

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2325.

VOLUME XLII.

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THEY FALL AWAY.

When lightning strikes a stately tree, And every bough sorely strains, The vines that feasted riotously Upon the sap within its veins, Their nature's law at once obey, And fall away.

The politician, meaner yet, Than on his leader's fall or hurt Before the storm his times are set, And he prepares for eating dirt, He hastens to make desertion pay, And falls away.

None are too low, and none too high, To stab and leave their falling friends, Their boasted truth is made a lie; Their pliant honor gladly bends; They hasten to improve the day, And fall away.

As nothing to the sordid soul Are weary years of anxious toil; His petty gains his acts control; His eager nostrils scent the spoil; In sunshine he must make his hay; He falls away.

THE MILLER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

The summer afternoon waned at last; The dawning sun declined toward the horizon, and a cool soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and, leaving the old mill, stood on the rude plank that crossed the millrace and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh! where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me forget her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her." She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. "What, what?" she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned?"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. But her father had failed, and died soon after of a broken heart; and Lizzie would have starved, if it had not been for her maternal grandfather.

"Come to me," he had written. "I am old and poor, but we will share our crusts together; if you have grown up to look like your dear mother, you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but hardly happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had plighted her troth to him. Just before her father's failure, Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day to this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had been miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross now, might be selfish also. "I am poor, and he deserts me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been failing all winter, so that a man had to be hired to work the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth. The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family if his interest was not paid, and two weeks before he had served a written notice, that, if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie has risen by candle light and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson," she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But, this afternoon, a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the noontide meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly. "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said; "she will be home for supper; don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But, as the afternoon wore on, and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing down her needle, she came out, as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scrutinized the landscape in every direction, "where are you?" If God will only spare you, dear—if he will give you back to us alive—I will never repine again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost?

To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before and look at Dossy, as she sat in the old-fashioned garden, swaying to and fro in a grape-vine

swing, puzzling over the troubles of the family. She was watching a bob-o-link that sung in the heart of a lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old man that landlord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then," with sudden consciousness, "we will have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, birdie; nor have my flowers, nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money. What if she could get some? She picked her brow into a frown. Just then some market-carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town.

On the front seat of one sat an old woman, with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy, and she picked up the old woman's basket, and looked into it. Why couldn't she sell flowers? Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such pansies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed headforemost in the grasses below. But, nothing daunted, she regained her feet, and began picking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by handfuls. She would do it; yes, indeed, she would, and make ever so much money; and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and Lizzie wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work, arranging her bouquets for the morrow, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon stood over the pine, she had a long row set up, amid the evergreens, that the dews might keep them fresh. In the morning, as soon as breakfast was over she would set off.

Dear, innocent Dossy! she had not the least doubt that she would succeed, and she slept but little that night in her excitement. Over and over she rose from her little bed, and stole on tip-toe to the window to look down on her treasures.

The morrow dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her posies into Lizzie's market-basket, and taking it on her chubby arm, trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, passed the long, low lines of fences, and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled from fatigue; but at last she reached the market-place and stopped in a little corner, where the shadows fell cool, and where an old blind woman was selling lace.

Here, feeling a sense of safety and companionship, from the presence of the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her posies in front of her. What a picture she made, in her white frock, with short, puffed sleeves, her eyes ablaze, her amber ringlets, blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silver call of her sweet bird voice, pipping, "Who will buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased.

Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, brought one of her nosebags, and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along, this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy. The stranger who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for a little piping voice.

"Please sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy, "only twenty-five cents." The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," he said, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes. Twenty-five cents, you said, I think," and he drew out his purse.

"Yes," said Dossy, apologetically, "imagining he thought the price too high. 'You see I have to ask a good deal,' and she shook her curly head with a grave, important air, "for Lizzie must have the money by Saturday, or we shall be turned out of our pretty home." As she finished she tendered to her and to the prettiest of her posies, which she had just selected for him out of her store.

The stranger, all this time, had been looking curiously at her. The color went and came on his face, his lips trembled, and he showed other signs of emotion.

"Tell me," he cried, earnestly, "my dear, what is your name?"

He drew close to Dossy as he spoke, and seemed to be looking in her face, as if of some half-remembered, or half-fancied likeness.

"Dossy," she answered, "Dossy Dupont."

His answer was to catch her in his arms, and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement, as he cried, "Dossy! My little pet Dossy, don't you remember who I am?"

But Dossy struggled from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily:

"I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

The stranger broke into a joyous laugh. "And I will buy them," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you have sat on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy at this, stared at him curiously. Then she uttered a gleeful little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried, "I remember you. Won't Lizzie be glad? Won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's swart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home," he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's at the old mill, out of town, you know."

Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Ross Devereaux, eagerly, setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond, in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for one was certainly Dossy. But who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—he, it was impossible—and yet—

At this moment, while she was still uncertain, while her heart leaped into her throat and then stopped beating; while she felt dizzy and about to fall, and had to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion, dropping the child's hand, darted forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat. He reached the stile, was over it in a bound, and the next instant was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God, I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

"What Lizzie would have replied if anything, we do not know; but he gave her no chance; hurriedly, as if life and death depended on it, he went on to tell his story.

Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. "They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mention how, under other circumstances; but you, at least, ought to know the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to welcome you as a daughter, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us; and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said quickly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you, or about you, till, at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

"Come over?" said Lizzie, faintly and guiltily, conscious how she had misjudged him.

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux frankly. "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed—," began Lizzie. But he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard, for the first time, of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts. I did not know your relations in New York, but I found out their names; but it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and a third at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death, and a summons home, for I am you know, his heir as to both title and estate. When I had been at Devereaux Hall for a week or so, the postmistress came up, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business and left England at once. But for a long time I was foiled. Your city cousins, on whom I had relied, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew, and they told it with evident confusion, was that your mother's father had sent for you, and that he lived in this State, and they thought in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, and only lighted on Dossy by accident to-day. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the readers, eager questions and as eager replies. Lizzie could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go to the neighborhood of Devereaux Hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux, whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's Granddaughter.

To remove proud flesh.—Pulverize loaf sugar very fine and apply to the part afflicted. This is a new and easy remedy, and it is said to remove it without pain; or burnt alum pulverized and applied is an old reliable remedy.

The Cleverest Duke in England. Edward Adolphus St. Maur is twelfth Duke of Somerset and second temporal peer of the realm, after the Princes of the blood. The dukedom, created in 1547, was first bestowed "as every school-boy knows," on the renowned Protector, who murdered his brother, and first made England thoroughly Protestant. He loved to write himself "Edward, by the grace of God, Duke of Somerset," and so forth, to the great scandal of contemporaries, who held that Kings alone derived their titles from so high a source. Excessive pride is a family failing of the Seymours. In the case of Charles, styled by preeminence the proud Duke, who flourished from 1662 to 1748, this defect of character almost amounted to monomania. His second wife, an Earl's daughter, once ventured to tap him with her fan, when he coldly observed, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she never presumed to take such a liberty." The lady rebuked was a Finch. The Duke's kinsman, Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons in Charles II.'s reign, was, if possible, vainer. "I think, Sir Edward," said William III., wishing to be civil to him, "that you are of the Duke of Somerset's family?"

"Pardon me, sir," replied Sir Edward, who never forgot that he was himself the true heir of the Seymours, "the Duke of Somerset is of my family."

The present Duke is almost, if not altogether, exempt from the hereditary taint. He was not, however, quite strong-minded enough to refuse the Garter, as in his own interest he should have done, being painfully commonplace in appearance. He looks like an Eslington grocer in his Sunday best, and to see him gilt with his riband you would fancy that he was also a light among the Foresters or Odd Fellows, or a leader of the Band of Hope about to take part in a procession, and painfully conscious that his trappings sat awkwardly on him. His Grace is, on the whole, the cleverest of the Dukes, that is, of British Dukes. Only two—Argyll and Devonshire—can at all be compared to him in intellect, and in spite of their varied accomplishments it may be doubted whether either of those Peers has shown the same grasp of difficult problems in religion and politics as their brother of Somerset. We have spoken of the Duke as comparatively poor. Needless to say, the lord of 25,000 acres and a rental of £38,000 a year would be considered more than rich in any country but England or the United States. But a poor Duke can always marry his daughters well. Sir John Ramsden, one of his Grace's sons-in-law, owns nearly the whole town of Middlesbrough. Shall we say its 70,000 inhabitants into the bargain? The Domesday estimate of his income at £180,000 a year is thought to be very much under the mark. The Duke's elder daughter married another baronet, the Graham of Netherby, who has only a beggarly £27,000 a year. Still one can manage to live on that.

attention was first directed to the subject, opposed the rule of the convicts camps that indiscriminately mix those of the two broad degrees in crime. As to the reported cases of cruelty we know nothing, except from rumor, but they come so often and have been repeated each year with such iteration, that we think the Alabama Legislature should never cease its efforts until it has reached the bottom of the matter, and then the policy of Dr. Groce, or the com-

THE OUTLOOK.

"Lookout fur de outlook. De man who has set out to ride 'cross de fo' hosses from now to nex' harvest will find hisself on foot befo' New Y'er's. I say to de culler foikses in dis kentry to pull up on deir fish lines an' sit ready fur hard times. De man who can't see high prices fur libin' mus' be blind. Speculators am gwine to git nipped if dey doan' look sharp."

as a notice to all persons interested, to be and appear at my office in the court house of said county, on said 26th day of Nov 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper.

A. WOODS,
Judge of Probate.

nov5-3t

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in fact any and everything that a farmer needs. We defy competition in quality and prices. When our rivals in the small villages near you tell you it won't pay to come here don't believe them. Don't listen to them, but try the Anniston market once, and you will need no persuasion to try it again. We never tell you we will give you so much for your Cotton if you will agree to trade so much, and then try and make up the loss on Cotton by putting an additional profit on Goods, but we pay you the

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and then if you wish to buy anything sell it to you for the same price we would if you had sold us no Cotton. We consume the cotton *RIGHT HERE* in our Cotton Mill. How can you expect merchants in the adjoining villages to compete with us in prices, where they have to ship it to Rome or Selma and pay freights and commissions? Come and see us, for you will be treated well in every way at Anniston.

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 The remedy composed of ingredients of
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 to heal, repair and invigorate the
 system—**QUICK**. It is the most
 perfect and safe treatment for
 No matter by what cause the
 be designated, whether it be
 lungs, kidneys, or other organs,
 catarrhs, or Salt-rheum, or
 Stomach or Bowels, Bladder, Womb,
 or Genitals, the virus of the disease
 pairs these organs as well, and builds
 them up. If the blood is unclean, or
 if the remedy must be unsound.
 The **SARSAPARILLA** Remedy is
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 After a day's use of the **SARSAPARILLA**
 spots and skin. Eruptions, pimples,
 sores and ulcers soon clear. It
 from Sores, Eruptions, Pimples,
 Mouth, Ears, Legs. Diseases of
 the system are not only cured, but
 corrosive stimulant, may rely on the
 the **SARSAPARILLA** is continued
 to make it impossible for the
 One bottle contains more of the
 taken in Teaspoonful with any other
 quick, or six times as much. **OLD**
MINUTE REMEDY
 Only requires minute amount to bear
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change of water. It is better than
brandy or bladders of a single
Miners and Lumbermen should be
provided with it.

CAUTION.

All remedial agents capable of destruc-
tion by an overdose should be avoided. Opium,
strychnine, arsenic, aconite, and other powerful
agents in very small doses, relieve the patient
their action in the system. For a second
dose, if repeated, will increase the suffering, and another
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uncertain agents, which neither
Radway's Ready Relief will stop the
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THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only
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Regulating Pills

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing
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Reliable, and Natural in
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A VEGETABLE SUSTAINING FOOD.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly
sweet, pure, regular, purgative.

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Diseases, Nerve Disorders, Consti-
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Fever, inflammation of the Bowels, Bil-
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juries, to effect a permanent
restoration of the system, and

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Causes the following symptoms:
From Diseases of the Digestive Organs
heartburn, Inward Piles, Fullness of the
Stomach, Sour Eructations, Spasmodic
Hiccups, Flatulency, Stomachic
Hiccups, Heartburn, Indigestion,
In the Stomach, Sour Eructations,
Flatulency at the Heart, Choking of
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Hiccups, Vomelousness of the Stomach,
Pain in the Head, Thurning in the
Bosom of Heat, Thurning in the
A few doses of RADWAY'S
system from the following causes:
Price, 25 Cents Per Bottle

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books and papers in the subject of
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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2326.

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BRINGING HOME THE COWS.

Three sunset lights the muffled pasture shows
Rocking hardhacks through the rugged
hedges.
A steep ravine with knots of mountain rose,
And birch and hemlock at the story edge;
The dewy gleaming rounds with light
The green of hill and hollow,
And up the path, across the height,
The ringing voices follow!

Beside the bars, all rosy-cheeked and tanned,
In ankle, with her dark-hair knotted face,
Her hat and garland swinging from her hand,
Her gown blown back in loose simplicity;
Her black, rebellious eyes are set
Beyond the dewy hollow,
Where slowly up the pasture yet
The straying cattle follow!

Between the beeches down the pebbled way,
With careless singing Martin follows back
Bare footed through the gilded pageantry
Of sun and shadow gleaming on his track;
He lifts his eyes along the swale
And up the grassy hollow,
And there, against the lichened rail,
Is Annie, laid to follow!

They walk together through the shady lane,
Where "mid the pines eternal blackness broods,
The jangling bells across the windy plain
Strike thro' the mystic silence of the woods.
The dewy gleaming rounds with light
The green of hill and hollow,
While up the path, across the height,
The ringing voices follow.

MARGARET'S MONEY.

"She has five thousand pounds," said
the old man, "and she's a good girl.
She'll be a catch for somebody."

Then I thought he looked at me.
"Why should he look at me?" I
thought. "I'm not a husband worth
angling for, as he knows very well, this
man who pays me my small salary every
week with his own hands."

Still he did look at me, and I answered
with a word or two; I forgot what
now.

"Yes," he said—talking with a mean-
ing, too, looking at me evidently to see
how I took the news—"yes; and what
do you suppose she does with it? Has
it locked up in my fire-proof vault;
don't use it in any way; don't get in-
terest on it; locks it up as she does her
rings and pins, and lets it lie never
touched."

"I wonder you don't give her better
advice," I said.

"Give a woman advice!" he said.
"Try it. However, I approve of this.
Better keep her dowry locked up safe
than risk and lose it. My fire-proof
safe and fire-proof vault will hold her
money—the money her husband is to
have the day he marries her—fast and
safe."

Then the old man trotted away to his
own desk, and looked over it at me.
"I'm her guardian," he said. "Her
father and I had quarreled, you know.
But when he died he left her and her
money in my care. A nice thing for an
old bachelor to have, a young niece quar-
tered on him for life! I'll marry her off
as soon as I can. I say, Fisher, come
up and take tea with me to-night."

He did mean it! He offered his niece
and her five thousand pounds to me!
He had never liked me either.

"Shall I go?" I asked myself. "Why
not? I might as well see the heiress. I
was not a man to be bought by money,
if she were a coarse vulgar creature,
like her uncle; but otherwise, why not
see what she was made of? At least it
could do no harm to take tea with old
Simon Giddings."

I went home with him that evening.
I noticed some little changes in the pa-
lor, as though a lady's hands had been
busy there, and in a moment more I
saw, sitting in the shadow of the cur-
tains, a girl dressed in deep mourning.

"Margaret, Mr. Fisher; my niece, Miss
Giddings, Tom," said the old man; and
as I bowed, I saw a little velvet-headed
crutch leaning against the girl's chair.

She was lame, then. Old Giddings
thought this was an obstacle to her mak-
ing a good match. So he offered her to
Tom Fisher.

"It won't do, old man," I thought.
"I shouldn't mind a plain face so much,
but a lame wife will never do for me."
Then something whispered faintly in
my ear: "Five thousand pounds!"

For the rest Miss Giddings was fair
and sweet looking and pleasant in her
manner. She was a lady too, which
seemed odd for old Simon's niece, for he
was as vulgar as he was rich; and she
sang for us after tea very sweetly.

I liked a girl with dash and color, but
still her blue eyes and sweet smile
haunted me a little after I went home.
"She'll never quarrel with me," I
thought; "and a woman worth five
thousand pounds would be a catch,
certainly; but that crutch! I'll stay
away from old Simon's house for the
future."

But he would not let me stay away;
he kept on urging me to go home with
him.

There was Marion More. Perhaps
she liked me a little. I admired her in-
tensely; but she had no money, and I
should take her away from her snug
home to some poor sort of place if I
married her. I should find it hard work
to feed and clothe her decently.

This fair, sweet Margaret was rich,
and as time passed on I began to see her
lighting for me. And I sat in the time
of my first visit, wondering whether I
could be quite sure that I should be
good enough to the little thing I meant
to marry for her money to keep her
from knowing that there was no actual
for her in my heart.

Simon reached my ears: "Tom Fisher,
up in the moon again, eh? Well, well,
when a fellow is in love we excuse laz-
iness in him. There's my niece Margaret
pouring the tea in the slop-basin and
oversetting the milk at breakfast;
"Maggie," says I, "you're a thinking of
some one, ain't ye?" She blushed to her
ears. You've managed to get into good
graces in that quarter, Tom!"

"Do you think so?" I said.
"I know so," said the old man. "I
oughtn't to say so, you know, but I'm
frank."

