

# Clarke County Democrat.

VOL. XVIII.

GROVE HILL, ALA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1874.

NO. 38.

## The Democrat.

INAC GRANT, Proprietor.

### TERMS:

For One Year, in advance, \$2 00  
Advertisements inserted as follows:  
Per square, for first insertion, \$1 50  
Each subsequent insertion, per sq 75  
For Letters of Administration \$6 00  
Final or Partial Settlements, \$6 00  
Announcing Candidates, \$5 00  
Obituaries and Tributes of Res.  
pect charged as advertisements.  
By the year, per square of ten lines  
or less, \$12; six months, \$8; three  
months, \$5.  
Lower rates for long notices.

### Professional Cards.

**THOMAS J. FORD,**  
Attorney at Law,  
GROVE HILL, ALA.

Will practice in the courts of Clarke  
county, and faithfully attend to all  
business entrusted to his care.  
April 22, 1873, y

**H. G. GRAYSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GROVE HILL, ALA.

Will practice in Clarke and the ad-  
joining counties, and faithfully and  
promptly attend to all business entrusted  
to his care.  
Feb 24 40y

**JOHN Y. KILPATRICK,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
— AND —  
Solicitor in Chancery,

Camden, Wilcox County, Alabama.  
Will practice regularly in all the  
Courts of Clarke, Monroe and Wilcox  
counties, in the Supreme Court of the  
State and in the United States District  
Courts.  
June 24, 8y

**JAMES S. DICKINSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
GROVE HILL, ALA.

Will practice in the various Courts  
of Law and Equity in the Counties of  
Clarke, Wilcox and Monroe; and in  
the Supreme Court of the State.  
He will promptly and faithfully at-  
tend to all business entrusted to his  
care. June 24, 1869 8y

**JOHN W. PORTIS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
SUGGSVILLE, CLARKE CO., ALA.  
Dec. 9, 1869, y

**WALTER H. GRANT,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
— AND —  
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Will practice in the Courts of Mar-  
engo and the adjoining counties, and in  
the Supreme Court.  
Office, Linden, Marengo co., Ala.

**JOEL A. DAWSON,**

WITH  
**Saunders, Garner & Co.,**  
Wholesale and Retail

**CLOTHING,**

25 ST. FRANCIS STREET,

MOBILE.

Sept 30, 1873 m6

**CLARKE COUNTY OFFICERS.**

**JACK R. WILSON,** Probate Judge.  
**THOMAS CARTER,** Sheriff.  
**J. C. SAVAGE,** Clerk Circuit Court.  
**MILK EZZELL,** Superintendent Education.  
**H. C. GRAYSON,** County Solicitor.  
**JAS. C. SAVAGE,** Register in Chancery.  
**THOS. J. FORD,** County Treasurer.  
**SATH J. PARKER,** Tax Collector.  
**THOMAS J. COWAN,** Tax Assessor.

### Special Notice.

THOSE indebted to the undersigned  
will please call and settle as  
soon as possible. Owing to the small  
collections made the last two years, I  
am compelled to make this demand,  
and I do hope those with whom I have  
opened accounts will come forward, at  
once, and settle without a personal de-  
mand which will be made, however un-  
pleasant it may be.

S. L. WOODARD,

Dec 30, 1873 m6

### Patrons of Husbandry.

#### OFFICERS OF STATE GRANGE.

W H Chambers, Russell co., M.  
Dr. R. H. Ervin, Wilcox, O.  
S. J. Harrington, Colbert, L.  
R. D. Thomson, Bullock, S.  
Dr. W. A. O'Hara, Shelby, A. S.  
Rev. I. G. Smith, Greene, C.  
John H. Harris, Lee, T.  
Gen. E. M. Law, Macon, S.  
Mrs. L. G. Jenkins, Calhoun, C.  
Mrs. A. O. Mitchell, Russell, P.  
Mrs. E. D. Connor, Marengo, P.  
Mrs. D. H. Odom, Clarke, L. A. S.  
T. H. Ferguson, Coosa, G-K.

#### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

S. S. Scott, Russell, three years.  
Dr. F. A. Bates, Perry, two years.  
W. B. Jones, Madison, one year.

#### DISTRICT DEPUTIES.

1st district—J. J. Roach, Wilcox.  
2d district—W. C. Mentee, Pike.  
3d district—W. S. Gordon, Russell.  
4th district—G. D. Johnson, Perry.  
5th district—W. B. Jones, Madison.  
6th dist.—I. S. Harrington, Colbert.

#### CLARKE COUNTY GRANGES.

##### Grove Hill.

Jas. S. Dickinson, Master.  
Jas. W. Dickinson, Secretary.

##### Choctaw Corner.

W. H. Slade, Master.  
A. Glen, Secretary.

##### Gilmore.

Stephen M. Gilmore, Master.  
A. P. Gilmore, Secretary.

Postoffice, Choctaw Corner.

##### Suggsville.

James Odom, Master.  
Dr. T. J. Krouse, Secretary.

##### Bashi.

H. C. Grayson, Master.  
Wm. E. Tyson, Secretary.  
Postoffice, Choctaw Corner.

##### Jackson.

P. A. Savage, Master.  
Alonzo M. Wing, Secretary.

##### Salem.

Dr. Bryan Borroughs, Master.  
G. Wash. Cobb, Secretary.

Postoffice, Grove Hill.

##### West Bend.

John W. Henson, Master.  
William H. White, Secretary.  
Postoffice, Coffeeville.

##### Coffeeville.

Dr. S. A. Saltonstall, Master.  
Marion S. York, Secretary.

##### Airmount.

William Carmichael, Master.  
Robert W. Atkinsen, Secretary.

Postoffice, Choctaw Corner.

##### Tallahatta Church.

James W. Armistead, Master.  
Stephen P. Noble, Secretary.

##### Gosport.

Kenneth King, Sr., Master.  
Samuel H. Forwood, Secretary.  
Postoffice, Gosport.

##### Dead Level.

J. H. Perry, Master.  
William Finch, Secretary.

##### County Line.

William L. Spinks, Master.  
J. S. Vaughn, Secretary.

##### Oak Grove.

J. S. Trawick, Master.  
J. B. Robinson, Secretary.

##### New Prospect.

W. S. Norris, Master.  
J. M. Ages, Secretary.

##### Winn's Mill.

Frank N. Winn, Master.  
D. P. Ford, Secretary.

##### Gainestown.

James M. Jackson, Master.  
Henry G. Davis, Secretary.

##### Tallahatta Springs.

T. B. Harwood, Master.  
M. M. Danzey, Secretary.

The Grove Hill Grange meets  
the 2d and 4th Saturday in each month  
at 2 o'clock P. M.

Marion Lodge, No. 12, meets at  
Suggsville, on the 2d Saturday in each  
month.

Coffeeville Lodge, No. 122, meets  
the 3d Saturday in each month.

On the 20th Gen. John T. Mor-  
gan, of Selma, addressed the Committee  
of Privileges and Elections on the  
Sykes-Spencer contest. His argument  
was to be continued on the 23d.

A Washington despatch of the  
20th reports the death of Gen. Louis  
T. Wigfall. He was a U. S. Senator  
from Texas when the late war com-  
menced, but left that body and united  
with the Confederate cause.

Mardi Gras in Mobile last week  
was reported by the "Register" a great  
success. The place was crowded to  
overflowing with strangers, and the  
steamboats had to take boarders, the  
hotels not being able to accommodate  
the great army of sight-seers.

The is a great temperance dem-  
onstration among the ladies of some of  
the Northern and Western States, and  
they are inducing many dealers to quit  
the liquor traffic. They form large pro-  
cessions and march to the drinking  
shops where they sing temperance  
songs and hold prayer meetings—in  
the saloons, when allowed to enter, or  
otherwise just outside. We wish them  
the greatest success, but regret that  
such means have to be resorted to to  
accomplish the ends desired.

