS**  
For cash or exchange for coin of country currency and merchandise. **HICKMAN & LEVICK, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, 249 South Sixth Street, Galveston, Tex.**

**BAILEY'S  
PURE RYE  
WHISKY**

[illegible]

8 Aubertons, (or 6) 4 Lilies  
 10 Market Plants, (or 10 Hot-  
 ting Plants),  
 4 Begonias, (or 6 Caladiums,  
 Faint)  
 3 Camellia, Doty's, or 6 Canaan,  
 8 Carrots, Monthly, (or 8  
 Chrysanthemums,  
 6 Cleat, or 6 Double, double,  
 6 Ferns, (or 6 Fuchsias),  
 8 Geraniums, Zonale, (or 6 Ge-  
 raniums, Double),  
 6 Gravelines, Second, (or 6  
 Greenhouse Plants),  
 6 Hardy Flowers, (or 8 Helio-  
 tropes),  
 6 Hinks, (or 6 Lantanas),  
 2 Hyos, (or 6 Lantanas),  
 1 Pansy, (or 6 Pen-  
 sylvanica, Single),  
 8 Phlox, Hardy, (or 8 Einks,  
 8 Roses, Monthly, (or 8 Roses,  
 Hardy Hybrid),  
 8 Rhod. Clematis, or 8 Starling,  
 2 Tobacco, New Pearl, (or 12  
 Verbena),  
 2 Violets, (or 4 Hinks), such as:  
 2 varieties of Flower, or 10 varieties of Vegetable Seeds.  
 100 EXPRESS boxes, paying charges.  
 3 collections for \$2; 5 for \$3; 9 for \$4; 12 for \$5.  
**DREWS'S GARDEN CATALOGUE**, giving directions for grow-  
 ing plants at low prices.

**HENRY A. DREER,**  
 714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

**E S T A B L I S H E D**  
**S. M. PETERSON**  
**ADVERTISING**  
 87 Park Row, New York; 7  
 delphia, and 10 Sta

**Free Ad-**

for publication in all the News-  
 part of the globe, at the PUBLISHING  
**ADVANTAGE**  
 is to the most judicious advertising, and  
 the best manner and time of doing it, and  
 the success of the advertiser.

**ESTIMATES**  
 for one or more insertions of an advertise-  
 ment forwarded on application.

**O U R**

than 8,000 Newspapers and Periodicals,  
 our customers on application, and to all

OF  
PHILADELPHIA.



Central Fire Bruch-Loading Gun. Single Barrel  
Rifles and Pistols of most famous makers.  
American make. Paper and Brass Ammunition.  
Cape, etc. Prices on application. Liberal discount  
to dealers.

JOS. C. GRUBB & CO.,  
712 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA.

**MAGIC LANTERNS**  
AND VIEWS  
FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL & HOME ENTERTAINMENTS  
THE LARGEST STOCK OF REVOLVED COLORED  
SLIDES. C. T. MILLICAN  
100 N. 3RD ST. PHILADELPHIA  
WELL SUITED FOR PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS  
New edition of Catalogue now ready, giving prices  
Reduced Prices.

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE OF DENTAL SURGERY  
Twenty-third Annual Session  
The regular Winter Session for 1875-76 will  
commence on Tuesday, October 20, 1875, and continue  
five months, in the new and commodious building  
located on Twelfth street, below Arch, to which  
the College has just been removed. The full  
equipment of the rooms in this building, will enable  
the Faculty to offer the Dental Student the same  
advantages as are afforded by the best European

seeds accruing from lecture rooms with high ceilings  
 and excellent ventilation. The first two hundred  
 students (Lancet rooms with such an abundance  
 of light that the sun is not needed) are seated  
 formed in six parts of the room; well-ventilated  
 for the most part, and the second and largest  
 for the first hundred students. The first  
 Dean, 167 GREEN Street, Philadelphia, N. PA.

# **LANDRETH'S** **Garden Seeds**

ARE GROWN ON OUR FARMS IN PENNSY-  
 VANIA, NEW JERSEY, VIRGINIA,  
 AND WISCONSIN.  
**1500 ACRES**, owned, occupied and cultivated  
 ourselves, besides as many more acres  
 under contract.  
**THEY SPEAK THEIR OWN PRAISE WHERE  
 EVER PLANTED.**  
 Four Diplomas, Four Medals, and Three Special  
 Prizes awarded our exhibition at the  
 CENTENNIAL.  
 Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac contains  
 prices and such valuable information, mailed  
 to all applicants.  
 Wholesale trade prices for dealers on application.  
**DAVID LANDRETH & SONS,**  
 No. 21 and 23 SOUTH SIXTH Street,  
**PHILADELPHIA.**

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
**PETTINGILL'S**

**Newspaper Directory**  
AND  
**ADVERTISER'S HAND-BOOK.**  
For 1878.

The most complete Newspaper Directory  
ever published, supplying the  
wants of Publishers and  
Advertisers alike.

It contains 400 pages, with information concern-  
ing 845 different papers in the United States and  
British America, and comprehensive lists of promi-  
nent European and Australasian journals.

This DIRECTORY will be sent, post-paid, for 1/4s  
address, for the very low price of one Dollar.

**S. M. PETTENGILL & CO.,**  
37 Park Row, New York.

D. S. EWING, 127 CHESTNUT ST. PHILA.  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
THE WILLOW & GIBBS' NEW AUTOMATIC  
THE ONLY SEWING MACHINE OF ITS CLASS  
and the  
"NEW HOWE"  
THE BEST SEWING MACHINE OF ITS CLASS  
also,  
MRS. DEMOREST'S PATENT FASHION  
D. S. EWING, 127 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.  
Agents for Illustrated Catalogue.

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**LANDRETH'S SEEDS.**

**ARE THE BEST.**

D. LANDRETH & SONS,  
21 & 23 South NINTH ST., Philadelphia.

MACHINERY NEW AND IMPROVED SCHOOL  
FOR PAKAR WISAN—sent by mail for \$2.00.  
Has the most thorough system of instruction and as  
LEB & WALKER, 1118 Chestnut St., Philadel-  
phia.

**COMPOUND OXYGEN** The new cure for  
Pneumonia, Catarrhs, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Consumption, Asthma,  
and all Chronic Diseases, by a revitalizing process, which cures  
**REMARKABLE CURES** which are attainable  
without operation.