I listened to him, then two voices
whispered to me:
"You don't love her," said one. "You
don't hate her," said the other. "You
don't want a lame wife," said the first.
"You do want five thousand pounds,"
said the other. "It would make a man
of you. You could go into business on
your own account. You'd cease to be a
slave in this dingy office."

"Five thousand pounds!" I said to
myself. Then I started to my feet.
"Mr. Giddings," I said, "would you
be willing to give your niece to me as
my wife?"

His answer was frank.
"Tom Fisher, I'd give her to any
decent young man. A girl bothers me;
I'm tired of the change. Every one
don't want a lame wife. If you like her
take her, and on your wedding day I'll
hand the five thousand pounds to you,
and be rid of the charge. She'll say
'yes,' don't fear. I'll tell her that you
asked me to-night, and hurry on the
wedding."

I thought I heard the thump of a
crutch in the church aisle as he spoke.
I thought of the graceful step of Marion
More. I turned faint and sat down to
my desk; but went to old Simon's house
that night, and saw Margaret. She
looked as far and happy as a child. I
sat down by her and took her hand.

"Are you going to say 'No,' Maggie?"
I said, and she lifted her innocent lips
to mine, and kissed me. "I'll be very,
very good to her."

But there was no lover's warmth in
my heart: only a kind of gentle pity for
the girl who was to bring me five thou-
sand pounds.

We were engaged. Old Simon joked
us coarsely and seemed to exult
over the affair. I might even have doubt-
ed of the existence of the five thousand
pounds, but that Maggie told me of them
herself.

"Uncle was keeping them for me to
live on when I was an old maid," she
said. "But you shall do what you
choose with the money when I belong
to you. We'll buy a pretty house, shan't
we, dear, first of all and live there all
our lives; somewhere where we can
have a garden?"

So, after that, I never doubted, but
clung to the idea as I could not if I had
loved the girl.

We were married in a fortnight. Uncle
Simon and his old housekeeper alone
were present. It had touched me a
good deal when Margaret had whisper-
ed that she had rather not have a wed-
ding-party.

"Fancy the bride limping up the
aisle upon a crutch!" she said. "Let
me be married with none to stare at me.
You love me, so I don't care about be-
ing lame any more, but I'd rather not
be stared at."

I took her in my arms and kissed her
then.
"I'll be good to her," I said, as the
clergyman uttered his prayer—"very,
very good," and I was saying it again
when I sat in old Simon's parlor, and he
coming in lit the gas, and stood twink-
ling his eyes at us maliciously.

"So its over," he said, with his fiend-
ish chuckle. "She's yours; now for her
five thousand pounds. I'm going to
hand it over to-night. I shall sleep bet-
ter."

I blushed with shame. "Not yet," I
said; "don't talk of money yet!"

"No," said Simon. "But I will,
though, I've got it here." And he un-
locked a side board which stood in the
room, and brought out a small roll do-
wed up oddly enough in brown paper.

"There it is," said he—"there it is!
Look at it—count it. Five thousand
pounds—count it."

He fairly grinned as he spoke. She
smiled.

I saw something in his laugh that
made me shudder. Without a word
more I walked to the table, opened the
parcel and spread out the notes. There
were five thousand pounds worth of
them, reading the value on their faces,
but they were the notes of the Diddleton
and Bilkem Bank, which had failed
years ago!

I had been deceived. The girl I had
married was penniless!
"Impostor!" I yelled. Old Simon
answered with a roar of laughter.

"Good joke," he said. "I've done
what I promised. You've got the five
thousand; I didn't tell you what it was
of. Of course such money is of no use
to you, but I can't help that. Ha! ha!"

I think I should have given him a
blow, but just then I heard Margaret
scream. I looked at her. I saw, as I
had known before, that she had no hand
in the deception. I saw an awful look
in her eyes, a doubt of my love trem-
bling on her lip. I saw her rise and
faller on her poor feet, and stretch her

hands towards me. I heard her cry,
"Thomas, I did not know; and then—
oh, thank God for it!—the love I had
never felt before rushed into my heart—
a great, all-conquering love."

I ran to her. I took her in my arms.
I gave her the first kiss of passionate
and new born love, and I said, "Mar-
garet, try to bear poverty with me, for
I love you better than my soul."

And all Margaret's money—the money
that had faded before me like fairy gold
—could never have given me half the
joy that the wealth of love, given to and
received from her, gave me upon our
bridal day—gave me in all the first
struggling years of our wedded life, and
will give me, God grant it, until the
end!

How's Stocks?

I see that a Frenchman has got a
patent for canned energy, observed
Mrs. Spoondyke, as she picked up a
lot of cut steel leads on a needle and
began sewing them on medallions for
dress trimming.

"Got a what?" interrogated Mr.
Spoondyke, who was blacking his
boots.

"Yes. He can put strength up in
bundles and send it anywhere, so they
can run ships and things without steam.
He sent over so much over to Scotland."

"What circus bill have you been read-
ing now?" queried Mr. Spoondyke,
glaring at his wife.

"It's so," she replied. "I saw it in the
Eagle. He does it up like preserves
and it lasts ever so long, and it's just as
fresh and strong when they open it as it
was at first."

"Who put it up? What are you talk-
ing about?"

"A Frenchman. He gets a lot of
strength and fixes it with electricity,
and you can put it anywhere. I'm going
to get some and take it. I'll be just as
good as going in the country, and may-
be it'll help my headaches. I suppose
the Government will buy a lot of it for
tramps."

"You've gone crazy again?" demanded
Mr. Spoondyke. "What d'ye mean
by putting strength in boxes? Think
energy is some kind of dog gasted fish?
S'pose you can put main strength up in
a bottle like a measly shrimp? If you're
going to read why don't you read
straight?"

"Why, I did. He has some kind of a
machine, and he makes energy so it will
last, and then he solders it up in tins,
or something, so you can keep it in the
house. I'm going to have some and do
the washing."

"Does it strengthen up the mind of
a dog gasted idiot?" blurted Mr.
Spoondyke. "Can it make a measly
Spoondyke woman talk sense?"

"The paper don't say; but if it is all
they claim for it, it will be a great help
in house cleaning and moving the step
ladder around when you want to hang
pictures. And then it saves boiling beef
tea. Oh, you ought to read about it."

"D'ye mean to tell me that they're
selling muscle by the keg? Want me
to understand that some frog eater is
keeping industry on draught? Think
I'm an ass?"

"That's what the Eagle says," rejoined
Mrs. Spoondyke, with a woman's
implicit reliance on anything in print.
"And they can make it in any quantity
cheap, so we can have all we want. I
wish you'd get some right off, and I'll
try it on the Friday's sweeping."

"Quit!" howled Mr. Spoondyke.
"Stop making an idiot asylum of your-
self! S'pose you can make me believe
that house cleaning comes in jugs?
Think I'm going to believe that a week's
wash comes in a box like measly pills?
P'rhaps you want me to think that your
dog gasted still will pay the rent and
run my business? Next time you strike
a corn save you read it understandingly
ye hear! Energy by the pint! Strength
by the yard! Got that rip sewed up in
my pants?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoondyke,
meekly, and Mr. Spoondyke,
having arrayed himself, plunged out of
the house and made for the ferryboat.

"Hello, Spoondyke!" saluted his
friend Specklejam, "see this thing in the
paper about the Frenchman who is box-
ing up energy?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Spoondyke,
"and I've been all the morning trying to
explain it to my wife, but these women
can't understand such things. How's
stocks?"

Costly Building.

The following is the cost of some cele-
brated modern buildings in Europe, re-
duced to American dollars: The Paris
Grand Opera House, \$8,000,000; the
Paris Hotel de Ville, \$8,000,000; the
Paris Post Office, \$6,000,000; the Brus-
sels Palais de Beaux-Arts, \$5,000,000;
the London House of Parliament, \$17,
500,000; the London Foreign Office,
\$2,750,000; the London Law Courts, ex-
clusive of special fitting and not yet com-
pleted, \$4,500,000.

Pearl Hunting in Tennessee.

The search for pearls in the mussels of
Ohio has been a considerable industry for
years. The Nashville American reports
an outbreak of pearl hunting in Stones
River, Rutherford County, Tennessee.
Not less than 500 people were engaged
daily in raking the bottom of that stream,
diving down in the mud for mussels,
which are piled along the banks, opened,
and critically examined for the treasures
contained in many of them. One pearl is
reported for which \$80 was paid in New
York. The general range of value, how-
ever, is said to be from 50 cents to \$25.

Modern Dentistry.

Less than a generation ago a hand-burr
was used by dentists for excavating teeth.
This instrument, so poorly adapted to this
purpose, was clumsy and required patience
and strength on the part of operator and
subject. When the pneumatic engine was
invented with a rotating burr attachment
it was considered a great advance on this
crude method. It was a noisy instrument,
however, and was supplanted later by a
dentist's engine, the invention of a St. Louis
dentist, which was regarded as one of the
most valuable dental inventions of the age.
A flexible tube connects the burr with the
engine, which is worked with the foot.
The rotating burr can be applied to any
tooth with equal facility, and performs its
work of cleaning, of excavation, with rap-
idity and delicacy. The rubber dam is an
invention useful for keeping the teeth
dry during the process of filling. In the
use of crystal gold it is very important that
no moisture reaches it in its crystallized
state, otherwise it will lose its cohesiveness.
Another invention is the electric mallet
for condensing gold foil in cavities. Rapid
blows are given to the cavities by means
of electricity. There is also an automatic
mallet for a similar purpose, by which the
gold foil is condensed by automatic
blows instead of electricity. The strength
of the blow can easily be regulated in the
body of the instrument. An engine mallet
is also used by operators for condensing
gold foil. The "porcelain crown" is adapted
to restoring teeth broken down by de-
cay. The root is cut down and the porce-
lain crown is attached with a metallic
pivot. The advocates of the "tooth crown"
claim that the time will come when almost
no teeth at all will be drawn. They urge
that only once in 500,000 cases perhaps
it is necessary to remove them, and that
their diseased condition can usually be
cured and the teeth saved. When a tooth
is decayed to the gum its usefulness is re-
stored by this process by the slipper of a
gold cap over the root, and the attachment
of a porcelain crown.

The way the tooth crown is applied may
be illustrated by an operation which took
place not long ago. The tooth was a bro-
ken-down bicuspid on the left side of the
upper jaw. The external half of the tooth
was split off, and a portion of the inner
cusp was almost gone. In the operation
which remained of the crown was cut off
nearly even with the gum, and a narrow
band or collar was fitted accurately around
the stump which passed under the gum
and out of sight. To this collar there was
attached by a filing and solder the porce-
lain piece, which was made by using a small
tooth. The inner cusp was restored
by making it a hollow screw of nickel. The
face and shell were united when set in its
place. The shell was filed with oxychloride
paste and a screw passed through the
crown into the root. The collar surround-
ing the root and passed under the gum,
protecting the stump longer, it is claimed,
than by any other method. Previous to
the setting, a hollow screw is inserted into
the root, which in turn becomes a nut and
receives the screw afterward passed
through the crown.

In the manufacture of teeth the use of
platinum with what is known as the contin-
uous gum has many advocates. Platinum is
the only metal that can withstand the heat
necessary to fuse the gum on the plate.
Another improvement in this branch of
dental work is the mineral plate. The plate
and teeth being of one material. Celluloid
has been substituted in place of rubber,
which is very injurious to many mouths.
On some, rubber has no bad effect, while
the mouths of others look on exposure like
raw beef. Of course the preference is
given to gold as a filling for teeth. A
composition filling may answer where the
cavities are large and the teeth are not ex-
posed to a hard work, and especially when
economy is considered, but the teeth that
are to be saved gold is essential.

In the extracting of teeth a revolution
has taken place within seventeen years.
For a long time, the only anesthetics
known to the profession for this work were
chloroform and ether. So many accidents,
however, occurred with the use of chloro-
form that it has been almost entirely aban-
doned by dentists. Ether, although less
dangerous, is very disagreeable, and acci-
dents sometimes occur in its use. Ether
recently makes patients faintly, but from
the effects of which they do not re-
cover for several days. Nitrous oxide gas
now almost entirely takes the place of
other anesthetics, both in this country and
Europe. A well-known dentist said to a
reporter recently: "I introduced the gas to
the profession in July, 1864, and for the
first year I had a hard work. But I find
that I had a good thing and stuck to
it, and the following year the tide began
to turn in its favor. On February 4th,
1864, I began to ask my patients to write
their names on a scroll. The number of
such names is now 123,000, and I never
had an accident. The great trouble with
dentists in giving the gas ordinarily is that
they use it in too little quantity. I
do. They make up a batch of gas, and
after an operation cannot afford to throw
it away, and it loses strength after awhile
and has no effect on a patient. A man
weighing 250 pounds came to me one day
and said that he had taken the gas twice
elsewhere, and the operation of extracting
his teeth was nevertheless a painful one.
I told him the gas must have been stale or
he had not taken enough. He had four
teeth then that he wanted me to extract. I
did so after administering the gas. On
awakening after the operation his first re-
mark was: 'Didn't I hear somebody say-
ing Pinareff?' You see that if an insufl-
ent quantity of gas is administered, the
operation is made more painful, for the
first effect of an anesthetic is to increase
nervous sensibility."

"Have you ever administered the gas to
persons troubled with heart disease?" asked
the reporter.

"I have given it to twenty or thirty per-
sons who had valvular disease of the heart
—the most serious form of the disease. I
am not at all of the effect of the gas, but
the excitement of the patient. I have also
administered it in all stages of consump-
tion. You see, the gas destroys all sensi-
bility in the nerves, and relieves the shock
of the operation. An eminent physician
once brought me a woman afflicted with
valvular disease of the heart who had
eighteen diseased teeth. The doctor said
she must have them extracted if she died.
Allying her fears of pain before the gas
was administered, I removed the eighteen
teeth. 'Doctor, that's splendid!' she ex-
claimed, when it was all over."

"Many teeth can be filled and saved, and
so advise patients. Persons, however,

who cannot afford to spend \$5 or \$6 in
on having a tooth drawn. An ulcerated
tooth should always be extracted, although
it is claimed by some dentists that it can
be saved."

The Doctor added that when he was in
Rome a few years ago, he noticed that the
teeth of very ancient skeletons in museums
were perfect and without any trace of de-
cay. He attributed this to the more natu-
ral life led by the Romans, the absence of
such highly-seasoned food at their meals as
is popular to day, and the frequent use of
the bath. Sweetmeats usually produced
acidity of the stomach, which in turn
caused the teeth to decay. Negroes on
sugar plantations eat generously of the
sugar-cane, and yet have splendid teeth.
This was owing to thorough digestion of
the cane. The Doctor thought the condi-
tion of a person's teeth was a good indica-
tion of his physical constitution.

Pegs.

It was the privilege of the writer to
visit the picturesque little town of
Arlington, Vt., which at the time boasted
a population of 2,500, three churches,
five stores, two hotels, an extensive car-
works, sash and blind and chair factory;
also a "peg factory," which by the
courtesy of the foreman, Mr. L. E.
White (who has been employed there
twenty-nine years), he was shown
through, and received valuable informa-
tion. The timber used is black and
yellow birch, which is cut into pieces
four feet in length, varying in diameter
from eight to fourteen inches. These
logs are placed in a building in winter,
and the frost extracted by steam. They
are then run in on a tram railroad to the
circular-saw department, and cut into
slices or blanks of the thickness de-
sired for the length of the pegs. These
are sorted and the knots cut out, and
are then passed on to a long bench
which contains six machines composed

NOTICE NOTICE

Print single announcements free of charge; but we cannot publish obituaries and notices of death without a fee of 50 cents per line. The fee is not to be paid until the day of publication. The fee is not to be paid until the day of publication. The fee is not to be paid until the day of publication.

George Whatley is visiting relatives in Jacksonville. Mr. W. Stevenson of Gadsden is over to see his friends this week.

Dear Camp and wife left for Atlanta. President by proclamation recommissioned 24th day of November as a national Thanksgiving.

At the residence of Mr. J. D. and G. M. Smith, a well known citizen of this city.

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The absorptive powers of charcoal are so great that it will absorb about eighty times more gas than its own measure. It is to this quality that it owes its efficacy when given to bloated animals and nothing equal to it has ever been given or ever has been discovered in such cases.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Dyspepsia & Liver Complaint
Is it not worth the small price of 15 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shilo's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use it accordingly and if it does you no good it will be your money back. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

Simpson and Ledbetter solicit consignments of cotton from their Alabama friends, which they will sell for the best prices that the market justifies. Give us a trial. We will do our utmost to give satisfaction.

ONE PRICE ONLY.
Fine Linnen Handkerchiefs, 20 cents. Suits to order, \$22.50 up. Pants to order, \$5.00 up. Ready made Garments, all prices, etc. All goods marked in plain figures and ONE PRICE ONLY.

ALEX. RICE, Selma, Ala.
Simpson & Ledbetter, Rome, Ga., carry a large stock of groceries. Prices as low as any other house.

Hard Times Ahead.
Short crops makes trade very unsatisfactory, and I have determined to sell my large stock of liquors off at reduced prices, although they have advanced in market. I can sell you a XXXX Rye for \$1.50 @ \$2 per gal.; a two star white corn for \$1.50 @ \$2 per gal. A choice lot Groceries all ways on hand. Call and examine my goods.

GEO. W. CHAMBERS, Talladega, Ala.
Ship your cotton to Simpson and Ledbetter, Rome, Ga., and they will secure you the highest market price for it.

Shilo's Consumption Cure!
This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while it's wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a peer in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a fact which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and \$1.00. If you have a Cough, call on Dr. J. D. Smith, Shilo's Consumption Cure, Price 25 cts. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla. Jan'y 15, '81-ly.