### Our State Election.

Judging from the tone of Democratic  
newspapers of the State, it appears to  
be an almost settled fact that the Hon.  
George S. Houston, of Limestone coun-  
ty, will be the candidate of the Con-  
servative party for the office of Gov-  
ernor, in the election next November.

We think he would be very accept-  
able to our people, and, for months,  
have thought of him as a suitable man  
to bear our standard to victory in the  
approaching contest. We nominate  
no one, however, and will be satisfied  
with any one upon whom the conserv-  
ative masses can unite, and the State  
nominating convention surely owes  
it to itself and to this long-suffering,  
impoverished and tax-ridden people to  
select some one upon whom the people  
will unite with alacrity and for whom  
they will work and vote with a will.  
They have been in the bondage of  
Egypt long enough, verily, and pray  
for some good and wise Moses to lead  
them out. We think the candidate;  
this time, should be a North Alabami-  
an. We cannot afford to be defeated  
in our next State election.

As farmers and grangers, pledged to  
honesty and economy in their individ-  
ual affairs, we think the time has ar-  
rived when the tax-paying masses of our  
State should demand and enforce more  
economy in the administration of the  
government. See to it that the salaries  
of members of the legislature are re-  
duced to a figure corresponding to the  
pressure of the times, and that all un-  
necessary offices are abolished and  
the emoluments of the remaining ones  
considerably cut down. All this can  
be effected if the people will, and they  
owe it to themselves to do it. Under  
our form of government it was intended  
that the people should be the masters,  
but by supineness and indifference  
they have made themselves slaves—  
masters of wood and drawers of water  
—for the cormorant flock of office-seek-  
ers and office-holders which curse the  
land. Let this year mark a new era  
in your history. Demand your true  
position to government, acquaint your-  
selves with your rights and interests,  
and then select such official servants as  
will work to secure them. Ask  
nothing but what is right, and submit  
to nothing that is wrong.

Six entirely new dresses, worn  
by an actress in a single play, in New  
York, the other night, were imported  
from Paris at a cost of \$10,000, ex-  
clusive of diamonds and other acces-  
sories.

### The Wilcox Grangers.

#### [Camden Vindicator.]

A meeting of the Council of Grang-  
ers of Wilcox county was held at Cam-  
den, February 12th, 1874. President  
Matheson presiding.

On motion of Patron P. D. Burford,  
Chairman of the Executive Committee,  
a committee of one from each grange  
was appointed to consider the expedi-  
ency of electing a county agent, and  
to consider such other matters as might  
be referred to them, with instructions  
to report instant.

Patron C. L. Scott introduced the  
following resolutions which, at his re-  
quest, were referred to the foregoing  
committee, to-wit:

Resolved, That a committee of three  
shall be appointed by the council whose  
duty it shall be to examine into all mat-  
ters relative to the banking system.—  
To examine the law as to the estab-  
lishment of banks; the amount of cap-  
ital stock necessary to be taken in or-  
der to establish a bank; the amount of  
currency issued on the capital stock in  
said bank, and the amount of interest  
that the bank will pay on the capital  
invested in the same. After said com-  
mittee shall have obtained all informa-  
tion pertaining to banks and banking,  
they shall make a written report to this  
council relative to the same, so that  
the grangers of Wilcox can determine  
whether it is feasible and practicable to  
establish a bank in Wilcox county.

Resolved, That if the committee ap-  
pointed by this council, after having  
gathered all the information they can  
obtain on the subject of banking, and  
should determine after investigation of  
the subject that a National Bank would  
be the best financial medium, and an  
answer to the wants of the people of this  
county, and could be established more  
easily than a local or private bank,  
they are requested to write to our rep-  
resentative in Congress from this dis-  
trict and to other representatives in  
Congress from Alabama, and urge the  
use of their influence in establishing a  
National Bank in Wilcox county, ac-  
cording to existing laws.