**STRONGLY ENDORSED** by the Hon.  
J. F. A. SMITH, Hon. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, and  
SEN. FRANK J. BROWN (all rep.) with many  
other testimonials to its remarkable  
cure. Dr. STRECK & PAXSON, 1118 Grand St., Phila-  
delphia.

**PUBLISHED 1849.**

**GILL & CO.,**  
**AGENTS,**  
101 Chestnut Street, Phila-  
delphia, Boston.

**Advertisements**  
in papers and Periodicals, in any  
of our LOWEST RATES.

**PRICE**  
the value of advertising mediums,  
as to everything that will promote  
sales.

**RATES**  
in any number of papers for  
our

ing the names and description of more  
will be forwarded free of charge to all  
others on receipt of the price, \$1.00.

VOLUME

THE REPUBLICAN

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED  
BY J. F. & L. W. BROWN

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A. W. WOOD  
ATTORNEY  
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Special attention given  
to the settling up of  
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of wills, and the e-  
xecution of land and  
maritime contracts in  
the southwest corner of  
the State. Office in  
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J. H. CALDWELL, JR.  
Caldwell, Hames &  
ATTORNEYS  
AND  
SOLICITORS IN  
JACKSONVILLE  
Will practice in all the  
district, circuit and  
courts of the State.

W. W. WOOD  
Attorney  
AND  
Solicitor in  
Office formerly occupied  
by JACKSONVILLE  
TAILOR SHOP.  
BRADFORD &  
Attorney  
AND  
Solicitors in  
JACKSONVILLE.

M. J. TUNNEY  
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AND  
SOLICITOR IN  
JACKSONVILLE.  
D. C. ELLIS.

ELLIS & M  
ATTORNEYS  
No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville.  
Have associated in the  
region, and will attend to  
them in the counties of  
the State.

H. L. STEVENSON  
ATTORNEY  
JACKSONVILLE  
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All work executed in  
scientific manner.  
Charges very moderate.

J. C. PRINCE  
SMALL  
MAMMOTH  
Neatly,  
Cheaper

# Jacksonville

# Republican

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1878.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00

For six months in advance, \$1.25

For three months in advance, \$0.75

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For one copy, \$0.05

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## VOICES OF THE SEA.

The shadows of night are falling

On the wild and stormy sea,

Whose mystic voices are calling,

Are calling and chiding me.

The voice of the unquiet ocean!

It will not let me sleep;

For I know what its tones are saying,

Those weird tones so sad and deep.

Till, like the shell that is singing,

Its wave-taught, home-sick strain,

My restless heart is ringing

With the music of the main.

Oh, playmate of my childhood,

The joyous, wild and free,

My soul forgets not the fancies

And the lore it learned of thee.

When afar on the glancing billow,

Away mid the dancing spray

Where the sea-birds have their pillow,

It roved, as free as they.

Then came that chiding murmur,

Those tones so sad and wild;

For a dweller for aye in thy bosom,

Is the heart of the ocean-child.

## The Fatal Wager.

There was Castilian blood in the veins of the dark-faced man who galloped into Taos, in New Mexico, at the close of a beautiful day in mid Autumn. His physique was faultless, his restless eyes dark and piercing, and the uplifted brim of his sombrero disclosed a lofty forehead. A great mustache, whose long hairs were blown behind his ears by the winds, added to his personal adornment.

This man was Benito Marmajo, a wild, reckless fellow, famous, among other things, for the summary manner in which he swept rivals from his path. Almost incredible stories of his love-making are still told in the towns of New Mexico, and the meanest peon has his deeds at his tongue's end.

Let us record his last act. Straight to the most prominent drinking-house of the town rode Benito Marmajo on the evening aforementioned. He found the usual loungers about the bar—youths of blood and rank in the territory, and his friends and admirers.

His first act was the treating of the crowd, and when the liquor had disappeared, one of the loungers said, banteringly:

"To-morrow night the beautiful Senora Inez becomes the Northerner's bride. Who among us has she invited to her nuptials?"

The young man looked at Marmajo as he spoke, as if his words were addressed to that individual alone.

The Mexican's face flushed.

"Not Benito Marmajo!" was the grating response. "The senora is free to choose whomever she may; but those who are asked to the marriage feast do not always attend."

The words conveyed a subtle meaning, as the speaker's look and the manner in which they were spoken indicated to his auditors.

"Thirty ounces of gold that the bridegroom does not kiss his bride to-morrow night!"

As the last words fell from his lips, Marmajo, the Mexican, drew a well-filled purse from his bosom, and tossed it upon the counter. His companions exchanged startled and significant looks.

"Who takes my wager?" the dark-skinned Adonias cried, defiantly, his eye sweeping the cordon of faces that surrounded him. "Thirty ounces of gold! Come, senor, cover them, and Jose, our barkeeper, shall hold the yellow tokens."

A moment's silence succeeded, when a young man who had entered the place in time to hear the offer, exclaimed, as he elbowed his way towards the Mexican:

"I'll cover it, Senor Marmajo! I will put thirty ounces of gold upon your purse, and wager thirty more that they will hold it down."

A slight cheer went up from the crowd, and the handsome reprobate turned smiling upon the youth.

"Ah, is that yourself, Senor Iglean?" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "You must be one of the disappointed ones."

The young man blushed deeply, for it was generally known that he had once sought the hand of the senorita, who stood so near the altar.

"Whether I am or not, it does not affect the wager," he replied, nettled somewhat by the Mexican's words. "I cover your purse thus, Marmajo. These senors are our witnesses."

"And Jose, here, the stake-holder?"

"St. Now, Jose, let us have the best liquor that your house supplies."

The wager was sealed in draughts of tolerable liquor, and Benito Marmajo withdrew from the convivial company and remounted his lithe-limbed steed.

"Day after to-morrow, senors," he said, with a smile to the few who were able to wish him adieu from the porch of the house and touching his horse gently with the spurs he was soon beyond the boundaries of the town.

One by one the drunken revelers left the drinking place with brains too befuddled to think of the covert threat illy concealed by Marmajo's wager.

They did not dream of the blow that was hovering over the head of the young Northerner who had entered the territory and won, over the adoration of many native beaux, the hand of Senora Inez.

Beautiful, wealthy and good, the maiden, a descendant of one of Cortez's mailed followers, had long been the belle of the country around Taos. Her father's large hacienda swarming with

cattle, and boasting of silver mines of great wealth, would in the course of time become hers. Thus she was the richest heiress in the country.