CHAPERAIN PHYSICIANS' BILLS.
"A THIN OR DEATH IS A JOY FOR EVER."—What is it? Something prepared for us by a man only, and used by them exclusively. It is adopted especially to cases where the stomach is diseased, and will cure all irregularities of the "menstrues" or "monthly courses," by restoring the discharge, whether acute or chronic, in every instance. Borden & Co.'s Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend," is prepared by Dr. J. D. Smith, Atlanta, Ga., and costs \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

NOTICE FARMERS.
Messrs. Stevenson & Grant have perfected an arrangement with a New York House, by which they can fill orders for first class Agricultural Machinery. See them before you order. The House they represent, and whose goods they will handle is one of the largest in the North, and their prices defy competition. If you want a steam engine, hay press, Cotton press, reaper, mower, sulky plow, or anything, call on them.

Nearly all the ills that Afflict Mankind can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order. There is no medicine known that will do this so quickly and surely as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See advertisement.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA.
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This day came W. E. Melon Jr., Guardian of the estate of Mollie E. Thompson, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for an annual settlement of said estate.

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NEW GOODS, NEW GOODS!
JUST RECEIVED BY
J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS
A BIG LOT OF GOODS.
Consisting of all classes of Prints, Dress Goods, Worsteds, Casimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Reaching Sheet-ing, Boileeking, Shirting, Hamburg Edgings, Lace, Drapery, Hosiery, Trimmings, Silks, Corsets, Chin-chilla & Saratoga Shawls, Nubias, Sheet-land, Riches, Ladies and Gentlemen's Shoes, etc., etc.

CLOTHING, CLOTHING. HATS, HATS.
Blankets, Whips, Rope, Tinware Buck-ets and many Groceries until you can't rest. Jambies, Fruit Cakes, Ginger Snaps, Candies, Oysters Salmon, Sardines, Jellies, Rice, Town Creek Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Syrup, Meat, etc., etc., etc.

Now Last.
Pocket Cutlery, Tableware, Glassware, Crockery & Basting Spoons.
Thanking you for past patronage and asking you to call on us by all means, we are, truly yours,
J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
If you want to purchase or sell lands upon favorable terms, call on or write to
JNO. M. CALDWELL,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Jacksonville, Fla.

H. A. SMITH'S
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
MUSIC
—AND—
BOOK STORE,
Rome, Ga.

Just opening out an immense stock of Writing Desks, Work Books, Toilet Sets, China and Glass Vases, Metal Caskets and Mugs, Fancy Glass Instantaneous Stationery, Photograph and Autograph Albums, Bibles, Prayer Books, Poetical and standard works, Juvenile books, Pictures, Picture Frames, Toys, China and Rubber Toys in great variety. Call on Dr. J. D. Smith, Shilo's Consumption Cure, Price 25 cts. Sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla. Jan'y 15, '81-ly.

Floreston Cologne
The Best Fragrant and Perfumery in the World. It is a combination of the most delicate and fragrant essences, and is used by the most refined and elegant people in the world. It is sold by Borden & Co., Jacksonville, Fla. Jan'y 15, '81-ly.

REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.
A Chance For
HEAD OF THE RIVER?
Messrs. STEVENSON & GRANT.
Real Estate Brokers,
JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

160 ACRES in the Choctawhatchee valley, five miles from the river, with plenty of water, and fine soil. Laid out in 100 lots, from 100 to 1500 lbs. seed cotton to acre. One half cash, balance on time.

80 ACRES of land, three and a half miles North of Mobile, Ala. 17 acres cleared land, mostly fresh. Balance enough to fence 40 acres more. Land good. No houses. Can be paid for in six yearly payments of cotton.

100 ACRES within one and a half miles of a station, 50 acres cleared, 150 acres well timbered and accessible. 1500 ore, good water, orchard, dwelling, out-houses, blacksmith and woodshop well patronized, on the place. School house and church within four miles. Good Pacific R. R. survey through the place.

120 ACRES near Cherokee and Calhoun counties. Framed dwelling house and other improvements. 50 acres in cultivation. All in a body—greater part level and good. In good timberland. Red and yellow clay subsoil.

180 ACRES, 8 miles west of Jacksonville, Fla. on the Gulf and Florida Ry. Co. Good land, with fine water, and fine soil. Laid out in 100 lots, from 100 to 1500 lbs. seed cotton to acre. One half cash, balance on time.

2500 ACRES in a body, on Tallapoosa and Chattahoochee rivers. As fine land as in a body. Three splendid residences and ten or twelve tenant houses. No room for description in this advertisement. Can sell one to five pieces from this tract, or all in a body, at a bargain.

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East Tennessee, Virginia
—AND—
GEORGIA RAILROADS.
Form the quickest and most comfortable route to
Eastern Cities.
—AND—
ONLY ROUTE
—TO THE—
Watering Places
—OF—
East Tennessee and Virginia

The principal inducements are
SPLENDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.
The only line passing through the magnificent regions of East Tennessee and Virginia. Through cars run from Selma to Bristol without change. For information address:
JAS. R. OGDEN, G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.
RAY KNIGHT, G. P. A., Selma, Ala.

MAIL TRAIN DAILY.
Lv. 4.30 a. m. Selma, Ala. Ar. 10.00 p. m. Bristol, Tenn.
Lv. 7.00 a. m. Selma, Ala. Ar. 1.00 p. m. Bristol, Tenn.
Lv. 9.00 a. m. Selma, Ala. Ar. 3.00 p. m. Bristol, Tenn.
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In the Northern and foggy parts of Japan it is the custom for mariners to blow their distance from the shore by blowing their whistles and observing the time it takes for the echo to return to them; but on certain foggy days, and with a particular configuration of the land, the echo does not come back, so the method is misleading. It has occurred to Professor Ayton and Perry, however, says Eugene, that if the source of sound were placed under water at a depth of say thirty feet, where the profoundest echo even in stormy weather, the method would be free of these drawbacks. They propose to lower into the sea a strong musical tongue of reed vibrated by an intermittent electro-magnet, and to listen for the returning echo of the note emitted by the reed. This could be done by dipping a wooden or metallic surface into the water and applying the ear to it. The side of the ship itself might even be found to catch the echo from the noise of the waves. The idea of submarine sirens as coast warners was broached five years ago, but have never been adopted.

The manufacture of oxygen gas to be distributed to consumers has long been looked upon as a desirable thing, and now a firm in Paris claims to have accomplished the purpose in a manner promising commercial success. The operation is based on the absorption, by baryta, at a certain temperature, of oxygen from the air, and the fact that the oxygen will be released when the baryta is heated to a higher temperature. Heretofore it has been found that baryta gradually loses its power of absorption; but the Parisian chemists say that they have overcome that difficulty, and that their material has remained unchanged after five hundred operations. The gas obtained is said to be ninety-five per cent. oxygen, and will cost about seventy cents per thousand cubic feet. If it could be distributed like illuminating gas, and at small cost, it would be of great value for heating, lighting and bleaching purposes, and in nearly all industries. There are vast oceans of oxygen to draw upon, if only some cheap and simple method of securing it can be obtained.

Silicon in Steel Rails.—Dr. Dudley's formula for the composition of steel rails allows 0.04 per cent. of silicon, but other experiments show that the time that it takes for silicon to be absorbed, and still retain an excellent physical character. The allowance of this margin is fortunate, because of the inability of determining when silicon is removed, as can be so exactly determined in the case of carbon. Out of 35,000 rails on Swedish state railways, only four broke in the winter of 1880, under a composition of 0.20 to 0.30 carbon, and 0.03 to 0.04 silicon. The diverse views held by different experts and various conclusions arrived at, show that much yet remains to be determined by experiment, before the best composition for a steel rail can be offered.

Lemon Juice in Diphtheria.—Dr. Page, of Baltimore, calls the attention of physicians, in the Medical Record to the topical use of fresh lemon juice as a most efficient remedy for the removal of membrane from the throat, tonsils, etc., in diphtheria. He states that in his hands it has proved the best agent that he had as yet tried for the purpose. He applies the juice of the lemon to the affected parts every two or three hours by means of a camel's hair probang. In eighteen cases in which he has used the remedy the effect has been all that he could have wished. He finds that several of his professional friends are prepared to give the same favorable account of the remedy.

A Sui is loom-ker, Hainanese, has invented a loom in which the shuttle is not thrown, but handed over from side to side by hooks much in the same manner as the silk loom handles. A loom on this principle was shown in weaving silk in the late Paris exhibition. The shuttle is handled by a peculiar mechanism so that no strain is exerted upon the filling and no friction upon the warp, as the shuttle is not run on the warp as in the ordinary loom.

A mistake is often made in making a boiler patch of thicker metal than that of the shell of the boiler. A moment's reflection ought to show the absurdity of putting a five-sixteenth or three-eighth patch on an old one-quarter inch boiler shell; yet it is not so rare an occurrence as one would imagine. A piece of new iron three-sixteenth of an inch thick, will, in most cases, be found to be stronger than that portion of a one-quarter inch boiler plate.

M. Vigliani, a French surgeon, has obtained a mitigation of pain by administering a recurrent series of sound waves, by means of a tuning fork and sounding board to the affected part. M. Bonnet has devised an improved arrangement. A tuning fork is kept in constant vibration by means of an electric current, and the vibrations are communicated to the skin by a rod. Neuritis is said to be removed in a few minutes, and anesthetic effects are induced by a longer action.

The proportions of carbonic acid, says Dr. M. Poppel, vary at different depths of one and the same well, increasing upward. There is no relation between the amount of carbonic acid in the water and its level, but its percentage increases with a fall of the barometer. The variations in the proportions of chlorine and carbonic acid do not correspond.

In the museum of Physical Sciences at Florence there exists a curious sphere, a Ptolemaean armillary sphere, on which are clearly indicated the Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, and one of these lakes is traversed by the Nile. This sphere was finished May 6, 1893, by Antonio Santucci, of Pomerance, cosmographer to Ferdinand I.

Japanese cement is made by mixing powdered rice with a little cold water, and then gradually adding boiling water until the desired consistency is acquired, care being taken to keep it stirred. Lastly, boil for one minute in a clean saucepan. This cement is very strong, and nearly colorless.

Sir John Lubbock, the distinguished London banker and entomologist, still has some ants which he had begun to observe in 1874, and which are yet alive and in perfect health; they now, therefore, must be more than seven years old, being by far the oldest insects on record.

Paper belting is used with success in the machinery hall of an exhibition now held in Japan. It is stated that the belting made of paper has been tested, and found to be much stronger than that made of ordinary leather.

Pepsine is proving itself to be of extraordinary efficacy in destroying worms in the stomach and bowels without causing any injury to the highly organized tissues, even when it is administered in very large doses.

Vines are said to extract yearly from the soil only about three-fourths of the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid that the cereals take up.

DOMESTIC.

How to Embroider a Dress.—Co equal with the fancy for ornate in the world of fashion, is the *furore* for embroideries of silk or crepe on the dress and with special ideas in regard to the place ornamented. This may be traced with little trouble to the revival of and interest manifested in decorative needlework. As soon as a woman learns something new with her needle, she must experiment on her habiliments. The experiment is not always a success, but in this instance it is one—when it is well done. It seems hard to have to add the last clause, but when embroidery is not thoroughly well done, it looks—well miserable. And no woman, no matter how much she may be interested in the *renaissance*, has the right to make herself a walking picture of experiments, even if her art is much to her. A person who embroiders very quickly is seldom a good embroiderer, "slow and sure" being the motto that had best be remembered when any ambitious attempt is being made. Elaborate designs are not noticeable on these costumes, but correctness of detail and perfect work in the *desiderata*. Bands of blue bells that look as if they were joined by a flower lover, stalks of hyacinths standing upright and stately on the side of a skirt or on the panel of a drape, and long sprays of leaves in every green that nature has made to rest the eyes of tired people, are for outlining edges that are of great length; and clusters of roses, blossoms or field flowers are for the side of bodices, to ornament a cuff or make *gaipieres*. An olive green dress is embroidered in blue bells, a black one in morning glories, a dark green in vine leaves, and a navy blue in poppies. On evening dresses of black net, straw embroidery is noticeable. It is effective and expensive, but unless intended only for one wearing, neither desirable nor durable. Usually the front width is covered with a fluted pattern wrought out in straw, while a narrow bordering of it trims the other portion. It is a work that requires much care, and after it is done the gown seems scarcely worth the candle unless it is simply played to kill time. The beauty of it must not be underrated, but it seems as if, from its extreme frailty, it is scarcely popular, even with the millionaire. For usually, incidentally, the secret of being a millionaire consists in looking out for things that will stand wear and tear, which this frail ornamentation will not.

ROASTED CODFISH.—For roasting take a small fresh cod, clean it well. Cut off the head and tail. Split the fish, clean it well and spread it open, sprinkle with some cayenne and a very little fine salt. Have ready a thick oiled plate, large enough, or a little larger than will hold the fish spread out open. Stand up the board before a clear hot fire, till the whole piece of plank is well heated and almost charred; but take care not to allow it to catch fire. Then spread out the fish evenly and tack it to the board with four spike nails, driven in so as to be easily drawn out again. Place the inside of the cod next to the fire, and the back next to the board, which, if it has been previously well heated, will cook it through. Stand up the plank before the fire, setting a dish at the bottom to catch the drippings, and when you see that it is thoroughly done take it up, but do not move it from the board. Send it to the table on the board, which may be daintily concealed as much as possible by a large napkin. Eat it with any sort of fish sauce, or with a little butter and cayenne only. This is an improved manner of cooking a fresh fish in the spring, and nothing can be better.

IMITATION GROUND GLASS.—Cut from tissue paper or thin white muslin figures, and then with transparent gum fasten them upon the glass. These are good for hall doors. The same end may be obtained by applying to the windows with a brush a hot solution of sal-ammoniac, Glauber's salts or Epsom salts. The crystallization in the first will be in straight lines; the Epsom salts will produce four-sided prisms, and the Glauber's salt six-sided ones. A perfect and beautiful screen can be formed in this way.

WHISK-BROOM HOLDER.—Cut two pastboard holders, each inches long and eight inches across the top. Cut two wedge-shaped pieces, three inches long and one inch across the top, for the sides. Cover with silk, satin or velvet, and line with flannel. After joining together, work the edges with silk of some pretty color, in button-hole stitch. In the center of the front either paint or work a monogram, or some pretty design. Hang up by a cord and tassels of silk.

SHOED CARBAGE.—Quarter a cabbage head, put it in a kettle of hot water with a little salt, boil until very tender, take out carefully and drain, then place closely in a jar. Take two quarts of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of whole cloves and allspice, a stick of cinnamon and one pound of sugar, boil all together ten minutes; pour over the cabbage while hot and cover the jar. In two days it will be fit to use.

A NICE BREAKFAST DISH. Remove the skin from a dozen tomatoes, cut them up in a saucepan; add a little butter, pepper and salt; when sufficiently boiled, beat up five or six eggs, and mix with the tomatoes and stir one way for two minutes, allowing them to be done thoroughly. Serve warm.

CATSUP.—Halve your tomatoes, put them in a firkin with a layer of salt between each layer of tomatoes. Let them stand over night. In the morning add seasoning, cloves, allspice, and very little mace, and pepper and salt to taste, then put on the stove and boil for one hour. Take from the fire, strain and bottle.

APPLE PIE.—Cover a deep tin with a good crust. Pare some tart apples, cut in thin slices; arrange these in the crust with plenty of sugar, and a little nutmeg grated over; pour over the apples half a teaspoonful of sweet cream; put strips of pastry over the top, and bake. Serve either warm or cold.

CODFISH STEWED. Boil a piece of codfish, but do not overdo it. Pick out the flesh in flakes, put them in a saucepan with a piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, some minced parsley and the juice of a lemon, with a dust of cayenne. Put it on the fire till quite hot, and serve.

FREMENTY.—Take a teaspoonful of new wheat and boil it in water enough to cover it, till quite soft. When cold, stir it into one quart of new milk and boil for ten minutes. Sweeten and flavor to taste, and let stand till cold before serving.

JOED BUTTERMILK.—There is no healthier drink than buttermilk, but it must be creamy, rich buttermilk to be good. It should stand on the ice to cool, though if very rich and thick a little ice in it is an improvement.

HODDIE'S GINGER PUDDING.—One egg, one cup of molasses, half cup of butter, half cup of fruit, half cup of hot water, one tablespoon of ginger, one teaspoon of soda. Stir stiff and steam an hour.

AGRICULTURAL.

AGE OF SHEEP.—All well-bred sheep have a full mouth of front teeth at three years old. Some old unimproved flocks may still be found in which the mouth is not full until nearly four years old, but fortunately these are now the exceptions, and should not be made the standard, as they so constantly are. In Cotswolds, Leicester, Lincoln, Southdown, Oxford Downs, Hampshire, and even in the advanced Merinos, and in the grades of all of these, dentition is completed from half a year to a year earlier. The milk or lamb teeth are easily distinguished from the permanent or broad teeth by their smaller size, and by the thickness of the jaw bone around their fangs where the permanent teeth are still inclosed. As the lamb approaches a year old the broad, ex-posed part of the teeth is the yellow or brown color of the gums, stand apart from each other, leaving wide intervals. This is even more marked after the first pair of permanent teeth have come up, overlapping each other at their edges, and from this time onward the number of small milk teeth and of broad permanent teeth can usually be made out with ease. Another distinguishing feature is the yellow or dark coloration of the fangs of the milk teeth, while the exposed portions of the permanent teeth are white, clear and pearly. The successive pairs of permanent teeth make their appearance through the gums in advanced breeds at about the following dates: the first pair at one year; the second pair at one year and a half; the third pair at two years and three months; the fourth pair at three years. It will be observed that between the appearance of the first two pairs there is an interval of six months, while after this each pair comes up nine months after its predecessors. For backward grades and the unimproved breeds, the eruption is about six months later for each pair of teeth, but even with them the mouth is full at three years and six months.