Patron R. H. Ervin, chairman of the  
committee, reported the following res-  
olutions which were unanimously ad-  
opted, to-wit:

1. That we recommend the election  
of a county agent by this council.  
2. That said agent shall be required  
to give a bond of double the amount of  
funds that may be in his hands from  
time to time, under the supervision of  
the executive committee.  
3. That said agent shall be allowed  
for his services 2 1/2 per cent. on all pur-  
chases and the same on all sales.

4. That this council shall elect a  
county agent at this meeting.

5. That this Council shall appoint a  
committee, composed of one from each  
grange, to-wit: R. H. Ervin, chair-  
man, C. L. Scott, Josiah Roberts, L.  
W. Jenkins, J. R. Hawthorn, E. Bur-  
son, W. A. Kimbrough, W. H. Aber-  
nethy, James Newell, Jonathan Wright  
and George Fontaine, to whom the  
whole subject of banking, as embraced  
in the resolutions referred to this com-  
mittee, shall be referred and who shall  
report progress to the President of this  
Council and through him to the Coun-  
cil, when hereafter assembled.

Patron D. C. Gordon was elected  
unanimously by the Council, County  
Agent.

Patron D. C. Gordon resigned his  
position on the Executive Committee  
and Patron R. H. Ervin was elected to  
fill the vacancy.

The Executive Committee, with the  
assistance of Patron Abernethy, were  
requested to report at the next meeting  
a Constitution for the Council.

### The Mobile Mayoralty.

#### [Mobile Register.]

We give it up. Chancellor Felder  
is a great man. He has achieved for  
his little court a proud position—he  
has gone a step higher than ever Chan-  
cellor went before. Henceforward let  
the word excelsior be blotted from the  
judicial vocabulary. Let no future  
Chancellor hope to soar a higher flight.  
We are not prejudiced in Chancellor  
Felder's behalf. He is no particular  
friend of ours, nor have we anything  
to hope from his favor. The Register  
is entirely disinterested in giving him  
the honor that is his due, and in admit-  
ting that he has won pre-eminent dis-  
tinction.

### The Chancellor's Triumph

We give it up. Chancellor Felder  
is a great man. He has achieved for  
his little court a proud position—he  
has gone a step higher than ever Chan-  
cellor went before. Henceforward let  
the word excelsior be blotted from the  
judicial vocabulary. Let no future  
Chancellor hope to soar a higher flight.  
We are not prejudiced in Chancellor  
Felder's behalf. He is no particular  
friend of ours, nor have we anything  
to hope from his favor. The Register  
is entirely disinterested in giving him  
the honor that is his due, and in admit-  
ting that he has won pre-eminent dis-  
tinction.

Under the decision made yesterday  
in the municipal case, the Mobile ad-  
ministration is secured in the possession  
of power at least until next summer,  
and perhaps until next year, after the  
term of office is past. Thus, for the  
first time in American history, per-  
haps in any history—the issue of an  
important popular election has been  
made to depend upon the will of a  
Chancellor. This innovation upon old  
usages and old principles may be a  
great improvement in government. It  
is certainly revolutionary in its char-  
acter, and any change from what we  
have had of late years can hardly do  
any harm.

We see no reason why the reform  
thus inaugurated by Chancellor Felder  
may not be carried farther. Popular  
elections are very expensive, and have  
become a great bore. Why not em-  
power the Chancellor to appoint all  
public officers in his district, without  
any elections at all? It would be a  
great saving of time and money.

Some of the gentlemen of our bar  
are alarmed at this prodigious stride in  
the power of a court which was former-  
ly not wont to meddle with political  
questions. They hint at the expedi-  
ency of abolishing chancery courts al-  
together. For our part, we have no idea  
of such a thing. "Revolutions never  
go backwards," it is said. Let us ad-  
apt ourselves to the new order of  
things as gracefully as possible.