To all her admirers, save Richard Compton from the States, she had turned a deaf ear. The handsome Marmajo had courted her smiles in vain, and the youthful Iglean had poured the story of his passion into her ears, while she thought of the American who had won her heart. And it was to be a grand wedding. The bride's father had invited the officers of the territory, and the wealth and beauty of the country were expected to grace the occasion. But Marmajo, the disappointed suitor, had wagered thirty ounces of gold with Iglean that the American would not kiss Inez on the wedding night.

It was getting dark on the night of the wedding when a mounted man drew rein under the branches of a tree that stood at the edge of a narrow Mexican road. He wore a broad-brimmed sombrero that shaded his face, but the dark mustache that almost touched his shoulders, and the hands, small as a woman's, proclaimed his identity.

It was Benito Marmajo.

The coil of a lariat hung from his saddle's pommel, and he seemed to be awaiting the approach of some one from the Southeast. Immoveable as a statue, and speaking not, he sat upright in his saddle; but his eyes were restless and full of anxiety and expectancy. He was not far from the house of the happy Senora. A few moments' gallop would have brought him to the house already ringing with the laughter of wedding guests, but the Mexican with Spanish blood did not intend to visit the marriage board.

At last he started and uncoiled the lariat. Then the tread of a horse became distinctly audible and a minute later an object appeared in the moonlight that slumbered in the road not far away.

"Alone!" muttered the watcher, astonished, and then, with the lariat dangling from his hand, he said:

"It is well. Now for the thirty ounces which Iglean staked."

The horseman continued to approach apparently unconscious of the presence of the dare-devil Adonias of New Mexico, whose eyes were fastened upon him with the glare of the bullock's orbs.

"I know 'tis he—the hated American!" hissed Marmajo, as he prepared the lariat for a throw.

"Would to Jesu that Leon were here to see the deed. The boy always prides himself on the use of the cord."

Leon was the speaker's brother, a boy whom he had not seen for several years, but whose image was enshrined in his heart as the only person whom he had ever loved. Nearer and nearer came the lassoer's victim, galloping slowly over the narrow road, now in moonlight, and now again almost lost among the shadows. All at once the lariat described a circle about Marmajo's sombrero. Then it shot towards the horseman and dropped over his head like a noose of death.

The next moment the Mexican's steed darted forward, and the victim was jerked violently from the saddle as the exclamation, "Jesu, pity!" fell from his lips.

The infernal noose had plucked his arms to his sides, and a smile of malicious triumph crossed Marmajo's face as he looked over his shoulder and saw the object which he bounded over the ground at his horse's heels. Through the chapparal and into the unobstructed moonlight the Mexican urged his steed, which seemed eager to escape, as it were, the dreadful thing that the lasso dragged behind him.

"The thirty ounces are mine," said the lassoer, looking back, and then laughed. "Marmajo knew when he bet that the American would not kiss the senora to-night."

His horse did not seem to tire. Over the gently undulating country, and in the golden light of the moon, he bore his reckless rider, whose heart beat fast with a devilish triumph. The spurs, jingling in their sockets, ever and anon touched the blood-stained ravelled and wind-sung through the rider's waning hair. Bouncing over the ground like a ball, the lassoer's victim followed in his wake, staining the stones a dreadful crimson that looked ghastly in the weird light. No cry welled from the bruised lips. They had long been silent, and the hands which a few moments since had rescaled Marmajo's had been battered into a bleeding pulp.

On, still on! Was the devil never going to draw rein?

The wind blew back the froth that dropped from the horse's mouth and now and then it fell like snow-flakes upon the victim of his master's revenge. As Marmajo could not ride to the end of the world, he stopped at last. Upon the borders of a stream that ran through the country to the more pretentious Gila the reprobate drew rein.

The moon, high up in the heavens when he hung his lariat, was near the horizon; but its beams fell upon the water, and the wild flowers that beautified its banks.

Marmajo dismounted and with a fiendish look walked towards his victim.

"Well, my love-making Americano," he exclaimed. "I fancy that Senora Inez would not see meet you now."

A dreadful sight met the lassoer's gaze when he stood over the man whom he had dragged at his horse's heels for twenty miles. The semblance of hu-

manity was all that had withstood the journey, and over this the Mexican stooped with a wild cry. He had discovered that his lariat had dropped over the head of the wrong man! But another and more terrible discovery was yet to come. Upon the breast, torn by the rocks and briars, glistened something that attracted Marmajo's attention. Snatching it eagerly, he held a locket in his hand. One glance at it and he staggered to his feet with a piercing shout—one long, loud cry of killing agony.

For a moment he swayed to and fro, then with a cry of "Leon, my brother!" he fell forward upon his victim, and glued his lips to the battered face. He had not only lassoed the wrong man, but his boy brother, Leon!

In the agony of that moment the joyful past came over the Mexican's mind, and the moon's last beams fell on him in speechless misery at his brother's side.

By and by he remounted and crossed the stream. The object which he had dragged at the heels of his horse now lay in his arms, and he was talking to it like a mad man. All this time Richard Compton was looking into the dark eyes of his young bride.

Marmajo had lost his wager.

With much anxiety the loungers of Taos waited for news from the feast, and when it came they looked at one another in wonderment.

"He must have ridden off with his brother, who passed through Taos inquiring for him," said one.

Yes, but no one ever dreamed of the brothers meeting, and Richard Compton, the American, never dreamed of his escape.

Young Iglean raked in the stake money, wondering what had become of Marmajo.

The stars might tell him.

The Heroes Come from the War.

A few companies of battle-scarred veterans returned to Odessa on April 8, from San Stefano. The first to land were the Czar's Guard—a few hundred infantrymen and two batteries of field artillery. Their escort was formed of one non-commissioned officer and six privates from every cavalry regiment of the guard, and one non-commissioned officer and sixteen privates from every infantry regiment of the guard.

Of course they were all picked men—veritable giants. Since the body was formed it had three successive commanders.

One was placed here at the combat at the passage of the Danube, and the second was killed in October before Gorny-Dubnik. Until the arrival of the Czar in Bulgaria it took part in some of the bloodiest encounters of the war, and was among the first troops to cross the Balkans with General Chourko.

