

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1882.

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Then I knew it was a runaway match. "I see how it is," cried I. "Keep up your heart young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through sick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. "Oh, my darling, I hear the horses' feet; there are more of them. Oh, sir, look; all me."

I looked and saw many armed horsemen following swiftly. "Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword. Among other things he wore a sword. I pulled my pistol from my pocket. We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of a precipice.

All the time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger. "Have a care!" cried I. "Faster!" cried the young man. Suddenly there came a jolt and a ream from the young lady. I heard him say, "At last we lay together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—over the precipice, but on the edge of it. A man is a little stunned by a thing like that. When I climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in the narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I am called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked. "Who?" said Anthony. "The two lovers—the pretty creatures in fancy dress. The people who were after them—where are they?"

"Where—" began Anthony. Then he turned as pale as death. "All good angels over us!" he cried. "We have ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th of May. I might have known better than to try to ride to-night. Protect us all. Yes, we've ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and shaking his head. "It's an old story," he said. "Book-learned folks tell it better than I. But a hundred years ago and more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Elope, the prettiest lady, ran off from a country hall with her father's young secretary."

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing it was worth his life. "But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk, armed and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point they saw that all was over. "Better die together than live apart," he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant, "How goes it?"

Touched his Vanity. A dark-eyed beauty, with a mouth like a mullet and a nose like a sugar-cured ham, a saddle-colored complexion, and something sweet and assuring in her demeanor, walked into our den the other day and bearded us.

"I want to see the gentleman who edits this paper," said she. We pointed ourselves out. "I lecture on temperance," said she, "and let me assure you that I just tear the life out of the whiskey subject" every time I throw my jaws apart.

"True as gospel, and the way I get in my work on the tobacco subject would tickle the heels of your boots?" "You seem to be a kind of female Benson," we ventured.

"Worse than that. If Benson and Gough both boiled down and copper distilled, they would do to travel on the same train that I do. And besides that, I am naturally a literary character. I don't mind giving the thing away to you, for you seem to be a square man, but I am the author of 'Beautiful Snow.'"

"You are?" "Yes I am. I write like a mule kicking, and the publication of my lecture would make the fortune of any half-starved editor in Arkansas."

"I have never consented to have my lectures published," continued she, "but I don't care if you give a report of it, provided it don't extend over two columns. Give me ten dollars—five now and the other five after it is delivered—and its all right. Here is the copy for the report, so you won't be troubled."

She laid down a pile of manuscript, and looked at us in a superior kind of way that seemed to say: "You hadn't got five dollars."

Now if there is anything that makes us mad it is to insinuate that we are not wealthy, and as, strange to say, just at that moment we happened to have, for once in our life, a whole five dollar bill all at once, we pulled it out with a forced air and handed it to her.

She took it, smiled, bowed, and retired. The next morning our beloved Mayor said: "Ellen Arabella Smythe, you were very drunk and disorderly last night, but as your little rest in the cooler has seemed to bring you to repentance, I will let you go, provided you leave town in one hour."

As she walked down the railroad she looked up at the office window, and spying us, she said: "I will send you a few notes from my next point. You can remit at your leisure."

The St. Gothard Tunnel. The St. Gothard Tunnel, nine and a third miles long, pierces the Helvetic Alps, and forms a link in the St. Gothard Railway, connecting the Swiss railways with those of Upper Italy. It exceeds the Mont Cenis Tunnel in length by 8,856 feet. The northern end of the tunnel, Goeschenen, is 82 feet from the southern end of the station platform, situated 3637.5 feet above the sea level, and 2,204 feet above Lake Lucerne.

From this point the line rises with a gradient of 1 in 171 for 24,600 feet, then with a gradient of 1 in 1,000 for 4,428 feet, where it reaches the highest point of the tunnel 3,785 feet above the sea. Then after a length of 1,279 feet it descends with a gradient of 1 in 200 for 3,870, when the gradient is reduced to 1 in 500 for 13,792 feet; which brings it to within 984 feet of the platform of the station at Airolo, situated 3,785 feet above the sea, and 3,109 feet above Lake Maggiore. The normal width of the tunnel is 24 feet 11 3/16 inches at the level of the rails, and 26 feet 3 inches at the height of 6 feet 6 inches above the rails. The height of the tunnel is 20 feet; the roof is semicircular. The floor of the tunnel is formed with a fall of 2 1/2 per cent from each side toward the center, and at the lowest part is a drain 2 1/2 inches deep. Up to the level of the top of the railway sleepers the floor is filled with ballast. The nature of the revetment varies with the rock traversed. In addition to the main tunnel there are fifty-two subsidiary tunnels on the line, having a total length of 17 miles, and 64 bridges and viaducts. Of the entire length of the St. Gothard line 17 per cent is tunneled and 1 per cent bridges and viaducts. The main tunnel carries two-lines of railway, 4 feet 8 1/2 inches gauge.

a perfect wilderness of creeks and rivers, and during the wet season is almost entirely inundated. It is navigable from Hurdwas, but above Cawpoor only for craft and passenger steamers, but below Allahabad for large vessels. A large amount of traffic is conducted on its waters. The island of Elephants derives its name from the gigantic stone figure of an elephant which formerly stood upon its shores. It is situated in the harbor of Bombay, seven miles from the city and contains several very remarkable ancient cave temples cut in the rock and adorned with numerous sculptured figures of the Hindoo mythology. The largest of these cave temples is 133 feet long, and is supported by twenty-six pillars. The island is six miles in circumference, and always of interest to travelers.

Taurus in Traces. The bull is both playful and pugnacious. When confined in a stable and fed as usually fed, to look nice, both of these characteristics are stimulated. At such times he is rough in his manners. This is well enough when bull meets bull, but when the playful propensity is exercised toward his keeper, as it often is, it is dangerous. A toss of the head by way of a gambol or exercise may kill a man, and then again a bull who has been pampered doesn't feel like stopping, and is very liable to continue his gambols. A large number of the injuries from bulls are due to these bullish propensities, which are increased by the treatment which they receive. Instead of being kept confined in stables, like prisoners in cells, bulls should be made to work. When young they should be thoroughly broken and kept in subjection, and be taught to mind at the word. They are capable of performing hard work, which would not in the least injure them, but would make them better fitted for any kind of labor.

A bull and an ox may be worked together, or two bulls, or a bull may be worked singly. I have known them to be used in all these forms, and a single bull with a collar made to fit his neck and a bit in his mouth, with reins attached, to do as much hauling, attached to a boat or cart, as a pair of horses. His stock will be used annually in the shape of a harness bull and muscle. Bulls are usually kept too fat, especially thorough-bred ones, which stimulates them to be restive and ugly, or at least not so easily managed. With a ring in a bull's nose, and broken to lead, it is a very easy matter to bring him to work in the yoke. I have known a pair to be hitched up and taken to the field at once, led by a nose, put to work drawing stones without any trouble whatever. They will soon learn to follow the driver without any leading, and thus really become a servicable team. Bulls thus handled, with plenty of work, will rarely do any injury to persons. A bull will live on coarse fare, and on this account makes a cheap worker. He can be made to do more than earn his keep, besides being less dangerous. His stock will be better, and he will be a surer getter. For rough and tough places a bull team is just the thing, as there is no danger of their being injured, and they will save the risks to the horses. Less grain will be required for the horses if the bull is made to do a part of the heavy work. Exposure to storms won't hurt him, which often brings sickness to horses. Better slaves than pets.

Our Horses in England. What is the moral to be gleaned from this unusual excellence of Foxhall, asks an English paper? We must not forget that, although the Americans began importing English thorough-breds as far back as the commencement of last century, they did not seriously address themselves to the task of raising blood stock until after the great civil war, which ended in April, 1865. That within 15 years they should have been able to produce a Foxhall speaks volumes for the soil, water, and climate of Kentucky; and during the next 20, 30, or 50 years we expect that many, fine, or perhaps even finer, horses will be raised than Western hemisphere. But it is probably due to English air, food, training, and riding that Foxhall is now what we saw him to be. Recently it is not disputed that the blood of our English brood mares is purer than that of their American sisters, whose pedigrees in many cases "end," as the phrase runs, "in the woods."

But, as a climate in which thorough-bred foals may be dropped to advantage, we do not believe that anything more favorable can be found upon earth than the United States to the south of Mason and Dixon's line. When Richard Brinsley Sheridan was buried in Westminster Abbey with splendid pomp and ceremony, although bulliffs struggled to tear the last blanket off his body while the breath was still in it, a witty French wag remarked that "France was the place for a man of letters to live, and England for him to die in." Foxhall, in the same manner, has been fortunate in the place of his burial, and in that of his training. The Kentucky grass is the most nutritious in the world, but the English and Scotch out far transcend the out of the United States. In the management, training, and riding of thorough-breds our horse-loving cousins are still in their infancy, and Mr. Keene may well thank his stars that he sent Foxhall to England to be trained. The Grand Prix, the Grand Duke Michael Stakes, and the Cesarewitch have set the Kentucky-bred colt upon the very highest pinnacle of equine glory; and it is a singular fact that, while Blue Gown, the best horse of this day, was in course of transportation across the Atlantic, at the bottom of which he now lies, Mr. J. B. Keene was at the same moment in possession of an American colt who within a year was destined to show himself equal, if not superior, to Sir Joseph Hawley's sturdy little Derby winner.

Objects of Interest in India. One of the principal objects of interest in India to the stranger is the temple of worship. You can enter and witness their worship of the various idols with which their temples are adorned, and to which they are consecrated, by paying a trifle to the usher. He will then take you to every point of interest, and explain to you the meaning of what otherwise would seem a senseless devotion. He will show you also the other temples and the weird legends concerning them. Near one of the temples is the char of Juggernaut, upon which the poor victims of long ago used to be broken, and under whose ponderous wheels many a wretched victim has been crushed to appease the anger of the gods.

Among the other points of interest is the river Ganges, worshipped by the goddess natives, and called by the name of the Ganga. Flungings are made to particular places on its shores. Ablutions performed, places on the dying exposed, the dead thrown in, and infants frequently sacrificed. The river is venerated with interest from its source to its mouth. It is called among the hills of the Himalaya mountains, and sweeps down a distance of 1500 miles to the Bay of Bengal, where it forms the most extensive delta in the whole world, making and unmaking yearly thousands of acres of ground. According to an ancient legend this delta was formed by the god Siva, who, squeezing the water through his hair, let it run down through his fingers, thus forming the innumerable streams that divide the delta. This delta begins at a distance of 200 miles from the sea, forming

Go no Further. There are no flies or mosquitoes at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, but there are plenty of snakes in the outlying neighborhood. The mountains are filled with copper-heads, rattlesnakes and adders. There are no desirable walks and drives about there. The majority of visitors keep within the 800 acres known as the White Sulphur reservation. The other day a mountaineer brought in two huge rattlesnakes. He had them in a wooden box with a glass top. They roiled, hissed and struck at visitors who bent over the box, greatly to the terror of the children who crowded about the owner of the snakes. One colored man expressed great fear that the snakes would get out and bite some one. "That would be all day with them, I guess," said he. "Oh no!" said the mountaineer; "a rattlesnake bite doesn't amount to nothing!"

"How!" "No!" said a visitor; "there is not a man up in our parts but what has been bit by rattlers a good many times. It is easy enough to cure the bite."

"How!" "No!" said the mountaineer; "that draws the poison out. Just put the mouth of a bottle filled with turpentine on the wound and the pizen will drop out and make turpentine green. Some, however, kill the snake and bind a piece of the bite. That drowns the pizen out. There is a man up our way, however, who never does nothing" when a rattler bites him. He has been bitten three times. The bites kind a swell up, but after a time the swells went away again.

"Did he say he did nothing to cure the bites?" "Yes." "He must have lied." "He is a preacher, and—" "Enough—you need not go no further."

The mountaineer says that the worst snake in the mountains is the copper-head. It gives no warning, is often inclined to be aggressive, and strikes quickly and surely. Its bite is much more deadly than that of the rattlesnake. There is a den of snakes at Cool Knob, a station some thirty miles from here, where there are thousands of snakes in a great cavern that no native has ever been bold enough to approach, to say nothing of exploring.

Anybody Sick. Recently Mr. Sarsaper told his wife one morning that he had got about tired of buttering his bread with a spoon, and that he had sent home a refrigerator. It was a beauty and he felt proud of it. So much that he had a good deal to say about it at the store.

"Suppose you have to put ice in it, don't you?" inquired one of the clerks. "Certainly," said Mr. Sarsaper; "but then it takes very little. It's an improvement on all others ever made. Full of little boxes and places for all sorts of things. Keeps everything separate—meat, vegetables, milk and so on—without any mixing. It makes hot weather so much more comfortable, Bob, to pull up to the table, and find every nice, cool and crisp, instead of limp, sour and starchy. We wouldn't be without it again for any money. I wish you would run in and look at it, Bob, the first time you're going by. It's a curiosity, and I know you'll get one as soon as you see it. Don't bother about ceremony—run in at any time."

Mr. Sarsaper was awakened out of his slumber, that always keeps company with an easy conscience by his wife poking him in the ribs, and calling on him to hustle out and see what the matter was. The door-bell was jingling like all possessed.

Mr. Sarsaper crawled out of bed, and, after banging his nose on the door-post until the blood started, giving himself a black eye against the corner of the mantel, and falling down over pretty much everything in the room, he finally made his way to the front part of the house, fired up a window, and peered out into the wet and mucky gloom.

"Who's there?" he demanded, looking down at the top of an umbrella. "Well," came in a thick voice from the under side of it. "Who's me?" "Who's me?" "Oh! it's you is it! What's the matter, Bob; anybody sick?"

"Oh, no. You see I've been out to Sodamsville with some of the boys to help introduce a lodge, and I'm just getting back. I happened to think about that refrigerator of yours as I was going by, and so I thought I'd stop in and see it, without ceremony as you said. Come down and let me in. I'm in a hurry to get home, and can't stop but a minute."

Mr. Sarsaper said something that would bend the types double if we should undertake to print it, and slammed down the window. He remarked to Bob the next day that for downright coolness his refrigerator was a take over compared to the prank practiced on him.

Polar Exploration. The editor of Nature thus comments on the effort now making to carry out the scheme of the late Lieutenant Weyprecht, the discoverer of Franz-Josef Land, for the establishment of a ring of observations around the North Pole: Many Arctic authorities are of opinion that the days of great and expensive national Polar expeditions are past, and that the money thus spent would be put to much better use by being devoted to the carrying on of a continuous series of observations. At various points around the Arctic area observatories will be established as near as practicable to the Pole, where a continuous series of observations will be taken, according to a common, pre-arranged plan. These observations will be connected with meteorology in all its departments, with terrestrial magnetism, the aurora borealis, atmospheric electricity, the movements of the ice, biology combined with geographical exploration where practicable. After a year or two of such observations we may then be able to compare and coordinate Polar conditions with those which prevail in regions further south. A vast array of data must necessarily be accumulated that cannot but be turned to valuable account by science.

Our knowledge of the meteorology of the temperate zone can never be complete until we are well acquainted with Arctic conditions, and thus the work to be done at these observatories will have an important practical bearing. Not only so, but it is maintained that it is only when we have the knowledge which will be collected at these stations that we shall be in a condition to send out an expedition for the Pole itself with anything like scientific assurance of success. We cannot but regret, then, that England has no share in the scheme. The countries forming the International Association are Russia, Germany, Norway and Sweden, Denmark, Austria, the United States, and we believe Canada; France and Switzerland lent it their countenance, and Lieutenant Bove's Italian Antarctic expedition is to some extent attached to the Association. Stations are to be established on the north coast of Siberia, Novaya Zemlya, Spitzbergen, Jan Mayen Island, the west coast of Greenland, Lady Franklin Bay, and the neighborhood of Behring Straits. The colony for Lady Franklin Bay, sent out by the United States, has already, we believe, reached its destination.

Heart Disease. When an individual is reported to have died of disease of the heart, we are in the habit of regarding it as an inevitable event, as something which could not have been foreseen or prevented, and as it is too much the habit, when persons suddenly fall down dead, to report the heart as the cause. This silence all inquiry and investigation and saves the trouble and inconvenience of a post-mortem. A true report would have a tendency to save many lives. It is through a report of disease of the heart that many an opium eater is let off into a grave, which covers at once his fully and his crime; the brandy drinker, too, quietly slides around the corner thus, and is heard of no more; in short, this report of disease of the heart is the means of charity which the police Coroner and sympathetic physicians throw around the graves of generous people. At a scientific congress at Strasburg it was reported that of sixty-six persons who had suddenly died, an immediate and faithful post-mortem showed that only two persons had any heart affection whatever—one sudden death only in thirty-three from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty died of apoplexy—one out of every seven; while forty-six—more than two out of three—died of lung affection, half of them congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work; there was not room enough for air to get in to support life. It is, then, of considerable practical interest to know some of the common everyday causes of this congestion of the lungs, a disease which, the figures above being true, kills three times as many persons at short warning as apoplexy and heart disease together. Cold feet, tight shoes, light clothing, costive bowels, all thing still until chilled through after having been warmed up by labor or a long, lashing walk, going too suddenly from a close, heated room, as a lounge or listener or speaker, while the body is weakened by continued application or abstinence of heat by a long address; these are the frightful causes of sudden death in the form of congestion of the lungs; but which, being falsely reported as a disease of the heart, and regarded as an inevitable event, throw people off their guard instead of pointing them to their true causes, all of which are curable; and very easily so, as a general rule, when the mind has once been intelligently drawn to the subject.

Nevada and New York. In the recent examination held before the Police Court much interest was manifested by an audience at Reno, Nevada, spectators in the testimony of the various witnesses. One of these hailing from New York, testified: "I never carried a pistol in my life."

A breathless silence spread over the faces of the spectators, and the lawyers all looked wonderingly at the witness. "I never owned a pistol in my life."

A faint plying smile passed over the weather-beaten faces of the audience. They had encountered a very hard formation. One of the old veterans leaned over to a short man who had lost his nose at an annual meeting, and whispered: "He's joshin'."

"Judge's got the drop on him," returned Shorty, shifting something in his hip pocket. "Don't witness, continuing said, 'I don't remember of ever having shot a pistol in my life,' there was a considerable exodus to the sidewalk to discuss the announcement."

"I knowed he was a duifer whar took the stand," said the tall veter.

The human skeleton consists of more than two hundred distinct bones.

WOODS,

ATNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Special attention given to the collection of unpaid wages, and to the collection of unpaid notes and the collection of old and new entries of lands. Office in the rear of the court-house, opposite the office.

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

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PRINTING

FROM

ALL CARDS

TO

POSTERS

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Cheap,

Promptly,

AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

AGRICULTURAL.

BALRY HORSES.—Many and varied have been the plans, both kind and harsh, tried for the cure of balkiness in horses...

"Two persons are required for the trial. One should hold the reins while the other fastens a short strap or rope..."

AND A FEW WORDS about seed potatoes. Next spring is certain to see seed potatoes...

CINCINNATI courtship custom: "I didn't call because when I passed the house I noticed there was no light in the parlor..."

MR. WALTER, proprietor of the London Times, thinks our newspapers are overworked with local sensations.

A PLAN FOR DRAINAGE.—In some enterprising tile manufacturers...

SETTING FRUIT TREES IN THE FALL.—Notwithstanding the advice often given to set fruit trees in the fall...

WOMEN that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured...

A HAPPENED ONE money-lender was at death's door. A priest exhorted him to confess and presented him a silver crucifix...

THEIR FATHER don't keep old fowls rear after year, except for extraordinary merits.

THERE is as much nourishment in one bushel of beans as in five bushels of potatoes.

THE fodder from an acre of corn which yields fifty bushels is equal in value to a ton of hay.

"A very good idea of the purity of silk," says Mr. Lewis Leigh, of New Haven, Conn., "is shown by comparison."

IT is a common mistake to suppose that coral when first taken from its watery bed is soft and hardens through exposure.

"CAN I see the lady of the house?" inquired the peddler. "Well, yes, you can if you ain't blind?" snapped the woman...

"Two persons are required for the trial. One should hold the reins while the other fastens a short strap or rope..."

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A LITTLE miss has a grandfather who has taught her to open and shut his crutch hat. The other day, however, he came with an ordinary silk one.

IF any invalid or sick person has the least doubt of the power and efficacy of Hop Bitters to cure them...

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1890. Hop Bitters Co.—Sirs—I was brought up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption.

THE heart-broken oyster: now will the lone and homesick oyster take his annual hot bath in soup at the church festival.

WHEN a fellow makes it hot for you there is a consolation in the fact that a coolness is apt to follow.

ARE you bald? CARBINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the only cure for baldness, has been improved...

TO refuse to pay the landlords is the densest form of Irish ignominy.

THE money market is like a toper—always getting tight.

A GIRL, who has a felon on her finger and a fellow on her hand has as much sin as she can attend to.

DR. JOHNSON, once, speaking of a quarrelsome fellow said: "If he had two ideas in his head, they would fall out with each other."

FOLLER bus said: "He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and causes nothing but sadness."

WAFLES are a very desirable dish for breakfast or tea. To make them take two eggs, a third of a cup of butter, a quart of flour, mix and bake in gumpans.

IMPURE BLOOD.—In morbid conditions of the blood are many diseases, such as salt rheum, ring worm, boils, carbuncles, sores, ulcers, etc.

MOXY often leads men astray. Some of them will run after a dollar; but a pound dog is more avaricious. He will follow a scent.

MR. T. R. STEVENS.—As you are an entire stranger to me, I don't know what Vegetine has done for me. Only those who have been raised from death's door can know the value of such a good medicine.

HE came home late the other night and his wife was up and found him with a burning match trying to light the faucet over the marble basin in his dressing room.

A NEW fence for a front yard has been invented, which obviates the necessity for a gate.

GEORGE HARRISON.—Mention the names of the great explorers," said the teacher. "I only know one," returned the head boy of the class. "Well, tell us who it is."



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

For all these Painful Complaints and Weaknesses common to our best female population...

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaint, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, Piling and Displacement, and the consequent Stiffness and Pain, and is particularly adapted to the Spinal Weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes fatness, tenderness, dryness of the stomach for indigestion, flatulency, nervous prostration, it cures Bloating, Stomachic, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and all other ailments.