WATER FOR DAIRIES.—One of the requisites in making butter is cool, sweet water, pure as it can be obtained from a well or spring. If water is used to set the milk in for butter-making, or to run under and around large pans, of course it does not matter so much about its purity, so no bad odors rise from it. It is only necessary that it should be of the right temperature. But for cows to drink, for washing milk-pails, and other utensils, especially for washing butter—if it is washed—the water can be too pure. Hence soft water is better than hard water, other things being the same, because the hard water is charged with lime, and lime is bad for butter, whether introduced through the water or the salt. But still water is not pure water. Brook water may be soft, but it is charged with particles of organic matter which will hasten decomposition in the butter. Fresh rain water is soft, but it is charged more or less with ammonia, which will injure the flavor, and near our cities and large towns it is likely to contain also crocodiles from the smoke of so many chimneys. This is especially the case with the first rain that falls after a long dry spell. What is wanted then, is not only soft water, but pure water—that is, as pure as it can be made by its filtering through a clear sweet soil, into a spring or well. Hence, great care should be taken that no foul matter collects around the springs or wells, and that no surface water runs into them. If it does it will injure the butter, and hurt the health of the consumer. We don't care who makes it—even the best dairyman in the land—that will be the result.

LONG FURROWS IN FLOWERS.—As the plowing season will soon be with us, we wish to put in a plea for long furrows, especially when there is an opportunity to try. The turning of the plow and the commencement of a new furrow require more exertion in the plowman and the team than continued work on a straight line; and how great may really be the loss of time from frequent interruptions in short turns may be shown by the following calculation: Suppose a plow is to be used in a field of 200 feet by 100 feet, and a half-hour of ten are used in redirecting the plow; with a length of 575 feet four hours are sufficient for the purpose, and when the plow can proceed without interruption for 800 feet only one and a half hours of the day's working time are consumed. Now here is food for the reflection of every farmer in the State. They can readily see the advantage in long furrows.

TRAINING THE COLT.—Bad horses are more frequently made than born. It is very much in the bringing up—in the way a colt is cared for, and the manner in which it is broken. Firmness, with kindness, goes very far in making a valuable horse. The colt should early learn that it is never to be deceived; that it is to be encouraged and rewarded when obedient, and punished by the withholding of caresses when disobedient. These are natural qualities that make a horse vicious with proper training, make one of those intelligent and spirited horses that all desire to possess. The true trainer of colts is gentle, loving, firm and thoughtful; and the young animals under his charge partake of the same qualities.

FERTILIZING ORCHARDS.—When an orchard requires fertilizing, it is best to do this all at once, and not apply the manure only near the trees. This will insure large growth of roots, close to the trunk, and prevents the growth at a distance from the tree. Manure tends to encourage the growth of wood rather than fruit. Instead of manure, it is better to cultivate the soil and leave it fallow, or to seed it to clover and plow in the clover, giving a liberal sprinkling of lime, one ounce natural quality that make a horse vicious with proper training, make one of those intelligent and spirited horses that all desire to possess. The true trainer of colts is gentle, loving, firm and thoughtful; and the young animals under his charge partake of the same qualities.

THE blackberry crop has been very badly injured by the hard winter from Virginia to Connecticut, and unquestionably that fruit will be scarcer than for several years before.

ONE of the most prolific causes of contracted heels in horses is allowing their shoes to remain on too long. It is seldom we hear of horses having contracted heels when worked regularly every day. Few persons are aware of the importance of removing a horse's shoes every six weeks. It is too often the custom to allow the shoes, after having once been placed on, to remain till worn out before removing them.

STRINGSORRY is an affection of the nerves and incurable. It is caused by a loss of the power of the nerve which controls the muscle by which the leg is lifted the action then being spasmodic, irregular and excessive, causing the high lifting usual in this order.

THE true physiological way of treating burns and scalds is to at once exclude the air, with cotton batting, flour, scraped potato, or anything that is blandest.

HUMOROUS.

A BRUSHING BEAR.—The Boston Post tells of an Idaho girl who was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover, when a grizzly bear came a long and approaching from behind began to hug her. But she thought it was Tom and so she just leaned back and enjoyed it heartily and merrily, "higher," and it broke the bear all up and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to cover his shame.

(Nursaline Journal.)
Two Days' Work.
Two days' moderate application of the means in question, enabled Mr. Otto Eichhorn, 1419 N. Ninth street, St. Louis, Mo., to thus write us: "I had been a sufferer for the past six weeks with severe pains in the shoulder and spine so that I was unable to do my work. Advised by a friend I used St. Jacob's Oil. With the second application relief was had and a cure effected in two days."

INCONSISTENT.—"A lie is not only wicked," said the teacher, "it is mean and ignominious." "Well, pa doesn't always stick to the truth," returned the litigious pupil. "I heard him tell me the other day that he sometimes made him blush to the very roots of his hair." "But perhaps he did blush to the very roots of his hair." "No, he didn't, either. He hasn't got any hair; he wears a wig."

(Pecunia National Democrat.)
The most eminent physicians of the day highly recommend St. Jacob's Oil as a cure for rheumatism. It can be purchased at any drug store, and the price is insignificant, when you take into consideration the wonderful cures it will produce.

A CHICAGO editor who spent three weeks in Boston says he saw only one good looking woman during his stay, and that was his wife. When a Chicago editor will pay a compliment to his wife his sarcasm can be forgiven.

One Experience from Many.
"I had been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, 'Hurrah for Hop Bitters! You may think they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy.'"
The Mother.

The idea has become prevalent that the young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are really the most stayed among their sex.

Vegetine

Will Cure Cancer.

PROOF! PROOF! PROOF!

H. P. STEVENS, Esq.
Dear Sir,—About two years ago a Cancer made its appearance on my face, left side of my nose. When I first heard it, I was about the size of a pin-head (very small). It increased in size, and spread on my face until it became as large as a common coin. I tried all kinds of remedies, and advice from a physician. It was spreading, and eating into my flesh. I was very much alarmed. I went to see a physician who cured Cancers. He did not give me much encouragement. It pained me very much; I suffered night and day. It would bleed at times very profusely. Every thing was done that could be tried to cure the Cancer. My brother had told me of your pamphlet, containing many cures by the use of Vegetine. I found on page 19 where Vegetine had cured a Cancer on a lady's nose. I then bought a bottle of your Vegetine, and it proved a great blessing to me. After taking three bottles, it stopped the spreading of the cancer about the edges; it checked the eating into my flesh. I could see the Cancer slowly disappearing until I had taken sixteen bottles and completely cured it. It has left a large scar on one side of my nose; and I feel very free to recommend Vegetine to all like sufferers. It is certainly a great blessing. I am now sixty-three years of age, and Vegetine has greatly improved my general health.
Yours, most respectfully,
W. M. CLEAVES,
34 Federal St., Beverly, Mass.

We, whose names are annexed, can testify to the above, as Mr. Cleaves is an old resident of this town.
C. WOODBERRY, Ansony, RICHARD PEDRICK, HERBERT SMITH, ANDREW L. EATON, A. GLIDDEN, GEO. S. MILLETT.

Vegetine.

PREPARED BY
H. P. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Sole, LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a Positive Cure

For all the Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our Fair Sex. It cures the most distressing cases of Female Complaints, such as Pains, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Uterus, and is particularly adapted to the young of Life.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. It cures all the various troubles, such as Catarrh of the Bladder, Stricture, Hematuria, etc., and is particularly adapted to the young of Life.

FOUNDERS: LYDIA E. PINKHAM, of Lynn, Mass. Price \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

Not family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. It cures constipation, biliousness and indigestion. It is sold by all Druggists. "Box"

THE SNEZ of the other foot.—"Do you mean to swear," said the foreman of the jury to the witness, "that at the time of the quarrel, which constitutes the cause of this action, you saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle in his hands making to leave it at his wife?" "Not exactly," said the witness, with considerable hesitation, "I mean to swear that I saw the prisoner with a coal-scuttle in his hands." "In what attitude was he then?" quired the Presiding Judge. "Well, now, since your Honor has asked me, I'll tell the truth. The prisoner was lying down and his wife on top of it." The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Feeble Ladies.
Those languid, listless sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to lie on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this?

AN OLD SINKER.—An elder, while baptizing converts at a revival meeting, advanced with a wiry, sharp-eyed old chap into the water. He asked the usual question whether there was any reason why the ordinance of baptism should not be administered. After a pause a tall, powerful-looking man, who was looking quietly on remarked, "Elder, I don't want to interfere in your business, but I want to say that this is an old sinner who has got hold of and that one dip won't do him any good. If you want to get the sin out of him you'll have to anchor him out in deep water all night."

How TO REDUCE THE FARE.—"What's the fare?" asked a lean-visaged Yankee of a Philadelphia horse-car conductor. "Six cents," was the answer. The ingenious descendant of the Puritans reflected a moment and then said: "Well, can't I hang on to the dashboard for half price?"

The Key to Health.
Have you found the key to perfect health and strength? It is Kidney-Wort, the only remedy that overcomes at once the action of the kidneys and bowels. It purifies the blood by cleansing the system of foul humors and by giving strength to the liver, kidneys and bowels. See displayed advertisement.

Two friends were exchanging confidence and one of them remarked: "Nellie's a queer girl. At night she lets me hold her hand so long as I want to, but in the day time she won't allow me even to touch it." "I cannot account for it," said the other, who was an esthetic, "unless it is that she has discovered that you never wash your hands until after supper."

When he returned to his seat in the theatre, and he had just stepped out to see someone, he was gravely responded: "It must have been the Evil One," and when the young man asked "if she saw the cloven foot," she turned up her pretty nose and said: "No, but I smell the clove in breath."

Let it be understood once for all Carbolic, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will positively restore hair to bald heads and there is no other preparation under the face of the sun that can accomplish this work.

NOR A GOOD WITNESS.—Yesterday Gilhooly met Gus D. Smith coming out of a saloon on Austin Avenue and drunk as a boiling owl. "Are you drunk again, Gus?" "Col. Gilhooly," said Gus, straightening up, "I'm too far gone at present to form any opinion whatever on subject under discussion."

ATTRACTING ATTENTION.—Travellers in Texas say that the hotels in that lonely State are so run that the very first thing a gentleman does when he enters the dining room is to kill a waiter in order to "attract attention."

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—A Texas jurymen snored so loud in the jury box that he woke the Judge from a sound and was promptly fined for contempt of court.

If I had any skin or blood disease, like tetter, itch, scald head, pimples, sore eyes, scrofula, etc., I would take "Lindsey's Blood Searcher," I am sure.

A CASE of bulging brow.—"What a fine protuberant forehead your baby has, Mrs. Jones. Did he get it from his father?" "No," replied Mrs. Jones, "he got it from a fall down stairs."

EVES out to copy.—"What a splendid speaker Elder Longplisz is," remarked Mrs. Pringle. "Don't you think he is a very pious man, Mr. Pegg?" "Yes," replied Pegg, "very pious—copious, in fact."

A friend of ours was cured of fever and ague by "Sellers' Liver Pills." Now he recommends them to all he knows.

A. L. batchelors would like to shake hands with the man named Morse who recently got married and four weeks later applied to the Legislature and had his name changed to Re-Morse.

SEQUESTING CONSTRUCTION.—The charity committee did not mean exactly what they said when they announced: "The smallest contributions will be most gratefully received."

Let the poor sufferer from female complaints take comfort and rejoice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will restore you.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.—It was said of a man with a very rubicund nose that he looked as if he might be the Collector of the Port.

NOT YET ACCOMPLISHED.—"How sensibly your little boy talks!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "he hasn't been among company yet."

Bed-Bugs, Roaches, Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 25c., druggists.

MESSRS. MORGAN & HEADLY, Managers of Building, Tent and Chestnut street, have had a superb stock of extra quality Diamonds, which they offer at as low prices as the first quality, perfect stones in color and shape, can be sold for.

Kidney Complaints
of all descriptions are relieved at once, and speedily cured by Kidney-Wort. It seems intended by Nature for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys caused by weakness and debility. Its great tonic powers are especially directed to the removal of this class of diseases. We know of persons that have suffered for thirty years that have been permanently cured by taking Kidney-Wort a short time. Try it, either 1 or 2 dry.—Sun.

Isn't it awful hot?
No, my son; it's extremely warm. 'Awful hot' is a vulgar expression which I hope you will never again use."
The young man seemed a little cast down at first by this reply, but coming of a plucky stock he recovered himself quickly and said:
"Anyhow, I've heard dad use it after a private conversation with you, more than I can count."

TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.

These familiar words recall to the farmer and other interested, the unfortunate necessity of sometimes getting rid of Stock that is not otherwise salable on account of blemishes or imperfections. To improve upon this method, by showing how to restore your Stock to first-class condition, is the plan herewith presented. This signal benefit of the Great German Remedy, known as ST. JACOB'S OIL, is ready to manifest very reasonably induced its application to the sufferings and ailments of the dumb creation, beginning with the Horse. People who tried it will more than amply justify its results, as attested in the speedy and permanent cure of their Stock, and they gladly announced their experience by word of mouth and by the public press, until to-day the Great German Remedy, known as ST. JACOB'S OIL, is the country over, as using ST. JACOB'S OIL with delight, satisfaction and profit. The mistake of thinking that Stock by anything is lost, or that a Horse by anything is not good enough for a Horse is made by who have not tried the welfare of their faithful dumb creatures, and provide for their comfort with good food and shelter, and for their health by a constant supply of St. Jacob's Oil. The safest and surest relief for Diseases of Horses and Stock ever discovered. Whenever there appears any evidence whatever of disease or injury among Animals, they should have the best possible treatment, as it never pays to defer attention to Stock. Inasmuch as it is the part of common prudence to use the surest curative means in the best hands, it is abundantly supplied with St. Jacob's Oil, which is used and recommended by every State Veterinarian and by all the best Horsemen in the country as an article which will relieve more promptly and certainly than any other remedy known. For Spavin, Ringbone, Wind-Gall, Fleas, Itch, and all kinds of Skin Diseases, St. Jacob's Oil is the best. It is sold by all Druggists, and by the following named Dealers: A. VOEGELER & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 2327.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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A LOVE SONG.

O, lassie wilt thou gang with me
Adown the meadows green
The pretty thrush sings merrily
The lilies leaves between;
The skylark dally doth lovelier
At through the locks of jet.

And wherefore should I gang with thee
A dowie the meadows green
The lilies leaves between?
The skylark dally doth lovelier
At through the locks of jet.

The ivy swangeth on the wall,
With sunlight glints between;
O lassie, thou so fair and tall,
Come down the meadows green!
And by yon brook grow violets blue,
Like unto thy sweet eyes.

Yes, lassie, an' that be the why,
I fain would gang along—
For true, true love doth never die,
But yearly waxeth strong.
O winds and flowers, and ivy vine,
How sweet you be to day!
O yellow sun, how bright you shine!
Come, lassie, let's away!

WHOSE FAULT?

Fred Dayton assisted his wife's cousin, Jenny Searies, into the carriage that was waiting for her at the station. She had been his wife's bridesmaid, and he sighed as he looked in her smiling face.

It was three years since that so-called happy event occurred, but though she was a trifle more staid and dignified, she had the same happy smile, neat, trim appearance that he so well remembered. "You will find Fanny a good deal altered," he said, as he took a seat by her side.

Jenny cast a somewhat surprised glance at the grave face of the speaker. "Why, how? Has she been ill?" "Well, not I can't say that she has been ill," was the hesitating reply; "but she—she's changed. Marriage don't seem to have agreed with her very well."

The laugh that ended these words sounded rather forced. Perhaps he felt the implication conveyed by them; or, rather, the fact itself. Jenny looked earnestly into the frank, kindly face of the speaker.

Was it his fault?—for there must be a fault somewhere. The house, as the carriage stopped in front of it, looked as if it was all shut up.

If Jenny had expected to see her cousin in the hall she was disappointed. Fred looked slightly disconcerted as he glanced around.

"Fanny's in her room, I suppose; I'll hunt her up." "Ah! there you are, Fan." Here a dowdy-dressed woman made her appearance at the other end of the hall, whom Jenny would have failed to recognize had it not been for the warm embrace and eager greeting.

After leading the way to the dark and rather untidy sitting-room, Fanny's animation all at once forsook her, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, she burst into tears, much to Jenny's surprise and consternation.

"The sight of you reminds me so of the happy past!" sighed Fanny, as she wiped away her tears. "And the present is no less happy, I hope?" suggested Jenny, feeling for her cousin's husband, who looked foolishly conscious that he was in some way considered to be at fault.

Fanny's only reply was a mournful shake of the head, which, rightly interpreted, meant that she never expected to be so happy again as long as she lived.

Putting his hands in his pocket Fred walked to the window, whistling softly to himself with an ill-dissembled air of unconcern.

"If you knew how that noise goes through my head, Fred!" remonstrated Fanny, as she rang for Ann to take away her cousin's things.

Fred ceased whistling, taking himself out of the room at the same time. Fanny gave her cousin a look, as much as to say, "You see what I have to put up with?"

