

The Shelby Guide.

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NO. 34

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of Stationery complete; also large
stock of Music on hand. Agents "Morton"
and "University" series school books; also
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largely in Frames and Pictures, Holiday
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AND
TINWARE.

Corner 3rd Avenue and 20th Street,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

WE have on hand a large lot of COOK-
ING and HEATING STOVES, which I
will sell at low prices.

Also TINWARE at Wholesale and re-
tail prices. Nashville or Chattanooga prices.
CUTTING AND ROOFING
done at short notice. Call and examine
prices and goods and you will buy.

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SOUTHERN HOTEL.

(FORMERLY ST. JAMES HOTEL.)
KITH & WILKINS, Prop's,
SELMA, ALA.

Transient Board \$3.00 Per Day.

HAVING this day leased the above nam-
ed Hotel, and formed a co-partnership
for the purpose of conducting the same, we
respectfully ask the patronage of the trav-
eling public. We will endeavor to make
the hotel equal to any in the country, and
will spare no effort to render comfort and
satisfaction.

JNO. M. KEITH,
JNO. D. WILKINS.
Dec. 12, 1873.

New Crop.
Louisiana Sugar House Molasses, in Blbls,
and in kegs, at
LEPPER, PURCELL & CO'S.

Corn Meal.
Fresh from Purcell & Lepper's Mill, at \$1
per bushel, at
LEPPER, PURCELL & CO'S.

Wearry, Lonely, Restless, Home-
less.

BY FATHER RYAN.
Wearry hearts! weary hearts! by cares of
life oppressed,
Ye are wandering in the shadows—ye are
sighing for rest;
There is darkness in the heavens, and the
earth is blank below,
And the joys we taste to-day may to-morrow
turn to woe.

Wearry hearts! God is rest.
Lonely hearts! lonely hearts; this but a
hand of grief,
Ye are pining for repose—ye are longing for
rest;
What the world has never given kneel and
ask of God above,
And your grief shall turn to gladness, if
you lean upon His love.

Lonely hearts! God is love.
Restless hearts! restless hearts! ye are toiling
night and day,
And the flowers of life, all withered, leave
but thorns along your way;
Ye are waiting, ye are waiting, till your
tollings here shall cease,
And your restless throbbing is a sad,
and prayer for peace.

Restless hearts! God is peace.
Breaking hearts! broken hearts! ye are de-
olate and lone,
And low voices from the past o'er your pre-
sent ruins moan;
In the sweetest of your pleasures there was
bitterness alloy,
And a stifled sigh hath followed on the
sunset of your joy.

Broken hearts! God is joy.
Homeless hearts! homeless hearts! through
the dreary, dreary years,
Ye are lonely, lonely wanderers, and your
way is wet with tears;
In bright or blighted places, wheresoever
you may roam,
Ye look away from earth and ye mur-
mur, "Where is home?"
Homeless hearts! God is home.

OUT OF HER PLACE.
BY MATHIE DYER BRITTS.
The lights flashed from the broad
windows of the hotel, between the
rich lace curtains which fluttered in the
sea breeze; on the air, a merry waltz
floated out; the music and light figures
glided back and forth before the entrance,
for it was a "hop night" at the Ocean
House.

Within, all was warmth, light, beau-
ty and melody; without, where Bruce
Trevlyn walked up and down the lonely
beach, was only the night, the stars,
and the sad sigh of the sea—a fit
company for a gloomy, reckless man,
with scarce a human tie to bind him
to earth.

Alone and lonely, Bruce Trevlyn
glanced up and down the silent beach,
walking now and then toward the
gay hotel. One of these glances
showed him a light form, which came
down the steps of the hotel, and
walked straight in the direction of
the beach. Bruce's curiosity was
roused to know who she was, who
thus ventured out alone at night. He
stopped, and watched her interested-
ly.

"Miss Trevlyn, by all the powers!"
he ejaculated, as she crossed a broad
stream of light, in her path. "Miss
Trevlyn, and coming here! Who
does she take me for, I wonder? It
isn't me she expects to meet. Won-
der what bit of goodnight, I've stum-
bled on now? I won't disappoint her
till the last minute, anyhow, just to
see what comes, my fine lady!"