It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. It is a safe and reliable remedy for either sex. It is a Compound is unsurpassed.

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Water glass, is used for a large number of purposes in the arts, but it might find many uses if it were better known.

Public speakers and lecturers can use their notes continuously and with safety by taking small or iterative doses of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Recent investigation respecting the chemical constituents of tobacco fumes, confirms the old view of the presence of nicotine. It has, however, been ascertained that nicotine appears mostly in the form of salts, having picoline for their base.

So great has been the popular demand for the celebrated Kidney-Wort, that it is having an immense sale from Maine to California. Some have found it inconvenient to prepare it from the dry compound.

Prof. Alexander Wilson, of Dublin, has calculated the amount of sugar contained in the calyxes of different kinds of flowers, and the proportion of honey which insects can extract from it.

I'm all Played Out. It is a common complaint. If you feel so, get a package of Kidney Wort and take it and you will at once feel its tonic power.

"Great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment."—Job. This aphorism might have been known of the useless and painful treatment of "Emaciated Men."

"DIVORCED!" A Sensational Story is commencing in the November number of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. J. K. HAYSON & CO., 1122 Chestnut St., Phila.

COMFORT BY THE WAY. The small boy's idea of genuine comfort and happiness was to be pitched into a pond of sponge cake.

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JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

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AT THE

REPUBLICAN OFFICE

BABY AND I.

Baby and I in the twilight sweet,
Hearing the weary birds repeat
Cheery good-nights from tree to tree,
Dearest of all day's comfort see.

For weary too,
We kiss and soo,
He gives up all his world—for me.

Baby and I in the twilight glow,
Watching the branches to and fro
Waving good-nights to the golden west,
Welcome the hour we love the best.

We rock and sing
Till sleep we bring,
Who folds him in her drowsy nest

Lingering still in the twilight gray,
After the rain has faded away,
I watch my darling, so still, so fair,
With thankful heart that to my care,
For happiness
No words express,
While God trusts a gift as dear.

As in his little bed I place
My babe in all his smiling grace,
Heaven's stars lamps are lit on high,
One, angel-borne, now flashes by,
And by their light,
Through all the night,
Celestial watchers will no slumber.

CHARLOTTE'S SECRET.

When Charlotte Castlemayne was a school-girl of sixteen, she made the great mistake of her life; a mistake which was to cause her unalterable sorrow and remorse.

By nature Charlotte was intensely affectionate. She had been bereft of both her parents while a mere child, and her guardian being a cold, rather reserved man of business, the girl had learned to keep back such demonstrations as would have displeased him.

At fourteen she was sent away to boarding-school. At sixteen she fell in love—or thought she did—with Cliff Dallas, her music-teacher, a man of thirty, who used all the art he was master of to win the affection of this passionate-hearted girl, who he knew would come into possession of a handsome property in due time.

It was an easy task to win her, starved for love as she was. His low, tender words and his caresses seemed a foretaste of heaven.

By skillful manoeuvring, he persuaded her into consenting to a secret marriage. Walking in the glamour of love, she doubted nothing, feared nothing.

Cliff Dallas, with his dark eyes and mysterious smile, was a sort of god upon earth to the foolish girl who could not look into the future.

At seventeen, with vows of eternal constancy, and many hot tears, she parted from her husband and returned home to her guardian.

Dallas returned to England shortly after; but it was understood between them that when she should have attained her majority, he would come to claim his wife.

Charlotte felt quite exalted and heroic. She entered society with a feeling of superiority to all the giddy butterflies about her.

A pretty girl and an heiress could not be long without suitors; and Charlotte had her share; but one after another was refused, until Mr. Morlowe, her guardian, began to think it rather singular that not one out of so many eligible young men had succeeded in winning the approbation of his ward. In truth, Mr. Morlowe would not have objected to shifting the responsibility of a lovely young lady and her property from his shoulders to those of a suitable husband.

Meanwhile, Charlotte had kept up a correspondence with Cliff Dallas, and once, being in America for a few months, he had called on her frequently, a fact which excited no comment, as he was known to have been her music-teacher while at Madame F's seminary.

It was soon after Dallas's second return to England that Charlotte met Charlie St. Omar. Charlotte was then about twenty, and St. Omar eight years her senior.

Until now she had never faltered from her old allegiance. Until now no man had seemed to her for a moment to be compared to Cliff Dallas. But as her acquaintance with this young fellow ripened, he grew into her heart unawares. There was something so true and loyal and manly about him—something so unlike the conventional society dandy—that she admired him in spite of himself.

And when rumor began to couple his name with hers, she shrank and trembled and wept in the solitude of her chamber, remembering that she was the wedded wife of another man.

Then came the news of the loss of an ocean steamer, with the name of Cliff Dallas on her passenger-list.

Charlotte read the newspaper accounts of the disaster with a terrible eagerness. Undoubtedly Dallas had been on his way to claim her. It wanted but a month or two of her twenty-first birthday. Now Providence had freed her from the bond which she could only think of with loathing.

Almost at the same time Charlie St. Omar made her an offer of marriage, and she begged for a few days in which to consider the matter.

Then a great temptation came to Charlotte. She loved St. Omar, truly fondly, and deeply—a feeling utterly unlike the blind, senseless, school-girl passion which she had entertained for Cliff Dallas. Dallas was dead; their

marriage had been private; why need she tell Charlie of that old affair? Perhaps he would not love her if he knew all. She could not lose him. She would put the past behind her, and live only in the present.

Accordingly, when he came for his answer, she went straight to him, with luminous, wistful dark eyes, and clasped her slender hands about the tall brown head and drew it down on a level with her own.

"Dear, will you love me always the same?" she queried.

For all answer he held her close, and kissed, with the ardor of a young lover, the girl's shining black tresses, her questioning eyes, and her red mouth.

"Can anything come between us, Charlie?" she persisted.

"Only another lover, sweetheart," he said, laughing in sheer light-heartedness.

The shadow of a cloud passed over her face at his words as she recalled that other lover; but he was dead. No doubt of that. Cliff Dallas had no power to trouble them.

"What is it dear?" said Charlie, as he noted the change in her countenance.

"I suppose I ought to tell you," she began hurriedly, with averted eyes.

"When I was at boarding-school, I—"

Charlie laughed, and kissed the words off her quivering lips.

"Never mind, Charlotte. I'll overlook all the love-affairs you had while at boarding-school, for I fancy that my own record of those days is not quite clear."

So Charlotte weakly allowed herself to be silenced; and Charlie, thinking that she referred to some girlish flirtation, dear to the hearts of boarding-school misses, gave the matter no further attention.

In the following September they were married; then followed two months of unalloyed happiness.

For Charlotte put all unpleasant memories aside, and devoted herself to her young husband who loved her so tenderly. Every day she became more assured of his goodness and manliness. Strong he was, and brave, and grand-hearted, yet as gentle, as sympathetic, as delicate as a woman in his feelings.

After the bridal tour they settled down in the old St. Omar mansion, which stood in the suburbs of the town.

It was a dreary November day and Charlie had gone into town, leaving his young wife alone.

The rain beat drearily on the windows and an east wind sobbed in a fitful way about the corners and down the chimney.

A feeling of gloom and nervousness crept into Mrs. St. Omar's heart; a feeling which she vainly endeavored to throw off.

Shadows were beginning to gather in the long drawing-room where Charlotte paced to and fro, listening for the sound of her husband's step at the door.

A tiny bronze clock on a corner bracket struck two silvery notes.

"Half-past four!" sighed Charlotte impatiently, as she threw herself down upon a sofa and leaned her head upon one arm.

Presently a loud peal of the door-bell startled the echoes in the great front hall, and after some delay, an unimpressive-looking footman in livery brought in, upon a little silver tray, a note for his mistress.

At the sight of the address upon the envelope, Charlotte's heart gave a great throb. She had bare strength to motion the servant from the room; and, left alone, she sank shivering into one of the velvet-covered chairs, and started at the innocent-looking missive as if it had been a ghost.

When, at last, she gained courage to open it, she read these words:

"Mrs. St. Omar.—Doubtless this note will be a surprise to you, as it was supposed to have perished with the other passengers of the ill-fated Claudia. I will not be interested to read in detail how I was saved and think of calling upon you. It is not, however, my intention to claim you as my wife, for you may as well know that there was a mock marriage, and I had a wife in England at the time it was performed. Therefore you are truly wedded to the man whose name you now bear. But the fact is, my dear madam, I must have money. You may have notes or jewels to the amount of five hundred pounds in readiness for me when I call to-morrow at nine o'clock, or make up your mind that your husband shall live the wretched story of our intimacy."
"CLIFF DALLAS."

from him, but assuring him solemnly that she had believed herself truly wedded to Dallas, just as much as she had believed Dallas dead when she married him (St. Omar). She enclosed Cliff Dallas's note for him to read, and, realizing all her shame and disgrace, she was going away where Charlie would be troubled no more by the sight of her.

Hastily folding and sealing this, she laid it upon her husband's dressing-table, and, changing her dinner toilet for a shorter and more serviceable dress, she wrapped herself in a long cloak and stole unobserved from the house.

There was anguish and despair in her heart as she passed for one moment on the threshold before stepping out into the storm. All the folly of her girlish blunder arose before her, and taunted her with the memory of what might have been.

Within were home, and love, and warmth, and comfort. Without, storm and darkness, a cold and cruel world of which she had no practical knowledge.

She ran down the steps straight into the arms of Charlie, who was coming up. He held her close, and she screamed:

"Charlie, Charlie—save me!"

"Wake up, little wife! What are you dreaming about?"

Charlotte started to her feet. The stately drawing-room was filled with gloom. By the sofa, whereon she had fallen asleep, stood Charlie, his handsome face close to hers, and his honest eyes of tenderness.

It was a dream, then; nothing but a dream. Dallas was not alive, Charlie was there beside her.

She burst into a passion of tears which nearly frightened Charlie out of his wits.

But the dream opened Charlotte's eyes to her own weak deception, and, drawing her husband down on the sofa beside her, she told him of that old secret, and of her reason for keeping it from him; and received finally his full forgiveness for all.

No ghost of Cliff Dallas has arisen to disturb them, and Mrs. St. Omar is the proud and happy mother of two lovely, dark-eyed boys.

Horse Flesh.

The use of horse flesh is decidedly extensive in Germany, and is growing. A very careful supervision is exercised over the trade in Berlin. The inspector had a list of the stables where the existence of any contagious disease has been reported, and if he finds that the animal brought before him comes from any of these, a prosecution against the seller is at once instituted. Should the horse be found by the veterinary surgeons to be suffering from any disease not contagious, it is at once killed; but the body is sent to the Zoological Gardens. The Berlin butcher pays about \$10.50 for a piece of horse-flesh weighing from 250 to 300 pounds, but he retails it at 10 cents a pound for the flet, 6 cents per pound for other pieces, and 5 cents for parts only fit to be made into sausages; and, as horse-flesh is naturally very dry, a good deal of it can be converted into sausages, which, it may be added, are, it is already suspected, largely consumed by persons who are little aware of what they are eating. In one or two other German towns the consumption of horse-flesh is in proportion to their population, even larger than in Berlin. In Breslau, for instance, a town with 250,000 inhabitants, 2000 horses are killed annually for the market; and in Altona, with a population of 100,000, the number reaches 1500. In the western provinces, on the other hand, horseflesh is more rarely eaten even in the more densely populated towns—the average number of horses killed annually in Dortmund being only 240, and in Bielefeld about 100.

Just Popped Out.

An eccentric barber opened a shop under the walls of the king's bench prison. Two windows were broken when he entered it, he menaced them with paper, on which appeared "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers, and over the door were scrawled these lines: "Here lives Jemmy Wright. Shaves as well as any man in England—almost—not quite." Foote, the great actor, who loved everything eccentric, saw these inscriptions, and hoping to extract some fun from the author, who he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head through a paper pane into the shop, called out:

"Is Jemmy Wright at home?"

The barber immediately forced his own head through another pane into the street, and replied:

"No sir; he has just popped out."

Foote laughed heartily and gavy the man a guinea.

Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia. After rubbing with this take a little whiting on a soft cloth and polish in the way. Ever frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

Green county in Texas has two millions acres of unappropriated land.

The Dead Sea.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, writes thus of the Dead Sea: our afternoon's march over the bleak treeless and brown mountains of the wilderness was impressively tiresome until we came in sight of the Dead Sea. It lay 2,000 feet below us—a mirror of silver, set among the violet mountains of Moab. Precipitous descents over rocks and sand brought us, by sundown, to the two towers of the most unique monastery of the globe. The famous convent of Mar Saba is worth a journey to Palestine. For thirteen centuries that wonderful structure has hung against the walls of the deep, awful gorge of the Kidron.

It is a colossal swallows' nest of stone, built to the height of 300 feet against the precipice, and inhabited by sixty monks of the Greek church—genuine Manicheans and followers of St. Saba and St. John of Damascus. No woman's foot has ever entered the convent walls! Instead of woman's society they make love to the birds, who come and feed off the monks' hands. Every evening they toss meat down to the wild jacks in the gorge below.

At sunset I climbed over the extraordinary building—was shown into the rather handsome church, and into the chapel or cave of St. Nicholas, which contains the ghastly skulls of the monks who were slaughtered by Chosroes and his Persian soldiers—and gazed down into the awful ravine beneath the convent walls. Some monks in black gowns were perched as watchmen on the lofty towers; others wandered over the stone pavements in a sort of aimless vacuity. What an attempt to live in an exhausted receiver!

The monks gave us hospitable welcome, and we sat on the divans of two large stone parlors. One of the religious duties of the brotherhood is to keep vigils, and through the night bells were ringing and clanging to call them to their religious devotions. The vermin in the lodging-rooms have learned to keep up their vigils also; and as the result our party—with one exception—had a sleepless night. I have such a talent for sleeping, and like Pat "pay attention to it" so closely that I was able to defy even the fleas and mosquitoes of Mar Saba. By daylight the next morning we heard the great iron door of the convent clang behind us like the gate of Bunyan's "Doubting Castle," and for five hours we made a toilsome descent of the desolate cliffs to the shore of the Dead Sea. That much maligned sea has a weird and wonderful beauty.

We took a bath in its cool, clear waters, and detected no difference from a bath at Coney Island except that the water has such density that we floated on it like pine shingles.

No fish from the salt ocean can live in it; but it is very attractive to the eye on a hot noonday. A scorching ride we had across the the barren plain to the sacred Jordan—which disappointed me sadly. At the place where the Israelites crossed and our Lord was baptised it is about 120 feet wide; it flows rapidly and in a turbid current of light stone color. In size and appearance it is a perfect counterpart of the Muskingum a few miles above Zanesville. Its useless waters ought to be turned off to irrigate its barren valleys which might be changed into a garden. For beauty the Jordan will not compare with Elijah's Brook Cherith, whose bright, sparkling stream went flowing past our lodging-place at Jericho. We lodged over night in a Greek convent (very small), and rode next morning to see the ruins of the town made famous by Joshua, Elijah, Zacharias, and the restoration of Bartimeus to sight. Squallid Arabs haunt the sacred spot.

A Pigeon Isn't A Chicken.

There are excellent chickens in Carrara, and but for the haste with which they are brought from the hen-coop to the table they would be very good food. Looking out of the hotel window into the back-yard one sees a hen busily engaged with a basin of mush. Almost in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the living hen is transformed into a roasted fowl. This may seem fanciful and unreal, but it is strictly true.

One day having a very limited time in which to eat a lunch and catch a train for Leghorn, I asked the waiter of one of our hotels if he could give me a bit of broiled chicken at short notice.

"I am very sorry, sir," said he, "but we haven't a chicken in the house. However, we have a very nice pigeon. How would you like half a pigeon?"

"Very well, indeed," I replied, "but can you give it to me quickly?"

"Yes, sir, you shall have him in precisely twenty minutes by the clock."

"A good pigeon, young, tender and plump, is he?"

"See for yourself, sir," and with that the waiter led the way to the kitchen.

"Show the gentleman that pigeon, cook," said the waiter.

The cook gravely picked up a broomstick and began punching under the table, and as there came forth my pigeon, in the act of hastily swallowing a bit of bread which he had snatched from the cook's feed-box before fleeing from the cook's broomstick.

"See what the water had promised to do! He had promised to kill the dove, pluck him, clean him in a cursory way and roast him, all in the short space of twenty minutes. A pigeon isn't a chicken, but if it had been a chicken, the story would have been the same."

The Art of Eating.

"What is your idea of a good dinner?" was recently asked of Delmonico, the great caterer in New York.

"Do you ask me as a caterer or a diner?"

"Both."

"As a caterer, I answer the one that gives the most satisfaction to those to whom it is served and returns the best profits; as a diner, the best is that which gratifies the taste, satisfies the demands of hunger, tickles the appetite and completes its courses just at the time the person eating feels himself no longer hungry and begins to wonder why, because he does not remember to have eaten anything."

"Can you accomplish that blissful condition of things for yourself?"

"Sometimes; but not always. Wisdom in feeding I notice, is rare, and flesh is weak. One either gets too much wine at the start or commits some such folly as taking a drink of brandy and soda or a cocktail before he begins, and then he will find it no end of trouble to balance his stomach."

"If wisdom of this kind is rare, perhaps you can tell me the names of some of the few people who are really wise?"

"That's pretty hard. There's Uncle Sam Ward. He's a good and sensible eater, but inclined to take food too highly flavored. He'll get gouty, maybe."

"Among the politicians, who eat well?"

"Let me see. I can't recall many right off the reel. There's Ely. He eats a good deal, and eats good food, and knows it. Among local politicians Hubert O. Thompson, now Commissioner of Public Works, is the best. I don't know but what he is the most artistic epicure in New York. I have often admired Charles Brooke's orders. By the way, he is a Philadelphian, and perhaps has a tendency to chicken croquettes, born of a taste created by Augustine, that should be restrained. He is a terrapin connoisseur. Tilden, Uncle Sammy, knows what is good, and the way he orders the first in season indicates how he keeps trace of the times when new things are due. Ex-Governor Jewell, of Hartford, is a delicate and careful feeder. The New Englanders, as a rule, do not excel in gastronomy. They order things out of season and generally have their food. Let me see, you were asking about politicians. Ben. Butler, he is a splendid exception to the average Yankee, and so, too, is General Hooker, who is Secretary of the Republican National committee. He comes from Vermont, and although he rarely makes a good balance of the kind of wine he drinks, he gets the right kind. Governor Cornell I don't know anything about. Governor Hoyt? Yes; he's a big man with chin whiskers. I rarely see him, but he can order just what he wants, and he knows just how good it is. Then there's Don Cameron, who is a comfortable but not a really good order. Wayne MacVegh knows how to order a tasteful dinner. Bob Garrett, Vice President of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, is clever that way, and gets a dinner party very happy in a little while."

"Theatrical people good feeders?"

"None worse, if I except John Mc Oullough and some of the ladies who provender is ordered by some New York escort who knows what she ought to eat and has money, neither of which things she has."

"Isn't Daly a dainty feeder?"

"I really don't know. Sheridan Shook is a hearty one, John Duff is a hearty eater and strong drinker. He washes everything down with champagne-Pomerny Sec. John McCaul is a great fellow for terrapin. He rarely comes in here. Mapleson comes often, eats well and drinks well. By the way, Thurlock Weed knows a thing or two about what is good; so does Peter Cooper. Horace Greely was an idiot about food, but he came here often. Old Judge Paeker, now dead, was a discriminating man over food and wine."

"How about that woman?"

"They never know, or at least only a few of them. Bernhardt had no idea what to put in her stomach. Genier always wanted garlicky and onion-seasoned dishes. Kellogg eats oysters, and terrapin. As a rule, ladies who come here to lunch eat salads. Men always order better and more carefully than women. The Western people are about the same kind of feeders the Yankees are. The Southerners go for any dish that is fried, and become dyspeptic in haste. The people of the Middle States are the best diners. Englishmen get the best breakfasts. Frenchmen are the best wine-drinkers and judges of wine, and foreigners generally know more about eating and drinking than Americans. Taken full and large, the most tasteful eaters, the Philadelphians the most dainty, the Chicago guests the most hearty, the Bostonian the most critical, the native Knickerbocker the most sensible."

NEVER iron a calico dress on the right side. If ironed smoothly on the wrong side there will be no danger of white spots and glass, which gives the new dress, done up for the first time, the appearance of a time-worn garment.

"Ain't You too Low?"

One night the curbstone astronomer was standing by his instrument waiting for a customer. Presently two miners came along and paused to take a look at the machine.

"What in thunder's that?" asked one of the miners.

"It is a telescope," said the student of the stars. "You see Venus for ten cents."

"Consider me in," said the miner, and he put up ten cents and turned the tube over a constellation of the fourth ascension.

"Don't think much of it," he said after a look, and then turned the instrument down until it was focused on a private residence some nine blocks away. Here the miner paused, crossed his eye close to the instrument and became as still as a mouse.

"Ain't you too low?" asked the planet sharp.

"I allers was low sighted," responded the man of the pick.

"You can't look all night; other customers waiting."

The miner surveyed the crowd standing about him, and handing the showman a dollar, asked him to tell him when he had used up the money. He lowered his eye to the telescope once more and was again engrossed in his observations. Suddenly he rose up with a sigh, and remarked to his companion:

"Billy, she pulled the curtain down. The handsomest woman I ever saw in all my life. She let down her hair, took off her collar, and then, just as I gave that coin a dollar, she lowered the curtain and shut the blinds. I think I ought to have about ninety cents change. That old brass tube, though, is about 100-hoss power. It was like being right under the window with a step-ladder. I'm going to buy one of those machines the first time I make a raise."

Russia.