As soon as the door closed after her husband Fanny's countenance lost its desolate, abused expression, and she commenced talking with her visitor with considerable spirit and animation.

Jenny now had an opportunity to observe her more particularly. It was nearly dinner-time, and still she had on the calico wrapper that she had worn at breakfast; not much soiled, but still faded and wrinkled.

She wore neither cuffs nor collar, while her pretty brown hair—pretty when properly cared for—was smoothed over the top and tucked back of her ears in tangled bunches.

Her feet were thrust into a pair of old slippers, much too large for her and down at the heels.

time for dinner. "I had no idea it was so near dinner-time," said Jenny, rising to her feet, as she glanced at her watch. "I shall hardly give you time to dress."

"Oh! I shan't make any change in my dress; there'll be nobody but my husband at dinner, and you won't mind."

"No, certainly, I shan't mind." There was more than this on Jenny's lips, but she checked herself.

This was not the right time to speak, even if she had any right to speak at all.

There could scarcely be a greater contrast than those two presented at the dinner-table, both of nearly the same age, and both endowed with more than usual personal attractions.

At the time of her marriage, Fanny had been called the prettier; but it was quite the contrary now, and all the difference lay in the dress and expression.

Not that Jenny's attire was either gay or expensive. The dress was a simple merino, simply made and trimmed, but it fitted neatly the neat waist of the wearer. The cuffs and collar were white and fresh, with a knot of bright ribbons at her throat.

On the contrary, Fanny wore the same faded, ill-fitting dress of the morning, with the addition—if addition it could be called—of a half-soiled collar, pinned away and fastened with a bunch of dingy ribbon.

It was impossible for Fred not to notice the difference, and making a mental comment on it not very flattering to the wife of his choice.

The contrast was too marked to escape her notice, though it was easy to see that she ascribed the change to their different conditions.

"Ah! you don't think it's worth while to fuss so much after you're married, Jen," she said, with a laugh.

"Perhaps Miss Jenny will think her husband worth dressing for," retorted Fred.

"If she does, I hope it will be for a husband who cares enough for her society to spend one evening at home out of six."

Fred turned red with anger and mortification. It was evident to Jenny that this would not have been the last of it had she not been present.

She hastened to change the subject, being aided in the endeavor by the advent of baby.

It was a lovely child, and one would suppose would be an additional tie to bind their hearts together, but instead of that it was a constant bone of contention.

Thus matters went on for some days. Jenny observed with pain that Fred was in the habit of spending most of his evenings out. For a while after she came irritated by his wife's slovenly appearance and fretful complaining, he gradually absented himself, until he rarely spent an evening at home.

"Is Mr. Dayton out this evening?" inquired Jenny, as, entering the sitting-room, she glanced around.

"You never need ask, that question," returned Fanny; "he's always out."

Jenny had long wished for an opportunity to talk with her cousin. After a moment's grave silence she said:

"And do you know what the end of this will be, Fanny?" "Ruin, I suppose," was the bitter response. "But there is no help for it, as I see. It is something for which I am not responsible."

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend. My dear Fanny, two ways are open to you. You can either make home to your husband the dearest place in the world, and yourself one of the most beloved and happy of wives, or you can alienate his affections, driving him to haunts and companionship that will wreck the peace and happiness of both."

Here they were interrupted by the advent of visitors.

Jenny returned home the next morning, so she had no opportunity of knowing what effect her last appeal had upon the better feeling of her cousin.

It was some months before Fanny and Jenny met again, and then it was at the marriage that transformed the latter into the loved and loving wife of the husband of her choice.

The happy smile on the face of Fred, and which was reflected back from the smiling eyes of his wife, told of the happy change that had been wrought.

"Fred spends all his evenings at home now," said Fanny, giving her cousin a significant look.

"Why shouldn't?" cried the happy husband, when I have the dearest wife and the pleasantest home in the world!"

Perry's Famous Victory.

Sixty-eight years ago a battle was fought on Lake Erie between a fleet commanded by Commodore Oliver H. Perry, then 27 years of age, and a British squadron commanded by Commodore Barclay.

The American command consisted of nine vessels, viz.: The flagship Lawrence, 20 guns; Niagara, 20 guns; the Caledonia, 3 guns; the Seneca, 2 guns; the Trippe, 11 guns; the Porcupine, 1 gun each.

The British squadron consisted of flagship Detroit, 19 guns; Queen Charlotte, 13 guns; Hunter, 10 guns; Lady Provoost, 13 guns; Little Belt, 3 guns; Chippewa, 1 gun and 2 swivel.

In command the British outnumbered the Americans by 10. Six of the vessels were built at Erie, under the inspection and direction of Perry, in about 90 days, and by the aid of canals were floated over the bar which hemmed them in, equipped ready to sail—a work at that day of no common magnitude.

When the fleet met, the Lawrence bore at her masthead a flag inscribed with the last words of the brave commander of the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship." The fleet met with intense severity on both sides. The late Dr. Usher Parsons, who was surgeon-in-chief on board the Lawrence, says that "for more than two hours little could be heard but the deafening thunders of our own broadsides, the crash of balls dashing through the timbers, and the shrieks of the wounded. These were brought down faster than I could attend to them, farther than to stay the bleeding, or support the shattered limb with spirits, and pass the forward upon the berth deck. Two or three were killed near me, after being wounded."

When the battle was raging most severely, Midshipman Lamb came down with his arm badly fractured; I applied a splint and requested him to go forward and lie down; as he was leaving me and while my hand was on him, a cannon ball struck him in the side and dashed him against the side of the room, where he presently terminated his sufferings. Charles Folsom, a Narragansett Indian, who was badly wounded, suffered in like manner. * * * Lieut. Yarnell had his scalp badly torn, and came below with the blood streaming over his face; some lint was hastily applied and confined with a large bandanna, with directions to report himself for better dressing after the battle, and he insisted on rejoining the fight, and was again killed.

Parsons were arduous and exhaustive, and the last man had been carried for. He experienced several hairbreadth escapes, and after the close of the war pursued his profession for many years in this city, honored with a professorship in Brown university, and respected by his fellow-citizens.

The Lawrence, against which the heaviest fire of the enemy was at first directed, was terribly cut up and rendered nearly unmanageable. In the midst of a storm of shot, Commodore Perry quitted her and proceeding to the Niagara, took command, brought her up into close quarters with the enemy, and soon insured victory. From Put-in-Bay, he wrote to Gen. Harrison this terse and comprehensive sentence: "Dear General: We have won the battle, and the day is ours."

On the same day he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy: "It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one sloop and one schooner, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command after a sharp conflict."

The loss of the Americans in this battle was 27 killed and 96 wounded. Of these 22 were killed and 61 wounded on board the Lawrence. The British loss was 41 killed and 94 wounded. Commodore Barclay bore testimony to the humanity of the Americans in caring for his wounded men. The battle was an important one in its results. It gave to our government the command of Lake Erie, which, up to that date, had been controlled by the British. With this success grave and vital issues were connected. In communicating this achievement to Congress, President Madison used the following complimentary language: "The conduct of Capt. Perry, adroit as it was daring, and which was so well seconded by his comrades, justly entitles them to the admiration and gratitude of their country, and will fill an early page in the annals of this nation with a victory never surpassed in lustre, however much it may have been in magnitude." The attempt in subsequent years to wrest the glory of this victory from Commodore Perry, and transfer the credit to the brow of his second in command, Elliott, proved "a lame and impotent conclusion." So long as bravery, skill and moral worth hold a place in public estimation, the roll of fame will be high upon it the name of Perry, while by every Rhode Islander the names of Brownell, Turner, Chaplin, Almy, Brees, Taylor, Parson, Alexander Perry and their Rhode Island compatriots, will ever be held in honor.

A Trickster Tricked.

Even Hermann, the greatest of all living tricksters, and whose conversance with the black art should, one would think, place him beyond the possibility of being on the wrong side of a trick, is himself once in a while victimized in a manner that raises a loud laugh.

One night the magician had the most recent laugh placed against him. In his programme he introduces his marvelous cabinet, a large institution like a two-story refrigerator, with double doors opening so as to expose the whole interior, which is crossbarred in the manner made familiar to the public in construction of tables for living heads and half women. In this cabinet he seizes a sailor, who mysteriously disappears, although the audience can see under and all around the affair, and two gentlemen are sitting on the stage within three yards of it.

The sailor cannot possibly leave the cabinet without being seen, and the trick consists in so disposing of the panels of the interior that, although the doors are swung wide, the eye cannot detect any change in the appearance of the compartment. There are several variations of the trick. The sailor instantly releases himself from a pair of stocks when locked inside. He also gets out of a securely fastened and rope-bound trunk, and there are numerous haunts shown at the openings in the doors, but the most marvelous feature of the whole thing is the appearance of a little colored boy in the auditorium less than a minute after he has been hustled into the cabinet. The trick went well enough until this stage of the performance was reached: The boy was rushed into the cabinet; Hermann opened the doors a moment afterward and the boy was gone.

"Bo-y! Bo-y!" the magician shouted. "Where air you, boy?" But no "boy" showed up in the auditorium. The call was repeated a number of times, and Hermann was at last almost in despair. At last one of the ushers ran up the parquet aisle, making directly for the magician.

"Where air de boy?" Hermann shouted. "You air not here. You like too pale."

The usher grabbed the magician's left ear and whispered a few hurried words into it. He told him that the colored boy was then on his way to the calaboose in the arms of a tall policeman, and would not be able to finish his share of the trick until he was bailed out. Hermann could not have been more astonished if he had been struck with a brick.

He slammed the doors of the cabinet angrily, told the audience that his "bo-y" had been arrested by a police officer, and he would have to bring the trick to a close without the usual triumphant denouement.

The explanation of the difficulty is very easy: The boy, a smart 14-year old boy whom Hermann secured in Memphis, in making his way out of the cabinet runs for the back door of the stage, and then, with the fleetness of a two-legged Iroquois, flies through the alley and around the corner into the entrance of the theatre just in time to answer "Here I am" to the magician's "Bo-y where air you?" As he darted out of the alley the boy ran into an officer's arms. The policeman, imagining that the little fellow had stolen something, carried him off to the station, wholly unconscious of the fact that he had quite spoiled one of Hermann's best tricks.

A Fight with a Rat.

A few nights ago a Hartford man heard a rat in his sleeping-room, and on striking a light found that his rat-skip had evidently lost his way, for he was running wildly about seeking a place to escape. The gentleman opened a door to get a broom or some other weapon with which to dispatch him, and the frightened rat, taking advantage of the opening, scampered across the room over the man's bare feet and out of the door before could be closed.

The rat ran down the back stairs and into the kitchen, followed by the man clad only in his night robe with a kerosene lamp in one hand and a broom in the other. Before beginning the fight in earnest, the gentleman let in his young dog, thinking this would be a good time to initiate the animal into the mystery of rat killing. The dog got his eye up on the rat—a large old fellow—and then skulked off into the corner and lay down. The gentleman, seeing his "purr" was not to be depended upon, "went for" the rat with his broom. He brought the weapon down with a vengeance, but like Patrick's flea, the rat wasn't there. After two or three miss-strikes the man's "daunder rin" and the battle was vigorously waged. The rat circled round and round the room followed by his human foe with high-lifted lamp and swinging broom. This animated scene alone frightened the dog and he went round and round the room with master and rat, adding to the uproar. The rat was so desperately scared he at last, in sheer desperation, sprang towards the man, ran up his legs and half way up his body before he was dislodged. This sudden onslaught caused the gentleman to retire for a few minutes, and when he returned he was in full dress with rubber boots on and breeches legs tucked in at the top. No more rats on un-

covered legs in his'n. Now he was ready for the fray again. But where was the rat? He was nowhere to be seen. The gentleman looked in every nook and corner for him, but he was not to be found. The dog still occupied his corner and was trembling as though badly frightened. His master spoke kindly to him, and the animal came toward him when the rat was exposed to view.

In his fright he had taken refuge under the dog. The gentleman once more went for the rat and the same scene was repeated. The rat again running to the dog for safety. He was dislodged from this retreat a second time, and once more, when hard pressed, he turned upon his two-legged adversary. But before the rat could clamber up his person a blow from the broom stunned him and a boot heel finished the fight. The skirmish lasted about half an hour, no rat ever before making a more desperate struggle for his life. But the odds were "agin him" from the start, and one more victory must be credited to the enemy of the rat race.

A Yellowstone Bear Story. The Fire Hole Hotel is located on the west side of the lower basin at the foot of the mountain, near a good spring of water, and from which can be had a fine view of the valley. Marshall, the proprietor, has a thirty years' lease from the government, and will add to his house as the business of the place demands. This is the only lodge in the Park beside the one at the entrance. It is a wild and solitary place to spend the winter, which Marshall and his wife, with a young lady companion, did for the first time last winter, and in this connection he told me a bear story. He said that after visitors ceased coming to the Park last fall he went to Virginia City for his winter supplies, leaving his wife, children and the young woman in charge of the place. Near the house, in the rear, was situated a dug-out or root house, where he stored his potatoes, etc., to keep them from freezing, and to ventilate which he used a joint of stove-pipe. One morning during his absence his wife looked out of the window and saw a bear pulling down the pipe and trying to dig into the root house, in which they had also stored most of their provisions. The women were at their wits' end as to what course to pursue. They at first threw tin cans from the windows and managed to disturb him for a few moments, but he soon returned, as he had already sniffed the good things of that ground cellar, and he did not propose to be scared off with tin cans. Mrs. Marshall, brave enough to be left alone, did not intend to have all of her provisions land before her eyes, and proposed to land the rifle at the bear, which would first fire at the bear, which being complied with, a good charge was soon placed in the gun, which was laid across the window-sill and discharged at his head, but the aim, not being accurate, did not strike him in a vital part, although his actions showed that he was hit. He retreated to the hillside, sat upon his haunches, took a view of the situation, and then disappeared in the bushes, where he remained. The women were satisfied and they went away without further incident. After that bear—very imprudent thing, to say the least; but nevertheless, they went, for as they expressed it, they were afraid he might come back again in the night, and as they were satisfied he was wounded, they wanted to finish him. Loading the rifle again, they went cautiously up the hillside, until they discovered the bear standing in a small clearing, when the women prepared for action by laying the gun across a log and taking deliberate aim, hitting the animal behind the forehead with the bullet. He came rolling down the hill. The women did not stop to see whether the bear was rolling or running—they imagined the latter—and both ran for dear life, dropping the gun as they went for the house, which they reached before casting a glance in the rear. When safe in the house they took a view of the situation, and could see brain oiled up and giving his last kick. He finally became quiet, and they ventured out and got possession of their gun, which was loaded, and a third charge was put into the bear to make sure he was not playing possum. When Marshall came home he weighed the bear, and it brought down the beam to 350 pounds. He tells the story of the action of the brave women with a great deal of pride, and the young woman who did the shooting has become quite a heroine.

The Old Home. "Darling, wake up and stop snoring, said a Detroit woman to her husband. "Eh? Wazzaz matter now?" he asked as he half raised up: n bed.

"Won't you please stop snoring? If you only knew how homesick it made me I'm sure you would."

"Homesick! How the deuce can my innocent son make you homesick?"

"Why, you know, darling, that the home on the coast from which you took me a joyous bride, was only half a mile from a government fog-horn, and every time you snore it reminds me so of home that I just can't stand it. Please lay on your side and have some little respect for my feelings."

And then the brute spread himself out on his back and in five minutes had her bathed in tears as visions of the old home crept upon her.

Hope Deferred. "When we are married, Lucy," said the poor man's son to the rich man's daughter, "our honeymoon shall be passed abroad. We will drive in the Bois, promenade the Prada, gaze down into the blue waters of the Adriatic from the Rialto, and enjoy the Neapolitan sunsets while strolling along the Chiaia."

"How delicious!" she murmured. "But, John, don't have your money enough to do all this? For you say I mustn't expect anything until I die!"

John's countenance underwent such a change that she couldn't help asking him if he felt sick.

"No, darling," he answered, faintly; "I am not sick! I was only thinking that perhaps we had better postpone the marriage until after the funeral!"

A Great Lake.

The proposal to make a great lake in the extreme North of this continent by closing the northern outlet of the valley of the Mackenzie river at the line of 68 degrees, and thus storing up the water of 1,200,000 square miles, is an admirable one for some reasons, while for others it can hardly be looked upon favorably. Points in favor of the scheme are that by carrying it out a lake 2,000 miles long by 200 wide would be established, which, would be "a never-failing feeder for the Mississippi, and would connect the Hudson Bay with the great lakes, and also with the interior of Alaska through the Yukon and all affluents. The connection of the Upper Mississippi with Lake Mackenzie would be a comparatively easy matter, and a vast amount of navigable waterway would be added to the river. The formation of Lake Mackenzie would also contribute to the proposed ship canal from Cairo, Ill., to the Gulf of St. Lawrence by the most straight line which cuts the Wabash Valley, the Lake Erie and Ontario and the Lower St. Lawrence. The outlook is beautiful from these points of view, undoubtedly, but not from others, for if the lake which it is thus proposed to make should become a real thing, the end of the world might at once become a concern of what Mr. Cockerill likes to call the "near future." Several years ago a French physicist named Adhemar proposed the theory that through the gradual accumulation of ice from the North Pole, the earth's center of gravity would eventually become so widely separated from its center of sphericity that the globe would suddenly topple over, and all the land be flooded with the waters from the South, a new deluge being thus brought about from which no Noah, no matter how trim and tight his ark might be could possibly escape. This theory is yet held as valid by several competent men of science. Mr. Cockerill among the number, if we are not in error. To establish it the North Pole such a lake as is proposed would simply do in a short time what otherwise would be the work of centuries, for the water accumulating thus in a hurry would as surely topple over towards the sun, as the ice, gathering slowly, could never cause it to career. Capitalists who are engaged in the scheme would, therefore, do well to wait a bit before attempting to put it into effect.