He whirled round, and paced the sands
with his back to Miss Trevlyn, nor
even though he heard her footsteps
distinctly, would he turn, until her
soft, clear voice addressed him:
"Mr. Trevlyn?"

Then he turned, astonished beyond
measure.
"Miss Trevlyn!"

Without the least apology for her
presence, Kitty Trevlyn said gravely:
"I hear you are going away to-mor-
row?"

Bruce bowed silently, gazing at
her in the rising moonlight, as she
stood before him, her slender figure
drooping like a mantle of flame over
her white robes, her beautiful feet
and clear dark eyes upraised to meet
his calm, womanly and peaceful.

"What did she want with him here?
I want to speak a word or two be-
fore you go," she said, gently, "and,
having no other opportunity, I sought
this one, when I saw you walking
here. Will you listen?"

"I will," And as Bruce spoke a
thought came to him. If she had
seen him, others could see them, and
the moon was growing brighter every
moment. He would not leave her at
the mercy of hotel gossip when he
went away.

"Will you walk a few steps down
the beach with me?" he asked, offer-
ing his arm. "There is a rock down
here where I can offer you a seat."

Kitty Trevlyn, who might have
walked beside a prince, unhesitating-
ly laid her hand upon Bruce Trevlyn's
arm, and went with him to the great
rock beside the sea, where he seated
her gently, and stood with folded
arms awaiting what she had to say.

"Mr. Trevlyn, you tell me why you
leave to-morrow?" she began, sim-
ply.

Bruce picked up a pebble and gave it
a scornful toss into the waves before
answering:
"Why, Miss Trevlyn? I thought
you had been here long enough to
guess why. Do you know what Mad-
ame Rumor says for me?"

"Some things,"
"Pray tell me what. Don't spare
me,"

"She says you drink too much wine,
for one thing."

"Exactly. Now, what next?"
"Is not that enough, Mr. Trevlyn?"
"Oh, no. You omitted the most
important item, Miss Trevlyn. So
long as Bruce Trevlyn had plenty
of money, these little things were
mere peccadilloes—wild oats, you
know, and all that sort of thing to
be spoken of with an indulgent smile.
But in the last few days Madame Ru-
mor has it, (quite right, too!) that he
has lost his fortune. Then, all at once,
he is a terrible fellow—dreadfully dis-
sipated—won't do for good society—
any lady out of her place who not-
ices him. Bah! Miss Trevlyn, don't
you see there is no place for me
here?"

"Mr. Trevlyn, am I a lady?" asked
Kitty, quietly ignoring his question.
"I should think you are. You have
youth, beauty and wealth," said Bruce,
ungraciously, "these make the lady
unusually fastidious."

"Am I not of your place when I come
here and tell you that you are my
friendless?" pursued Kitty, not an-
swering his speech.

"No," by Heaven!" cried he, warm-
ly enough now. "No true woman
steps out of her place when she speaks
a kind word to a needy sinner, she
steps into it, rather! But, after all,
Miss Trevlyn, and he turned fiercely
away as he spoke, what difference
does it make? These things are
true, quite. I leave here to-morrow,
and no living creature cares whether
I go straight to the devil or not. No-
body cares for me, and thank Heaven!
I care for nobody."

Kitty rose from the rock. "Then I
will go," she said, instantly.

"Forgive me! I forgot you are an an-
gel. Don't leave me yet. Tell me
why you came to me this?"

"Because I have heard these things,
and because I noted what a reckless,
defiant mood you were in to-day, Mr.
Trevlyn. I felt that if you went away
feeling thus, without one word of en-
couragement, you might be ruined
forever. I could not help speaking
to you."

"What was it to you?" asked
Bruce, abruptly.

Even in the moonlight he saw the
intense scarlet which flooded her face
and white throat.

"We are human, both of us," she
said softly.

"Was that all?" he asked, as abrupt-
ly as before.

Kitty rose, and gave him a glance
of rebuke. "You are not kind. I
will not stay here," and she moved a
step away.