The incompleteness of a national reform is always proportioned to its violence, and a few favorite abuses are wont to linger long after the rest have vanished. More especially is this the case with Russia. Nine tenths of the abuses swept away by the great tide of reform were checked from 1861 to 1870 affected not the bulk of the Russian people, but merely the limited section of it compressed into the large towns. The popular belief that the Czar's decree of February, 1861, turned 23,000,000 slaves into freemen is a grievous error. All that it did was to substitute for the capricious tyranny of a master the organized tyranny of a state. In some respects, no doubt, the Russian "moujik" has profited by the change. He can no longer be scourged, tortured or killed with impunity. His term of military service has been vastly abridged and lightened, and he has become, to some extent at least, a land holder and a citizen. But he has passed from being free as in the savage old days when Russia was a wilderness infested with certain beasts of prey called nobles, who alternated between tearing each other and devouring the beasts of burden called peasants. He has been changed from a well-fed slave to a half-starved freeman. Though no longer rooted like a tree to the soil on which he was born, he is so hampered by official restrictions on one side and adverse circumstances on the other as to have practically just as little freedom of action as ever. Thanks to his ill-judged haste in borrowing money to purchase land, his ignorance of farming and his utter want of thrift, he has passed from the power of a master, whose interest it was to take good care of him, only to fall into that of a rapacious usurer, whose interest it is to suck his blood to the last drop. In a word, his so-called "liberty" is merely that of a convict, who has been allowed the run of the prison-court-yard.

Such are the conditions under which 49,000,000 Russians—23,000,000 freed serfs and 26,000,000 free peasants—are now living and have been living for years. Naturally sluggish and fatalistic, and hindered from seeking better fortune elsewhere, the moujik makes no effort to devise a remedy for his troubles, but vegetates on his unproductive land in a state of helpless resignation, without fear and without hope. Moreover, to the evils of compulsory residence are no infrequently added those of compulsory migration. It is the greatest curse of despotism that, while resisting all moderate and rational changes, it is subject to a periodical mania for enforcing other changes of the most violent and abnormal kind, as if to assert its own superiority over the very laws of nature. When any district of the Russian empire seems too thinly peopled its rulers meet the difficulty by simply decimating so many souls from one province to another, wholly ignoring such trifles as difference of soil and climate, insufficient transport, physical weakness or want of supplies. Any traveler who has encountered one of these dismal caravans on the great plains of Siberia or Central Asia will not easily forget the sight. Men plodding through the burning sand with bare and bleeding feet; saggard, fever-stricken women tossing restlessly among the sacks and chests of an unshod clank wagon, beneath a vertical sun; half-clad children, their eyes red and swollen from want of sleep, their lips cracked and blistered with thirst, their poor little faces black with dust and flies, looking wistfully up as if wondering why no one tried to help and comfort them; worn-out sufferers dropping down on the march to die and be buried in the drifting sand, only to be dragged forth again and torn piece meal by vultures almost before their comrades are out of sight, and all these horrors going on day after day, and week after week through a journey of several thousand miles.

The man who is asked to guess at a lady's age, and doesn't guess several years less than he believes to be exact, is making an enemy, and doing truth no good.

To The Point.

The following was handed in by our occasional Reporter, and we submit it to our readers. It purports to be a part of a conversation between a visitor, or stranger rather, and one of our leading citizens. Place, Hotel porch—Time June 1881.

Stranger.—Pleasant day this fine breeze. Citizen.—Yes, fine breeze—w. nearly always have fine breezes here. We seldom, if ever, have warmer weather than this—our summers are delightful.

S.—You, indeed, have an excellent country. I am pleased with it. Your mountain scenery is grand—equal almost to the far-famed hills of Switzerland. Your water pure as the dewdrops, and in great variety and abundance.

C.—Yes, yes, our water can't be beat. Have you seen our town Spring?—it is just back of the Hotel—it is large enough to run a mill, as clear as crystal, and almost as cold as ice. Then we have fine free-stone water—our water-works brings water from a free-stone spring. We have also fine mineral waters near by.

S.—I have been down to your spring, and it is indeed magnificent. No country can excel you in good pure water. Nature has been lavish in her gifts to your Section. Just think of it—Pure water in great abundance—pure health-giving breezes—grand mountain scenery—fertile valleys, and in short everything needed. And, with all these I am astonished to see that your village appears to be on the decline.

Your houses, most of them, look old and somewhat dilapidated, even the fences on your streets are in a poor condition. Very little about your place looks new—no new buildings going up—I see no improvements whatever. Why, under all these favorable circumstances, is this so?

C.—Well, I don't hardly know. The war left our people in a bad fix, and our town has not prospered much since. Then, the Railroad established little depots above and below us, and that took away a good deal of our trade, and, from one cause and another, we have not done very well.

S.—I see you have four churches in town. How are they getting on? C.—Well, I can't say exactly—I suppose pretty well.

S.—Do all your churches have preaching every Sabbath?

C.—O no! The Methodists have preaching once a month, their preacher lives at Weaver's Station and can't give them but one Sunday in the month; the Presbyterians also have preaching once a month, their preacher lives at Oxford; and the Episcopalians have preaching once a month, their preacher lives in Talladega, I believe.

S.—The Baptist then, is the only church that holds weekly service.

C.—No, bless you, they have no preacher at all, and only have preaching occasionally when a preacher comes along—they are talking of getting a preacher for next year.

S.—Do I understand you to say that the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal ministers, all live at other points, and no Baptist minister either? Have you no preacher living in town? C.—No, there is no preacher living in our town now. Our churches are not able to support a local preacher. We hope to be able to do better soon.

S.—I am astonished to hear this. It is, indeed, rare to find a town of the size of this, especially one so favorably located, and a country seat too, without a single minister of any denomination living in it. By the way, what large two-story brick building is that beyond the spring? C.—That's the College. Calhoun College it is called.

S.—It looks like a good building. I suppose you have a flour mill here. At least you ought to have, for nature, from her choicest bounties, has given you everything conducive to the building up of an institution of learning of high order.

C.—Well, our school is doing tolerably well. We spent a heap of money in putting up that building, but we have had bad luck some way, and our school is not what we expected. When we built that house we expected to get pupils from all over the State, and even from other States, but from some cause we have never been able to get many boarding pupils. I don't know why either, for the first teachers who had advertised it largely.

S.—How many pupils in attendance? C.—I don't know exactly now—about fifty I reckon. Some few times they have had over a hundred, but not often.

S.—Fifty! Why, there are all your children? I'm told you have a population something over one thousand, and only fifty children in school!

C.—O! we have several other schools besides this. We have two

schools in the Female Academy, and two schools in private houses, and then some of us send our children off to school.

S.—This removes all cause for astonishment. You are divided among yourselves. You divide up your schools, you impoverish and drive your teachers away, you distract your children, you scatter your means. You engender petty strife and jealousy. You expect pupils from abroad to your school, while you support another—instead of building up you are tearing down—you need not hope for anything better while you thus act. The money sent away to other schools would doubtless support a teacher in your College here, and that money would still be in your town to aid in building it up. By uniting and patronizing your own school you would soon make it equal to any in efficiency, and then you would induce others, less favored, to send their sons and daughters, and their money too, to your town. Your churches would then be able to support a local ministry, your congregations would increase, your business houses would enlarge their trade, and your town would put on a new appearance, and everything would be inspired with new life. Under your present order you may look for nothing but decay and death.

C.—I believe that is the dinner bell. Good-day Sir. O. R.

LEESBURG, Fla., Dec. 23, 1881.

HON. L. W. GRANT—Dear Sir—In compliance to a promise to many of my friends that I would give them some very notes of my trip to Florida, I thought, perhaps, the best plan would be through the columns of the Republican.

Two of my sons, Hop and Willie, and a freedman, started with the wagons November 30th through by the way of Wedowee, Columbus, thence to Albany, Georgia, at which point my party, consisting of myself, wife and her sister, E. H. Goodlett, and my two youngest children, were to meet them. We left Oxford at 4.30 p. m. on 7th December, two hours behind time. All got along finely until we reached near Paton, when it was ascertained that one of the springs of one coach was broken, but our efficient conductor soon had another put in its place, and we went into Rome at 7 o'clock p. m., and lay over until 6 a. m. of the 8th; arrived in Atlanta at 12 m. and left at 2 p. m. for Macon. I have heard people talk about the train being crowded before, but never saw anything to equal the train leaving Atlanta that day. The reason was, the great day of the farmers and merchants at the Exposition was only the day before and they were returning home. Arrived at Macon at 6 a. m., distance 103 miles; left Macon at 8 for Albany, distance 107 miles; arrived at Albany 7 p. m., about three hours before the boys arrived with the wagons. I forgot to say that the boys fell in company with Mr. F. P. Heifner's company, (which consisted of himself, wife and babe, Miss Sallie Borders, Miss Rena Clarida, Mr. Virginius Heifner and Mr. Sanford Jordan) at Chulafine. We all took the wagon train the balance of the way. Mr. F. P. Heifner's company left us at Thomsville, Ga., for Tallahassee, to Mr. N. J. Ross, where they expected to stop and rest awhile. We made haste to direct our steps down on to the Peninsula, where they scarcely ever see frost.

The distance from Albany to Thomsville 60 miles; the next point is Madison, Florida, 45 miles; from thence to Newmansville 100 miles; thence to Ocoola 60 miles; thence to Leesburg 55 miles, the place we are at at this time. The whole distance from home, by dirt road to this point, is 555 miles. We made the trip in 23 days without accident. All stood the trip remarkably well. Some of the party took a little cold, but all have an improved appetite. I have improved considerably. We have not been in a rain, but it has sprinkled a time or two. Have not seen a frost. The thermometer stood 70 yesterday in the shade. This morning it stood at 55. On the 20th we saw the first green cotton leaves and blooms, and thence down we saw garden peas up large enough to stick, cabbage plants set out, and field crops. Cotton, as in our country, is the leading crop. The long staple is raised nearly exclusively. They say they raise from three to four hundred pounds of seed cotton per acre.

The most of them sell in the seed at from 54 to 7 cents per pound, and haul it to market where most of it is ginned. Corn is scarce—but little raised—not more than will run them. Oats does tolerably well, but are scarce. I find three grand objections to this country, viz: the water, the sand and sand-spurs. Water for stock is so scarce that we traveled two days, at one time, that our horses feet did not get wet, and we could hardly get water at houses for them or ourselves. The sand I cannot describe how intolerable it is for people to foot it, or for loaded wagons. The sand-spurs grow all over the ground. In places they resemble small Chufas, with numerous stickers over them. Grows on the grass from three to eight inches high. It cuts off measurably visiting on foot by ladies. Bad on horses if they eat them, and being on the grass they cannot help it. It kills sheep—consequently none is to be seen in the country.

Snakes—our party have seen four or five, and several others that had been killed—saw one large one yesterday. Mosquitoes have gone into winter quarters, but occasionally one will come along in the day time, but more frequently at night, claiming to be cousin, and if you are not pretty smart he will

go away swearing to be a blood relation. I will tell you about the Orange groves in my next. Direct the Republican to Leesburg, Sumpter county, Fla. until further orders. I cannot do without it. Yours, &c., A. J. H. BORDERS.

Tax Assessor's Notice. First Round.

- I will attend the places mentioned, at the times stated, for the purpose of assessing the State and county tax for the year 1882. Precinct No. 11, White Plains, Monday, February 13, 1882. No. 12, Davisville, Tuesday, February 14, 1882. No. 17, DeArmsville, Wednesday, February 15, 1882. No. 13, Oxford, Thursday, February 16, 1882. No. 15, Aniston, Friday, February 17, 1882. No. 4, Ganaway's Schoolhouse, Saturday, February 18, 1882. No. 14, Sulphur Springs, Monday, February 20, 1882. No. 5, Polkville, Tuesday, February 21, 1882. No. 6, Post's Hill, Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1882. No. 7, Hollingsworth's, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1882. No. 8, Green's Schoolhouse, Friday, Feb. 24, 1882. No. 1, Jacksonville, Saturday 25, 1882. No. 9, Cross Plains, Monday Feb. 27, 1882. No. 16, Ladiga, Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1882. No. 10 Rabbit Town, Wednesday, March 1, 1882. No. 3, June Bug, Thursday, March 2, 1882. No. 3, Weaver's Station, Friday, March 3, 1882. No. 2, Alexandria, Saturday, March 4, 1882.

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property with valuation annexed. A. R. LEDBETTER, Tax Ass'r Calhoun Co. Jan 14-td

NOTICE.

The Board of Corporators of the East and West Railroad Company of Alabama herby give notice, that not less than ten per cent of the proposed capital stock of the East and West Railroad Company, of Alabama, have been subscribed, and two per cent of said subscription having been paid at the time of such subscription in accordance with a meeting of the stockholders of said company, to be hereby called, to be held at the office of the Treasurer Iron Works Company, at the village of Tucumseh, county of Cherokee, State of Alabama, at twelve o'clock M., on Tuesday the 14th day of February, 1882, for the purpose of organization, January 14, 1882.

AMOS G. WEST, JOHN POSTELL, JOHN W. INGER, Board of Corporators. Jan 14-4t

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Jan 5, 1882. This day came W. C. Savage, Administrator of the estate of Robert Jones deceased, and filed in court his petition in writing, and under oath, asking for an order to sell the following lands belonging to said estate, for the purpose of paying the debts of the said estate, to-wit: Lot No. 19, in fractional section 12, Township 12, of Range 1st east, and the N W 1/4 of Section 6, Township 13, Range 11 east, in Calhoun county, Alabama.

It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 8th day of February, 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and determine said petition, and to consider the proof in support of the same, and that notice thereof be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to the non-resident heirs of deceased, and to 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 February, 1882, and contest said application if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate. Jan 14-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Basten Smith, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 6th day of January, 1882, 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. J. B. BROUGHTON, Adm'r. Jan 14-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Daniel Crow, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 19th day of December, 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. G. C. BREWTON, Adm'r. Jan 14-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of A. T. Martin, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 26th day of December, 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. CLARK MORGAN, Adm'r. Jan. 14-3t.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 23d, 1881. This day came J. W. Williams, Guardian of J. W. and J. F. Johnson, minors, and filed in court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his Guardianship.

It is ordered by the court that the 4th day of Feb., 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit and settle 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 concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the court house of said county, on said 4th day of Feb., 1882, and contest said settlement if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate, Jan 14-3t

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 purse 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 operators 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. B. F. CARPENTER & CO. Wooden Ware and hundreds of other things in stock. Don't buy until you examine the stock of B. F. CARPENTER & CO. Oct 15-1f

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 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 record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what those who have tried it think: Edgar Cady, Ovatonna, Minn., says: 'About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our report was to the PAIN KILLER, which speedily relieved her.' Charles Powell writes from the Sailors' Home, London: 'I had been afflicted three years with neuralgia and violent twinges of the stomach. The doctor at Westminster Hospital gave up my case in despair. I tried your PAIN KILLER, and it gave me immediate relief. I have remained my usual occupation, and am now able to follow my usual occupation.' G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: 'I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER. I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.' E. York says: 'I have used your PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a never-failing remedy for rheumatism and lameness.' Mr. Burditt writes: 'I have used your PAIN KILLER in cases of rheumatism, and have found it a never-failing remedy. From actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I ever used.' PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

THE WONDER OF ROME.

THOS. FAY'S NEW 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 STUPEES, FRINGES, PASSEMENTERIES and ORNAMENTS. All the newest styles in Trimmings.

The Cashmere and Dress Goods House of North Georgia. Flannel Suitings 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. THOMAS FAY, 53 Broad Street, Rome, Ga. sep 24-3t

PIANOS AND ORGANS AT LOW PRICES.

M. T. 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 Books, Stationery, Picture Frames, Art-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. sep 24-3tu

Fall Stock.

A. L. STEWART & CO. Jacksonville, Ala. Have just opened out their Fall Stock of DRY GOODS, including a new and elegant line of Prints, Zephers, Nubias, Shawls, Notions, &c., &c. They pride 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. sep 24-1t

CITY BAR!

The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of beer LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY, Direct from the Distillery, as well as Apple, and Peach Brandies, 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 Sacramento 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. Respectfully, JNO RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala. N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or waive note. nov 5-6m

STEVENSON & GRANT, AGENTS FOR Real Estate Banking

—AND— LAON 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

SCHOOL.

WEAVER ACADEMY, MALE AND FEMALE. First term of six months will begin January the 9th 1882, and close June the 3rd. Second term of four months will begin August the 28th 1882 and close December the 15th.

GRADES. Primary \$1.50 per month Intermediate 2 25 High School 3 00 Board in good families at reasonable rates. For further particulars address WATSON'S ROYS, Weaver's Station, Ala.

CALHOUN COLLEGE, Male and Female.

The next term will begin Monday, January 9, 1882, and will continue six months. W. J. BORDON, Prof. Mathematics, Natural and Moral Science, &c. G. B. RUSSELL, Prof. Eng., Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, &c. Mrs. IDA WOODWARD, Instructress in the Primary Department. Miss WILHELMINE BORDEN, Instructress on Piano and Organ.

Tuition—including all incidental expenses—\$1.25, \$2.25, \$3.25 and \$5.25 per month. Music, Instrumental, \$5.00 per month, payable in advance. School pupils can pay monthly. Good board can be had at reasonable prices. The course of instruction in this Institution is thorough and practical. The regulations framed for the mental and moral improvement of the pupils are mild and parental, and will be rigidly enforced. For further particulars address either, Jacksonville, Ala. W. J. BORDON, G. B. RUSSELL, Associate Principals. dec 17-1f

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A black and tan dog with white ring on neck, white in forehead and I think, white on one fore and one hind foot. A liberal reward will be paid for return of same to the undersigned. JAMES CROOK dec 31-2t

WHOLESALE DEALER IN WINES AND LIQUORS.

By the Barrel, Quart and Jug. As short crops make trade very unprofitable, 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 \$4.00 per gallon, Old Mills Rye \$5.00 per gallon, Six Year Old Cabinet Rye \$3.00 per gallon. I have some regular imported Goods of the following brands: O. B. Brandy Fifteen Years Old (Crested Tom House Receipts attached showing that it is Fifteen Years Old) Imported Holland Gin—it is so old that it ropes, Imported Jamaica Rum, Imported Irish and Scotch Rye Whiskeys, Guinnesses 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, Develped Meats, 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. nov. 19-3mo.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Nov. 20th 1881. This day came S. K. Kelly Executor of the estate of Sims Kelly deceased, and filed his petition in writing and under oath praying this Court to grant an order for the sale of the following lands belonging to said estate, for division among the heirs and devisees of said estate, to-wit: The S W fourth of the N E fourth of Sec. 6, T. 15, R. 8 in Calhoun county, Ala. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 21st day of January 1882 be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and determine said petition, and to hear the proof offered in support of the same, and that notice of the filing of said petition and of the day set for hearing be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to the following non-resident heirs, to-wit: Albert G. Kelly of Yazoo county, Miss.; Betsy McLemore, poor deceased; Susan Kelly, Adm'r of the estate of Miller deceased; Butler fourth county Tenn.; Nancy Smith, nee Nancy Gray, Union county, Tenn.; B. G. Kelly, Rusk county, Texas; heirs of W. C. Kelly, Rusk county, Texas, and all other persons interested to be and appear before me at my office in Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala., on said 21st day of January 1882 and contest said application if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate. dec 31-3t

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 27th 1881. This day came E. Hyatt, Guardian of the estate of J. R. Calhoun, a non compos mentis, and filed in Court his petition of writing and under oath, asking for an order of this Court authorizing him, as such Guardian, to purchase all necessary stock, provisions, farming implements and employ sufficient force of laborers etc. for carrying on a farm or plantation upon the lands of said ward for the year 1882. It is ordered by the court that 21st day of January 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and pass upon said petition, 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 concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the court house of said county, on said 21st day of January 1882 and contest said petition if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate. dec 17-3t

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THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

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NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the late firm of Landers & Britton MUST come forward and settle, either by note or cash, or they will be sued and that right IMMEDIATELY. JNO. M. CALDWELL, Aug 6-1f

SUMMER RESIDENCE.

One house and lot in Jacksonville, containing seven acres, known as the most testfully built and situated in the most desirable part of town for residence. A never failing well supplies the cold abundant supply of water for the house, including an extensive Grapery. The huge native oak in front is clothed with titfully laid off. It is a very desirable place for some gentleman South of the part of the State. The owner gives \$3,000 for the place. Will sell for \$1000 if taken in 3 months. Reason for selling—owner moved out of the State. Address STEVENSON & GRANT, Real Estate Brokers, Jacksonville, Ala. oct 1-1f

SHOULD ATTEND

MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GA. A Model Business School. ACTUAL BUSINESS. STUDENTS ON CHARGE. A Practical School for the Times. No Theory. No copying from books. The best course of instruction ever adapted for the practical education of young men, boys, and men of middle age. The course of students comprise every variety of Business and Finance, from Retail to Banking operations. Book-keeping in all its various methods. Business forms, correspondence, and business Arithmetic, commercial Law, Lectures, Partnership, Customhouse, &c., &c. No vacations. Students can enter at any time. Graduates containing full particulars mailed free to any address. nov 19-1y B. F. MOORE, Pres.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Nov. 20th 1881. This day came S. K. Kelly Executor of the estate of Sims Kelly deceased, and filed his petition in writing and under oath praying this Court to grant an order for the sale of the following

Mr. Sam Lester, of Texas, is visiting relatives in Jacksonville.

Prayer meeting night at the M. E. C. S. has been changed from Wednesday to Thursday.

Dr. Linder will sell his splendid saddle and harness horse, at a bargain. See him at the Drug Store of Montgomery & Co.

There will be service at the Baptist church at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. on the 2nd and 4th Sabbaths of every month during the present year. Church conference will be held after morning service of each second Sabbath, instead of Saturday before.

WANTED, at this office, an apprentice. He must be near 16 years of age, in good health, of good moral character, and able to read and write well. Jan 14 tf

Rev. Mr. Smith, pastor of the Episcopal church of this place, has changed his residence from Tallahassee to this place. He is highly esteemed here, and our people are glad to have him among them.

Mr. Morgan, the Land Inspector of the Real Estate Loan and Banking Company of Alabama, has been in the county since Friday of last week up to Thursday of this week examining the lands of parties who are negotiating loans through Messrs Stevenson & Grant. He has approved loans on his trip to the amount between fifteen and twenty thousand dollars. As before stated, Mr. Morgan has made much favorable impression upon all with whom he has come in contact here, and will be always welcomed in Calhoun.