Curious Sea Inhabitants. There is a continual warfare going on in the deep—a constant struggle for the means of sustaining life. The carnivorous devour the vegetarians, and the mud-eaters swallow both animal and vegetable forms; and this runs all the way down the scale, from the shark and the equally ravenous bluish to the least of the unicells. These last—the sea worms—are very busy but they cannot escape their enemies. If they were to confine themselves to the bottom—where they feed, and where many of them grow to the length of a foot or two—they might in a measure escape, though they would still be a prey to the sculp and other fish that know how to dig for them; but they love to swim, particularly at night and in the breeding season, and then they are snatched up in countless numbers. They have almost every variety of form, and their structure is marvelous—monsters with hooked jaws at the end of a proboscis, and with sides of bluish-green—and throw off an infinite variety of iridescent hues. Some of the sea worms have scales, others soft bodies; some are sluggish, and curl themselves up into balls when disturbed; others are restless, particularly at night; some are round others flat; some build tubes of sand and cement, woven together till they make a colony of many hundred members; the tubes of others are soft and flexible, and some, when disturbed, withdraw within their crooked, calcareous tubes, and close the orifice with a plug. One variety of the serpulids has three red eyes; another variety has clusters of eyes on each tentacle. They were accounted of no great value till it was shown by the Fish Commission that these small crustacea furnish a vast amount of food for both salt and fresh water fishes. Indeed there is not a creature that swims or crawls that does not become the food of some other animal. A beach flea is caught up by a sculp, a flounder, and squids make havoc among young menhaden, while sharks and stingrays find something appetizing in the gastropod.

Sailed Away. His name was Moses Sparrow. He was very green. That was the idea that always came into Miss Page's mind when she looked at her country lady's son. Such a rustic youth, with such fair hair, worn long, such blue eyes, such sloping shoulders, such a lamb-like expression—And, being there at the harmonious, whitish or so had been sent to spend the summer months, the city belle resolved that she would try her powers of fascination upon the boy, who struck her as so good a subject for flirtation, in which all fun was to be on her side and all the sentiment on his.

And at it she went, beginning with a smile, a word, and a rejoicing to see the fish bite so readily. She enjoyed herself very much until she grew tired of it, and then she decided on breaking the heart she had won, and enjoying the crash. So she turned him in the garden and made him sit beside her on the bench under the wisterias, and said, sadly:

"I'm going home next week. I shall send you wedding cards when I am married. I am to be married to a rich old gentleman next winter."

Then she waited to see him drop at her feet, but he did not drop. He only said:

"Wal, I'm real glad! I kinder felt afraid I'd been going too far with you. I'm a sort of butterfly, flirtn' from flower to flower, you know and I have flirted with you, I do allow. I was afraid you'd go off in a daze or so, but you seemed to get so much out of it, and then you decided like that me and Ann Maria was keepin' steady company. But, law, seuce you're going to be married, there ain't no harm done! I shouldn't have liked you to down yourself, like t'other summer boarder did, in the mill-pond. She had my photograph in her pocket when she was fished out." Then he smiled at Miss Page, and she arose and sailed away from him with great dignity.

—A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs; a mackerel 454,869.

—In 1526 roses were placed over confessions as symbols of secrecy.

AT THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE

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Another son of Dr. J. D. Arnold, who has been quite sick in Oxford, is now recovering.

Trout Borden, son of Prof. W. J. Borden, has been quite sick in Oxford. We are glad to say the reports from him were more encouraging.

Maj. Wm. Willis, of Texas, is in Calhoun visiting old friends. The people of Calhoun are always glad to meet the Major.

Mr. J. W. Yarbrough, former publisher of that neat and elegantly printed local paper, the Collinsville (Do Kalb Co.) Post, has gone to Edwinstown to start a paper there. He is an old, tried and successful newspaper man and will make a success beyond doubt of the Calhoun county paper. The Calhoun Times, the Selma Times, the Montgomery Advertiser and other journals have given Mr. Yarbrough good notices in connection with his contemplated enterprise. We hope the people of Calhoun will give him hearty encouragement. He is deserving of the best they can do for him.

FOR SALE.—Twenty bushels of seed wheat for sale by MRS. L. W. CANNON.

LAND TO GIVE AWAY. J. D. Mc Cormick has 80 acres of land which he wants to give for the rents for a few years. Good house, cabins, orchards etc. Call on him or address him at Mack, Ala.

The ruling price for corn in the ear in this county is one dollar per bushel. Some days ago a party of gentlemen made up a purse to buy in Tennessee and ship here in the ear by the ear load. The price they will pay laid down here will be from \$0.80 to \$0.85 cents per bushel.

Commissioners Court has been in session here this week and transacted a large amount of business. This intelligent body of men discharge business with as much ease and facility as any Court the county has ever had. Let them at their next meeting lay their heads together and devise an effective system of road working for Calhoun county and submit the same to the next Legislature for enactment. We ought to have better roads in Calhoun but it is almost impossible to get them under our present system. The Commissioners' Court can greatly assist their Representatives in the next Legislature by giving this matter their attention.

The Anniston advertisement goes on again this week under contract. It will then come out and we will in future give our readers more local matter and general news.

The Atlanta Exposition is still on a boom. Several parties have visited it from this place and all are well pleased.

The basement under the Baptist church is reported to be in bad condition for the health of those who live near it. It has been formally condemned by the health officer. Let the town council look into the matter. Better spend some money on this basement than to have deaths resulting from fever caused by it.

Some days ago we had occasion to order some pure Scuppernon and Port wine from George W. Chambers, of Talladega, for a sick member of our family. The Scuppernon was old and had the taste of the oldest and best Sherry. The Port was as good as comes to markets so far removed from the great cities where they can directly import it. We cheerfully recommend Mr. Chambers to those who may want fine liquors for purposes of sickness.

Mr. Alexander Conn of this county, whose post office is Anniston, has invented and now has in practical use in this county a portable gin, which he carries from farm to farm, and does satisfactory work with. The sample is said to be better than the ordinary gins of the country. This invention will prove of great convenience to farmers and will perhaps entirely supersede the old system.

Here are some words of wisdom: "There is no use in sitting down and mourning over blasted hopes; nor should one get unduly elated over success. He who basks in the smiles of fortune this year may be laid upon next year to walk humbly through the night of failure."

The Oldest Twins Living.

From the Rialsville Times. Probably the oldest twins in existence in all the country are George and Edmund Gravely, who, in good health, are still living within five miles of each other, and within three miles of where they were born, at Leatherwood Post-office, in Henry county, Virginia. They will be ninety-three years old the 1st of December, 1881. Their mother lived to be over 100, and their father died at the age of ninety. Leatherwood is the same place in Henry county where in 1861 ninety-six Gravelys voted the Whig ticket.

To any one at all acquainted with the working of our penitentiary or convict system, a grave necessity for a radical reform is readily observed. While the present mode of farming out convicts may be a financial success and all that may be desired as an economic policy, yet it is attended with features that shock humanity, and brutalities, in many instances, that are calculated to call in question our so-called christian civilization. If our next General Assembly would devote half the time usually frittered away in local legislation, of little or no benefit to any one, to a thorough examination into the defects of the present system, and the application of judicious remedies, it would at least do its duty and remove what has become a blot, if nothing worse, on the State's good name.—Talladega Mt. Home.

Two more hangings in Georgia this month.—Dr. Sam Sparks, at Lumpkin, on the 18th, and Lang Armour at Crawfordville, on the 25th.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth and Head Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cts. Sold by Borden & Co. Jacksonville, Ala. jun15w12m.

Nearly all the ills that afflict mankind can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect order. There is no medicine known that will do this as quickly and surely without interfering with your duties as Parker's Ginger Tonic. See advertisement. oct15-2m

Manure should be forked over occasionally to make it finer. If it is heaving, then much should be mixed with it to absorb the ammonia which is forming during the process of decomposition. Sprinkling the manure pile with ground plaster is advisable. The plaster will absorb any ammonia which escapes from the pile, and save it for the use of growing plants. Ammonia is too valuable an element of plant food to allow it to be wasted. Again, upon some lands, plaster is an excellent fertilizer.

The last grand jury found an indictment for larceny against one of our prominent citizens on a queer charge. It is claimed that he hooked his wife's dress. He denies it, but says he is open to conviction. Of course it is true.—Augusta News.

It is said that sea-urchins are so tenacious of life that on opening one of them it is no uncommon circumstance to observe the several parts of the broken shell move off in a different direction.

Simpson and Ledbetter solicit consignments of cotton from the Alabama friends, which they will sell for the best prices that the market justifies. Give us a trial. We will do our utmost to give satisfaction. Oct 1-3m.

The Beauty and Color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, which is much admired for its perfume, cleanliness and dandruff eradicating properties. oct10-2m

COMMISSIONER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree of the Probate Court for Calhoun county, Ala., made and entered on the 5th day of Nov., 1881, ordering the sale of the Real estate owned jointly by Scott Nabors, deceased, and the heirs at law of said Nabors, deceased, for division between said joint owners. And by said order the undersigned were appointed Commissioners to sell said real estate. We will therefore proceed to sell on Monday the 12th day of December, 1881, upon the premises, which are now occupied by Scott Nabors, at public outcry to the highest bidder, the full value described lands, to wit: The N E 1/4 of the N W 1/4 and the S W 1/4 of the N W 1/4 of section 10, township 13, range 10, east, in Calhoun county, Ala., and in the Montgomery land district, containing 120 ac. or more or less. Terms of sale, ten per cent cash—the remainder on a credit of one and two years, in two equal payments, with interest from date of sale. Note with two good and solvent securities will be required. G. B. DOUTHITT, SPARTAN ALLEN, ROBERT McCAIN.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

Tn: State of Alabama, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said County, Special Term, Nov. 7th, 1881.

By virtue of an order of sale granted by the Probate Court of Calhoun county and State of Alabama, the undersigned Administrator of the estate of William Clough deceased, will sell at public outcry the premises of said deceased, on Saturday the 30th day of December, 1881, the following described Real Estate belonging to the estate of said William Clough deceased, for the purpose of paying the debt of said estate and for division among the heirs and distributees of said estate, viz:—The W 1/4 of W 1/4 of the N 1/4 of N W 1/4 of Section 3 and the N E 1/4 of N E 1/4 of Section 10, in the West side of said 40 acre lot of Section 4 all in Township 16 Range 7 East in Calhoun County Alabama.

TERMS of sale, one-half cash, balance on a credit of twelve months with interest from date of sale. Note and solvent security will be required and secure balance of purchase money. JOSEPH T. LOYD, Administrator.

CROW BROS.

Have on hand, and are still receiving a splendid lot of

WINTER DRESS GOODS which they invite the ladies to call and examine before buying elsewhere, as they propose to sell at rock-bottom prices. Also a splendid lot of gentlemen's

Ready Made Clothing, BOOTS, SHOES AND HATS, which can be bought very cheap. All kinds of

GROCERIES are kept on hand which cannot be undersold by any one. Give us a trial and so see for yourself. nov3-3m

The Biggest Thing Yet.

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!! GROCERIES!!!

B. F. CARPENTER & CO.

Have received and are still receiving the largest and best selected stock of Groceries they have ever brought to this market. Not deterred by the clamor of hard times next year, they have amply provided for the wants of the public, and will sell to suit the purses of their customers. In all

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

They can confidently defy competition, where cash is paid. They bought on the recent failure of corners in Groceries of all kinds, and consequently caught the bottom of the market. Seeing is believing.

Bring the Cash

and test their prices, and see for yourself.

Bagging, Ties, Farming Utensils

Wooden Ware, and hundreds of other things in stock. Don't buy until you examine the stock of oct15-1f

Rheumatism Neuralgia

Sprains, Pain in the Back and Side.

There is nothing more painful than these diseases; but the pain can be removed and the disease cured by the use of PAIN KILLER. It is not a remedy that must be kept away from you or heat to avoid danger of exposure, nor is it an untried experiment that may do more harm than good.

PAIN KILLER has been in constant use for forty years, and the universal testimony from all parts of the world is, that it not only cures a permanent cure, but it relieves pain almost instantaneously. Being a purely vegetable remedy, it is safe in the hands of the most inexperienced.

The normal course for the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think:

Edgar Cady, Owatonna, Minn., writes: "About a year since my wife became subject to severe neuralgia from rheumatism. I tried every remedy known to me, but without success, until I was told to try PAIN KILLER, which I did, and have received great benefit."

Charles Powell writes from the Soldiers' Home, London: "I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and rheumatism. The doctors at the Soldiers' Home told me to try PAIN KILLER, and I did, and have received great benefit. I have not had a return of the disease since."

All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many a dollar in doctor's bills. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 a bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

THE WONDER OF ROME.

THOS. FAY'S DRY GOODS HOUSE.

That is selling more Goods at retail than any other House in North Georgia. Specialties this Fall: BLACK and COLORED MOIRES, BROCADES and STRIPES, FRINGES, PARASOLS, and ORNAMENTS. All the newest styles in Trimmings.

The Cashmere and Dress Goods House of North Georgia. Flannel Suits of every shade and style. Special bargains in Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, and Neckwear. An elegant line of Ladies CLOAKS and DOLMANS. Orders by mail promptly and carefully filled, and satisfaction guaranteed. Samples sent on application. On all orders to the amount of \$10 and exceeding, expressage paid by us. sept24-3m

PIANOS AND ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.

E. F. CLARK & CO., Rome, Ga.

Have on hand the largest stock of Pianos and Organs, by first class makers, ever brought to Rome, and will sell at low figures. Call and see, or write for prices. Our Stock consists of Black & Whites, Stationary, Picture Frames, Artistic Material, Sheet Music, Violins, Guitars, Banjos, &c., is very large, and we guarantee prices as low as can be bought in the South. Correspondence solicited. sept24-3m

Fall Stock.

A. L. STEWART & CO.

Have just opened out their Fall Stock of DRY GOODS.

Including a new and elegant line of Prints, Zephyrs, Nunobias, Shawls, Notions, &c., &c. They price themselves on their new, fine and fashionable line of READY MADE CLOTHING.

Particular attention has been given to the selection of this department, and they can sell great bargains in fine Dress Goods. Buy nowhere until you see their Stock. They carry also a good line of

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

CROCKERY, &c.

Remember that you must come to A. L. Stewart & Co's for

BARGAINS.

CITY BAR!

The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best

LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY,

Direct from the Distillery, as well as

Apple, and Peach Brandies,

He would especially call the attention of all desiring a good drink to his celebrated

"Cabinet Whiskey,"

which is the best in the market. His imported Brandy, FOR THE SICK, has no equal.

His Liquors are bought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in Liquors of all brands. Beers, Cider, &c., including Sacrament Wine. Also a large lot of fine Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. Empty barrels from 75c to \$1.00 each

My Billiard Parlor

which is well ventilated and comfortable, is the favorite resort of those who love the game. JNO RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala. N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or note. nov5-6m

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Agents for Real Estate Banking

LOAN ASSOCIATION

OF ALABAMA. Loans of \$200 and upwards negotiated on Real Estate security. Conditions made known on personal application. Apply to STEVENSON & GRANT, Jacksonville, Ala.

NOTICE NO. 1151.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 14th, 1881. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and said proof will be made before the Judge of Probate at Edwinstown, Ala., on January 10th, 1882, viz: Hugh McKoy, homestead entry No. 6494, for the S 1/4 of N E 1/4 and N W 1/4 of section 13, township 17, south, range 11, east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel C. Groom, James R. Otwell, John T. McKoy, William V. Crompton, all of Arabaschoes, Ala. PELLHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 1152.

LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 14th, 1881. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and said proof will be made before the Judge of Probate at Edwinstown, Ala., on January 10th, 1882, viz: James T. Otwell, homestead entry No. 6465, for the S 1/4 of N W 1/4 and N E 1/4 of section 13, township 17, south, range 11, east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel C. Groom, Hugh McKoy, all of Arabaschoes, Ala. PELLHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

NOTICE NO. 1146.

LAND OFFICE, MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 10th, 1881. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and said proof will be made before the Judge of Probate at Edwinstown, Ala., on January 10th, 1882, viz: Thomas Jefferson Campbell, homestead entry No. 6664, for the N W 1/4 of section 4, township 16, south, range 11, east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: William Harris, S. C. Pruitt, R. V. O. Harrow, Simon Strickland, all of Edwinstown, Ala. PELLHAM J. ANDERSON, Register.

HORSES AND MULES FOR SALE ON A CREDIT OF 12 MONTHS.

At 12 o'clock Saturday the 3rd day of December next at Alexandria, Alabama, I will sell 5 mules, 1 horse and a colt at public outcry upon the following terms, to wit: Purchasers will be required to execute written notes with good and sufficient security payable 12 months after date of sale with interest from date. JAMES CROOK.

NOTICE.

I have given my credit for a modest call to which they have paid but little attention. They had better come, or the notes and accounts will be placed with parties who will make them correct. Parties due me can find their notes at the store of the Messrs Hammond. CAPT. WILSON.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN WINES AND LIQUORS.