The second detachment was all that was left of the famous Podolsky Regiment, which was one of the first to cross the Danube, and which, having its complement of men renewed three times, has now only about 1,000 instead of 3,000 names upon its roll, after fighting for six months against Turks and the weather at Schlipka. Many of its companies are reduced to as low as twenty-five men, while one company is actually stated to have only two of those who originally entered Bulgaria. A correspondent writes that it was a touching sight to see those brave, patient, hardly bronzed, simple warriors in their worn boots and patched and seedy clothes.

But there were no rags; not a button was wanting. It was to be seen at a glance that all had done what they could to furnish themselves up for the day, had knocked every speck of dust out of their threadbare uniforms, and braced themselves up to look as soldierly as possible. Yet it is said that numbers had no shirts to their backs and no socks to their feet; that many had next their skins nothing but well-known, long, gray, rough-looking, but warm, easy, comfortable and serviceable coat worn by the Russian army. It seems after crossing the Danube, they somehow got rid of their knapsacks, and have been all through the campaign ever since without. Altogether they made a most touching impression, and brought something like a tear even to many eyes.

Weights and Measures.

In copper works, one is measured and paid for by the ton of 5,352 pounds, from the mines through the mill, till it comes out of the jigs, when suddenly it is transformed into a ton of 2,240 pounds, which is the ton of the smelting furnaces and of the teamsters.

When shipped, this ton again shrinks to 2,000 pounds. At iron works there is a still greater variety of tons; and even connecting railroads adjust their freight to 2,240, or 2,000 pounds per ton, as their own standard may be in delivering from one to the other.

And in order to maintain the beautiful symmetry of our system, they, of course, rarely if ever state what kind of a ton is used in either case. Coal is mined and paid for by tons of various weights, from 3,000 to 5,000 pounds. It is sold by tons running from 2,250 all the way down to 1,500 pounds. Large purchasers can buy tons of 2,240 pounds, but purchasers from the same company's retail yard find the ton weighs never more than 2,000 pounds, if that. It is sold by bushels of 76 pounds, 80 pounds, barrels, hogheads, loads, and other standards—the weights of which depend originally on the fancy of the individual, and subsequently on immemorial custom.

## Out-Door Sports.

The season has now arrived when out-door sports are apropos. The caterpillar has left his den, the mosquito has turned over in bed and uttered a warning shriek, and big green worms are skylarking around on shade trees, and betting on their chances of dropping down behind a man's coat-collar.

One of the leading lawn sports is called "Push and Cut." It is played with a machine called a lawn-mower. These machines are neatly put up, beautifully painted, and will make a racket in any climate. The player seizes them by a neat handle and pushes toward the grass on a trot. The game is to find an old hoop-scribble, paint-keg, oyster can or catsup bottle in the grass. After two or three lessons the player will be amazed at his good luck in finding these things and making tally-marks. Some players take a flying leap over the machine when it strikes an old beef-horn in the grass, but the rules of the game are liberal in this respect. The player can, if he prefers, rush against the handle and knock a corner off his chin or bang his chest-bone back into a corner.

Another interesting lawn game is played as follows: At the supper table the wife remarks:

"James, I want ten dollars to fix up my summer silk. Don't go away without leaving it."

James makes no reply, but manages to slip out of the house unseen. He is stealing softly across the lawn to jump over the fence at the corner, when his wife comes rushing out and exclaims:

"James! James! See here!"

He begins to squint into a cherry tree and talk about notes.

"You walk back here and hand over that cash or I'll send for my mother to come and stay all summer!"

According to the rules of the game he turns and looks at her and utters to himself:

"That wilets me!"

"The idea of your skulking off like that!" she continues, when headvances hands out the "X," and if he can convince her that he has soon give her \$20 as \$10, he wins the game.

Another out-door game is played between ten o'clock in the evening and midnight, in order to avoid the heat of the sun. It is played altogether by married people. Nine o'clock having arrived, and the husband not having reached home, the indignant wife nails down the windows, locks all the doors, and goes to bed feeling as if she could smash her partner in a minute and a half.

Along about eleven o'clock Charles Henry begins to play his part in the game. He is suddenly seen under one of the kitchen windows. He endeavors to raise it. He tries another and another, but the sash won't lift. Then he softly tries all the doors, but they are locked. The rule of the game allows him to make some remarks at this juncture, and it generally begins to rain about this time. As he gets under the shelter of the garden rake he muses:

"Nice way to treat me because I found a stranger on the walk with a broken leg and took him to the hospital."

As the rain becomes harder he boldly climbs the front steps and rings the bell. After about ten minutes the door is opened, a hand reaches out and pulls him into the hall, and the game goes on:

"Oh! you vile wretch!"

"Darling, whaz mazzaz—whaz iz it, jarring?"

"Don't darling me. Here it is almost daylight, and I've shivered and trembled, and brought on a nervous fever which may carry me to my grave!"

"Jarring, I found a leg on the sidewalk viz broken man, and—"

This game is always won by the wife. Another, and the last out-door game to be described here, is called "Waiting for Her Darling." A woman waits for her husband to spade up a flower-bed. The Eastern question absorbs his whole time. She goes out to wield the spade herself. The game is very brief. She tries to dig in the spade by pressing with both feet at once, and when she gets up and dashes into the house, she realizes that she rolled over three times and barked her nose on the iron vase, and that four carriages were right opposite the house at the time. She may have a speech to deliver when her husband comes to dinner, but the husband wins the game—it is so in the rules.

Habits of the Black Bear.

These hot days remind old hunters that the bears are about awakening out of their long winter sleep. They go into den at different times in different years, according to the abundance or scarcity of berries. In years of plenty they prowled about until the last of December, and even the first of January; at other times they have been known to den up in November. Sometimes they make their quarters in a nice, snug room in a ledge; at others, in hollow logs, in hollow standing trees, under the bottoms of trees partly burned up by the roots, and even under large bush heaps, after the snow gets deep. They often come out in mid-winter, in a heavy thaw, and take a round turn of a mile or more and return to their old quarters again, thus showing that it is the warm weather which brings them out, and not because they have got their nap out. I have often seen where the bear has camped on the snow crust by breaking boughs of evergreen or tearing dry-rotten logs to pieces for a nice, warm bed. They

sometimes leave their winter quarters early in March, and make some other place a temporary abode until spring opens.

I have known them to lay themselves away for six months at a time in a cave in a ledge in the deep recesses of the forest, in utter solitude, where the dampness of the rocks only added to the dismal surroundings.