The Talladega Mountain Home makes the fact that some of the Oxford merchants have sent job work to that office. The Home will do that work well, but this does not affect the fact that Calhoun merchants must sustain Calhoun enterprise. The Republican has been the constant friend of Calhoun merchants, ever advising the people of the county against the policy of going abroad to purchase their goods. We have within the past few weeks spent over one hundred dollars with merchants of Oxford, and had "paid off" to spend as much more in February. This statement of fact conveys its moral. We leave it with our friends to think over.

Male teacher wanted to take charge of school at Middleton, 10 miles South-west of Alexandria. Reference required. Apply to Rev. D. Lewis, Martin's Cross Roads, Ala. Jan 11-31

THE BEST SEWING MACHINES

MARRIED.—By Rev. V. O. Hawkins, W. C. Land, merchant of Jacksonville, to Mrs. Annie Harper of Louisiana.

Hon. John D. Hammond and Lady, with Mr. Henry Montgomery as attendants. Quite a number of the friends of the bridegroom gathered at his residence Tuesday evening to witness the ceremony, and extend congratulations. The bride is a sister of a former wife of Mr. Land and knows him to have been a kind and indulgent husband. A press of business prevented us from being present, but we now extend congratulations, and wish for both a long and happy life.

We acknowledge receipt of a box of wedding cake, oranges, etc.

For the Jacksonville Republic: Are You Going to Use Guano in 1882?

This is a question of great importance to the whole South, and should be seriously considered by every man who feels any interest in the prosperity of our country. The writer is a Guano Agent, and has for several years been carefully noticing the financial tendency of the farmers, and to the regret of a national people a majority of them are growing poorer every year instead of growing richer from the tilling of our beautiful and natural soil as they should. I verily believe that the ruinous use of commercial fertilizers is what has overwhelmingly involved a large portion of our planters in debt, and brought them into bondage. It is a settled fact that it encourages idleness and extravagance wherever it is used; because a majority of those that use it are men who rent land and they depend upon guano with about six months of labor per annum to support their family, instead of preparing home made manures during these idle months for their crops—indeed the landlord cannot hire the tenant for good pay to put in his winter months in permanently improving his soil because he can go to his merchant and get guano in the Spring with which to stimulate his cotton and then give a mortgage on the crop for the maintenance of his family and thus go on from year to year not feeling it their duty to produce a dollar more than will half feed and half clothe those who are so dependent upon his management—yet not enough to pay this mortgage debt. It is almost universally acknowledged by both planters and guano agents that it is a decided destruction to the prosperity of the cotton growing people and an injury to the land on which it is used, and yet all go ahead as usual and buy again, claiming that "I use it because my neighbors do," or rather in a kind of self defense way, and at the same time agreeing that it is leading the people to insolvency and ruin. Now, I believe if some plan was instituted by which the whole cotton growing people could be convinced that it was going out of use I am confident all would endorse the movement, and I don't know a better plan than by petition, and the next question is whose duty it is to take the lead in the matter, whether the vendors of the stuff or the planters. I, for one, would be glad to join either or both and sign a pledge not to sell or use it.

Are You Really Sincere? Here is a true anecdote, and one showing us a very practical way of testing the character of our Christian profession: An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer-meeting: "Lord help us to trust Thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord help us to trust Thee with our bodies." "Amen," was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust Thee with our money," but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardor at once and seals their lips? We often hear men talk of the "peace of God in the heart." And to the phrase we raise no objection; but it has often occurred to us that if the "peace of God" could only get into some people's pockets, it would be a blessed thing.

Mr. Estroff—Please publish the following as the State appropriation of the School Fund for Calhoun county. Also Superintendent's name in each Township.

Table with 3 columns: Twp. Name, Amount, Total. Lists townships like Jas. B. Brown, J. P. West, etc.

FOR SALE—1000 bushels of Red Rust Proof Oats. JAS. CROOK. Jan 14 tf

Bargains, Bargains.

For Next 30 Days

You can buy at J. D. Hammond's Sons all kinds of Ready Made Clothing extremely low prices. Be sure and examine their Stock and prices before chasing.

They have also the largest stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, Blankets, Jeans, and all kinds of underwear.

TOWN CREEK CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR. Bacon, Lard, Sugar Coffee, and a general line of cereals always at Hammond's Sons. They are

Headquarters for Christmas Toys. They have Presents, Toys and Confections for everybody at low prices. If you don't believe it just call and see for yourself, and you will be convinced when the Hammond boys show you their stock. Hoping you will call on us, we are Truly Yours,

J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Deserving Articles are always Appreciated.—The exceptional cleanliness of Parker's Hair Balsam makes it popular. Good hair is impossible with its occasional use.

Mountain Farm and Vineyard For Sale. The undersigned will give a bargain in the fine fruit farm and vineyard on top of the mountain 1 1/2 miles from Jacksonville known as the George White place.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Dysphagia, Hoarse throat and Head Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cts. Sold by Bowen & Co., Jacksonville Ala. Sold Jan. 15 '81-ly

NOTICE. There will be a meeting of the Calhoun County Medical Society at Cross Plains the 3rd Tuesday in January, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M. the 17th day of January. Physicians of the county cordially invited to attend.

J. C. LEGRAND, Sec'y.

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 all Tuberculosis is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since it's first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test 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 your Lungs are sore, Chest, or Back, Lame, use Shilo's Pectoral Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold by Bowen & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan 15 '81-ly

THOUSANDS USE IT, WHY RESIST? Joy to the World! WOMAN IS FREE! Among the many discoveries looking to the physical and mental health of the human race, none is entitled to higher consideration than Dr. J. B. Allen's Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend." By its use the system is purged from morbidities, its peculiarities of the womb vanish. It cures "whites," suppression of the "menstrua," and removes uterine obstructions. It cures constipation and strengthens the system, braces the nerves and purifies the blood. It never fails, as thousands of women will testify.

Prepared by Dr. J. B. Allen, Atlanta, Ga. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by Druggists everywhere. dec 2-24

THOMASVILLE, Ga., June 28, 1877. I have been selling Bruff's Female Regulator for years, and it still continues popular—an evidence of its being all claim of it. I can recall instances in which it afforded relief after all the usual remedies had failed. S. J. GIBBES, Druggist.

Answer this question. Why do so many people suffer from indigestion, headache, nervousness, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cts. we will sell them Shilo's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Bowen & Co., Jacksonville, Ala. Jan 15 '81-ly

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, January 6th, 1882.

This day came S. H. Bean, Administrator of David E. Hawkins, deceased, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate.

It is therefore ordered by the court that the 8th day of Feb'y, 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to file a pass upon said account and to make a final settlement, and that notice be given for three successive weeks by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to all persons interested in the estate, and appear at my office in the court house of said county, on said 8th day of Feb'y, 1882, and contest said settlement if they think proper. J. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In the Probate Court of said county, Special Term, Jan. 11th, 1881.

This day came Wm. C. Scarborough and filed in court his petition in writing, together with a paper written, purporting to be the last Will and testament of Washington Williams deceased, asking that the same be Probated and admitted to record in this Court.

It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 16th day of February, 1882, be and is hereby appointed a day for hearing said petition and for Probating said Will, and that notice be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to the next kin of said deceased, who are non-residents, and to all other persons interested, to be and appear before me at my office in the court house of said county, on said 16th day of Feb'y, 1882, and contest said petition if they think proper. J. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

JACKSONVILLE HOTEL WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Do not be deceived, but come to the "only Hotel," where you will find the best of cooks and servants, the best fare our county and money can afford. Rooms newly fitted up and renovated. We will guarantee satisfaction. Our house will be first class in every respect. Sample room free. ROBT. ADAMS, Proprietor. dec 10-17

CHRISTMAS GOODS, Of every variety, at CROW BROS. A splendid lot of Fancy Candies, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, COCA NUTS, PINEAPPLES, &c. GROCERIES NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, (Now crop.) SUGARS, SYRUPS, RICE, And almost everything else in the way of family supplies, and don't you forget it, but give us a call. dec 10-17

Notice is hereby given that any one can purchase lands, in any quantity, in the town of Aniston, from the old Jones tract lying near to and North of the factory. Apply to Jos. A. JONES, Jacksonville, Ala. july 20-17

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to wit: The S. W. 1/4 of Section 1, and N. 1/2 of Section 2, Township 13 S. Range 2 E.

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FIRE INSURANCE.

I. L. SWAN AGT. JACKSONVILLE, ALA. Four Good Home Companies to wit.

Georgia Home, Home Protection, Central City, Columbus Ins. and Building Co., Miss. May 1st, 1880.

Walden & Woodward, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Ala.

W. C. LAND, WATCHMAKER, AND JEWELER. Jacksonville, Ala.

S. F. HOBBS, NO. 40, Broad St. Selma, Ala.

Watches, Diamonds, FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS, Silver and Silver Plated Goods of every style and grade.

Pianos and Organs From the best makers, sold at lowest rates and on easy terms.

Watches, Diamonds, FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS, Silver and Silver Plated Goods of every style and grade.

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Pianos and Organs From the best makers, sold at lowest rates and on easy terms.

NEW DRUG STORE.

H. F. MONGOMERY & Co., West Side Public Square, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Dealers in all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Window Glass, Stationery, Blank Books, Toilet articles, Lamps, Garden and Field Seeds. Also a choice selection of Fancy Groceries Tobacco, Cigars, &c. All goods guaranteed to be fine and fresh. Special prices made to Merchants and Physicians.

Prescriptions carefully compounded by our S. S. Linder, M. D. ap 10-31-17

JOHN T. MOYE, Watchmaker and Jeweller, DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Spectacles, Silver Plated Ware, Etc., MAIN STREET, OXFORD, ALA.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches and Jewelry. Sewing Machines repaired and warranted to work as good as new—Needles for all kinds of Sewing Machines on hand. ap 2-17

The People Appreciate Merit EAGLE AND PHENIX PERFECT BALL SEWING THREAD. COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

PREPARED BY A PROCESS USED IN NO OTHER MILL. IT HAS NO EQUAL. 16 Balls to Pound, 1 lb. Packages. 20 Balls to Pound, 2 lb. Paper Boxes. Packed in Cases of 20, 30, 50, 100 or 500 Pounds each.

Uniform Price. Invariable Discounts. Sold by all Jobbers. ASK FOR "EAGLE & PHENIX." USE NO OTHER.

REGISTER'S SALE OF COPPER LANDS. Under and by virtue of a decree of the Chancery Court of the 8th District of the Eastern Chancery Division of Alabama, at Jacksonville, rendered at the August term of said Court, 1881, in the case of the Jacksonville Mining Co., vs. William J. Harrison and John K. Hugue, et al., I, who as Register of said Court, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the court house door of Calhoun county, Ala., at Ashland, within the usual hours of sale, on Monday the 9th day of January, 1882, an undivided one half interest in the following valuable copper lands, situated in the county of Clay, State of Ala., to-wit:

The S. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of Section 36, T. 18, R. 8, S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of Section 29, and N. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4 of Section 29, and S. 1/2 of S. E. 1/4 of Section 29, and N. 1/2 of N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of Section 21, all in T. 18, R. 8, S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of Section 1, and S. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4 of Section 11, and S. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of Section 11, and all in T. 19, R. 8, all East in the Coosa Land District, State of Alabama, containing in all twelve hundred and thirty (1240) acres, more or less. Said land sold to satisfy said decree.

M. W. H. JAMES, Register. dec 10-41

NOTICE NO. 1214. U. S. LAND OFFICE, Montgomery, Ala. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to-wit: The S. W. 1/4 of Section 1, and N. 1/2 of Section 2, Township 13 S. Range 2 E.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, to-wit: The S. W. 1/4 of Section 1, and N. 1/2 of Section 2, Township 13 S. Range 2 E.

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Advertisement for a horse book.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

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THANKSGIVING, 1881.

Indulgent Father at thy feet,
We bow this blessed day,
And thank thee for a parent's care,
That crowned our weary way,
For health, for hope, for happiness,
For home, and home delights,
For all the countless cares that hedge
Our passing days and nights.

The pestilence has passed us by,
No famine touched our land;
Spring time and harvest made their rounds,
At Thy supreme command.
Peace sat at all our hearthstone fires,
And concord's song was heard,
Alike in cottage and in hall,
Where happy hearts were stirred.

The poor were fed with open hands,
The thirsty drank their fill,
Torn hearts received both oil and wine,
And felt a heavenly thrill.
From sea to sea, from mountain to hill,
On ocean's wave and plain,
Came down a Father's holy smile,
Like summer giveth rain.

In all the land the churchly spire
Has welled to the mill,
And holy lessons pointed light
To stuns the senses of ill.
The old, the young, the grave, the gay,
Bowed to the will of God,
And in a childlike confidence,
Revered a parent's nod.

Our Father from a thousand hearts,
Overwhelmed by Thy love,
Come forth, dearest Thanksgiving songs,
As pure as those above.
For all the past we bless Thy name,
We magnify Thy will,
And in the future trust Thy grace,
To shield us from all ill.

UNCLE VERSUS NEPHEW.

The belle of the season, at Atlantic City, this year, was Adrienne Vail. A dark-eyed beauty, with one of those rich, wine-warm complexions that remind one of Egyptian Cleopatra, lovely red lips, and white arms sparkling with cordons of precious stones and bands of gold; and in the purple light of the setting sun, as she sat there in Major Brabazon's barouche, with the foaming fringes of the sea on one side, and the yellow sands on the other, she was as beautiful as a dream!

Nor was she unmoved by the stream of gay promenaders along the shore. "It's a foregone conclusion," said old Doctor Pounce.

"She'll marry Brabazon, of course," said Mrs. Alleyne.

"She'll marry the richest man who presents himself, no matter who he is," observed Captain Dagon spitefully.

"The Brabazons are a wealthy family," remarked Dr. Pounce. "Not that this young fellow has much of his own, but his uncle, old Barney Brabazon, is the richest planter in Louisiana, without chick or child to inherit his wealth."

"You may depend upon it, Miss Vail has taken all that into consideration," said Mrs. Alleyne, with the quiet malice which one woman often exhibits in speaking of another. "She is the most mercenary creature on the face of the globe."

Mrs. Alleyne had spoken, if vindictively, still truly. Adrienne Vail, with her angel face and voice of low toned music, was rather inclined to view mankind through the dollar-and-cent medium.

Her face was her fortune. She had been educated by a scheming mother, who, herself pinched and cramped by perpetual want, had resolved that Adrienne should bring her radiant beauty to the best possible market, and thus redeem the low state of the family fortunes.

Adrienne's girlhood had not been like that of other children; she had tasted poverty, and been trained in the belief that happiness could only be attained by means of a golden spell.

"You must marry, and you must marry rich," was the precept which her mother was perpetually dishing into her ears—nor was she likely to forget the battle cry, now that she was on the actual field of action.

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Alleyne, biting her lips, as she saw her own red-haired, sandy complexioned daughter walking without an escort on the beach, "Brabazon's fool enough to believe that she really loves him for himself."

Yes, Brabazon was just such a fool. He was madly in love with the beautiful brunette—he was in a paradise of bliss as long as she sat by his side and smiled on him with those wonderful eyes of hers—and he firmly believed that, with the magnetism of true love, she shared his every emotion.

They were engaged—that is, subject to old Barney Brabazon's approval, for Adrienne knew that her young suit or had no patrimony of his own, and she had no mind to risk "love in a cottage" even for the sake of handsome Allan Brabazon.

"He stands in a father's place to you, Allan," she said, "and my standard of filial duty is high."

"He cannot help admiring you when he comes," declared Allan Brabazon, who had already written to his uncle upon the subject.

Old Barney arrived at last—a yellow skinned, bilious-looking man, with iron gray hair, ruffled in a crest on the top of his head, and a pair of black eyes that glowed like coals of fire beneath his shaggy pent-houses of brows.

His dress was of course brown tweed, Panama, which half concealed his blunt features. But his linen was exquisitely fine, buttoned with diamond spurs, and on his finger he wore an emerald ring

which represented almost the value of a king's ransom.

"Well?" quoth old Barney, fixing an inquiring eye on his nephew.

"Uncle," cried the young man, enthusiastically, "she is an angel!"

"I'll have a look at her before I make up my mind on the subject," said Uncle Barney.

He was taken to call on Miss Vail, and like most other gentlemen he "went down" at the first sparkle of her liquid dark eyes.

"By Jupiter, Allan, you're right!" said Uncle Barney, "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

So the gay season went on. The clash of viols, cornets and trombones made musical answer to the diapason of the waves; grim old dowagers played cards; battered beaus smoked their cigars and strove to rejuvenate themselves once more in the fragrance of the sea-air, pretty girls flirted; handsome cavaliers held fans and bouquets, and newspaper correspondents invented all sorts of fact for the New York and Philadelphia daily press. And as time went by, a rumor gained credence, to the effect that Uncle Barney Brabazon was ousting his nephew from the affections of the beautiful Miss Vail.

"There!" said Mrs. Vail, her witch-like countenance assuming a radiant expression. "Here it is in black and white. An offer of marriage! My dear, you'll be the richest woman south of Mason and Dixon's line."

Adrienne, in a lovely dishabille of white cashmere and rose-pink ribbons, sat looking at the letter, with something like dismay upon her countenance.

"Write and accept him at once," urged Mrs. Vail.

"What! that old man?"

"Old man!" screamed Mrs. Vail. "The richest planter in Louisiana! My child, every diamond that he wears is a fortune in itself."

"But I don't love him," pleaded Adrienne, in a low voice.

"Love—bah!" screamed the old lady. "What does love amount to? A little sugar and honey, a few sweetmeats, and starvation for the rest of your life. I made a love match, and see what a drudging career mine has been. Adrienne, don't be a fool! You will never have such another chance as this."

Still Adrienne hesitated.

"Mamma," she said, "I am engaged to Allan, and I love him. And I will be his wife!"

"But, child, don't you see what ruin that will bring upon us?" breathlessly cried Mrs. Vail. "Allan hasn't a penny of his own, and if he offends his uncle

"He can work for a living, mamma, like other men."

"Work—work for a living!" screeled the old lady, displaying a set of yellow teeth that would have done credit to a hyena. "And you live in a flat, and to save the landlady's bill, and turn your own silk dresses, and darn your husband's stockings, to lighten the expenses—you, that have the chance to button your gown with diamonds, and live in a palace!"

"Mamma," cried Adrienne, "what would life in a palace be worth without the man you love? I won't marry old Mr. Brabazon, and I will marry Allan, if I have to live in barracks with him, or ride around the world in a baggage wagon!"

And this was the end of Miss Vail's "mercenary" career. She wrote a resolute little note to Mr. Brabazon, while her mother indulged in a good, old-fashioned fit of hysterics. The note was worded as follows:

"I like you very much, but I loved Allan long before I ever saw you, and I don't think I can be happy with any one but Allan; so, if you please, Mr. Brabazon, I must decline your kind offer. And pray—pray don't be any more angry than you can help."

Mr. Brabazon read the little, tear-stained note, and folding it grimly up, went across to the hotel where his nephew was staying.

"Well, lad," said he, "I have offered myself—myself, mind, the richest man in Louisiana—to Adrienne Vail."

"Uncle!"

Allan started to his feet, turning alternately red and pale.

"And she has refused me!"

The young man was deadly white now. He scarcely knew what he had feared or hoped—he only felt the intense relief of knowing that Adrienne was still true to him.

"My own true love," he muttered between his teeth; "my little dark-eyed jewel! If she had played me false, uncle, I believe I should have been tempted to commit suicide!"

"Umph—umph!" grunted Uncle Barney. "Love—love! How these young people talk! And what, may I venture to ask, do you expect to live on?"

"I can work, Uncle Barney, for her sake," said Allan, bravely.

"Very well," said Uncle Barney. "Let's go and tell her so."

a fortune, and you have up and down declined it."

"Because I loved Allan better than all the gold of California!" said Adrienne, with drooping eyelashes.

"Come here and kiss me, my dear," said Uncle Barney. "No, you need not be afraid—I shall not make love to you any more. I've lived to be sixty years old without marrying, and I wouldn't wed the finest woman alive. If you hadn't refused me, I should have run off to the Sandwich Islands to escape matrimony."

Adrienne opened her lovely eyes very wide.

"Then why did you ask me?" she said.

"Simply, my dear, to make certain that you loved Allan for himself alone, not because he was the nephew of his rich uncle. And I'm satisfied now!"

"I do love him," said Adrienne, with tears in her eyes. "And I love you, too, Uncle Barney—only in a different sort of way."

"I'm quite satisfied, my dear," said Uncle Barney. "And I shall take it upon myself to see that neither of you perish of want."

So Adrienne Vail "married rich" after all. Rich, not only in money and sugar plantations, but rich in love and true affection. Happy little Adrienne!

Strategy versus Strength.

The sand-hornet is the greatest villain that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cinerars besides a deadly poisoned poniard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has a long and thin proboscis, and he lives a life of tyranny—none that I know of—that care to swallow this red-hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher-bird hankers after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the harpy-eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada, or drumming harvest-fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of especial interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.

I had left the meadow, and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendant object dangling from his body. The insect continued to fly, and I followed him, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clipping tightly with its teeth upon the hind-legs of the captive, while with its two hind-legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it held as a dead weight.

But this was the end of the hornet's career. He was unable to get his feet under him, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clipping tightly with its teeth upon the hind-legs of the captive, while with its two hind-legs it clung desperately to a long cluster of pine needles which it held as a dead weight.

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Five Bears.

Many bears have been captured recently in the Southern Catskills, New York, and this portion of the mountains seem to be full of them this fall. They come in unusually bold. The most desperate encounter with them that has occurred in this region for many a year took place in the Shandaken mountain recently. Washington Jax, of Shandaken, after a long, weary tramp, made the more disheartening by the lack of any appearance of game, was about to retrace his steps homeward. He suddenly heard a crushing of twigs and underbrush. He was now far away from any settlement. Peering through the forest he soon saw a half-grown black bear, which in a few moments was joined by three others—fine, shaggy cubs. They had all emerged from a dense thicket into a partial bit of clearing on another border of which the hunter had been standing. Although a long distance away, he leveled his gun and fired. One of the cubs fell dead. A moment after, with the other chamber of his gun, he brought down another bear. He then attempted to reload his piece, but the other enraged animals, having by this time discovered his hiding-place, now pounced upon the hunter. The struggle that ensued is described by the hunter as most terrific indeed. One of the animals tried to chew up the hunter's left shoulder, mauling it badly; but while this was going on, he managed to plant his bowie in a vital spot in the other's breast. The blood spurted over him, but the animal sank at his feet. The remaining bear, that ensued in the struggle, but he finally conquered him also. He then said he was nearer dead than alive, but managed after awhile to reload his gun and bandage his throat as best he could. He then started toward home, but had not proceeded far when, with a deafening roar, the enraged mother sprang across his path, but now he was enabled to bring the charge of buck-shot. He finished the work of death with the other barrel of his gun, and then returned home in triumph for aid in bringing his game to the settlement.