By the Barrel, Quart and Jug. As short crops make trade very unsatisfactory, I offer my large stock of Wines and Liquors at the following prices, although they have advanced in the Western Market: A pure XXXX Rye at \$1.50 and \$2.00 per gallon. Two Star White Corn \$1.50 and \$2.00 per gallon. The Cream of Lincoln County, Tenn., Whiskey \$2.50 and \$3.00 per gallon. Old Mills Rye \$3.00 and \$3.50 per gallon. Six Year Old Cabinet Rye \$5.00 per gallon. I have some regular Imported Goods of the following brands: A. V. O. B. Brandy Fifteen Years Old (Cognac) House Receipts attached showing that it is Fifteen Years Old. Imported Holland Gin—It is old that it tastes like Imported Rum. Imported Irish Pure Pot Still Whiskey. Guinness Double Stout; these goods are as fine as ever has been brought to America. I carry a full stock of choice Family Groceries such as are found in first-class Grocery Stores. I have some fresh Olives and Celery salt, Deviled Mussels, Sardines 10 cts per Box. Having had many years experience in this line of business, I think I know what will please. Call and examine my stock. Corn taken in exchange for goods. GEO. W. CHAMBERS, Talladega, Ala.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, November 10th, 1881.

This day came Jas. M. Andrews, Adm'r of the estate of J. D. King, deceased, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate. It is ordered by the court that the third day of Decr. 1881, be and the same is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and pass upon said account and to make said settlement, and that notice thereof be given for three successive weeks, in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to all persons interested, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 3rd day of Decr., 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County. In Circuit Court, August Term, 1881. Attachment suit pending in said Circuit Court between C. J. Cooper & Son, Plaintiffs, vs. Moore, Jenkins & Co., Defendants, Thomas H. Berry, E. G. Robertson, J. Draper & Co., and Robertson & McPherson, Guaranties.

To A. K. Juddard Whereas, each of the said guaranties above named, did before final judgment against them, on, to wit: the 11th day of August, 1881, by leave of the court, file an amendment, in which they each allege that they have each been notified that you claim title to, or an interest in, the debt which, by their several answers, they have each admitted to be due the said defendants, Moore, Jenkins & Co.; and whereas, it appearing to the court that you are a non-resident of the State of Alabama, proceedings in the contest with yourself as claimant on the part of said plaintiffs, C. J. Cooper & Son, were ordered by the court to be stayed six months. You are therefore hereby notified of said action on the part of each of said guaranties as above set forth, and that said contest is now pending in said circuit court of Calhoun county, Alabama, and that you appear at the next term of said court, which commences on the seventh Monday after the first Monday in December, 1881, it being the 23rd day of January, 1882, and contest, if you see proper to do so, with said plaintiffs, C. J. Cooper & Son, the right to the several sums of money admitted by said guaranties, in their several answers, to be due said defendants, Moore, Jenkins & Co. Given under my hand at office in Jacksonville, this August 13th, 1881. P. D. ROSS, Clerk C. C.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that one note, for \$500 on J. M. McReynolds, made in favor of J. T. Willingham has been satisfied. J. M. McREYNOLDS.

FOR RENT.

A good farm of 40 to 50 acres, one saw mill with capacity of cutting 1000 feet per day with one hand; also 2 yoke of oxen, good log wagon and cart. Plenty of timber, land, also one good corn mill and cotton gin, all on a water, nine miles North of Jacksonville. Apply to J. A. DICKINSON.

TRUST SALE.

Under and by virtue of a mortgage deed, with power of sale, executed by B. J. Matthews and his wife, Mary E. Matthews, of Jacksonville, Ala., on the 1st day of February, 1881, to Carlisle Jones & Co., of Selma, Ala., to secure the payment of certain promissory notes therein described, due said Carlisle Jones & Co., said mortgage dated 1st February, 1881, and recorded 16th Feb. 1881 in Book "L", 2nd volume Register deeds, in the Probate office of Calhoun county, Ala., on pages 513 and 514, the undersigned will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door of Calhoun county Ala., on Monday, December 26th, 1881, within the usual hours of sale, the following described real and personal property, to wit: The South East fourth of Section 4, Township 14, Range 8 (except South West fourth of said South East fourth) all East in the land district of Calhoun county, Ala., containing one hundred and twenty acres, more or less. Also, one fifty saw Mill gin and feeder. Said property will be sold to satisfy said mortgage. This 2nd day Nov. 1881. CARLISLE JONES & CO.

SALE OF VALUABLE LANDS.

By virtue of an order of sale granted by the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of W. R. Hanna, deceased, will sell at public outcry, to the highest bidder, before the Court House door in the town of Edwinstown, Alabama, on Thursday, the 15th day of December, 1881, the following described real estate belonging to the estate of said W. R. Hanna, deceased, to wit:

Old Lot E 1/2 of N W 1/4 of Sec. 22 T 17 R 9 S 10 ac. or more or less; also, N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 23 T 16 R 12 S 10 ac. or more or less; also, the N E 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 31 T 17 R 11 S 10 ac. or more or less; also, the N E 1/4 of N E 1/4 of Sec. 6 T 18 R 11, known as the Houle property; also, the N E 1/4 of N W 1/4 and S E 1/4 of S W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 11; and N W 1/4 of N W 1/4 and S 1/4 of N W 1/4 of S W 1/4 and N 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 14; and E 1/2 of N E 1/4 and E 1/2 of Sec. 15; and W 1/2 of N W 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Sec. 23, all in T 17, Range 11, known as the Hanna and Rice lands; also, the East 1/2 of S E 1/4 and N W 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 29; and S 1/2 of N W 1/4 and W 1/2 of S W 1/4 of Sec. 28; and S 1/4 of S W 1/4 of Sec. 22, all in Township 17 and Range 11; the foregoing lands lying and being situated in the county of Calhoun, Alabama; also the following lands will be sold before the court house door in the town of Edwinstown, in Randolph county, Ala., on Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1881, to wit: 80 acres in Section 6, T 18 and R 11, lying and being situated in the county of Randolph, State of Alabama.

TERMS of sale, one-third cash, the other half on a credit of twelve months from date of sale with interest from date—good and solvent securities will be required upon notes to secure balance of purchase money.

ROBT. M. HANNA, Administrator of the estate of W. R. Hanna, deceased. nov5-3f

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County. In the Probate Court of said county, Special Term, Oct. 26th, 1881.

This day came W. A. Scarbrough, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Charles M. Martin, deceased, and filed in court his petition in writing, and under oath, praying the court to grant him an order for the sale of the following lands belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, and for distribution among the heirs and distributees of said estate, to wit: The N E 1/4 of Sec. 15, T 13, Range 9, East, and the West half of N W 1/4 of Section 13, T 13, Range 9 East, all lying in the Montgomery land district, Calhoun county, Alabama.

It is therefore ordered by the court that the 8th day of December, 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and determine said petition, and the proof offered in support of the same, and that notice of the filing and nature of said petition be given by publication for three successive weeks prior to said day, in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to the non-resident heirs to wit: Chas. M. Martin Jr. and Emma V. Cunningham, and her husband, Henry C. Cunningham, post office, Cliftonville, State of Miss., and Fannie M. Andrews and her husband, W. M. Andrews, post office Jacksonville, State of Texas, and all other persons interested, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 8th day of December, 1881, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of petitioner should not be granted. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,

Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, special Term, Oct. 26th, 1881.

This day came C. W. Brewster, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth A. Browning, deceased, and filed in Court his petition in writing and under oath, praying this court for an order to sell the following lands belonging to said estate for the purpose of paying off the indebtedness of said estate, to wit: All that portion of the E 1/2 of Sec. 27 T 14 R 8 which lies West of the public road "leading from Jacksonville via E. J. Jemans to Oxford," and South of a part of said E 1/2 about sixty acres more or less. Also that portion of said E 1/2 which lies East of said public road, and South of the North fork and North of the fork of the Crutcheff Mill creek in the fork of the creek, about fifteen acres more or less.

It is therefore ordered by the court that the 28th day of November 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and determine said petition and the proofs in support of the same, and that notice thereof be given by publication for three successive weeks prior to said day, in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to all persons interested to be and appear before me at my office in the Court House on said 28th day of November 1881, and show cause if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that one note, for \$500 on J. M. McReynolds, made in favor of J. T. Willingham has been satisfied. J. M. McREYNOLDS.

FOR RENT.

A good farm of 40 to 50 acres, one saw mill with capacity of cutting 1000 feet per day with one hand; also 2 yoke of oxen, good log wagon and cart. Plenty of timber, land, also one good corn mill and cotton gin, all on a water, nine miles North of Jacksonville. Apply to J. A. DICKINSON.

NOTICE.

Hands wanted to help rebuild and burn the Wesson Mill and Gin that was burnt last fall. There is also a good Olatchie Creek, near Puck's Hill, Calhoun county, Ala.

FOR SALE.

Anniston,

ALABAMA.

WOODSTOCK

IRON COMPANY.

Have made preparations for a heavy Fall and Winter trade, and offer among many inducements the following to Farmers and interior Merchants of this entire section. A close approximation to Rome and Selma prices for Cotton--in fact so close that we often just "match" them in spot cash, thus affording the poor farmer a home market

EQUAL TO ROME OR SELMA!

NO CHARGE FOR WEIGHING AND NO DEDUCTION FOR LIGHT BALES!

new commodious and convenient *WAGON YARD*, with large comfortable rooms with fire-places and a number of stalls for stock, **ALL FREE OF CHARGE!**

Stock of Goods larger than is kept in the combined stores of any town in the country, that for freshness, variety and cheapness has never been reached in this section. Plenty of

Corn, Flour, Meal, Meat, Molasses, Coffee, Sugar, Bagging, Ties

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES!

in fact any and everything that a farmer needs. We defy competition in quality and prices. When our rivals in the small villages near you tell you it won't pay to come here don't believe them. Don't listen to them, but try the Anniston market once, and you will need no persuasion to try it again. We never tell you we will give you so much for your Cotton if you will agree to trade so much, and then try and make up your loss on Cotton by putting an additional profit on Goods, but we pay you the

SPOT CASH!

and then if you wish to buy anything sell it to you for the same price we would if you had sold us no Cotton. We consume the cotton **RIGHT HERE** in our Cotton Mill. How can you expect merchants in the adjoining villages to compete with us in prices, where they have to ship it to Rome or Selma and pay freights and commissions? Come and see us, for you will be treated well in every way at Anniston.

T. H. Hopkins,

Storekeeper Woodstock Iron Company's Store

PROPOSALS

received by the Mayor and Council of the town of Anniston, Alabama, for planting out streets, Park and Cemetery

2000

OAK SHADE TREES. of the trees to be less than 12 inches in diameter, and 12 inches high. One half will be set out in 12 months, and the other half in 18 months. The contract is for the life of each tree.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance \$2.00

Three months in advance \$1.00

Single copies 10 cents

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

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

Second insertion 50 cents

Third insertion 25 cents

Fourth insertion 15 cents

Fifth insertion 10 cents

Sixth insertion 7 cents

Seventh insertion 5 cents

Eighth insertion 4 cents

Ninth insertion 3 cents

Tenth insertion 2 cents

Eleventh insertion 1 cent

Twelfth insertion 1 cent

Thirteenth insertion 1 cent

Fourteenth insertion 1 cent

Fifteenth insertion 1 cent

Sixteenth insertion 1 cent

Seventeenth insertion 1 cent

Eighteenth insertion 1 cent

Nineteenth insertion 1 cent

Twentieth insertion 1 cent

Twenty-first insertion 1 cent

Twenty-second insertion 1 cent

Twenty-third insertion 1 cent

Twenty-fourth insertion 1 cent

Twenty-fifth insertion 1 cent

Twenty-sixth insertion 1 cent

Twenty-seventh insertion 1 cent

Twenty-eighth insertion 1 cent

Twenty-ninth insertion 1 cent

Thirtieth insertion 1 cent

Thirty-first insertion 1 cent

Thirty-second insertion 1 cent

Thirty-third insertion 1 cent

Thirty-fourth insertion 1 cent

Thirty-fifth insertion 1 cent

Thirty-sixth insertion 1 cent

Thirty-seventh insertion 1 cent

Thirty-eighth insertion 1 cent

Thirty-ninth insertion 1 cent

Fortieth insertion 1 cent

Forty-first insertion 1 cent

Forty-second insertion 1 cent

Forty-third insertion 1 cent

Forty-fourth insertion 1 cent

Forty-fifth insertion 1 cent

Forty-sixth insertion 1 cent

Forty-seventh insertion 1 cent

Forty-eighth insertion 1 cent

Forty-ninth insertion 1 cent

Fiftieth insertion 1 cent

Fifty-first insertion 1 cent

Fifty-second insertion 1 cent

Fifty-third insertion 1 cent

Fifty-fourth insertion 1 cent

Fifty-fifth insertion 1 cent

Fifty-sixth insertion 1 cent

Fifty-seventh insertion 1 cent

Fifty-eighth insertion 1 cent

Fifty-ninth insertion 1 cent

Sixtieth insertion 1 cent

Sixty-first insertion 1 cent

Sixty-second insertion 1 cent

Sixty-third insertion 1 cent

Sixty-fourth insertion 1 cent

Sixty-fifth insertion 1 cent

Sixty-sixth insertion 1 cent

Sixty-seventh insertion 1 cent

Sixty-eighth insertion 1 cent

Sixty-ninth insertion 1 cent

Seventieth insertion 1 cent

Seventy-first insertion 1 cent

Seventy-second insertion 1 cent

Seventy-third insertion 1 cent

Seventy-fourth insertion 1 cent

Seventy-fifth insertion 1 cent

IF I SHOULD SEE THE KING GO BY.

If I should see the King go by
With all his retinue,
In borrowed robes of red and gold,
And gems of many a hue;
Then would I sigh?
Not I, not I—
No crowned head at peace may lie.
If I should see the King go by,
And should he say to me:
"O friend, 'twere meet that you and I
Should avert fate's decree,
Come, don my robes!"
Not I, not I—
The King's robe is the target's eye.
If I should see the King go by
Along the King's highway,
Methinks that I would rise and cry:
"O King, reject to-day!"
For who'll deny—
Not I, not I—
That Kings have many ways to die?

THEO'S LOVE.

Isabel had managed to get through with the ceremony very creditably indeed. She had succeeded in looking queenly and elegant, and Mr. Van Verst had shown all his pride in his handsome eyes when he looked at her. She had not trembled nor appeared in the least nervous, but, as her first bride-maid said, behaved as though she were in the habit of getting married every day.

After the ceremony, she had gone through the tedious reception, and stood, yet serious—grave, yet pleasant—while her dear five hundred friends kissed her, and took her hand, and congratulated her—her feminine friends, who, in their secret souls, were envious of her good luck in having "secured" the handsome, stately man beside her, who filled his position and did the honors as a prince of the blood royal might have done—whose name was a power in social, financial and political circles, and who had condescended from his high estate to woo lovely Isabel Lisle.

And now they were "married and a." Ceremony, reception and breakfast were over, and well over, and Mrs. Van Verst had retired to her dressing-room to change her toilet of white satin and lace, pearls and diamonds, and white roses, for the charming traveling costume of ecorse silk and Persian embroidered garnet cashmere.

Just a little to the surprise of the vivacious girls who were supposed to be indispensable on the momentous occasion, Isabel told them she really very much preferred attending upon herself, and, as Isabel usually had her own way, Mabel and Maude left her, with a loving, saucy little protest.

And she laughed, and turned them out and then—
Regardless of the magnificence of her trailing bridal robes, unmerciful of the rare and costly white roses she crushed so ruthlessly, this bride of an hour, when she had looked her door and dashed down the curtains, flung herself on her knees beside the lounge, in a perfect ecstasy of grief—kneeling there, shivering and praying.

She could not cry; it seemed as if all her tears had "forever left her eyes to curdle around her heart." She did not even make the slightest sound, but, oh! the awful, unspeakable, pent-up agony she suffered, until she wondered she did not die then and there—until she prayed God to let her die as she was, or else remove the burden.

And the why and wherefore was, that since the night and hour eighteen months before, when she and Theo. Edmerton had parted in proud, indignant coldness—two they who had worshipped each other as even fond lovers not often worship—Isabel Lisle had never spent one happy moment. Not once had she heard of him or from him. He had disappeared as thoroughly from society as though he were dead, and so how could she have known that in his pique, and stubbornness, and unyielding pride, he had put the ocean, foreign countries, deserts, between them!

All she knew was, he made no sign; all he realized was, he had gone so far in his displeasure as to give her no opportunity in her penitent relenting, to be reconciled. And now, this fair, bright day she was Horace Van Verst's wife.

Some one rapped softly on the door, bringing Isabel to her senses. Had it been a minute or an hour since she knelt there, shivering, writhing with longing pain and utter abandonment of despair?

Maud St. Willis's cheerful voice called out:
"A belated wedding present, Bell—a check for \$1,000, or a Government bond I dare say, seeing it is contained in an envelope. Can't I come in?"

"Not quite yet, dear. I'll take the parcel, please."
She unlocked the door and received it; then with the first sob of pain that had passed her lips yet, she sank faint and weak upon the nearest chair, as she recognized Theo. Edmerton's hand-writing. She did not at once open it; she could not, for the cold trembling of her hands. She sat there, her heart seeming to stop its beating, until a girl's dish voice, as somebody passed the door, speaking about the time of trains, roused her again into a sort of desperate defiance to herself.