</



**ED. G. CALDWELL,**  
(At the old Forney Corner.)  
Has on hand the best brands of Che-  
wing and Smoking TOBACCO, in-  
cluding the popular Swan-on's Pride  
and the celebrated Durham Smoking To-  
bacco. He has the largest stock of CIG-  
ARS in town. Among his brands  
you will find the Solace, Margarita, Roy-  
al, Standard and the favorite Tidal  
Wave.  
Chocolate, Goldfish Imported Chow  
Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon &  
Canned Goods in great variety at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat,  
Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Cheap Groceries for Cash** at  
the old Forney Corner.  
**Fresh Lard** at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
**Fresh Meat** at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy anything in the**  
**GROCERY line CHEAP** for  
**CASH** at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Go, buy one of these fine Plows of the**  
**Towers patent** at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.  
**A splendid lot of Red Tin Ware** at  
ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Finest article of kerosene oil at**  
**E. G. CALDWELL'S**

**New lot of stone-ware at E. G.**  
**CALDWELL'S.**

**YOU can buy TEN pounds of**  
**RICE for \$1.00** at  
**E. G. CALDWELL'S**

**YOU can buy 10 pounds of**  
**SUGAR for \$1.00** at  
**E. G. CALDWELL'S**

**Salt at manufacturers' prices at**  
**E. G. CALDWELL'S.**

**YOU can buy 5 pounds of good**  
**COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR** at  
**ED. G. CALDWELL'S.**

**Cheaper than the cheapest, one**  
**box of good Soap at 5 cts. per**  
**box, at the**  
**RED STORE.**

**You can buy the best Starch at**  
**8 cts. per pound, at**  
**D. J. PRIVETT.**

**You can buy one dozen cakes**  
**of nice Toilet Soap, at the RED**  
**STORE for 75 cts.**

**Large lot of Lamps, Lamp Fix-**  
**tures, and Glass-ware to be closed**  
**out at a sacrifice, at the**  
**RED STORE.**

**Cheaper than raising them; two**  
**pound can Tomatoes at 10 cts. per**  
**can, at**  
**PRIVETTS.**

**Pickles and Extracts for 10 cts.**  
**per bottle, at the**  
**RED STORE.**

**A full lot of Saddles, Harness,**  
**Bridles, Collars, Whips and Sad-**  
**dle-ware, will be on hand at**  
**prices to suit the times. Re-**  
**pairing a specialty.**

**But the way to get your Tobac-**  
**co and Cigars cheaper than I will**  
**sell them, and that is to steal them.**  
**D. J. PRIVETT**

**W. P. & ED. L. PARR,**  
**Grocers & Commission**  
**Merchants.**

**JUST RECEIVED**  
**At PARR'S a fresh lot of BULK**  
**MEAT and LARD, of the very**  
**best at Rock bottom prices and**  
**still lower if need be.**

**GO TO PARR'S to buy your**  
**Sugar and Coffee; they keep the**  
**best Article at the lowest price.**

**The PARR'S are selling Crock-**  
**ery and Glass-ware at lowest**  
**prices than ever sold in Jackso-**  
**nville before. Examine their stock.**

**If you want Chewing Tobacco**  
**go to PARR'S to get it, they are**  
**selling Chewing Tobacco of the**  
**best quality, at lowest prices, and**  
**lower than that.**

**The Parr's has W. T. BLACK-**  
**WELL & CO., Yellow Rose Dur-**  
**ham & Killicknick Smoking To-**  
**bacco the best in town, and at**  
**very low prices.**

**WASHING SOAPS.**  
**The best found at Parr's. Come**  
**and see—you will buy.**  
**All kinds of GROCERIES at**  
**the lowest prices. Call and see**  
**them.**

**Mr. J. D. Hammond, of this place,**  
**has now on exhibition and for sale,**  
**Randall's Grain Separator and Cleaner,**  
**which is decidedly the best machine for**  
**cleaning, separating and grading wheat**  
**that ever has been introduced into this**  
**country. It will take out all the chaff,**  
**cockle and cheat from the foulest wheat**  
**and separate it into three classes ordi-**  
**narily. It can be so arranged as to sepa-**  
**rate down to ten per cent of the best**  
**and largest grains for seedling purposes,**  
**absolutely free from any faulty grains**  
**whatever. The machine is inexpensive**  
**and is within the reach of every farmer.**  
**Call on Mr. Hammond and examine**  
**this machine and you will be certain to**  
**purchase. It will revolutionize the**  
**wheat growing interest in this country.**  
**June 15-31.**

The County Court opened Monday.  
Gen. Wm. D. Forney returned from  
Washington Saturday evening last.  
The Chancery Court, Hon. M. S. Gra-  
ham, Chancellor, opened here Monday.  
**Sewing Machines** Needles 60 cts.  
a doz., 4 for 25 cts. J. E. Tinsley

Hon. Tami Bradford came on Sunday  
evening to attend Chancery Court, which  
met here Monday.  
Wheat, corn, corn meal, flour and  
oats, will be taken at the market price,  
in payment for subscription to REPUBLICAN.  
J. E. Tinsley has gone to North Georgia  
to spend a few weeks with his relatives and  
friends.

The bill establishing the post route from  
here to Centre via Wragg's Mill, passed the  
House but failed to pass the Senate. It  
will not become a law before next December.

**All Styles Clocks, Watches, Jew-**  
**elry and Sewing Machines, &c., neatly**  
**and cheaply repaired, and warranted by**  
**J. E. TINSLEY, Jacksonville, Ala.**  
May 11th, 78. tf

The Ashville Argus of the 26th reports  
that of the parties to the late difficulty in that  
town, Meredith is not expected to live.  
Hudges is fast recovering.

Ned Wily, (col) brought us the first cot-  
ton bloom of the season, on Thursday  
morning last.

Gov. Houston has written a letter oppos-  
ing the Greenback movement. He thinks it  
can only injure the Democratic party in the  
South.

**Dress Goods, Linens, Grass Linen,**  
**Piques, Ladies and Gents Shoes at extra-**  
**ordinary low prices**  
**A. MEYERS & CO.**  
Cash Store.

W. W. Woodward returned to Atlanta  
last week, after a short stay at home, and  
we shall probably have some more letters  
from his sprightly pen.

Miss Fannie Snodgrass, of the Scottsboro  
Herald, discovers that three out of the six  
gentlemen on the State ticket are newspa-  
per men, to-wit: Brewer, Screws and Vic-  
cent.

A negro convict died in New York pris-  
on, and some yankee medical students took  
possession of the body. They took off the  
skin, tanned it and made boots of it. This  
is another evidence of the great love these  
yankees have for the negro.