The respectable women of Thibet always appear in public with their faces painted black, so as to disguise them from the perils of too great admiration. Before going out of doors they invariably rub their faces over with black glutinous varnish, something like currant jelly in appearance. The object being to render themselves as unattractive as possible, they daub this composition over every feature, so as to render their faces as black like those of human beings as possible. M. Hue in his travels in the country ascertained that the singular custom had its origin in the decree of a Lama king, some two hundred years ago. This king, being a man of austere habits, was desirous of checking the license which prevailed among the people, and which he even spread to the priests of the Buddhist monasteries to such an extent as to relax their discipline, issued an edict that no woman should appear in public otherwise than with her face daubed in the manner described. Severe temporal and spiritual penalties enforced the decree among them, and the terrible wrath of Buddha presided over the execution of the law. The king died obedient, and that far from the edict giving rise to a petty rebellion, the practice was cheerfully adopted and has been faithfully observed down to our own time. Now, it is considered a point of religious creed and evidence of a spirit of devotion, the women who daub their faces with the black paint, and the black paint is the black to the northeastward of the Japanese party or of any human inhabitants. A land more severely solitary could hardly be found anywhere on the face of the globe.

Music-Loving Turtles.

November 25, winter opened in dead earnest, and as the wind was wailing through the trees old Jerry Greening came into the Williamson House bar room, Lackawanna, Pa., and having driven out the cold with a little rock and rye, he sat down behind the stove and listened attentively for a few moments to a member of the Legislature Westfall, who was telling about a remarkable turtle he had seen once in Virginia.

"Now, boys," said old Jerry, clearing his throat, as the attentive listeners drew nearer the fire, "I'll just give you a few facts concerning turtles. In the first place they're some people as its fool enough to say that turtles can't be killed with music. I s'pose if I weren't for my rep'ntashun for 'racting' you'd scarcely believe that once me an' Deacon Neapress down t' Port Jervis ketched seventeen dumb t' turtles with nothing in the world 'ceptin' a piece of holler bamboo that a Philadelfy man give me an' a note jew's harp, thet m' gran'father, which, if he were a livin' now, would be a hundred an' eighty-nine year ol' yest'day, used fer ter lead th' choir with in th' ol' Dutch 'ormed church over in Jersey. Wall, ez I were a sayin', 't ain't ev'ry one as is goin' t' b'lieve th' here story, I s'pose, but if they's any of ye here as don't b'lieve it arter I git through a tallin' of it he kin just hev a piece outen me, for I reckon I used t' be the bully goodest fighter in Pennsylvania a few years ago. I knowed a feller once what peeled seventeen o' them durn Jersey-men jest fer 'musement' an' I'm jest that little ol' man. But I guess they ain't no more an' Deacon Neapress ketchin' them turtles with a jew's harp. Up to th' Brink Pon, over in Lackawanna town, 'bout three years 'go, they was th' cusseddest lot o' turtles ever t' see, an' as

they was a Frenchman down t' Milford were a offerin' a quarter a piece for 'em I jest intarined to ketch a few. Ye see, this here 'French pollyvogy' jest got these turtles and biled 'em, dirt and all, I s'pose, into a kinder soup for them cussed city people which 'ud eat a muskrat of a Frenchman cooked it. Well, me an' Jerry—he's m' youngest, an' a rip-tearsorter on a fight—we jest biled a hunk o' salt pork an' took a loaf or two o' bread an' hilted up th' ol' mules 'n' off we started for th' pon. Well, you'd a busted all th' buttons of your clothes if you could a seen th' gang we found camped out at the sand spring. They was the confoundest galoots ever I see. Lem me see, thar was Van Fredenberg, which wore corsets like a woman an' lives down t' Maneh Chink now, an' they was Fred Salmon, he did the cookin', then they was Thompson o' th' Middletown newspaper, but he stole all th' liquor an' got so drunk 'twouldn't be fair t' count him in. Lemme see, they was 'Erve' Fowler and Charley St. John an' Doty, th' ol' cuss what never eats salt nor nothin' an' in'ly Deacon Neapress. Thar wasn't no doubt but what th' peack were the 'boss trump' o' that peack, an' he an' Thompson was th' only ones that wouldn't keep sober. Wall, finally Van Fredenberg come t' me an' givome fifty cents and a year's subscription to th' paper of I'd get deacon away from the crowd an' get him straighten'd up. So me an' Jerry an' the deacon went arter turkles in one o' Barney Stigler's boats that Doty stole while Fredenberg talked Pennsylvania Dutch an' Carbon county rip politics to ol' Barney.

"Wall, when we got out to th' pon' I tol' th' boys I'd show 'em a new way fer t' ketch turkles an' I'll be blamed if them fellers didn't call me a cussed fool when I showed 'em that all th' tackle I had were t' ol' fam'ly jew's harp, the holler bamboo stick an' an' ol' red flannel shirt. We pulls outen th' middle o' th' pon' an' let th' boat drift. I stuck one end o' th' stick under water, put th' jew's harp on 't' other an' commenced playin' like th' very old Nick. In less than twenty minutes arter I struck th' first chords o' th' 'Battle o' Prague' onto th' jew's harp the whole top of that pond for more'n a mile were black' t' turkles. They'd come close up 'round th' boat, then I ketches hol' o' the red flannel an' holdin' onto th' sleeves into th' water. Now, ye see, turkles is zactly like turkey gobblers, they'll grab anything red. The first haul I made I had seven, an' I kep' haulin' 'em in till I had a boat load, an' all this time Jerry an' th' deacon were a settin' thar jest parly'zed with 'musement. I wish you could a seen them newspaper fellers when we got back to the camp. Deacon were sober 'nough b' that time

For the Republican THE DOOMED CITY.

Last week we noticed an article in your paper from the pen of Occasional Reporter. Your entire editorial column is devoted to detailing a conversation, between some old Rip Van Winkle and a mummy in the shape of a Yankee corn doctor, in reference to the character of our citizens. The causes of business prostration and the want of general good-will in our town. Time June 1881 - The occasion of this highly edifying and important conference was nearly eight months ago. It is very fortunate, Mr. Editor, that the balance of your staff is not so occasional, or the next issue of your valuable paper would not appear until the year 2009. Why did O. R. select the most sultry season of the year when business was virtually suspended throughout the entire country, and give as representative exponents of public sentiment and opinion, two ossified centenarians whose time was occupied between brushing the flies from their bald craniums, and passing strictures upon a people whose motives they were entirely incapable of appreciating, and whose character this self-constituted board of criticism and censure, wholly misunderstood and most damnable misrepresented. If O. R. wanted to publish to the world the city of Jacksonville, why did he not give the facts as they exist now, in the active progressive present, and not waste the space of your valuable columns in elaborating a conference between two antiquated remnants of a dead and forgotten past. Why did he not describe the breathing, living pulsating heart of to-day, instead of delving into white sepulchres for bones long since decomposed or sublimated by time. Why did he not tell the people that there was a splendid institution of learning here, presided over by an excellent disciplinarian, who is also a mathematician of acknowledged ability, assisted by a most accomplished linguist, a music teacher of high cultivation, and a mentor in the primary department of fine reputation, deservedly won by practical experience and success. Why did he not tell them that students were coming in and matriculating as rapidly as the terrible condition of the weather will permit. Why did he not tell them that since that interesting colloquy thirty families have become residents of our beautiful hill city, attracted by those same educational facilities so greatly misrepresented by that conference of "most potent, grave and reverend seigniors." Why did he not tell them that there are eight resident ministers representing all the denominations, and every shade of orthodox religious opinion. That gouty corn doctor had better advise with some gentleman of the cloth too, for according to Dante's theory of a funnel shaped hell and that all liars are stuck down in the neck of it, he is in terrible danger of a warm embrace. Why did not O. R. tell the people that ten new business enterprises had been permanently located here, and now in full and successful operation. Why did he not detail these facts, for such they are, stern irrefutable facts. Why did not O. R. tell them that a man could come here and go away with one hundred thousand dollars in his pocket by giving proper papers. We know whereof we speak, for upon reading the obituary of our town we decided upon an investigation and did so with the above result. If O. R. proposes to enter the tomes of the past, we can give him some historical facts that would place the Deserted Village, as he would have it, in a very different light, and if that old mummy will call at our shop, we can give him some information of a different character to that vouchsafed by old Rip Van Winkle, which however, O. R. considers of such momentous importance as to devote an entire column to its publication. It is our honest opinion that the more Occasional Reporter becomes, the better it will be for his reputation as a man of progress, for all your readers will realize from his effusions that there is a vast difference in his state of hibernation, and the active, enterprising, energetic spirit which characterizes our citizens of to-day.

Voice from the Tombs.

Tribute of Respect.

OHACHEE LODGE, No. 380. PERK'S HILL, Dec. 31, 1881. Whereas, as it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our Lodge our highly esteemed and much loved brother, William Broughton, and although we cannot see why God has thus bereaved us, or understand the mysteries of His Providence, yet we have submitted to His will, knowing that it is to us wise to err, and too merciful to be unkind; Therefore Resolved 1st, That in the death of brother Broughton we feel that a void has been made which cannot be filled, but rejoice to know that his end was that of the good man, which is peace; and while we mourn, we mourn not as those without hope, knowing that our loss is his eternal gain. Resolved 2nd, That he was faithful among the most faithful, and that we

will endeavor to follow his good example in constancy, and follow him as he followed Christ. Resolved 3rd, That we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved wife and children, and other relatives. Resolved 4th, That these resolutions be spread upon our minute book. Resolved 5th, That the name, day and date of death of Brother Broughton be placed upon a blank page of our minute book. Resolved 6th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Jacksonville Republican for publication. M. B. JELKS, JOHN T. WILKINS, J. D. PHUITT, W. R. AKRIGGE, Committee.

Affairs in Alabama.

No Danger of the State Being Monarchized. - A Congressman's Opinion. Washington Post. "There is no danger that any Democrat will Monarchize the State of Alabama," said Gen. Forney, Congressman from the Seventh district, to a Post representative last evening, "no one Democrat has sufficient strength to accomplish such an end and a combination of Democrats for the purpose is among the impossibles. We have an election in August next for Governor and a full State ticket. The Independents, Greenbacks and Republicans may combine and make a dash at us, but I don't think they will have any show of success. You see, when a Northern Republican settles in Alabama, he, as a rule, votes with the Democrats on State issues, knowing that he will thus secure an honest and economical local government. At the same time he remains firm and true to his Republican principles on all issues of a national character. "Affairs are moving along smoothly in Alabama," continued Gen. Forney. "The only trouble is, our people did not raise enough corn last season. The relations between the whites and blacks are, I am glad to say, very harmonious. In some sections the colored are manifesting a commendable disposition to give their children a good education. As a rule, however, I do not think the condition of the colored race of Alabama, as far as the necessities of life are concerned is as good as it was in the days of slavery. The manufacturing interests of the State, both iron and cotton, are showing a most flattering increase. The Northern manufacturer with capital will be most cordially welcomed, and he can find no better field for investment than in Alabama."

Why Some Farmers Do Not Succeed.

They are not active and industrious. They are slothful in everything. They do not keep up with improvements. They are wedded to old methods. They give no attention to details. They think small things not important. They take no pleasure in their work. They regard labor as a misfortune. They weigh and measure stingily. They burn wood when there is no need. They are wasteful and improvident. They are fretful and impatient. They ruin stock by low fencing. They let their gates swing and fall down. They will not make compost. They let their fowls roost in the trees. They have no shelter for stock. They do not curvy their horses. They leave their plows in the field. They hang the harness in the dust. They put off greasing the wagon. They starve the calf and milk the cow. They let their pigs thump in the dust. They go to town without business. They are pennywise and pound foolish. They don't know the best is the cheapest. They have no method or system. They go out too often to "see a man." They have no car for home enterprise. They see no good in a new thing. They never use paint on the farm. They plant very late in the spring. They stack fodder in the field. They prop the barn door with a rail. They let the horse stand in the rain. They let the clothes dry on the fence. They let the hoops fall from the tubs. They neglect to trim up the trees. They have no shelter for wood. They milk the cows late in the day. They burn out a stove with a blaze. They have no time to do things well. They have no garden in the fall. They don't believe in rotation crops. They see no use in variety. They see no difference in seeds. They do not subscribe for their

home paper and thereby build up home enterprise. - Southern Farmer's Monthly.

Worth of a Good Name.

A man of very pleasing address, but very dishonest in his practices, once said to an honorable merchant, "I would give fifty thousand dollars for your good name." "Why so?" asked the other in some surprise. "Because I could make a hundred thousand dollars out of it," said the merchant. "The honorable character, which was at the bottom of the good name, he cared nothing for; it was only the reputation, which he could turn to account in a money point of view, which he coveted. But a good name cannot be bought with silver; it, of all other possessions, must be fairly earned. When it is possessed it is better business capital than a great sum of money. It is a fortune any boy or girl may secure. Honesty must be its foundation, even in the smallest particulars. When an employer says, 'There is a boy I can trust,' that youth will always find himself in demand, provided he joins the industry with honor. 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.' It seems hard at the time, perhaps, to be bound to a ceaseless round of work, while other boys are lounging, or playing on the green. But the reward will come if you are faithful. While idlers are dragging out a miserable lifetime in privation and poverty, the hard working boy lives at his ease, respected and honored. Remember that if you desire to make your way in the world, there is nothing that can serve your purpose like a name for honesty and industry; and you will never acquire either if you are a loiterer about the streets, and neglectful of your business. 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.' Women are everywhere using and recommending Parke's Ginger Tonic, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex. - Home Journal, Jan 21 - 1882.

W. R. HANNA, Deed - Estate of THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

In Probate Court for said county, Special Term July 9th 1882. This day came Robt. M. Hanna administrator of the estate of decedent, and filed his application in due form and under oath, praying for an order of sale of certain lands described therein, and belonging to said estate, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, upon the ground that the personal property belonging to said estate is insufficient therefor. It is ordered that the 20th day of February 1882 be and is hereby set as the day upon which to hear and pass upon said application; and that publication thereof be made for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to Mary E. Henderson and her husband, James J. Henderson, non-residents, residing in Jackson County, Texas, as well as to Susan Busby, Alexander Busby, and to all others interested, to appear before me in the court house of said county, on said 20th day of Feb. 1882, and contest said application if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County.

Probate Court for said county, special term, January 11th 1881. This day came S. With Gladwell guardian of Willie, James and Aaron Gladwell, minor children of Alfred Gladwell, deceased, and filed in Court his account and vouchers for a final settlement on his said Guardianship. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 11th day of February 1882 be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit and pass upon said account and 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 concerned, to be and appear before me, at my office in the Court House of said county, on said 11th day of February 1882 and contest said settlement if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

FREE TO ALL.

THE BOARD OF CORPORATORS OF THE EAST AND WEST RAILROAD COMPANY OF ALABAMA hereby give notice, that not less than ten per cent of the proposed capital stock of the East and West Railroad Company of Alabama, having been subscribed, and two per cent of said subscription having been paid at the time of said subscription in accordance with law, a meeting of the stockholders of the said company is hereby called, to be held at the office of the Treasurer Iron Works Company, at the village of Tecumseh, county of Cherokee, State of Alabama, at twelve o'clock M., on Tuesday the 14th day of February, 1882, for the purpose of organizing the same. AMOS G. WEST, JOHN POSTELL, JOHN W. INZIE, Board of Corporators.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Letters of Administration upon the estate of Euston Smith, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 6th day of January, 1882, 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. J. B. BROUGHTON, Adm.

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Use Lawrence & Martin's TOLL ROCK RYE. For COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION, Diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS. DALSAM OF TOLL. CAUTION! Do not be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye in place of our TOLL, ROCK AND RYE. THE TOLL, ROCK AND RYE CO., Proprietors, 41 River St., Chicago, Ill.

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. This remedy is not a cheap Denatured Petroleum product that must be kept away from fire or heat to avoid danger of explosion, 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, IT NEVER FAILS. It not only effects 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 record of cures by the use of PAIN KILLER would fill all volumes. The following extracts from letters received show what these who have tried it think: Edgar Gady, Oranston, Minn., says: 'About a year since my wife became subject to severe suffering from rheumatism. Our resort was to the Salt Rillax, which speedily relieved her.' G. H. Walworth, Saco, Me., writes: 'I experienced immediate relief from pain in the side by the use of your PAIN KILLER. E. York says: 'I have used your PAIN KILLER for rheumatism, and have received great benefit.' Barton Seaman says: 'I have used your PAIN KILLER for thirty years, and have found it a never-failing remedy for rheumatism and lameness.' Mr. Durand writes: 'I never fail to give relief in cases of rheumatism. Phil. Gilbert, Somerset, Pa., writes: 'Upon actual use, I know your PAIN KILLER is the best medicine I ever used.' All druggists keep PAIN KILLER. Its price is so low that it is within the reach of all, and it will save many times its cost in doctors' bills. 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 a bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Bargains, Bargains. For Next 30 Days. You can buy at J. D. Hammond's Sons all kinds of Ready Made Clothing at extremely low prices. Be sure and examine their Stock and prices before purchasing. They have also the largest stock of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, Blankets, Jeans, and all kinds of underwear. TOWN CREEK CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR. Bacon, Lard, Sugar Coffee, and a general line of Groceries always at Hammond's Sons. They are Headquarters for Christmas Toys. They have Presents, Toys and Confections for everybody at low prices. If you don't believe it just call and see for yourself, and you will be convinced when the Hammond boys show you their stock. Hoping you will call on us, we are Truly Yours, J. D. HAMMOND'S SONS.

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 the 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 B. F. CARPENTER & CO.

Fall Stock. A. I. STEWART & CO. Jacksonville, Ala., Have just opened out their Fall Stock of DRY GOODS. Including a new and elegant line of Prints, Zepthers, Nubias, 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 now, 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. I. Stewart & Co's for BARGAINS.

CITY BARS! The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKY & 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, Cigars, &c., including Sacramento Wine. Empty barrels from 75c to \$1.00 each. My Billiard Parlor is well ventilated and comfortable, is the favorite resort of those who love the game. Respectfully, JNO RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala. N. B. - Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or note.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Letters of Administration upon the estate of Euston Smith, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 6th day of January, 1882, 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. J. B. BROUGHTON, Adm.

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SCHOOL. WEAVER ACADEMY, MALE AND FEMALE. First term of six months will begin January the 9th 1882, and close June the 23rd. Second term of four months will begin August the 25th 1882 and close December the 15th. GRADES. Primary \$1.50 per month 2 25 " " Intermediate 3 00 " " High School 3 00 " " Board in good families at reasonable rates. For further particulars address WATSON BROS., Weaver's Station, Ala.

CALHOUN COLLEGE, Male and Female. The next term will begin Monday, January 9, 1882, and will continue six school months. W. J. BORDON, Prof. Mathematics, Natural and Moral Sciences, &c. G. B. RUSSELL, Prof. Eng., Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, &c. Mrs. IDA WOODWARD, Instructress in the Primary Department. Miss WILLE BORDEN, Instructress on Piano and Organ. Tuition - including all incidental expenses - \$1.25, \$2.25, \$3.25 and \$5.25 per month. Music, Instrumental, \$5.00 per month, payable in advance. Local pupils can pay monthly. Good Board can be had at reasonable prices. The course of instruction in this Institution is thorough and practical. The regulations formed for the mental and moral improvement of the pupils are mild and parental, and will be rigidly enforced. For further particulars address either, Jacksonville, Ala. W. J. BORDON, G. B. RUSSELL, J. O. P. UDDEN, Associate Principals.

WHOLESALE DEALER IN WINES AND LIQUORS. By the Barrel, Quard 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. Standard Whisky at \$1.00 and \$2.00 per gallon. The Cream of Lincoln County, Tenn. Whisky \$2.50 and \$4.00 per gallon. Old Mils Rye \$5.00 per gallon. Six Year Old Cabinet Rye \$8.00 per gallon. I have some regular Imported Goods of the following brands: A. V. O. B. Brandy Fifteen Years Old (Custom House Receipts attached showing that it is Fifteen Years Old) Imported Holland Gin - it so old that it ropes, Imported Jamaica Rum, Imported Irish and Scotch Rye Whiskies. Guinnesses, 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, Develved Meats, 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. nov. 19 - 3mo.