Bruce put out one hand, to detain
her. "One moment more," said he,
and once more forgive me, and for-
get my selfishness. Tell me, if you
know of such a creature, tell me, in
Heaven's name!"

"But you care for no one," he said.
Bruce waited a moment, then spoke:
"An hour ago, except to admire, I
did not care especially for anyone. I
in a few moments it seems to me I
have had a glance at a true woman's
heart, and I say that no longer. Miss
Trevlyn, I have taken that woman in-
to my heart to love her forever and
ever! He spoke solemnly, and bend-
ing looked into Kitty Trevlyn's eyes.
And he saw that she, the courted and
caressed queen of society, whom he
had hardly dared admire at a distance
trembled like a child beneath his gaze.

"Can love be born in a moment?"
she said, unthinkingly.

"Yes! I know it now! Love, that
will last forever. Oh, Miss Trevlyn,
tell me, is there that one on earth
who could love me? Tell me, and it
will save me indeed!"

"There is!" Miss Trevlyn trembled
like an autumn leaf. Bruce bent and
spoke in a low, intense tone, "Where
is she?"

"Here!" Bruce reached forward and
took her hand close to his own. Hold-
ing it in silence one moment, he
raised it to his lips. "It is all I am
worthy of now," he said; "but Heav-
en helping me, I will go away to-mor-
row, and come to you a man whose
love you need not fear to own, whose
name you shall not blush to wear—
Can you trust me?"

"Yes," she replied; "it was because
I saw how much true nobility was in
you, spite of your faults, that I could
not help wanting to save you."

"You have saved me! I shall not
fail you, for I have something to live
for. Miss Trevlyn, I ask nothing now,
but when my name and fame have
been nobly retrieved, may I come
back to you?"

"God bless you, then! It may be
for years, but if we live it shall not
be forever. Miss Trevlyn, when I
come, if I have kept faith, I will offer
you my hand, a silent sign—if you have
kept faith with me, you shall give me
yours, otherwise our hands shall never
clasp again. Shall it be so?"

"If you wish," said Kitty. Then
she added, "We have dared together
long enough already; we had better
go back to the hotel now."

"Let us say good-bye here, then,"
said Bruce. He took both her hands,
held them a moment, then suddenly
bent and touched his lips to her fore-
head.

"Forgive me," he whispered, "I am
not worthy, I know, but the memory
of that kiss will strengthen me for
the future."

Kitty did not speak; he drew her
hand through his arm, and they walk-
ed back to the hotel.

"When he would have led her into the
parlor, 'I will go to my own room.'
He took her to her door, then once
more folded her small hand in a strong
clasp. Good-night, good-bye, and
God bless you, dearest," he whispered
and then she was alone.

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Six years went by before Miss Trevlyn
stood in the great parlors of the
Ocean House again. Three of those
years she had spent in Europe with a
party of friends. Once, during her
travels she had heard of Bruce Trevlyn
in Germany, but did not meet
him, and had never heard a word of
him since.

The last new arrival, said a chat-
ty little matron, coming up to Miss
Trevlyn and her mother, the day after
they came down.

"Indeed! who is it?" asked Mrs.
Trevlyn.

"Judge Trevlyn, from Tennessee,"
said the little lady.

"Trevlyn? Trevlyn? The name sounds
familiar," observed Mrs. Trevlyn.

"Oh, yes, you knew him when you
were here before, said Mr. Mansfield,
the chatty lady's husband. He was
pretty fast then—everybody said he
was gone to the dogs. He lost his
money, went down South, and set up
a law office, did nobly for himself, and
got back most of his estate. And
now he is a judge in very high stand-
ing. Oh, he is a 'made' man, I tell
you."

"Married?" inquired Mrs. Trevlyn.
"Oh, no, not all attentive to the
ladies. People say there was a disap-
pointment, or something of sort, years
ago. Many think that the cause of
his reform, but nobody knows who
she was. He is coming in now."

"Shall I introduce him?"
"If you like; I dare say he has for-
gotten us."

Kitty said nothing, but as she met
the glance of Judge Trevlyn's eye, a
moment later, and saw his face light
up, she knew he had not forgotten
her.