**Wanted**—A quantity of WHEAT for  
which the market price will be given in  
cash.  
Call upon W. A. Driskill at my store,  
east side of the public square.  
R. R. WILLIAMS.

Join Rowan returned to Jacksonville  
last Saturday after a protracted stay at col-  
lege. He is preparing himself for the prac-  
tice of medicine, and, if there is anything  
in spitefulness of mind and large opportu-  
nities for study in the most eminent medi-  
cal institutions of the country, he will be a  
shining light in his profession.

Notice valuable mill property for sale in  
our real estate column. The advertisement  
of mineral land near Weaver's Station has  
been left out, the property having been  
leased.

If you have any WHEAT for sale, bring  
it to A. MEYERS & CO. Cheap Store, and  
you will get a better price than any where  
else, also better bargains in goods.

**A. MEYERS & CO.**  
Cheap Cash Store.

We have received from a relative in Cali-  
fornia two heads of wheat, one of which is  
7 1/2 inches long. The other is shorter, but  
is of a different variety and contains about  
the same number of grains.

Mr. Booth will come over Revenue met  
returned from Cleburne county Sunday last  
and reported affairs in Cleburne not near so  
bad as reported. It was true, however,  
they said, that two men were rescued from  
the hands of the Revenue officers, and about  
thirty men were sent out to arrest the of-  
fenders.

Have you seen A. Meyers & Co., Alpacas;  
you ought to see them, they are very cheap.

Just received a nice lot of Alpaca's,  
Bleaching, Calicos, Fans, Ladies Hose  
etc., which we intend to sell at New York  
prices. Come and examine, no trouble to  
show goods.

**A. MEYERS & CO.**  
New Store.

Parties who get their papers at this office  
are respectfully requested to call for them  
and not take them out of the boxes them-  
selves. When parties take out their own  
papers they frequently replace packages in  
the wrong box and other subscribers thus  
miss theirs. We would much prefer to  
have one of the printers deliver the paper to  
all subscribers, and then no mistakes will  
arise.

The Teachers of Calhoun county held a  
meeting in Oxford the 21st inst., and organ-  
ized a teachers' school. They will meet  
again at Jacksonville, in Calhoun College  
building, the 1st Saturday in July 10  
o'clock a. m., to commence the course of  
instruction. All the teachers of the county  
are invited to attend. This teachers' school  
is entirely different from anything hereto-  
fore organized by the teachers of the county  
and will be of great benefit to all con-  
cerned in it.

**We have added to our stock a nice**  
**line of Ladies and childrens Hats and**  
**Huck hats—trimmed at our Millinery**  
**Bonaportum, which we are selling very**  
**cheap. Call and see them. We are**  
**prepared to furnish any style and qual-**  
**ity of Hats lower than can be bought**  
**elsewhere.**  
**A. MEYERS & CO.**  
Cheap Store.

If you have a chronic disease which  
has resisted the skill of your local physician  
and your own good care of yourself, place  
yourself in correspondence with E. B.  
FOOTE, M. D., 120 Lexington Avenue,  
New York City. It will only cost you the  
postage you put on your letters, as all con-  
sultations by letter as well as in person are  
free. Dr. Foote is the well known author  
of Medical Common Sense, Plain Home  
Talk, Science in Story, &c.

**June 22-100.**

**SNAKES.**—Alfred Grant, (colored), killed  
this week, in the suburbs of this place, a  
huge rattlesnake. It had eleven or twelve  
rattles and a button.  
George White, who lives on the main  
train east of this place, one day this week  
was called from his field to come and kill a  
snake in the house. Upon reaching his  
home he found a very large rattlesnake un-  
der a bed, in the act of swallowing a frog.  
He shot it and found that it had thirteen  
rattles, indicating that it was that many  
years old.

The people of Cleburne county will have  
a mass meeting at Edwardsville, July 4th.  
We return thanks for an invitation to at-  
tend, and regret that business engagements  
will deprive us of that pleasure.

Thanks to Mr. Ranger for some large and  
very firm cabbage heads.

A lady of this county, whose name we  
did not learn, sent us some pole beans this  
week measuring over a quarter of a yard  
in length.

**OBITUARY.**  
Mrs. M. E. HUMPHRIES, wife of our  
highly respected friend, G. W. HUM-  
PHRIES, died on the 10th day of June,  
1878, in the 52nd year of her age.

She was a devoted member of the  
Baptist church for about 36 years, and  
ever faithful in the discharge of her  
Christian duties. It may be truly said  
of her that as a wife, mother and neigh-  
bor she was true, faithful and affection-  
ate. Her affections were long and try-  
ing, and for two or three weeks before  
her death she bore her suffering with  
the utmost fortitude; her faith was  
strong and abiding in the Great Redeem-  
er; at the final call she was ready; she  
was blessed with a wedding garment; her  
lamp was trimmed and burning. Her  
last words were uttered in a low and  
faint voice, with an angelic smile, and  
to her kind husband: "farewell-farewell  
to all," then a short pause, "Glory,  
hallelujah!" and all was over. Thus  
triumphantly passed away a faithful Chris-  
tian, a devoted wife, an affectionate  
mother and a good neighbor. In her  
home she was a bright ornament.  
Solomon's description of the virtuous  
woman applies with emphasis to her.  
How truly did "the heart of her hus-  
band safely trust in her," and fondly  
will her children rise up and call her  
blessed; her husband, also, and he praised  
her.

The family have the sympathy of  
many friends in their distress and sad  
bereavement, but,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at Death's alarm;  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms."