To the People of Jacksonville and Vicinity. I have come to Jacksonville to serve you in the practice of Medicine, in all its branches. I bring with me an experience of over sixteen years, showing a fair degree of success, at least. Five of these years were spent in the adjoining county of Etowah, and I care to bid it its record from inspection. I will be found always, at my past, and ready for emergencies. I make a specialty of late venereal. All ask of you good people is a trial. I shall not be permanently settled here before February 1st, as I have my home in Etowah, to arrange and close out. Remember this, I am a Nature here for the rest of my days, I hope. Prompt and faithful services, at reasonable rates, I guarantee unto you, and if compensation is in proportion to service, both sides will be satisfied. Respectfully, C. H. MOSTGOMERY, M. D. Late of Hoke's Bluff, Ala. Jan 7 4t

WANTED. Good fat young beef cattle - Fat Sheep and Spring Lambs. A liberal price will be paid on delivery to N. BOYER, At Aniston, Ala. June 18 - 4t.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 5th, 1881. This day came J. B. Broughton, Adm. of the estate of S. Broughton, deceased, and filed his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate. It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 31st day of Dec, 1881, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit and pass upon said account and 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 concerned, to be and appear before me, at my office in the Court house of said county, on said 31st day of Dec., 1881, and contest said settlement if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, Dec. 23rd, 1881. This day came J. W. Williams, Guardian of J. W. and F. Johnson, minors, and filed in court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of his Guardianship. It is ordered by the court that the 4th day of Feb., 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit and pass upon said account and 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 concerned, to be and appear before me at my office in the Court house of said county, on said 4th day of Feb., 1882, and contest said settlement if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Letters of Administration upon the estate of Daniel Crow, deceased, having been granted the undersigned by the Hon. A. Woods, Judge of the Probate Court of Calhoun County, on the 10th day of December, 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. C. W. BREWTON, Adm. Jan 14 - 182 - 3t

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NOTICE. All parties indebted to the old firm of Landers & Britain MUST note or cash, or they will be sued, and that right IMMEDIATELY. JNO. M. CALDWELL, Aug 5 - 4t

SUMMER RESIDENCE. On a house and lot in Jacksonville, containing seven acres, known as the Judge Foster residence. The house is most tastefully built and situated in the most desirable part of town for residence. A never failing well supplies ice cold water the year around. The place is abundantly supplied with fine fruit, including an extensive Grapery. The extensive lawn in front is clothed with noble native oaks and the ground beautifully laid off. It is a very desirable place for some gentleman South in the winter of the State. The owner asks \$20,000 for the place. Will sell for \$1500 if taken in 3 months. Reason for selling - owner moved out of the State. Address: STEVENSON & GRANT, Real Estate Brokers, Jacksonville, Ala. oct 1 - 4t

SHOULD ATTEND MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY, ATLANTA, GA. A Model Business School. ACTUAL BUSINESS STUDENTS ON CHANGE. No Theory. No copying from books. The best course of instruction ever adapted for the practical education of young men, boys, and men of middle age. The course of students comprise every variety of Business and Finance, from Retail to Banking operations. Book-keeping in all its various methods. Business forms, terms and usages. Business writing, correspondence, business Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Lectures, Partnership, Settlements, etc., etc. No vacations. Students can enter at any time. Circulars containing full particulars mailed free to any address. units - 1y B. F. MOORE, Pres.

STEVENSON & GRANT, Real Estate Agents. JACKSONVILLE, ALA. Real estate bought and sold - Books open at office of Mr Stevenson.

WANTED. Good fat young beef cattle - Fat Sheep and Spring Lambs. A liberal price will be paid on delivery to N. BOYER, At Aniston, Ala. June 18 - 4t.

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NOTICE. Notice is hereby given in any quantity, in can purchase lands, in any quantity, in the town of Aniston, from the old Jones tract lying near to and North of the factory. Apply to Jos. A. Jones, Jacksonville, Ala. July 30 - 4t

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."
JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2337.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

F. & L. W. GRANT

Terms of Subscription:

Terms of Advertising:

Association of Candidates.

Communications affecting the claims of candidates for office.

Rates of Advertising:

Advertisement of 10 lines, three months.

Advertisement of 10 lines, six months.

Advertisement of 10 lines, one year.

ively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality. The idea of a thief began to present itself. He started from the loom to the door. He rushed out in the rain and made his way to the inn. These Silas told his story, under frequent questioning as the character of the robbery became evident.

The slight suspicion of his heart melted away before the simplicity of his distress. Dustan Cass had never been heard from, and on New Year's eve Squire Cass gave a large party. That night Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered lanes of Raveloe, carrying her child in her arms.

Soon she felt numb with cold and fatigue and then nothing but a supreme immediate longing to lie down and sleep. The complete torpor came at last; then fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. Suddenly his eyes were caught by a bright gleaming light on the white ground; in an instant the child had slipped on all fours and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam could not be caught, and the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one rising on its legs went on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth where Silas' coat lay on the bricks to dry.

The little one squatted down on the coat, presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little gleam had sank down on the old coat asleep. But where was Silas Marner? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. He had gone to the door to look out, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it, he was arrested by the invisible hand of cataplexy, and stood with wide but sightless eyes holding upon his door, powerless to resist the good or evil that might enter.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he closed the door, and turned towards the hearth, where, to his lurid vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Marner's life, and his history became blended in a singular manner with the life of his neighbor.

The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass. One of his two sons, Dustan, the second, the neighbors said it was no matter what became of him—a spiteful, jeering fellow, whose taste for driving, betting and swapping might turn him out to be a sower of something worse than wild oats.

But it would be a pity that Godfrey, the eldest, a fine, well bred, good natured young man should take the same road as his brother, which he seemed inclined to do of late.

Godfrey was in Dustan's power, as he had secretly married a coarse beauty, whose love of drink had made her an unfit companion for any one, and he lived in fear of his father learning the dreadful secret and turning him adrift, so Dustan made constant demands on him for hush money. Driven to desperation by his profligate brother, he had given him permission to sell his favorite horse if he would make no more demands upon him.

So Dustan rode the horse to the races and before he had a chance to sell, killed the horse and went from the grounds in a drunken, penniless state.

As he was plodding home through the dark he saw a light in Marner's house. He knocked but no one answered and on stepping in he found it vacant.

Where could he be, leaving his supper cooking and the door unfastened. It was a dark rainy night, and perhaps he had gone out for fuel and fallen into the stone pits.

That was an interesting idea to Dustan. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? Who would know that anybody had come to take the money away?

He saw a place near the loom where the sand had finger marks. He darted to it, lifted the bricks, and found two leather bags. He immediately left the house with the bags. The rain and darkness had got thicker, but he was heartily glad of it.

Silas came sooner after, and after getting warm he thought he would put his beloved guinea on the table before him, as it would be pleasant to see them as he ate his unwanted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas' guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once. He had put his gold somewhere else and then forgotten it. He turned his bed over and looked in the brick oven.

He felt once more all around the hole. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there. He put his hands to his head and gave a wild, ringing scream, the cry of desolation. The cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure.

away from Master Marner, Eppie." "And," I said, "it 'ud be of no use if you did, Aaron, and he wants us all to live together, as you needn't work, and he'd be as good as a son to you. But I don't want any change. Only Aaron does want a change, and he made me cry a bit—because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to married, as he did."

"Oh, my blessed child," said Silas. "You are o'er young to be married. But I shall get older and helpless, and I should like to have you marry somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as 'ud take care of you to the end."

"Then you would like me to be married, father?"

"I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie, but will ask your god-mother. She'd wish the right thing by you and her son too."

And the god-mother wished it. In draining the lands the stone pits were drained dry and the skeleton of Dustan Cass was found and all of Silas Marner's gold, £265. So Aaron and Eppie enlarged their garden, and made happy their home, as they did not wish to leave the stone pits, and Eppie's own words tell the story of their united happy life.

"Oh, father, what a happy home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we."

Arabian Horses.

It is a question what sort of a horse Noah took with him into the ark, and where the horse went to after the disembarkation. Tradition states that the first horse-trainer was Ishmael, after he was turned out of his father's tent. He is said to have captured a wild horse, and from her is descended a special strain of blood, known as the Arabian horse, the oldest known breed, and all the Arabian breeds are but ramifications of the original stock, particularly the fine choice breeds known as thoroughbreds, or pure-blooded, by the Belouins of the desert. It is probable that the home of the Arabian horse was in Northern Arabia, on the borders of the Euphrates, where there is more water on the surface of the ground than in Southern Arabia. The pure Arabian horse is from fourteen to fifteen hands high. He has a large head, a large eye, an arched neck, and is of a mild disposition, and of unusual intelligence. Compared with other horses he is perfectly tractable. For his size, his speed is great, and his jumping or leaping powers are remarkable. He is a good walker and a good runner. The Bedouin do not teach their horses to trot, neither do they train race-horses. They themselves are bold riders for short distances, throwing spears, knives, javelins, and exercising themselves in strange feats of horsemanship, impossible for any but themselves. Trainers will remember the equestrian feats of the Jordan Valley guides who are usually Bedouin sheiks, and who take great care of their horses. Training commences when the colt is young. The Bedouin know nothing about breaking a horse, and their belief is that unless a horse has done good service before he is three years old he will never be worth anything. There are five recognized strains of Arabian horses, all equally or nearly equally pure and valuable. Written pedigrees are not known, but by tradition the pedigree is preserved for generations, descent being reckoned through the dam only. The pure Arab horse commands a high price, the mare a still higher price. And if sold the first foal is considered the property of the seller, a friend of the writer, an Arab, owns the one fifth part of a pure mare, for which he paid 50 Napoléons. It is a beautiful animal. In mixed blood the size and the shape of the head follows the least beautiful type of the ancestors, as in the Spanish horses of the present day. The English thoroughbred (so called) is not a pure Arab horse. The Arab horse is small and beautifully shaped; the neck is light; the shoulder good and the fore arm very strong. The hind quarters are narrow, indicating speed rather than strength. The legs are strong, less bone and more back sinew than in American horses. The pastern joints are long and fine—too long for strength—and the long pastern causes the horse to trip even on level ground. I had last year the offer of a beautiful Arab horse and at a reasonable price. He was the fastest walker I have ever seen in Palestine, but he tripped and moved badly on the downhill grade. I did not purchase him, being afraid that he might stumble. The best gait of the Arab horse is galloping or running, but I do not get that by training good shorter action could be obtained. The Arab horse has good wind, great powers of endurance and he will bear any amount of training. He is fearless, and hence safe. In this respect he is very different from the northern horses of the Turks. "The colors are various, gray, white, brown, black and bay. The gray is said to be the best; the black is rare; the best horses I have seen in Arabia are gray. For the pedigree or family of a horse the Bedouin looks at the head, where it is said signs of parentage are seen. A very good horse, and favorite one in Palestine, is a cross between the Arabian and the Russian, which is sixteen or seventeen hands high, a large powerful horse and something very beautiful. For such a horse the French Consul paid 400 Napoléons.

The supposed deterioration of the Arab horse of late years may be from the system of close breeding, to a degree which would not be tolerated elsewhere, and the result is weakness. All blooded horses of the Arabians are very closely related by blood. Such is the prejudice of blood that inferior specimens of a favorite strain is preferred to a fine specimen of a lower strain. Another cause may be scarcity of food and lack of care—if, indeed, any such deterioration does exist.

A FARMER, on being asked to write a testimonial for a patent clothes-wringer, produced the following: "I bought your clothes-wringer and am hugely pleased with it. I bought a jag of wood, which proved too green and unfit to burn. I ran the whole load through your wringer, and have used the wood for kindling ever since."

Second Sight.

Many intelligent people in Scotland and elsewhere believe in what is called the second sight, or a power of seeing what is going on many miles away. The power is less common than it used to be years ago, but so many facts are told by persons whose veracity cannot be questioned, that it is easier to believe in them without explaining the mystery, than to deny them. Similar facts in our own midst are not wanting confirming the possibility of this second sight.

It is a historical fact that Rev. Jos. Buckminster, who died in Vermont in 1812, just before his death, announced that his distinguished son, Rev. J. B. Buckminster, of Boston, was dead. It afterward turned out that the son had breathed his last about the time his father made the announcement.

A parallel to that of the Buckminsters occurred but a short time since at Eaton, Ohio. On a Wednesday morning in April, 73, at four o'clock, Gen. John Quinn, of that place, breathed his last. But a few minutes after that Joseph Deem, who was dining on the same day, aroused from his sleep, and said to his son John, who sat at his side, "John, Gen. Quinn is dead."

"To this John said: 'I reckon you are mistaken, father; you have been dreaming. I guess Gen. Quinn is not dead, he is not even sick, but goes down town regularly every day for his mail.' 'I know he is dead,' and he had scarcely finished speaking when a neighbor walked in and said to him, 'Gen. Quinn is dead!'

What is strange about it, is that Father Deem did not know of Gen. Quinn's illness, and in all probability had not heard his name mentioned.

The late Francis Wayland was accustomed to tell of an incident of this kind, which occurred to his mother, a woman of sound judgement and of admirably balanced character. Young Francis was expected home from New York, where he had been attending medical lectures. Suddenly, one day, the mother began to walk the floor hurriedly, saying to her husband, "Pray for my son. Francis is in danger."

She was so agitated and urgent that the father put up a prayer for deliverance from peril. When Francis at length arrived home, the mother asked at once, "What has taken place?" He told of an adventure. While coming up the North River on a sloop he had fallen overboard, and the sloop had passed over him. Fortunately an athletic swimmer, he had kept afloat until rescued.

Heinrich Zschokke, one of the eminent literary men of Germany, possessed at times the curious power of seeing the whole life of a stranger into whose company he happened to be thrown. The incidents of the life seemed to pass before him in a kind of vision, with a distinctness even in minute details. He could not tell him what the power lay, nor how it came to him; nor was it permanent, or even general. It came mysteriously and left as strangely. But he often tested its accuracy by recounting to the stranger the whole story of the life as it appeared to him, and never failed to receive an acknowledgment of its truth, even in minute particulars. Once, when travelling with two of his sons, he met with another man, an orange peddler, who had a similar gift, and who, to the great delight of the boys, told the incidents of Zschokke's life from boyhood.

A distinguished scientist has advanced the theory in our hearing to which he himself holds, that there is an unknown mental power in the human system that is independent of our recognized faculties, and superior to them. Certain persons on going to sleep six or eight hours of the night to awake, and always awake at the fixed time. This indicates a knowledge of time possessed by this unexplained mental power which is beyond the reach of the ordinary faculties.

Many of the French soldiers, returning from the German frontier during the late war, were found sleeping during a wearisome march, but they kept in rank and obeyed orders. People have composed poems, reasoned with wonderful clearness on abstract subjects, and even played the piano with unusual brilliancy and expression, during sleep.

Dr. Brown-Sequard once related an incident of his own experience somewhat similar to those recorded of Zschokke. He was once lecturing to some French students, talking very rapidly, his whole mind wrapped up in the subject. He suddenly stopped short in his discourse, and stood before the audience, lost, as it were, in profound thought. While his mind had seemingly been concentrated on the subject of his lecture with unusual intensity, there had been forced into the solution of a problem of science that had baffled his efforts for a long period, and which was quite foreign to the subject of which he was treating. The students became alarmed, thinking from his strange silence, that he must have been taken ill, and he thought it prudent to make an explanation of the cause of his conduct on the spot.

Arsenic and Vanadium in Caustic Soda.

Since caustic soda is no longer exclusively made from crude soda and lime, it is also produced directly from red liquor, the product is often contaminated with undue proportions of chlorides, sulphates, carbonates, even nitrates, and sometimes cyanogen compounds. The author has now prepared a method for the detection of arsenic and vanadium in caustic soda. The latter impurity may be discharged, being rare and very minute; but the former is more serious. A sample of this caustic soda, dissolved in dilute sulphuric acid, and the solution tested directly in Marsh's apparatus, yielded a strong arsenic mirror. Assay by means of precipitation with hydro-sulphuric acid, etc., yielded 0.16 per cent of arsenic acid. The same sample contained also 0.014 per cent of vanadic acid. The latter may be recognized by passing through a solution of the caustic soda a current of hydro-sulphuric acid, when the liquid will finally assume an intense reddish violet. This is filtered and acidulated with dilute sulphuric acid, when a precipitate will be obtained, which, after being washed, will produce with borax a yellow bead in the outer blue pipe flame, and a green bead in the inner. On heating the precipitate in the air, a reddish-yellow mass is obtained, which is soluble in ammonia with a yellow color. The latter solution, slightly acidulated with hydrochloric acid, yields a bluish-black precipitate with infusion of nutgalls.

Scenes Behind the Bars.

At 5 o'clock the convicts in the Auburn New York State Prison quit their work and form in line in their shops. They are marched to the "bucket ground," and after slinging their buckets on their arms they shuffle in long lines in single file to their cells. As each one passes to his little iron-barred apartment he is handed his dish of mush and molasses. He finds a cup of crust coffee on a small bracket just outside his door. This he takes inside with him. After this the doors are closed by the convicts themselves, and the keeper of each gang walks along his gallery and locks his men in. After 9 o'clock every man is supposed to be wrapped in slumber. At any rate, he must be as quiet as though he were sound asleep. No noises or talking are permitted; anyone who breaks this rule is "chucked in." "Chucked in," means that the cell door will be chucked and the inmates locked in in the morning for punishment. The north "wing," which is the largest of the two wings, offers the best opportunity for night scenes. The guards are compelled to make their rounds every half hour. The corridors are kept brightly lighted to prevent attempts at escape. The guards wear shoes made of cloth, which render their footsteps noiseless. The convicts call these shoes "sneaks," as the guards wearing them are enabled to creep along the galleries silently, and often surprise convicts in transgression of the rules.

There are five long galleries in the north wing, and nearly a thousand convicts, when the prison is full, locked in the cells. A night may pass without a single sound being heard. The men may read until the time arrives for them to put out their lights and turn in, but it is seldom that the day breaks without the quiet having been disturbed. The stillness is oppressive and a shrill whistle from some convict-kept prisoner falls with a startling effect upon the ear. It is the delight of some of the men to make trouble, and in the middle of the night one of them may burst out with a loud cry, a sharp peal of laughter, or something of that nature. Detection is almost impossible, owing to the large number of cells and the nearness of the convicts to each other.

One convict, a boy of eighteen, tantalized the guards night after night for a long time by ever and anon piping a roundelay in a piercing whistle. It was difficult to locate the fellow, but finally he was caught in the act and for his pleasure he suffered an application of the paddle, which had a salutary effect. He never afterward engaged in such business. It requires but little to set a whole gallery in an uproar. Convicts are easily influenced, and any incentive at night will unloose their tongues. As by some hook or crook they obtain the daily papers, they keep well posted. They know of every political or other kind of demonstration, and are prepared for it. Any unusual disturbance in the vicinity of the prison is sure to create a hubbub inside the walls. One night a cannon was fired near the prison. This, with the exultant cries of the crowd who were discharging it, awoke all the prisoners in the north wing. Some of the convicts began to shout. Others took up the refrain; and in less than time it takes to utter the whole was in confusion. For an hour or more the men yelled like mad, and no effort of the guard could stop them. Finally the noise subsided and peace reigned once more. Although it was late at night, a large assemblage collected outside of the prison, attracted by the yelling. It was supposed that an insurrection had broken out.

There was one man who would insist every night for a time, about 12 o'clock, indulging in a demoniacal laughter that reverberated through the corridors. This was invariably taken up by the other convicts, and the great wing fairly rung with the laughter from ten hundred lips. The effect would almost drive one wild. When all join in the disturbance the convicts will not get off if they know the whole wing would not be chucked in, and one could not be left in without leaving all the others. One convict was "chucked" in a cell in which a hideous-looking negro died. This man would scream in the dead of the night, "For God's sake, don't kill me! Spare me, spare me!" He imagined that the dead negro was clanking at his throat and smothering him to death. The man's appeals were pitiful, and he would be found cowed in the corner of his cell, trembling with fear. The officers of the prison were compelled to remove him to another cell. And he remained in his old cell he would have gone mad. This man's fearful cry would instantly arouse the other convicts and send them all into a shriek of alarm. The men acted as if they were all afraid.

Ghosts are frequently seen by a superstitious convict who imagines he sees one and is certain to shout the information to the remainder of the prisoners. "Ghosts, ghosts!" will sound through the long corridors of which he is afraid. If he dislikes a guard, may apply epithets to him with perfect impunity. Every man will join in the attack. The poor guard has no recourse. He cannot flout out who assailed him. One Fourth of July night, when the guns were booming, the convicts concluded to indulge in a jollification among themselves. An enthusiastic convict started the song "Marching through Georgia." Every tongue took it up, and the refrain rolled out through the grated windows of the street and drew an immense concourse. Not infrequently the infection spreads to the south wing, which is much smaller, directly across the court. With the two wings yelling at the top of their lungs, it would make the hair of those unconcerned to the sound stand on the end. It is easy to calculate the noise that could be created by from thirteen hundred to fifteen hundred men. At 6 o'clock in the morning the men are required to arise, and at 6.15 they must be ready to march to the bucket ground to dump their buckets and perform their ablutions previous to going to the mess room for breakfast. After their morning meal they proceed to the shops for the labors of the day.

Pearl fishery in England is as old as Casar's time. Nearly 3,000,000 acres of land in Ireland consists of bogs. Do bank directors direct. Baron Rothschild left \$400,000,000. Nearly 8,000,000 acres of land in Ireland consists of bogs. The largest animals are fast disappearing.

Always complain of being tired, and remember that nobody else gets tired. Your wife should always have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her. When your wife asks for money, give her a nickel, ask her what she intends to do with it, and when she tells you, ask her if she can't do without it. Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are a necessity. Go down town of an evening, stand around on the street corner and talk politics; it's more interesting than to stay at home with your family. Charge your wife not to gossip but you can spin all the yarns you wish. Have your wife get up and make fires, but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might take cold. Wear old clothes and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone. Have a smile for everybody you meet, but get a frown on before you go home.

American Traditions.

An English paper observes that the difference in the importance which is attached to the War of Independence in the mind of the American and in that of the Englishman is of course immense, and naturally so. To the former the spot upon which each skirmish was fought is sacred ground, while the death of exciting incident in their short national and colonial history drives the author and the poet with never-ceasing freshness to those with us almost forgotten fields for his story and his lay. The names and deeds of each general have been imprinted on the mind of the American from his youth up. To claim descent from those legislators and warriors who were called from comparative obscurity to be the founders of what must soon be the greatest nation upon earth to the present generation is a source of the most pardonable pride. Names and traditions that we in England have never heard—nay, the names of even British soldiers that bled for us on the long list of fruitless victories and disastrous defeats, and that we have long forgotten—still live in the fringed lore of every good American's household. When the whole facts of the case are borne in mind, and when it is recollected what a sorry figure we out as a nation throughout the whole business, there is nothing very remarkable, perhaps, in the oblivion to which British literature has consigned those ill-starred campaigns. But in these days, when every well-informed and sensible Englishman not only feels no bitterness connected with that struggle, but sympathizes unreservedly with the motives that led the Colonies to fight; and which the magnitude of the great nation to which that war gave birth is considered and the growing significance that in consequence must attach to the date of its entry into the family of nations, it is a little singular how insignificant a place the events of which we speak and the participants in them occupy in the minds of even cultivated Englishmen. The almost unique perfection of Washington's career and character, it is true, lifted him out of the obscurity that veils the names and deeds of his contemporaries. How many are there of us for instance, to whom the name of Patrick Henry would have any significance? And yet this was the man, self taught, sprung from the lower classes, once considered too ignorant and uncouth for a colonial country lawyer, who, by a natural eloquence so extraordinary of its kind and so remarkable for its effect that an exact parallel for it would be hard to find in history, completely crushed out the clinging to the mother country that was so strong through the Southern colonies, then the most important portion of the continent. It was the sword of Washington that actually severed the bonds of union, it may also be said that it was the voice of Henry that caused it to unshackle. For if the South had not risen, Washington would most certainly have remained at home, for a strong sense of duty only drove him to the field, and he owned no kind of allegiance to anything but his own colony, Virginia.