He made his way instantly through
the crowd, and waiting for no in-
troduction, greeted Mrs. Trevlyn, and
turning extended his hand to Kitty.

"Miss Trevlyn, I am very glad to
meet you again. Will you shake
hands with an old friend? with a look
into her eyes.

Without a moment's hesitation,
Kitty Trevlyn laid her hand in the
outstretched palm and said some-
thing of welcome. And the pressure
of his fingers told her his pledge was
nobly redeemed.

An hour later she stepped with him
through the long window, upon the
shadowed piazza. Led her to a distant
corner, out of hearing of the loungers
around the windows and stood for a
moment silent. Then he touched her
hand.

"Miss Trevlyn, I have kept my
word and come back, not worthy of
you—that I never can be—but loving
you faithfully. You saved me, Miss
Trevlyn, and my life is yours. Will
you take it?"

"Gladly," she said, softly. And
then Bruce Trevlyn—I beg pardon I
should have said Judge Trevlyn—

took her light form close to his broad
breast, and bent to press upon her
lips the first kiss of the love so tried
and so true.

Shortly after society was astonished
and delighted with a grand wedding,
and Mrs. Judge Trevlyn accompanied
her husband to his elegant Tennessee
home.

And from the happy life she leads
there, one is led to believe that she
has never regretted stepping, for one
moment, out of her place.

SKETCH OF A MILLIONAIRE.—Wil-
liam B. Astor has walked Broadway
for three-score years without indicat-
ing any sympathy with mankind.—
If you wish to make a trial, call at
the office in Prince street. It is well
understood that charity is not tolera-
ted there. Mr. Astor's property amoun-
ted him, fifteen years ago, to pay a
tax of \$40,000, and at present he pays
about \$65,000, which is a small sum
in proportion to his immense estate.—
When he was a boy his father's prop-
erty was worth about \$1,000,000.—
The old gentleman died in 1848, leav-
ing \$20,000,000, and the estate has
much more than doubled since that
time. Six hundred houses acknowl-
edge Astor as landlord; but with all
his wealth, why, just try him for char-
ity! Thirty thousand women have
been driven by poverty into prostitu-
tion during the time that Astor's
property has thus grown into a colos-
sal pile, and now, while poverty grinds
the masses more bitterly than ever,
the golden mountain increases still
more rapidly under its owner's man-
agement. What a contrast to behold
\$60,000,000 in the hands of an old
man just on the verge of the grave,
while the direst poverty, reaching
even to starvation, is the lot of thou-
sands.—Cor. Rochester Democrat.

We invite the attention of the
"Patrons," to the following action of
the Pike County Patrons which, com-
ing from the right source, we think is
to the purpose.

The Pike County "Grangers," at a
late meeting, passed the following res-
olutions:

Resolved, That the Grangers and
farmers of Pike recommend the
farmers not to plant more than one-
third of their crop the ensuing year
in cotton.

Resolved, That we recommend our
farmers to use more economy in the
use of fertilizers, and if possible to
pay the cash for the same. We fur-
ther recommend that they use a lib-
eral portion of it on their corn.

Resolved, That we deprecate this
wholesale bonding for provisions.—
We further recommend that the Leg-
islature modify or repeal the lien law
as early as possible, as we believe it
should be stricken from the statute
within twelve months.

Resolved, That the homestead is
entirely too large, and should be mod-
ified. We, therefore, call the atten-
tion of the proper authorities to it.

AMERICAN WONDERS.—The greatest
cataract in the world is the falls of
Niagara. The greatest cave in the
world is the Mammoth cave of Ken-
tucky. The greatest river in the
world is the Mississippi river, 4,100
miles long. The largest valley in the
world is the Mississippi valley. The
largest lake in the world is Lake Su-
perior, which is truly an inland sea,
being four hundred and thirty miles
long and one thousand feet deep. The
longest railroad in the world is the
Pacific railroad, which is over
three thousand miles in length. The
greatest natural bridge is over Cedar
creek, in Virginia. The greatest mass
of soft iron in the world is the iron
mountain in Missouri. The largest
deposits of anthracite coal in the
world are in Pennsylvania.