**WANTED.**—To sell one large second-  
hand cooking stove, in good condition.  
Price \$7. Enquire at this office.

**WANTED.**—To sell one good shot  
gun. Price \$9. Enquire at this office.

**ROLL OF HONOR.**  
The following named persons have  
paid subscriptions to REPUBLICAN since  
our last report:

J. M. Andrews, T. R. Ward,  
J. M. Woodley, W. B. Green,  
J. C. Wilson, Mrs. E. Sisson,  
James Mohon, R. W. Draper,  
S. B. White, H. W. Luttrell,  
J. M. Warnock, Joshua Draper, sr.,  
Wm. Landers, W. M. Taylor,  
P. M. Watson, Dr. C. Barker,  
B. Murphy, Dr. T. L. Robertson,  
R. C. Boyd, Wm. E. Lambert,  
R. C. Haver, Mrs. F. Allen,  
Rev. B. D. Turner, Lou J. Allen,  
Col. Stevenson, Dr. Linder,  
M. G. Stevenson, W. F. Privett,  
Wm. Rice, W. M. Cooper,  
Jos. Motz, S. R. Smyth,  
Thos. Alsop, R. M. Cain,  
R. P. Morgan, J. B. Smith,  
Gen. A. H. Ross, G. D. Davis,  
J. W. Pike, Rev. J. F. Potter,  
L. Coker, E. D. Allen,  
W. Harris, E. M. Garrett,  
J. L. Mitchell, W. P. Schell,  
T. H. Clements, B. F. Carpenter,  
J. Hawkins, W. Williams,  
D. Z. Goodlett, T. A. Walker,  
J. M. Anderson, A. P. Clark,  
N. W. Walker, J. C. Sasser,  
J. E. Brock.

**CONGRESSIONAL CONVENTION**  
**7TH DISTRICT.**  
By virtue of the authority invested in  
the undersigned as the Executive Com-  
mittee, a Convention of the Democratic  
and Conservative party of said District  
is called to meet in the court-house, in  
Gadsden, Ala., on Friday the 5th of  
August next, at 11 p. m., for the pur-  
pose of nominating a candidate for  
Congress, and for the transaction of  
such business as may come before the  
convention. It is suggested that each  
county, send the same number of dele-  
gates it was entitled to in the late State  
convention. Gadsden, Ala. June 24th,  
1878.

**JAMES ALKEN, Chm'n.**  
B. Randolph, James Crook,  
S. K. McSpadden, T. J. Burton,  
W. J. Roberts, D. C. Jordan,  
R. H. Bolt, John S. Leeper,  
J. D. Truss, John W. Bishop,  
Committee.

**An Undeniable Truth.**  
You deserve to suffer, and if you lead  
a miserable, unsatisfactory life in this  
beautiful world, it is entirely your own  
fault and there is only one excuse for  
you,—your unreasonable prejudice and  
skepticism, which has killed thousands.  
Personal knowledge and common sense  
reasoning will soon show you that  
Green's August Flower will cure you of  
Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all  
its miserable effects, such as sick head-  
ache, palpitation of the heart, sour  
stomach, habitual constiveness, dizziness  
of the head, nervous prostration, low  
spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every  
town on the Western Continent and not  
a Druggist but will tell you of its won-  
derful cures. You can buy a Sample  
Bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will  
relieve you. For sale by W. M. NIS-  
BIT, Jacksonville, Ala.

**THE STATE OF ALABAMA,**  
**CALHOUN COUNTY.**  
Probate court, Special Term June 26, 78.  
Whereas at this term of court the  
estate of John D. Hoke, dec'd., was by  
the order of said court declared insol-  
vent, and at the same time a further or-  
der of said court was made, requiring  
Daniel E. Hoke who is the administrator  
of said estate to appear in said court on  
the 24th day of July, 1878, and make a  
settlement of his accounts as such ad-  
ministrator.

Notice is therefore given to the cred-  
itors of said estate and all other persons  
concerned, to be and appear at a special  
term of said court to be held at the  
court-house of said county on said 24th day  
of July, 1878, and contest said settlement  
and nominate a future administrator of  
said estate if they think proper.

**L. W. CANNON,**  
Judge of Probate.

**THE STATE OF ALABAMA,**  
**CALHOUN COUNTY.**  
Probate court, Special Term June 26, 78.  
THIS day came P. H. Brothers,  
guardian of Albert Bagly a minor  
and filed his account and vouchers for a  
final settlement of his said guardianship,  
and at the same time tenders to the  
Court his resignation in writing as guar-  
dian of said Albert Bagly.

It is ordered that the 22nd day of  
July, 1878, be appointed a day on which  
to make such settlement, at which time  
all persons interested can appear and  
contest the said settlement if they think  
proper.

**L. W. CANNON,**  
Judge of Probate.

**June 29-78-31.**

**HON. L. P. WALKER.**  
Hon. Leroy Pope Walker is fast gain-  
ing strength for the United States Sen-  
ate. Several papers have recently come  
out in leading editorials for him. South  
Carolina, the home of Calhoun, the  
Pinckneys and the Rutledges, says to Ala-  
bama, her leading paper, the "Charita-  
ton Journal," of Commerce, "Send Leroy  
Pope Walker to the Senate, and may  
God bless our united South." This  
timely suggestion from the "Palmetto  
State," we believe, will be heeded.  
Gen. Walker is unquestionably  
and undoubtedly the finest orator and  
ablest statesman of the South. We be-  
lieve Gen. Walker will come out tri-  
umphant in his Senatorial aspirations.  
He justly deserves a seat in the United  
States Senate. With such statesmen as  
Gordon, Lamar, Morgan and Walker  
in the Senate, the South will be as ably  
represented as she was in the halcyon  
ante bellum days. God speed the day  
when this may be the case.—Spottsboro  
Fellow Citizen.

**EVERY YEAR.**  
BY ALBERT PIERCE.  
The spring has less of brightness  
Every year;  
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness  
Every year;  
Nor do summer's flowers quicken  
As autumn's tinge thickens  
As they once did, for we sicken  
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,  
Every year;  
As the heart and soul grow older,  
Every year;  
I care not now for dancing,  
Or for eyes with passion glancing;  
Love is less of us as time advances  
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,  
Every year;  
Of the joys of friendship ended,  
Every year;  
Of the ties that still might bind me  
Until time to death resigned me,  
My infirmities remind me,  
Every year.

Oh! how long to look before us,  
Every year;  
While the clouds grow darker o'er us  
Every year;  
When we see the blossoms faded,  
That to bloom we might have aided,  
And immortal garlands braided,  
Every year.

To the past go more, dead faces,  
Every year;  
Come no new ones in their places,  
Every year;  
Everywhere the dead we meet us,  
In the evening's dusk they greet us,  
And to come to them entreat us,  
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,  
Every year;  
"You are more alone," they tell us,  
Every year;  
You can win no new affection;  
You have lost all friends and kin,  
Deeper sorrow and dejection,  
Every year.

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,  
Every year;  
O'er the land to which we're drifting,  
Every year;  
No losses there will grieve us,  
Nor loving faces leave us,  
Nor death of friends bereave us,  
Every year.