The new steam catamaran which John Evertson, of Troy, N. Y., is intending to put on the route between Westery and Watertown as a passenger boat, lately arrived at Providence, so says *The Journal* of that city. She is of very light draught, of only forty-five tons burden, with hull sixty feet long and beam six feet, and a carrying capacity of about 400 persons. The following are some of the novelties of her construction: First, the propeller, which is hung amidships and between the hulls of the vessel, the power being applied by a double engine; second, the manner of working the engine, which the pilot does from the pilot-house, where a starting lever and reversing lever are located, dispensing with customary signals by bells, though the services of an engineer are required for all other purposes. There are two decks, main and promenade. On the former, which is elliptical in form, are the cabin engine and boiler-room, and the steward's pantry, with a broad path all around, and rail of usual height. A companionway leads to the upper deck, which is broad and open, with only the pilot-house and captain's room to break the space. How fast the boat is, is yet to be shown. The owners claim that this is the first boat of its class to which steam has been successfully applied, four having been previously built, none of which operated satisfactorily.

To Husbands.

Always complain of being tired, and remember that nobody else gets tired. Your wife should always have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her. When your wife asks for money, give her a nickel, ask her what she intends to do with it, and when she tells you, ask her if she can't do without it. Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are a necessity. Go down town of an evening, stand around on the street corner and talk politics; it's more interesting than to stay at home with your family. Charge your wife not to gossip but you can spin all the yarns you wish. Have your wife get up and make fires, but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might take cold. Wear old clothes and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone. Have a smile for everybody you meet, but get a frown on before you go home.

PRINTING

SMALL CARDS

WAMMOTH POSTERS

Cheap, Promptly, AT THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE

Plant oats. Corn will certainly sell for one dollar and a half per bushel on a credit this year.

The wife of Abe DeArman, son of John A. DeArman, died in Galveston of typhoid fever, last week and was brought to Jacksonville for interment.

We are requested to state there will be divine service in the Baptist Church to-morrow—Sunday at the usual hour.

We are gratified to learn that our reporter last week was mistaken when he stated that our worthy young friend Walter R. Jones had gone to make Oxford his future home.

The Grand Jury has been in session this week and will be for perhaps the greater part of next week. It would be a good time for that honorable body to look over our Road laws, as codified, and see how road officers have complied with them.

Messrs Stevenson & Grant have paid out this week to borrowers the sum of five thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. This sum will be of great benefit, these hard times, to the parties who borrow, if they will make the right use of it and carefully provide for payment, to meet the debt at maturity.

We are receiving in exchange the Mobile Daily Chronicle, a new newspaper venture in the Gulf City. It is Democratic in politics, excellently well executed in the letter press, and bears unmistakable evidence of able editorial management.

An agreeable dressing for the hair that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its purity, fully supplies its want.

Saturday night the Town Council passed an ordinance declaring as a nuisance and prohibiting its storage within 400 yards of any dwelling or business house.

Where a speedy and positive cure for cough, bronchitis, croup, whooping cough, and all other pulmonary troubles, is SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Messrs Montgomery & Co., of this place presented us this week with some refined cotton seed oil.

The Protective Policy. Journals that have been howling about protection for American industries, will do well to read the following facts, which have been compiled by the Vincennes (Ind) News.

From statistics within our reach we find that the people of the United States use about \$26,000,000 worth of blankets annually.

On this amount of taxes the government in 1879 got \$1,233, that being the amount of duty collected on imported blankets.

CROSS PLAINS, Jan. 24, 1882. THE REPUBLICAN.—As your live and preliminary welfare of our entire country, I trust this brief report from section will not be regarded as a trespass on your space.

There is a town Marshal now who has to have but little regard for "race," and who has no more of that boisterous character which has hitherto been a distinguishing characteristic of our village.

elimination, prove to be what mathematicians call negative quantities. Now as to the means of emancipation from our ruinous system of credit business offered by your Loan Association, you know it is impracticable for some.

Respectfully, ALIQUIS.

CASH VS. CREDIT. For the Republican.

OXFORD, ALA., Jan. 23, 1882. MR. EDITOR.—There is a general complaint among the business men of Oxford and surrounding country, of excessive loss the past year, resulting from their extensive credit system.

It is a terrible fact to be made public, but nevertheless true, that there are many families in Calhoun, Clay, Cleburne and Randolph counties, who, if they cannot get well paid for their year on a credit, will have to beg, steal or starve.

Yes, kind reader, little as you may think of it, without the credit system another new year rolls around, and there is many a little child, not many miles from your door, who will feel the terrible pangs of hunger and weep themselves to sleep, lisping a prayer to God above to give them bread.

But the credit system must go. The time must soon come when it will be numbered with the things that were. It will be for rich and poor, when the system is forever abolished.

Merchants, if you cannot supply a man the whole year, tell him so now. Don't supply him until June or July and then tell him you are able to carry him any longer.

Farmer, this will be the year to prove your metal. The credit system is bound to fail, and you had just as well prepare for the failure.

The great cry about dry weather being the sole cause of no crop is all bosh. There is more to the work than that in the weather.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say anything about gun, as most of the Southern people consider it essential to their salvation; but I will say this—hang the man who makes it, shoot the man that sells it and hang the man that buys it.

Backwoodsman.

if compelled to pay, on account of the double price of steel rails used by the rail roads every working man who spends \$100 a year for clothing pays at least \$40 of it as tax to the manufacturer.

OXFORD FLASHES.

The grading of the "Georgia Pacific" is completed from Davisville to Anniston, with the exception of two or three small cuts.

The kitchen and dining room of Mr. J. W. Clardy was destroyed by fire on Monday night last. Had it not been for the prompt response of our citizens generally, his entire dwelling, and perhaps others near it, would undoubtedly have been consumed.

Our people are somewhat alarmed on the subject of small pox; and well they may be, remembering what it did for six or seven years ago.

We were much pained to hear of the death, on Sunday last, of Mr. Spradley, an old and highly respected citizen living a few miles West of us.

From present indications the guaranty trade will be comparatively light the coming season.

Horace Stevenson, Esq., spent much of last week in our town upon legal business. He has hosts of friends here, and he has everywhere he goes.

The Oxford Record is taking a Rip Van Winkle nap. Perhaps it will be as venerable, if not so famous as that noted personage by the time it awakes.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

Be it ordained by the Intendant and Council of the town of Jacksonville, Alabama, that any person or company who shall store, or keep on deposit, gunpowder within four hundred yards of any dwelling house, or house of business, and within the corporate limits of said town, shall be fined not less than five dollars, and not more than fifty dollars for each and every such offense.

WANTED, at this office, an apprentice. He must be near 16 years of age, in good health, of good moral character, and able to read and write well.

Dyspepsia & Liver Complaint. Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you drink so call at our store and get a bottle of Shilo's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing.

A male teacher wanted to take charge of a good paying school at Middleburg, eight miles South-west of Alexandria, Georgia. Reference required. Apply to Rev. L. S. Lewis, Martin's Cross Roads, Ala. Jan14-3t

MULES! MULES! Mr. W. A. Robinson, of Tennessee, who has visited this place four seasons with mules and horses, will have a drove at the Livestock Stable of Martin & Wilkerson from the 26th inst. to February 1st.

MANY COMBINATIONS. Have been tried, but none with such happy results as Rankin's Extract of Buchu and Juniper. If you are suffering from any derangement of the Kidney or Bladder, Gravel, Pain or weakness in the Back or Hip, get a bottle—one or two will give you relief.

Postponed Administrator's Sale of John McElrath's Land. By virtue of an order of the Hon. Probate Court of the County of Calhoun State of Alabama, the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of John McElrath deceased, will sell before the court house door in the City of Jacksonville, South Carolina, on Monday 30th day of January 1882, between the hours of 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. to the highest bidder, the land of John McElrath, deceased.

TERMS, one third cash balance in one or two years, with notes and two securities bearing interest from date. H. L. STEVENSON, Administrator.

Tax Assessor's Notice. First Round. I will attend the places mentioned, at time stated, for the purpose of assessing the State and county tax for the year 1882.

Precinct No. 11, White Plains, Monday, February 13, 1882. No. 12, Davisville, Tuesday, February 14, 1882. No. 17, DeArmanville, Wednesday, February 15, 1882. No. 13, Oxford, Thursday, February 16, 1882. No. 15, Anniston, Friday, February 17, 1882. No. 4, Ganaway's Schoolhouse, Saturday, February 18, 1882. No. 14, Sulphur Springs, Monday, February 20, 1882. No. 5, Polkville, Tuesday, February 21, 1882. No. 6, Peck's Hill, Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1882. No. 7, Hollingsworth's, Thursday, Feb. 23, 1882. No. 8, Green's Schoolhouse, Friday, Feb. 24, 1882. No. 1, Jacksonville, Saturday, Feb. 25, 1882. No. 9, Cross Plains, Monday, Feb. 27, 1882. No. 16, Ladiga, Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1882. No. 10, Rabbit Town, Wednesday, March 1, 1882. No. 3, June Bug, Thursday, March 2, 1882. No. 3, Weaver's Station, Friday, March 3, 1882. No. 2, Alexandria, Saturday, March 4, 1882.

All persons will please bring with them a list of their property with valuation annexed. A. B. LEDBETTER, Tax Ass'r Calhoun Co. Jan14-td

East Tennessee, Virginia AND— GEORGIA RAILROADS. Forms the quickest and most comfortable route to

Eastern Cities, ONLY ROUTE TO THE— Watering Places

East Tennessee and Virginia The principal inducements are SPLNDID SCENERY, QUICK TIME, THROUGH CARS.

The only line passing through the mountainous 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, RAY KNIGHT, A. G. P. A., Selma.

Trains pass Jacksonville daily as follows: going south. Mail, No. 22, Through Freight, No. 23, 1.47 p. m. Sundays excepted, 10.15 p. m. Local No. 26, 9.10 a. m. (No 26 passes Sundays and stops at Panama, and does not pass Mondays.) Dalton No. 28, 11.20 a. m. going north.

Mail No. 21, Through Freight No. 25, 1.18 p. m. Sundays excepted, passes Sundays and not Mondays. Local Freight No. 27, 4.00 a. m. Talladega Freight No. 27, 5.20 p. m. Mail train North connects at Selma with Western R. and at Bristol with Norfolk and an eastern for all Eastern cities.

Accommodation train from Selma leaves daily (Sundays excepted) at 4.50 p. m. connecting with L & N at Calera for all Western cities—arrives at Selma 7.30 a. m. Mail R. R. and at Meridian with O. R. R. & O. & M. R. R. for Mobile, New Orleans and Jacksonville. JNO. W. BRIDGES, Supt. RAY KNIGHT, G. P. A.

Gen. Ticket and Passenger Ag't Jan 23, 1881. Louisville & Great Southern RAILROAD LINE The Quickest and Shortest ROUTE TO ALL POINTS NORTH & EAST, Only One Change of Cars TO CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, PITTSBURGH, Philadelphia, N. York, Boston AND THE BEST ROUTE TO BALTIMORE & WASHINGTON

PULLMAN PALACE CARS Run through from Birmingham to MOBILE NEW ORLEANS LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI. Trains run as follows: Lv Birmingham 12.01 a. m. to Ar Louisville 11.35 a. m. to 3.25 p. m. Lv Birmingham 3.15 a. m. to Ar Mobile 3.50 p. m. to Ar New Orleans 9.45 p. m. to 10.12 a. m.

Agents at all stations can give you full and reliable information as to time and connections to all points, and will procure you rates and through tickets on application. For further information address: C. P. ATMORE, G. P. A. Jan29-1881 Louisville, Ky.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. Ginger, Buchu, and other medicinal plants, and the best medicine known for all ailments of the system. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal state. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal state.

Parker's Hair Balsam. The Best, Cheapest, and Most Effective. It restores the hair to its natural color and growth, and prevents it from falling out. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to its normal state.

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, Ala.

No charge for examination of titles where there is either sale or purchase. JNO. M. CALDWELL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, Jacksonville, Ala.

JACKSONVILLE HOTEL. WEST SIDE PUBLIC SQUARE, Jacksonville, Alabama. Do not be deceived, but come to the "Only Hotel" where you will find the best of cooks and servants, the most comfortable and convenient accommodations, and our country and money can afford rooms newly fitted up and renovated. We will guarantee satisfaction. Our house will be first class in every respect. Sample room free. Give us a trial. ROBT. ADAMS, Proprietor.

CHRISTMAS GOODS, Of every variety, at CROW BROS. A splendid lot of Fancy Candies, NUTS, RAISINS, ORANGES, LEMONS, COCA NUTS, PINEAPPLES, &c. GROCERIES NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES, (New crop), SUGARS, SYRUPS, RICE, And almost everything else in the way of family supplies, and don't you forget it, but give us a call. dec10-1f

THE STATE OF ALABAMA. In the Probate Court of said county, Special Term, Jan. 11th, 1881. This day came Wm. C. Scarborough and filed in court his petition in writing, signed and verified as follows: That he, the said petitioner, is the legal and rightful heir and next of kin of the late William Williams, deceased, asking that the same be Probated and admitted to record in this Court.

It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 16th day of February, 1882, be and is hereby appointed a day for hearing said petition and for the Probating said Will, and that notice be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to the next of kin of said deceased, who are non-residents, and to all other persons interested to be and appear before me at my office in the court house of said county, on said 16th day of Feb. 1882, and contest said petition if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

How Lost, How Restored. Just published, a new edition of Dr. Cutler's Celebrated Essay on the Mental Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Emissions, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land. Sent, under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. We have also a sure cure for Tape Worm Address THE CULVERWORM MEDICAL CO. 41 Ann St. New York N. Y. or 80-1f

MANHOOD. How Lost, How Restored. Just published, a new edition of Dr. Cutler's Celebrated Essay on the Mental Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Emissions, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c. The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately, and radically.

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PAY UP!!

FIRE INSURANCE. I. L. SWAN AG'T. JACKSONVILLE, ALA. Four Good Home Companies to wit, Georgia Home, Home Protection, Central City, Columbus Ins. and Banking Co., Miss. May 1st, 1880.

Walden & Woodward, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Ala. Will practice in all the courts of the Circuit, and the Supreme Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

W. C. LAND, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Jacksonville, Ala. Also, agent for Meiden C-T Table cutlery and silver and plated ware. Also agent for Elgin Watch Co., and other American make May, 1st 1880

S. F. HOBBS, DEALER IN Watches, Diamonds, FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS, Silver and Silver Plated Goods of every style and grade. Also— Pianos and Organs

From the best makers, sold at lowest rates and on easy terms. If you desire to purchase an Organ or Piano for cash or on time, address us and prices and terms will be furnished. Instruments will be sent on trial, to be returned, if not satisfactory. Watch Repairing and Engraving Specialties. FRANK W. BOWDEN, ROBT. L. ARNOLD, BOWDEN & ARNOLD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Solicitors in Chancery, JACKSONVILLE, ALA. Will practice in all the Courts of the Circuit, U. S. Dist. Court and Supreme Court of the State. April 24, 1880

NOTICE NO. 1272. LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. December 17th 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 that said proof will be made before A. Woods, Judge of Probate at Jacksonville, Ala. on February 20th 1882 viz: Thomas M. Hardy. Homestead Application No. 10972 for the N W 1/4 of S E 1 and S W 1/4 of N E 1 Section 6, Township 13 S Range 9 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: Samuel Boezer, Samuel G. Holder, William R. Holder, and Henry L. Gouch, all of Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala. T. OMAS J. SCOTT, Register.

SHERIFFS SALE. Under and by virtue of an execution in my hands issued from Circuit Court of Etowah county upon a judgment of aid court in favor of Joseph G. Blount and against Charles N. Jelks. I will sell at the Court house door in Calhoun County State of Alabama for cash, on the 1st Monday in February 1882 being the 6th day of said month, the following described land to wit: The S W 1/4 of E 1/2 of the S W 1/4 of Sec 28, T13, R 7 in Calhoun County containing two hundred and eighty acres of land levied on as the property of C. N. Jelks, to satisfy said lien in my hands. Jan. 4th, 1882. J. B. FARMER, Sheriff.

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NEW DRUG STORE. H. F. MONTGOMERY & Co., West Side Public Square, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Dealers in all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Window Glass, Stationery, Blank Books, Toilet articles, Lamps, Candles, and Field Sets. Also a choice selection of Fancy Groceries Tobacco, Cigars, &c. All goods guaranteed to be fine and fresh. Special prices made to Merchants and Physicians.

Prescriptions carefully compounded by our S. S. Linder, M. D. ap16-81-17.

JOHN T. MOYE, Watchmaker and Jeweller, DEALER IN— Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Musical Instruments, Spectacles, Silver Plated Ware, Etc., MAIN STREET, OXFORD, ALA.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches and Jewelry. Sewing Machines repaired and warranted to work as good as new— Needles for all kinds of Sewing Machines on hand. ap 2-1y

The People Appreciate Merit EAGLE AND PHENIX PERFECT BALL SEWING THREAD, COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

PREPARED BY A PROCESS USED IN NO OTHER MILL. IT HAS NO EQUAL. 16 Balls to Pound, 1 lb. Packages. 20 Balls to Pound, 2 lb. Paper Boxes. Packed in Cases of 20, 30, 50, 100 or 500 Pounds each.

Uniform Price. Invariable Discounts. Sold by all Jobbers. ASK FOR "EAGLE & PHENIX." USE NO OTHER.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, July 5, 1882. This day came W. C. Savage, Administrator of the estate of Robert Jones deceased, and filed in court his petition in writing, and under oath, asking for an order to sell the following lands belonging to said estate, for the purpose of paying the debts of said estate, to wit: Lot No. 19, in fractional section 31, Township 12, of Range 11 east, and the N W 1/4 of Section 6, Township 13, Range 11 east, in Calhoun county, Alabama.

It is therefore ordered by the Court that the 8th day of February, 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to hear and determine said petition, and to consider the proof in support of the same, and that notice thereof be given by publication for three successive weeks 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 of said county, on said 8th day of February, 1882, and contest said application if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, Special Term, January 4th, 1882. This day came S. H. Bean, Administrator of David E. Hawkins, deceased, and filed in court his account and vouchers for a final settlement of said estate. It is therefore ordered by the court that the 8th day of Feb. 1882, be and is hereby appointed the day upon which to audit said account, and to make and settle said account, and that notice thereof be given for three successive weeks by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper printed and published in said county, as a notice to all persons interested, to be and appear at my office in the court house of said county, on said 8th day of February, 1882, and contest said application if they think proper. A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

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AGRICULTURE.

PRESERVING VEGETABLES IN WINTER.—To keep beets, carrots and turnips from wilting it is a good plan to put them in barrels with heads or to pile them in the cellar about four feet deep, and cover the pile with a little straw or coarse litter, to prevent evaporation. If the cellar is kept cool they will not sprout and grow out. This is not always easy to do, as mild weather approaches in spring, at which season a good pit keeps the roots in better order than any cellar can do. To keep squashes well very different conditions are essential. The squash is a tropical plant, and will not well endure cold weather, even an approach to the freezing point below 40 deg. injures them for keeping, and if the temperature can be kept uniformly above 50 deg. from the time they are harvested it will be all the better. Free circulation of air is essential also, especially when they are first gathered, and for several weeks afterward. A cellar with a furnace in it, where the temperature is not above 50 deg, will keep them well. But a cellar without a fire is too damp and cold, and they will not keep long in it. One of the best places to be found in most houses for keeping squashes is a closet against the kitchen chimney. They need looking over every two weeks to pick out the speckled ones; they keep pretty well till spring if carefully watched. The hard-shelled squashes like the Hubbard and the Shelled Squash, keep much better than the turnip and marrow varieties, which are mostly used in autumn for pies, etc. Tomatoes picked quite green, just before frost comes, are the best, and spread out upon the benches of a green house, or under the grass of a hot bed, will ripen after several days exposure to the warmth of the sun, and prove very acceptable after the frost has destroyed the vines. String beans may be easily dried by spreading them on a roof or other convenient place, and furnish an excellent winter food. They should be soaked and cooked as if freshly picked. This method is not so generally known and practiced as it should be. String beans are a delicate dish in midwinter, and well worth the slight trouble of saving them. Lima beans, shelled and dried, make most excellent stewed beans in the winter season, so much better than ordinary pea beans that one would be quite surprised at the difference who had never before tried it.

DR. MANLY MILES contributes the following on rotation of crops to the American Agriculturist. In a well planned system of farming, the rotation of crops should be carefully considered, as one of the essential elements of success in its highest and best sense. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that the alternation of crops, in systematic order, is a modern invention that was gradually developed as a direct result of the applications of science to the art of agriculture. The early writers on agriculture, even from the times of the Greeks and Romans, have, however, quite uniformly urged the advantages of a succession of crops from the teaching of experience. They were satisfied that a variety of crops grown in succession, all other conditions being equal, would give a greater aggregate yield than could otherwise be obtained. The reasons for the success of the system could not, it is true, be given, but practical men were fully engaged in trying its importance, and many systems of rotation, more or less perfect, were planned since which became the prevailing rule of farm practice in particular localities. That these practical rules of alternating crops of different habits and modes of growth are based on correct, but not fully explained, principles, has been shown by direct experiment.