Governor Safford, of Arizona,
plainly describes the class of people
that don't get along in the West. He
says that "gentlemanly farmers, who
commence without means and have
lived all their work done will un-
doubtedly be obliged to quit the busi-
ness—and those who have invested
the largest portion of their crops in
poor whisky at twenty-five cents per
gallon, will hardly be able to meet
their obligations and inspire sufficient
confidence to obtain credit in the fu-
ture." That style of doing business
is equally unsuccessful in the South.

A gentleman who rather sus-
pected some one was peeping through
the key-hole of his office door, inves-
tigated with a syringe full of pepper
sauce, and went home to find his wife
had been cutting wood and a chip had
hit her in the eye.

Never made in unknown waters.

Dot Schmall Leetle Baby.
Dre as I loov, most aery day
I laugh me wild to say des say
My schmall young baby dries to play—
Dot funny leetle baby.

Yen I loov of dem leetle joes,
Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
Und hear der vay dot rooster crows,
I shmile like I vas grasy.

Sometimes dere comes a leetle schqall,
Dots vhen der windy vind vill crawl,
Right in his leetle vindowack schqall,
Dots too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night to schqall,
Und gorry barrie he must read,
Und I must chumb slippy on my feet,
To dot schmall leetle baby.

He bulls my nose und klicks my hair,
Und schqalls me over eberywhere,
Und hear der vay dot rooster crows,
To dot schmall leetle baby.

Around my head dot leetle vray,
Vos schqalls me so nice and vray,
Oh! may dere never come some harm
To dot schmall leetle baby.

A Crown's Sermon.
The Virginia papers report that dur-
ing the exhibition of a traveling
menagerie and circus in a town in
that State, where there was at the
time some religious convocation in
session, the painted jester of the spec-
tacular party illustrated his own per-
sonal capacity and greatly affected an
audience in which many church mem-
bers were present, by delivering the
following homily:

"My FAREYNS, we have taken in
six hundred dollars here to-day, more
money, I venture to say, than any
minister of the gospel in this commu-
nity would receive for a whole year's
services. A large portion of this
money was given by church members,
and a large portion of this audience
is made up of members of the church.
And yet, when I speak of the money
you aid in supporting, the money
you are too poor to give, anything, I
yet, you come here and pay dollars
to hear me talk nonsense. I am a
fool because I am paid for it. I make
my living by it. I profess to be
wise, and yet you support me, my
folly. But perhaps you say you did
not come to see the circus, but the ap-
pearance of a religious minister. If
it thus produced, a religious minister
was attempted, and a collection for
foreign missions resulted in the sum of
four dollars and a half."

The odds against which the
Temperance organizations have to
fight are tremendous. On the first of
January, 1873, it was reported that
the registered distilleries of the United
States produced 239,338 gallons
per day, or at the rate, omitting Sun-
days, of seventy-five millions, more or
less, of ninety-four gallons per
year. Add to this the enormous quan-
tity of rum illicitly distilled, and the
amount imported; and the home-made
and foreign wines fermented, figured
the sum total would require more
figures to express it than could be
conveniently crowded into one line of this
article.

The capital invested in this net-
work of business is enormous, and the
profits almost beyond computation. It is
carried on by men whose cleverness, in-
less and determined. They wield
great power at the polls and in the
courts of law. They will never yield
except to the overwhelming pressure
of public opinion brought to bear
directly upon them, by making the
manufacture of intoxicating liquors
less.

In order to form even a
idea of the expense of the production
sequent upon the consumption of
alcoholic drinks in all its forms, it
is necessary to obtain statistics of
all our hospitals, poor houses, crim-
inal asylums, poor houses, county
county jails and state penitentiaries,
calculated also the loss of indus-
try occasioned by the
distal withdrawal from
hundreds of thousands
per annum. As to
the proceeding, however,
they are beyond all
count.

"Follow the
ord preacher, and
dried apples for
to drink for a
more swollen for
wid pride an vray
tendence har dis vray."

"Charity should be
but not end there."