**EVERY DAY.**  
Time is drawing nearer, nearer,  
While our heads are turning gray;  
Tears are falling on life's mirror  
Every day!

Time is closing beauty's portals,  
Flowers are blooming to decay;  
Fate is delving graves for mortals  
Every day!

While our pleasure boat is reeling  
O'er life's eventful spray,  
Funeral bells are tolling, tolling,  
Every day!

While the laurel leaf is shading  
O'er the faded brow of clay,  
Sad, we see the garland fading,  
Every day!

Love, then take your promised treasure,  
Fame is dazzling to betray;  
Life is fading with its pleasures  
Every day!

Hence while all things are declaring  
Death a seeker for its prey,  
Let us be ourselves preparing  
Every day!

**REMEMBER THE PRINTER.**  
This is the hardest season of the year on  
publishers, and it is with difficulty they can  
keep their business afloat until the Fall se-  
son. Therefore we esteem it a special  
favor, if all our subscribers who can will  
pay us subscriptions during the Summer  
months.—June 29—tf

**Appointments for Speaking.**  
Hollingsworth, Monday July 15.  
Pecks Hill, Tuesday " 16.  
Polkville, Wednesday " 17.  
Sulphur Springs, Thursday " 18.  
Maddox, Friday " 19.  
Alexandria, Saturday " 20.  
Monroe, Sunday " 21.  
Amistown, Tuesday " 22.  
Oxford, Wednesday " 23.  
Days Town, Thursday " 24.  
White Plains, Friday " 25.  
Rabbit Town, Saturday " 26.  
Ladiga, Monday " 27.  
Cross Plains, Tuesday " 28.  
Leobertsville, Wednesday " 29.  
Jacksonville, Thursday " 30.  
Savannah, Friday " 31.

**THE STATE OF ALABAMA,**  
**CALHOUN COUNTY.**  
Probate court, Special Term June 26, 78.  
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estate of John D. Hoke, dec'd., was by  
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term of said court to be held at the  
court-house of said county on said 24th day  
of July, 1878, and contest said settlement  
and nominate a future administrator of  
said estate if they think proper.

**L. W. CANNON,**  
Judge of Probate.

**June 29, 78-31.**

**Constable Sale.**  
UNDER and by virtue of an execution  
issued from the Justice Court of Beat  
No. 7, Calhoun county, in honor of A. A. Hol-  
lingsworth, Justice, in favor of N. Phillips  
and against J. Reynolds, I will sell to the  
highest bidder for cash, at the Court-ground  
in Beat No. 7, on Monday the first day of Ju-  
ly, 1878, six and a half bales of W. W.  
more or less, and twenty-five shocks of Oats  
more or less, to satisfy said execution.  
W. D. ATKINS, Constable.  
June 22-78.

**CLEAR SIDE BACON FOR SALE.**  
I have on hand one car load of East  
Tennessee clear side bacon, that I propose  
to sell on time to the 1st of November  
next, to parties, making good paper, on  
reasonable terms. Application to LEB-  
BETTER BROS., Vauvers Station, or to  
W. P. COOPER, Alexandria, will give  
prompt attention.

**W. P. COOPER.**  
April 6th, 1878—tf.

**NOTICE!**  
**CALHOUN COUNTY NURSERY.**  
Being solicited by many influential citi-  
zens of this county, I commenced preparing  
in 1875 for an Apple Nursery, and will be  
prepared for market the ensuing Fall and  
Winter with the best quality of Spring,  
Summer, Fall and Winter Apple trees,  
climatic for this latitude. The following  
varieties are embraced in my list:

**EARLY SEASON.**—May Apple, Sweet Red  
June, Yellow June, White  
June, Green June, Striped  
June, Scarlet June.

**SUMMER SEASON.**—Sweet Apple, Horse Ap-  
ple, Glor Apple.

**FALL SEASON.**—Full Excelsior, Red Fall,  
Perry Fall, Turner Fall.

**WINTER SEASON.**—Shuckley, Red Pippin,  
Ben Nabor, Hall Crab,  
Clark Permain, Van Davis,  
The Bradley, Nickajack,  
Carolina Red, Never Fall,  
Wine Sap, Limber Twig,  
English Crab, Sweet Per-  
main, Roman, Royal Red,  
Father Abram.

I solicit all citizens to buy trees of my  
Nursery, as they will be cheaper and as good  
or better than others being received, and  
keep your money near home so your neigh-  
bors can get to pay you for what he needs,  
instead of buying from a distance paying  
the freight and your money gone from this  
county. I expect to be around and engage  
trees and deliver at some convenient point.  
My Nursery is eight miles North of Jackso-  
ville at the head of Olathe creek.

Respectfully,  
May 15-6-m.  
JOHN W. BRADLEY.

**THE GRANGERS' SPINNER.**  
Patented September 15th 1874.

The undersigned having bought the right  
to manufacture the above named useful and  
altogether indispensable household article,  
has on hand both at his residence two miles  
north of Jacksonville, Ala., and at the  
store of B. F. Carpenter, Jacksonville, Ala.  
The Spinners, at a remarkably low price.

**Its Points of Superiority**  
over the old-fashioned wheel spinner are  
1st. It will spin twice as rapidly and with  
more ease.  
2nd. The lady spinning can sit and spin.  
3rd. It operates by a treadle and comes to  
and passes from the hand by mechanical  
action.  
4th. No throwing the band.

It has many other advantages that can-  
not be pointed out in the length of a news-  
paper advertisement.  
Call and examine it and you will certain-  
ly purchase.  
W. W. CARPENTER.

**Ice, Ice, Cold Ice!**  
I will keep on hand ICE during the Sum-  
mer, to accommodate my customers. I  
make a specialty of Good Liquors, Whis-  
kies, Brandy, Wines, Beer and Soda Wa-  
ters, all of the best and purest Goods. The  
best article of Saccharine Wine will be  
kept on hand.

All who want a good, cool drink to nour-  
ish and invigorate their drooping spirits  
will call at the CITY BAR, where they will  
find the best of all kinds of drinks ever  
offered in this place.  
I keep a large stock of

**Fine Tobacco and Cigars.**  
Now gentlemen, if you will drink, come  
to the City Bar, where you will get pure,  
good liquors.  
JOHN RANGNAR.  
May 25, 1878—3m.

**NEW FAMILY**  
**Grocery.**  
THE undersigned having opened an  
establishment at the old stand of  
Whitman & Driskill, has on hand and  
is constantly receiving a full stock of