SEEDING TO GRASS.—Before sowing grass seed the farmer should be certain of having a good seed-bed. More mistakes are made concerning the preparation of land for grass than for any other crop. It is no uncommon thing to see a farmer simply running over a plot, where potatoes were grown the previous year, with a cultivator, then following with a harrow. We have seen extreme cases where even the harrow was omitted, the seed sown immediately after the cultivator, then simply sowing in the seed, leaving it to make its way as best it could. Others will use a one-horse plow to turn under the corn stubs, getting in the seed with a little harrow possible. In our experience the best practice is to plow a good deep furrow, followed by a thorough harrowing; and after sowing to bush the seed in and use the roller faithfully.

Of all poultry breeding the rearing of the goose in favorable situations is said to be the least troublesome and most profitable. It is not surprising, therefore, that the trade has of late years been enormously developed. Geese are bred to a certain extent and thrive on the coarsest grasses. When timely and red top are sown it best to use a bushel of red top, a peck of eleven pounds of timothy, also adding six pounds of red clover, which amounts to very liberal rearing and should yield a fair crop of hay about the first of September.

The editor of the Gettysburg Compiler suggests to the farmers of Adams county that instead of applying phosphate to corn in the Spring, they make a trial of sowing broadcast and plowing it down in the fall. The editor tried the experiment with satisfactory results a few years ago.

The day of brute force in the machine shop has gone by. The entire operations are more of the brain than of the muscle, and since some one must furnish the brain work, it is a pertinent question for the individual machinist whether he shall educate himself to supply the larger part of it, and get paid for it, or whether on the other hand he shall put himself under the level of the machine he operates, and allow some one else to get paid for thinking. This is a matter the mechanic has to settle for himself.

The light-house board want to introduce the electric light into several of the more prominent light houses, and in their annual report they ask for \$50,000 for this purpose. The proposed lamps have been tested to thorough satisfaction, and prove much more effective than the lights now in use. The board now control about 700 light-houses along the coast, besides 809 or more lights on interior rivers, and their estimate for new work and for the maintenance of the service the coming year is about \$3,000,000.

Messrs. Galloway and Abel have found coal dust to be an important factor in explosions of the cases in mines. A mixture of coal dust and air is not explosive, but a quantity of fire damp too small to produce any effect when mixed with air alone causes the mixture to become violently explosive. Prof. Abel's experiments show that any kind of dust mixed with air containing a small quantity of fire damp converts the mixture into an explosive compound.

The labors of the Sermological Society of Japan have established the fact that there is a chronic center of disturbance within a radius of a few miles from Yokohama.

DOMESTIC.

HOT AIR BATHS.—Now that the hot-air bath has been fairly naturalized, it is necessary to examine the institution critically. One of the most obvious sanitary conditions of the bath, but, unfortunately, that which is the most difficult to secure, is the purity of the atmosphere in which the breathing organs of persons in a peculiarly susceptible or physiological state are immersed. The breather of impure gases, under ordinary circumstances, takes his poison largely diluted. If the air of a Turkish bath is laden with germs of disease thrown off by the lungs of a fever or a consumptive patient, there are no currents to carry the particles away. It is a physical certainty that others breathing in the bath must inhale them. This is an evident source of peril, and suggests the wisdom of taking measures to insure the frequent changing of an atmosphere which may be thus easily polluted. Care is also required to compel those who conduct these baths in the way of trade to provide attendants who not only can but will do what is necessary for the bathers. For example, when cold water is ordered for a patient, he or she should not be deprived of the full benefit such an application may be likely to afford because the attendants are too indolent to procure the requisite appliances, as recently happened at a well-known bath.

HINTS TO POULTRY EATERS.—The reason why poultry killed at home, though young, is not as tender as that bought in the market, is that the former is not generally killed until wanted, and when eaten is still rigid with death, while that bought at the poultryer's has been killed at least hours—more often days. Poultry ought to be killed several days before eaten, dressed at once, and with a few pieces of charcoal in it, hung in a cool place. If poultry are kept from food and drink at least twelve hours before killing, the flesh will be juicy and the fat firm. If left three days without food or drink, though in good condition previously, the flesh will be dry and tasteless, and the fat soft. Never buy an undrawn fowl. The gas from the crop and intestines will taint the flesh, even though retained but a short time.

PLUM CAKE.—This is a good school cake, and, if covered with sugar icing, is rich enough for children's birthday parties. Make two pounds of flour into dough, with two ounces of German yeast and three gills of tepid water. Let it rise for an hour, then work in a pound of dissolved butter, six eggs, well beaten, the yolk of a lemon, half a small grated nutmeg, a pound of stoned raisins, a pound of currants and half a pound of candied peel, stirred finely. When all the ingredients are mixed beat the cake up well, and let it rise in a hot place for an hour. Then put it into a greased tin and bake in a good oven for two hours. If made in more than one cake it will not take so long to bake.

LOBSTER CUTLETS.—Take a tinnet lobster, mince finely and mix with a little fresh butter, salt, pepper and cayenne according to taste, a blade or two of mace, and a dessert spoonful of anchovy sauce. Just before using mix in a small quantity of cold boiled potato mashed. Divide the mixture into small crescent-shaped cutlets, brush them over with egg, dip them into bread crumbs and fry them a light brown color. If eaten cold they should be garnished with parsley or arranged around a dish, the centres spaces being filled with water cresses or small salad; or, if served hot, with melted butter and anchovy sauce.

SPICED GINGERBREAD.—Excellent.—One cup of butter, one cup of brown sugar free from lumps, one cup of molasses, four eggs, soda, four cups of sifted flour, a little salt, a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon, a teaspoonful of ginger and a tablespoonful of grated lemon peel. Mix the salt and soda with the flour. Beat the yolks of the eggs, then the whites, and beat both together, mix the molasses, sugar and spice together, and cream the butter and sugar. Now drop the butter and sugar into the flour, add the milk and molasses, and stir quickly until in a smooth mass. Bake in shallow tins in a well-heated oven.

PUDDING.—An excellent apple pudding can be made from the remains of a rice pudding. Arrange well sweetened and flavored apple sauce in alternate layers with cold rice pudding; add a little butter and sugar, stir sugar over the top and put in the oven to heat through and brown on top. Any sort of flavoring may be used for this pudding.

CHARLOTTE.—The ordinary apple charlotte is not nearly so nice as this, which is simply more elaborate. Line a pie dish with buttered slices of bread; fill it up with layers of apples cut very small, placing between each layer a little apricot jam, some grated lemon rind, and plenty of brown sugar. Cover the dish up with slices of bread buttered, and bake it till the bread is well browned.

PICKLED MUTTON HAMs.—Three gallons of soft water; one pound of coarse sugar, two ounces of saltpetre, three pounds of common salt. Boil and remove the scum, and when cold pour over the meat. In two or three weeks the ham will be excellent for larding or boiling. It may be smoked if preferred.

HOW TO MAKE TEA GO FARTHER.—A method has been discovered for making more tea from the usual quantity of tea from any given quantity of the leaf. The whole secret consists in steaming the leaf before steeping. By this process it is said 14 pints of good quality may be brewed from one ounce of tea.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One pint of sour milk, one egg, one small tablespoonful of soda, one half cup of molasses, one quart of Graham flour; mix well together, bake one hour.

Experiments on cotton-seed oil, which may be found useful in the application of their results for the detection of spurious olive-oil, have been conducted by Prof. Wideman. Cotton-seed oil has at 20° the specific gravity of 0.9,406, but at 30° of only 0.9,206. Treated with vitriol the oil assumes a violet tint, which is deepened by stirring; and after the lapse of 24 hours the mixture thickens and becomes deep potassium bichromate are applied to the oil a violent reaction ensues with an evolution of sulphuric acid; the oil then taking a blood-red color. Caustic alkalis at a specific gravity of 1-24 thicken the oil and makes it strawyellow, while the alkaline solution separates and takes a deeper color and when the mixture is stirred with a glass rod the upper layers appear blue, passing gradually into a violet color.

For a Christmas present buy one of the Mass. Organ Co.'s Harpets, and your children will be delighted and give you music in your own home these long winter evenings.

The man who was injured by a burst of applause is recovering.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A WOMAN found her husband lying in a state of intoxication in an alley. Instead of being exasperated, she gently turned him over to a comfortable position, and running her hand into his vest pocket she extracted a \$20 bill and remarked: "I reckon I've got the dead wood on that new bonnet I've been sufferin' for." She made a straight streak for the military shop. Strong men wiped the moisture from their eyes at the heroic devotion to a husband who had, by strong drink, brought himself so low as to neglect to provide his wife with the common necessities of life.

[Wasson Central Wisconsin.] Being asked concerning the Oil, Mr. Aug. Kickbusch informed the questioner that St. Jacob's Oil had proved an excellent and most useful remedy in every family that had used it. A large majority of cases pronounced incurable have been entirely cured.

The other night, when a citizen was reckoning up his accounts, his wife spoke to him several times, and receiving no answer, said: "You treat me cruelly. I fear you no longer love me," and the husband and father replied: "I love you passionately, devoutly, frantically, madly; but if you don't hold your jaw till I get these figures added I'll give you a clip in the eye."

"Pray, sir," said a person who had previously been the most backward of a crowd, to another who had just joined it, "pray, sir, have the kindness not to press upon me, it is unnecessary since there is no one behind to press upon you!" "But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, sir, what's the good of being in a crowd if one mayn't shove?"

MONSIEUR PROUDHOMME lauds the advantage of gymnastics. "There is nothing like it for health," he says: "it increases a man's strength, prolongs his days."

"But," interrupts a pupil, "our ancestors did not practice gymnastics, and yet—" "They did not," retorted M. Proudhomme, "and what is the consequence? They are dead, every man of them!"

[Mt. Clemens, Mich.] True Record.] W. T. Lee, Esq., of this paper says: Being convinced of the efficacy of St. Jacob's Oil in curing rheumatism, I have no hesitancy in recommending it.

LORD X., whose popularity was not excessive in a certain Scottish town, having refused an important league, she renewed her applications with: "Now, my lord, if you'd just give me one little sixpence, I could treat every friend ye have in the town!"

A TUTOR of a college, lecturing to a young man on the irregularity of his conduct, added with great pathos: "The report of your views will bring your father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." "I beg your pardon, sir," replied the pupil, "my father wears a wig."

Eminent Physicians. are prescribing that tried and true remedy, Kidney-Wort for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. There is scarcely a person to be found that will not be greatly benefited by a thorough course of Kidney Wort every spring. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why; try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

"The last time I saw Miss X.," said a nobleman, speaking of a well-known actress to a witty dramatist, "was at a morning performance, and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing!" said the witty playwright, "there was a time when she filled the theatre."

A CITIZEN of New Mexico, being informed that a panther had attacked his wife, and that she beat off and killed the animal, merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "If that panther had known her as well as I do he'd never riled her up, you bet."

A Tonic and nerve for debilitated women nothing surpasses Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." By druggists.

A LITTLE girl was eating green corn by gnawing it from the cob, when her teeth became entangled with the corn silk. "Oh, dear," said she impatiently, "I wish when they get the corn made they would put out the basting threads."

The idea of the biggest head knowing the most is all nonsense. The mastodon had the biggest head of his time, yet he didn't know enough to go into the ark out of the rain, and be saved. The wasquito, with scarcely any head at all, was wiser.

The only physician we employ is "Sellers' Liver Pills" and we always enjoy good health. Try them.

The editor of a scientific journal asks: "How did we come to possess our present dress?" How should his contemporaries know? Perhaps he procured it in exchange for advertising for the tailor. Or he may have won it at a raffle. Or probably, what seems more plausible, he told the tailor to "charge it."

Thousands of women have been cured of the most stubborn cases of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Sent to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

"You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," said a legislator to a fellow member. "Oh, yes, I have. I jawed through the whole of your speech," was the complimentary reply.

A HOTEL on the European plan has Asiatic laundrymen, African waiters, and a North American clerk with a South American diatoma in his shirt front.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879. GENTLEMEN.—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf. THOS. G. KNOX.

A revision of the birth dates in the family records of the Bible would make the book more popular with maidens of uncertain age.

D'BULE'S COUGH SYRUP

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



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure for all the Female Complaints and Weaknesses common to our best population. It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all chronic troubles, inflammation and the various Disorders, Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will disperse and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It removes flatulency, relaxes, destroys all craving for stimulants, and restores weakness of the stomach. It cures Piles, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of heaviness down, causing pain, weight and a sickly appearance, is cured by its use. It will cure all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex see Compound in wrapper.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price 25c. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, 10c per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD. IT CURES COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, &c. THE MOST PLEASANT AND EFFECTUAL REMEDY IN USE. R. E. SELLERS & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, KANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF THE ABOVE HERBS. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Bile, and Urinary Organs. Nerve-weakness, Sleeplessness, and especially Indigestion. \$1.00 IN GOLD. Will pay for anything that will cure or help, or for anything that will improve your health. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take one or two before meals. It is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and all such poisons. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. All stores will dispense. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Toronto, Ont.

THE GREAT BURLINGTON ROUTE. No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California. The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Belton, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas. The unequalled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (6-wheel) Pullman Sleeping Cars run only on this Line. C. & O. Palace Drawing Room Cars, with Pullman's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C. & O. Palace Dining Cars. Gargantuan Smoking Car fitted with Elegant High-Backed Italian Reclining Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers. Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West. Try it and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort. Through tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada. For information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, Excursion Rates, and all other particulars, apply to the Ticket Agent, who will be cheerfully given, and will send you a copy of our elegant Company Map of United States, in colors, by applying to PERCIVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Agent, Chicago, T. J. POTTER, General Manager, Chicago.

A Powerful Light.—A new electric revolving light, to be placed on South Head, Macquarie Harbor, Sydney, Australia, was recently exhibited by the makers, Messrs. Chance Brothers, of Birmingham. It is called a first order, dioptric, revolving light, with the electrical arc. The lamp has a special arrangement of prisms for securing vertical direction of the beam. It is over six feet in diameter, and the height is about nine feet, and it is said to be the first time such dimensions have been applied to illumination by the electric arc. The lamp or regulator has a power of about 12,000 candles in the focus of light, and the merging beam has a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles. The light, will give flashes around half the horizon at intervals of a minute, and will make a complete revolution every sixteen minutes. On an average the light will be visible a distance of forty or fifty miles. Its makers claim that it will be the largest and most powerful light in the world.

A new "sea messenger" the invention of Julius Vanderberg of Portsmouth, Eng., was recently tested with gratifying results during a cruise of the British reserve squadron. It is a copper vessel three feet long and a half long pointed at both ends and lined with cork and composition to resist external pressure. The inner case will carry a weight of 60 pounds, and is meant for the conveyance of letters and other papers from wrecked or disabled vessels. The vessel was thrown overboard at sea, and was picked up by fishermen off the coast of Jutland. It had been in the water 25 days and traveled 1420 miles, but was found to be uninjured.

We believe it is the style to affect content for things that are old. Not so, however, with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, which has stood the popular test of 34 years' use, and is more thought of than ever before.

An auctioneer, by birth a native of the Green Isle, of course, caused to be printed on his handbills at a recent sale, "Every article sold goes to the highest bidder, unless some gentleman bids more."

LITTLE Johnny was visiting at a neighbor's house. He was offered a piece of bread and butter, which he accepted, but with no great amount of enthusiasm. "What do you say, Johnny?" said the lady, expecting him to say "Thank you." "I say it ain't cake," was the response.

Poverty and Distress. That poverty which produces the greatest distress is not of the purse but of the blood. Deprived of its richness it becomes scant and watery, a condition termed anemia in medical writings. Given this condition, and scrofulous swellings and sores, general debility, nervous prostration, indigestion, weak lungs, throat disease, spitting of blood and consumption, are among the common results. If you are a sufferer from this, poor blood employ Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which enriches the blood and cures these grave affections. It is more nutritive than cod liver oil, and is harmless in any condition of the system, yet powerful to cure. By druggists.

Some men, when they go to church, never think of studying the freeloading on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection box is being passed around.

When a man told his wife that he had just traded for new spring wagon, she replied, "You dunce, you! why did you get a spring wagon in the fall of the year?"

MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parcel could desire."

"My dear," said a fowl mother to her child, why do you not play with the little Jones boy?" "Oh, he's horrid. He says bad words like papa does." Reform will begin at home in that family.

The Power of the Press. In no way is the power of the press more surely shown than in the universal knowledge that has in less than a year, been diffused throughout fifty millions of people of the wonderful curative properties of this splendid remedy Kidney-Wort. And the people from the Atlantic to the Pacific have shown their intelligence and their knowledge of what is in the papers, by already making Kidney-Wort their household remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels.—Herald.

MANY preachers seek to impress their hearers with the fact that life is short, but forget it in their sermons.

CARBOLENE, a codorized extract of petroleum, cures baldness. This is a positive fact, attested by thousands. No other hair preparation in the world will really do this. Besides, as now improved it is a delightful dressing.

When a bank "goes up" it generally fails to come down.

AMBITIOUS man: Is there any fixed rule for writing poetry? There is! Don't.

Important to Travelers. SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

The new coroner has appointed a colored man as one of his deputies. He will be handy for backslapping parties.

S. M. Dukes, Colfax, Ind., states that his wife had tumor on her neck five years, and "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" cured it right up.

The best railway for a bridal trip.—The Union Pacific.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. THE height of coolness—the top of Mont Blanc.

Files and Mosquitoes. Ice has "rough on rats" keeps a house free from flies, locusts, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

On Thirty Days' Trial. The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any nervous debilitated, with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay. P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

A CUTS Yankee has invented a nest, in the bottom of which there is a kind of trap-door, through which the egg, when laid, immediately drops, and the hen, looking around and perceiving none, soon lays another.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pills" are sugar coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

The man who tries to stop another's hat when it is blown off generally "puts his foot in it."

HOUSEHOLD ACCIDENTS.



The following suggestions are not designed to induce the public to attempt the duties of the regular physician, but merely to place the readers of these pages in possession of a means of treatment of the minor accidents occurring daily in the household, and which, while not dangerous in themselves, are exceedingly annoying in their results, and demand immediate treatment with the best means at hand. In the kitchen, the dining-hall, the nursery, and the sitting-room they are liable to happen, and, instead of fear and alarm at the sight of the cut or mashed finger or bruised forehead, or scalded surface, a cool and quiet manner should be assumed, and after washing away the blood, if required, the injured parts should be treated with that most valuable remedy—St. JACOB'S OIL. Its surprising and quick relief, its cleansing power, its tendency to quickly remove all inflammation, and its wonderful efficacy in the above cases is all in its usual and ordinary course, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, stiffness of the joints, etc.,—these render St. JACOB'S OIL, pre-eminently the best remedy for all such ailments. It is a fact, which is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people, that the oil is a most valuable remedy for all such ailments. It is a fact, which is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people, that the oil is a most valuable remedy for all such ailments. It is a fact, which is fully substantiated by the strongest kind of testimony from all classes of people, that the oil is a most valuable remedy for all such ailments.

KIDNEY WORT. DOES WONDERFUL WHY? CURES! Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time. Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develop in Kidney and Tri-nary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY: Eugene R. Birk, of Junction City, Kansas, says, "Kidney-Wort cured my chronic kidney disease in less than four years." Mrs. John Smith, of Ohio, says, "I was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that I was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort." M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Charleston, Ohio, says, "I was afflicted with kidney trouble beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured me." Anna T. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that several years ago she was afflicted with kidney trouble, and that she was cured by Kidney-Wort.

KIDNEY WORT. PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED. In Sheep, Russia and Turkey Bindings.

New Edition of WEBSTER'S 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 New Words & Meanings, and Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names. Get the Standard.

BEST GIFT. THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

YOUNG MEN. If you would learn Tele and be certain of a situation, apply to BROS. Janesville, Wisconsin.

THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND. Mr. B. P. Richardson of Washington, D. C. is especially qualified to give an account of his readiness to the soldier. His long experience and acquaintance with the soldier's life, and his ability for obtaining a pension is only ten dollars, while the pension is usually from \$20 to \$40 per month.

WHAT IS IT? Ho-ho! Ho-ho! The East India, or Sacred Hindoo Liver Cure, recommended by the Hon. J. M. W. P. Richardson, M. D., of New York.

CHEAP GUNS FOR THE PEOPLE. GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS.

5,000 Agents Wanted for Life of GARFIELD. It contains the full history of his noble and eventful life and career, his noble character, his patriotic death, his financial obscurity, etc. The best chance of your life to make a fortune in the most profitable and successful manner. This is the only authentic and fully illustrated history of the life of GARFIELD, ever published. Extra terms to Agents. Circulars free. Address: NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

These answering an advertisement will confer a favor upon the advertiser and the publisher by sending them the name of the advertiser in this journal (inserting the paper).

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTER. Celebrated. In Hosts of Families a household necessity as a means of emergency relief in all cases of indigestion, flatulence, and other troubles of the stomach. For sale by Druggists and Dealers, and by Hostetter's Almanac for 1880.

PENSIONS TO VETERANS. Soldiers who were disabled by wounds, disease, or other causes, and who are entitled to a pension, should apply to the Pension Office, Washington, D. C. For information, apply to the Pension Office, Washington, D. C.

Payne's Automatic Engine. Reliable, Durable and Economical. Horse power 1/2 to 10. For sale by the manufacturer, Payne & Co., New York.

LOVE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. A complete and practical guide to the art of love, courtship and marriage. For sale by the publisher, Love Courtship and Marriage, New York.

BLANCHLEY'S PUMP. You can buy the BLANCHLEY PUMP. Unlined, for with Copper, Porcelain, Lining. Each one furnished with a complete set of tools, and a full instruction. For sale by the best hardware store in your town.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC. Christ the Lord. For Mistle Toes. For Mistle Toes. For Mistle Toes. For Mistle Toes.

Beauties of Sacred Song. Rhymes and Tunes. Norway Music Album. Franz's Album of Songs.

Christmas Cantata. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Watches. \$777. A YEAR AND SEVEN MONTHS. WALKER'S PATENT.

BEATTY'S PIANOFORTE. A beautiful piano, square grand piano, with a complete set of tools, and a full instruction. For sale by the best hardware store in your town.

THE HARPER. A complete and practical guide to the art of love, courtship and marriage. For sale by the publisher, Love Courtship and Marriage, New York.

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