And then she tore open the envelope and read this:
"Without any doubt you will be surprised to receive my most elaborate congratulations on the auspicious event that has given to your husband the

sincere, undivided love your heart, and bestow upon yourself the title that means, in your case, that your affections are so surely, so sincerely placed upon a gentleman so worthy—"

The vein of icy-fond sarcasm suddenly ceased—even the correct, elegant handwriting changed into a hurried half-legible scrawl:

"Isabel, what have you done? My God! what have you done? Could you not have waited a little while? You have ruined my hope, my happiness, my faith and trust in woman. You have killed me—killed me! May God forgive you, and, if ever I prayed, I pray now that I may forget I ever loved—yes, that I love more madly than ever."

Such a letter—such despair, and such hopeless bitterness, such anguish of misery, such pain of anger—and Mrs. Van Verst crushed it in her hand, till the paper was a mass of broken fragments.

"I will forget him—I will not go to my husband with such thoughts in my heart! My God, I will be true—I must be true! Oh, make me—make me true to him, and don't let me swear! Heaven help me!"

And with hands clasped and lovely eyes uplifted, she stood one moment, until a loving Father laid His blessing of endurance and patience, and earnest resolution and consciousness of His own strength and presence, upon her heart, that was sick unto despair.

Half an hour later she looked up into her husband's face, as they sat alone in the coach that was conveying them to the depot—such a good, grand face that accompanied the character, no woman could come in contact with and fail to thoroughly revere and admire. And a sudden little thrill of humble content warmed in her eyes and quivered into a peaceful smile, as she laid her hand on his.

"I mean to be such a good wife, Horace," she said, gently.
"My darling, I know it," he answered her. "And I am most blessed of any man on God's earth to-day."

So their wedded life began.
Two years afterwards, and half a city in mourning, because of the pitiless scourge that the hot midsummer days had swept relentlessly down upon it. And in a nearly deserted hotel, where fashion and beauty and wealth had fled before the grim oncoming of the pestilence, two people lying dead—youth, handsome even in death, with refinement and nobility on their marble faces.

And the death-roll, that morning, telegraphed to happier Northern cities, contained these names: "Mr. Horace Van Verst, and his wife, Mrs. Isabel Lisle Van Verst," while in an adjoining room, rosy, healthy, joyous and unconscious of her awful loss, their baby girl, a year old, watched over by one careful nurse, while another, gray-haired and fearful, was hurriedly making preparations to leave the accursed fever-stricken city.

Theo. Edmerton had taken up his position at the foot of the grand stair case, and was rather enjoying looking on at the gay crowd that was fast filling Mrs. Wyllard's parlors, and especially looking, as not for the first, or the second, or the dozenth time he had looked just so eagerly, at lovely Vivian Gwyneth.

Of late, Edmerton had been passing through a strange experience, and fair-haired Vivian was very intimately connected with it—so intimately that, during these past few weeks, Edmerton had come to know that had happened to him he had thought never could happen to him again, after the desolate, waste time in his life, when Isabel Lisle had married another.

He had thought never to renew his faith and trust in woman. He had no hope now wish that the week that he had believed himself in love and passion should ever be made anew. And then, right into all the debris of his affections, Vivian Gwyneth had come with sympathy and healing.

Until, standing and watching her to-night, the fairest, brightest star in Mrs. Wyllard's brilliant assemblage, Theo. Edmerton knew he loved her.

Until he was wondering what the remnant of his heretofore unblemished life would be worth to him, if when he asked lovely Vivian for her love, she should withhold it.

For he had made up his mind slowly, during the past few weeks, that he was warranted in asking her.

He was almost sure she cared for him, and yet, if it should so happen that she did not!

An hour afterward he stood before Vivian Gwyneth, alone with her, in the fragrant, half-dim light, with his handsome face pale with passionate pleading, his eyes full of masterful tenderness, as he told her how he loved her, and asked for her sweet self in return.

And Vivian?
I think it was the sweetest way a woman ever gave herself to her lover, that which she did, in her own perfect way, so proud, so tender, so charmingly shy: "Before I answer you," she said, lifting her glorious eyes to his in a swift, radiant, little glance—"before I answer you, let me show you—this—the picture of him I have loved all my life. Even as a baby I began to worship it. It was as a baby I began to worship it. My ideal—I have worn it night and day. Would you care to have me to tell you what you wish, knowing what I have

told you?"
A gasping sort of vague fear crept chillily over him in that one instant when she laid a diamond-encrusted gold locket in his hand.

And then he opened it to look into his own eyes—the picture he had given Isabel Lisle nineteen years before.

She smiled in his astonished face.
"You don't know—no one knows but my dear adopted parents—that I am Isabel Lisle's child; but I knew you, Theo, the first time I saw you, and I think, if I had not had mamma's locket, I should still have known you from her letters and diary I have kept. Are you sorry I am mamma's daughter?"

Was it possible—was it possible? Isabel's child!
Then all the passion came radiantly back to his pale face and astonished eyes, as he held out his arms caressingly.

I think your mother has given you to me. I loved her, but not as I love you, oh, my little one! Vivian will you come to me? Will you give yourself to me?"

And she stepped inside the outstretched arms, and laid her bright head on his breast, and made him realize that it was for his highest human happiness that fate had seemed so apparently cruel in all those past dreary years, which now, in one little moment, was blotted out forever.

The Bedroom.

A bedroom should impress the observer with the idea of a dainty cleanliness reigning supreme in every part of it, while the prevalence of cool, soothing tones of color suggest repose and rest. The paint might be delicate chocolate, the walls soft peasegreen; no color equals green for giving rest to the eyes, and in its paler tints it offers a pleasant sense of coolness during the most sultry days of summer, while they are free from the suspicion of coldness seen in many of the gray shades commonly used. Light colors make a room appear larger than the dark shades. Woodwork, painted chocolate, and cream walls look well with bright blue furniture covering and curtains, or maroon paint and drapery with deep blue. A wall of a pale tone of blue and sagegreen woodwork will harmonize with furniture coverings bearing a design of autumn tinted leaves. Stained boards are without doubt best for bed-rooms; a square of carpet covers the centre, leaving three feet all round the room. Daintily inlaid under furniture and draughts of air sweep it up into the corners; but the boards, being easily taken up with a duster. Then, too, the carpet being simply laid down, there is no difficulty in the way of its being often shaken; no tacks have to be taken out or heavy wardrobes moved, so that there is no possible excuse for its being left down until the dust accumulates thickly.

Salt for the Throat.

In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most effective, not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough, which is not only distressing to myself, but to our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon, and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler full of water. With this we gargled the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that it is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary, it is pleasant, and after a few days use, no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first-rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

How Rats Steal Honey.

When the clerks in a certain Rochester drug-store are not operating with the mortar and pestle, or compounding a black draught, or mixing equal parts of Turkey rhubarb and hyocyanic acid (for children teaching), or spreading shoe-maker's wax on porous plasters, or engaged in any of the multifarious modes of making themselves useful known to apprentice apothecaries; in a word, when they have an idle hour and a friend to entertain, they resort to a plan decidedly novel and not without interest to lovers of anecdotes about animals. What the boys do is to take the honey jar from the shelf, take the stopper in its mouth and place it near a rat-hole from which one of the rodents emerges quickly when the store is quiet. It discovers the presence of the honey in a short time through the assistance of its nose, and then puts in practice a plan it has found to work well for reaching the sweet contents of the jar. The expedient is simply to insert its tail in the mouth of the jar deep enough to reach the honey, then withdraw it and suck the linked sweetness at its leisure. The clerks are ready to swear this story is true, and they are now carefully observing, for the benefit of science, the effect on the human family of strained honey in which rats' tails have been soaked.

The idea has become prevalent that the young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are really the most stayed among their sex.

How to Learn Botany.

Botany is usually regarded as a very dull and difficult study, even for advanced students, and of course quite too dry and hard for young children. This is all a mistake. Botany is really a most fascinating study for children or grown people. It is better adapted than almost any other to cultivate the very faculties which are not stimulated by other studies. The secret of success consists in making each student an independent explorer and discoverer. Taught by an enthusiastic teacher, botany awakens and strengthens powers of accurate observation, acute perception and correct classification, such as are needed to make life useful and happy. The study of botany may be commenced at any time. The best time is early spring. Suppose we start with a family of young people from seven years old to twenty. We meet every day. For our first lesson we study any plant, or part of a plant, that we have at hand. Each makes a sketch on paper, and writes a minute description of it. Then we put some seeds, or grains, such as beans, corn, oats, etc., in warm water to soak till the next day. At the second lesson we open some of these softened seeds, and observe their internal structure. The older ones tell the younger ones what they know about the seeds. Then we plant the remainder, some in earth and some between layers of damp cotton floating on a tumbler of water. While waiting a few days for these to sprout, we bring up from the cellar onions, potatoes, celery, cabbages, etc. Each object is examined externally and internally, sketched and described in writing. Some of them are planted in earth and put in warm places, that we may study their growth. Looking out of the window, we examine each tree and shrub in sight, sketching and describing twig, branch, trunk and bark and swelling bud. We cut cross sections, and compare them with cross sections of bamboo or palm stems, as seen in common fans.

We cut vertical sections, and compare them with the wood used in making furniture. The flowers and plants in the window are sketched and described down to the most minute particulars. Now we begin to study a book on botany. Our seeds are beginning to germinate and illustrate the first lessons, and our leader takes care that in all our course our investigations shall keep in advance of our book lesson, that we have the pleasure of making discoveries and finding them confirmed. Each day we recite something previously learned; find plants to illustrate it, and others to lead in the direction of the next lesson. Then taking some plant (if possible a complete one from root to flower and seed), we examine, sketch and describe it. Then turning to the analytical tables, we trace the description till we determine the species. We commit to memory and recite some of the distinguishing characteristics of the family, thus becoming so familiar with them that in future we need not go through with the tabular analysis. We press and preserve specimens of all plants analyzed. As soon as possible we pursue our studies in the fields and woods. In each of these excursions we study one particular organ or part of a plant. Sometimes collecting the greatest possible variety of leaves, we sit down and compare the different forms. Sometimes we do the same with roots. Thus we learn a great deal about plants which we cannot analyze, because some part is lacking.

In studying botany in the ordinary way very little enthusiasm is awakened; but, studying it in the way described, vastly more interest is excited, and more knowledge gained. A thousand beauties are discovered which the books pass over unnoticed. A young person who has studied botany for a single season could conduct a class on the plant I have described. It is a shame that country children should be allowed to grow up ignorant of natural objects around them. It is time that educated people, school boards, etc., should see that arithmetic and geography are not the only sciences worth studying. Agricultural societies would help to educate the young people if they would offer premiums for proficiency in natural science as well as manufactured articles.

Dead Branches.

According to a first-class authority it has been clearly demonstrated that a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. It is one of the most important discoveries of modern botanical science to the practical horticulturist, as by this knowledge he can save many a valuable tree. When one has been transplanted some roots get injured, and the supply of moisture in the best cases is more or less deficient. Any dead branch, or any weak one, should therefore be cut at once away. So in pruning trees at transplanting, any large lateral branches should not be cut back as is generally done, but the weak, half-dead ones that are usually left, should be the ones to cut away. The large, stout ones are reservoirs of the sap, which the plant needs; the half-dead ones draw on these reservoirs and contribute nothing of their own. It has been found that deciduous trees can be transplanted easily all through the summer season by simply cutting out all the weak and miserable wood and leaving a few main branches with their foliage.

Married or Martyred.

He walked into the office looking much like a man pretty well satisfied with general results, and said:
"Can I see the editor?"

He was shown that ominously useful adjunct to a newspaper at once.

"Good morning, sir," he cheerily began.

"Mornin'," said the editor.

"I came in," he proceeded, "to tell you of a misprint in the paper."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Well, you see, I sent a notice around yesterday that Mr. Smith had been married, and your compositor, I see, has got it Mr. Smith has just been martyred, but I guess it don't hardly make enough difference to change it."

The editor scratched his head a minute and thought of house-cleaning and other female eccentricities, and told the visitor, of course it didn't and he went away whistling. "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The Crooked Course of Love.

Five years ago a maiden fair, whose home was a little town near Macon, Ga., anxiously awaited an important letter from her absent lover. Days passed wearily. The sighing lass haunted the post-office, but the postmaster's face always bore that look of exasperating quietude common to those from whom expected things never come. The maiden thought that her heart would break, for she realized at last that her lover was faithless. The scene shifts. It is September, 1881. In Macon dwells the same lady, but she is now a happy wife, with two children. She has forgotten the faithless one of her days of woe. She is therefore surprised when from the town of her youth comes a letter bearing as a superscription to her maiden name that derived from her husband. An accompanying note from the postmaster explains that in tearing away some of the boards of a letter-case the missive was found. The envelope is postmarked "1876." The lady spans the baby to keep it quiet while she eagerly devours the contents. "Heaven! it is from John," who proposes in loving words, and begs a kind reply. The lady's husband also enjoys the letter, and, out of curiosity, communicates with relatives of the former lover. It is learned that he is a happy Chicago packer, with a wife and three sons.

Queen Elizabeth's Youth.

Elizabeth Tudor, the famous queen, was born September 7, 1533, at a beautiful palace on the Thames, at Greenwich. Her father was the cruel Henry VIII., the husband of six wives in succession; her mother was the fair, unfortunate Anne Boleyn. Her birth was the occasion of a splendid ceremony. At her baptism the Lord Mayor of London and his officers came in state to Greenwich, clad in gold and purple. The nobility and the clergy assembled, and brought rich gifts of gold, silver and jewels. The trumpets sounded, the people cheered, and the infant princess was brought back to the palace with blazing torches by a crowd of gaily clad attendants. For nearly three years she was looked upon as the heir to the crown; a palace was given her, and she seemed destined only to good fortune. But now her cruel father cut off her mother, Anne Boleyn's head, and married another. Elizabeth was neglected, and was left without clothes and almost without food. "She hath neither gown, nor kirtle, nor petticoat," wrote her governess of her, and "no meat at home." Her father forgot his child, and seemed almost to desire that she might die, like her mother.

His third wife, Jane Seymour, died, leaving a son Edward, who was to be King of England. Elizabeth was now treated with kindness, and formed a strong affection for her young brother. She was about four years older than he was. As they grew up they were educated together in the same palace, and had the same tutors. They studied Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and learned to write well. At twelve, Elizabeth could compose in French and Italian; and when Edward was about twelve, he began to keep a journal, which he still read with pleasure. Their elder sister, Mary Tudor, afterward the cruel queen, was sometimes with them. Their father, Henry VIII., gave them excellent teachers, and they lived in happiness together several years. But Henry had in the meantime divorced one wife (Anne of Cleves), cut off the head of another (Catherine Howard), and he finally married a widow, Catherine Parr, who outlived him. He died in 1547. When the news of his death was brought to Elizabeth and Edward, who were in the room together, they burst into floods of tears.

Edward went up to London and became king at nine years of age. Elizabeth fell into bad health, grew pale and thin, and for many months seemed scarcely to hope for life. She wrote sometimes to Edward, and their fondness for each other still continued. She grew up tall, fair, her eyes blue, her hair red or auburn, her nose prominent, her manners pleasant and attractive. She played on the viol, danced, sang, read Greek, spoke Latin easily, and was fond of literature; she made translations from the Italian, and was one of the most intelligent persons of the time. At this period she dressed very plainly, and lived a studious life. In 1553 Edward died, at sixteen. Mary, his eldest sister, became queen, and at one moment wished to put Elizabeth to death. She was carried to the Tower, passed through the Traitor's Gate, and was a prisoner for many months. At last Mary relented, and set her free. Mary died in 1558 and Elizabeth became Queen of England.

Her life can scarcely be called a happy one, for she was in constant danger of assassination, and her enemies on all sides threatened to deprive her of her crown. Her chief rival and foe was her second cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary was Queen of Scotland, and claimed to be Queen of England. She said Elizabeth had no right to the throne. Mary was suspected of murdering her husband, Darnley, was driven from Scotland by the people, and became Elizabeth's prisoner for nineteen years. She was always plotting against

her cousin; sometimes she planned the assassination of the Queen with the discontented English, and sometimes she called upon the Kings of France and Spain to invade England, and place her on its throne. Mary's long captivity and various misfortunes have made her an object of lasting interest. Like all the Tudors, she was very intelligent and very cruel. Elizabeth kept her for nineteen years a state prisoner in different castles. At last, when some new plot was discovered, it was thought necessary to put her to death. Elizabeth signed the order for her cousin's execution with tears and

settlers of this country. Do-
well was a member of the
church and almost a lifetime le-
gislator Christian life. Her sur-
viving children and other near re-
latives have the sympathy of the
community.

Frank has presented Mr.
a quince from the garden
of Hamlin which is the large-
est ever seen. It was sent
by her husband as a specimen
of what fruit Gadsden can grow
in the tries. Well, after all, we
are not astonished. Gadsden does
everything on a large scale.

subscription for the Capital Stock of said Corporation will be created at said Court House, at Jacksonville, county of Calhoun, State of Alabama, on the 2d day of December next.

Two per cent of all subscriptions not paid in money at the time the subscription is made.

November 19, 1881.

JOSEPH G. WEST,
JOHN POSTELL,
JOHN W. INZER.

nov26-4t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Elisha H. Bridges decd., have been granted the undersigned by Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun county, on the 11th day of November, 1881, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate, will be required to present them within the time allowed by law.

real estate, the following description: To wit: the distributive share of the said (C) Cook in the estate of Thos. K Cook, deceased, which is set forth and described in the last will and testament of the said Thos. K Cook now on record in the Probate office Calhoun county, Ala.

W. C. & W. A. SCARBROUGH Mortgage

Nov 26-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of R. W. Penney, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 14th day of November, 1881, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or they will be barred.

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