It was thought by some of both par-  
ties, that it would be morally impos-  
sible for Chancellor Felder to make such  
a decree as that of last evening, in the  
face of the argument made by the  
counsel of the Mayor elect, and the  
absence of argument on the other side  
—not from any lack of ability in the  
counsel on that side, but from the utter  
absence of law (as heretofore under-  
stood), analogy, or precedent in its be-  
half. Those who thus imagined forgot  
that they had a greater than Law or  
Precedent on their side. They had  
the Chancellor himself.

AFFECTING is a romance that comes  
from Indiana. A young gentleman  
living near Terre Haute felt that life  
had no charms if a young lady of  
whom he thought a great deal did not  
consent to marry him. She died, and  
he immediately went West, and em-  
ployed a sympathetic friend to write to  
her saying that he was dead, and beg-  
ging her as his parting request to stop  
and drop a weed or flower or a tear  
upon his grave if she happened to be  
passing in that direction. Mark the  
practicality of the modern young lady!  
No thrill of anguish desolated her soul;  
she calmly wrote back to the friend  
that if he had any consideration for her  
feelings to send her the dear depar-  
ed's watch and chain and money. The  
things were sent and their owner, ap-  
parently followed to observe the success of  
his stratagem. Alas! he met her walk-  
ing with another, and wearing all his  
jewelry. Appalled by this sudden ap-  
pearance of a dead man, another fled,  
but the young lady had a sharper eye  
for her unappreciated suitor. All's  
well that ends well; she was so dis-  
pleased with another for running away  
in terror, that now she is about to mar-  
ry the ghost.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

### Important Grange Notice.

#### [Tuscaloosa Blade.]

The undersigned committee have  
been appointed by the Council of Tus-  
caloosa county Patrons of Husbandry  
to call a convention of the counties  
contiguous to, and dependent on the  
Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad,  
and on the Warrior and Bigbee rivers,  
for transportation of freight. The ob-  
ject of the meeting is to mature some  
action by which freight may be cheap-  
ened upon these public highways. The  
convention will hold its meeting in the  
city of Euau, Greene county, Alaba-  
ma, on Wednesday, the 1st of April,  
1874, at 12 M. The councils are re-  
quested to send ten delegates each, and  
papers on above lines, and rivers are  
requested to copy this notice.

R. NELSON,  
R. RANDOLPH,  
L. G. BLOUNT,  
DANIEL BROWN,  
C. H. LUNSFORD,  
Committee.

N. B.—The Euau Grange will  
provide place of meeting.

A Virginia lady has recovered  
\$1,000 from a railroad company for  
carrying her two miles beyond where  
she wanted to get out.



# THE DEMOCRAT.

ISAAC GRANT, Editor.  
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF CLARKE COUNTY.  
Grove Hill, Alabama.

## GRAVING REST.

Oh! for the leisure to lie and to dream  
By some woodland well, or some rippling stream,  
With a cool green covert of trees overhead,  
And ferns or mosses for my verdurous bed!

To rest and trifle with rushes and reeds,  
Threading wild berries like chaplets of beads,  
Lulling the breeze fan my feverish brows,  
Hearing the birds sing their summery songs.

Oh! for the leisure to lie without thought,  
Upon the minute and the hour unwrought;  
The hammock that best in my temples at rest;  
Calm in life's atmosphere, calm in the breast!

To loiter or saunter, to laugh or to weep,  
To listen the echoes, or silence to keep,  
With no human being at hand to intrude,  
Or question the wherefore of manner or mood.  
Oh! for such leisure to rest and to stray  
In green haunts of nature, if but for a day,  
Through leaves to look at the sky from the sod,  
Alone with my heart, my hopes, and my God.

## HOW I LOST THE COUNTY.

From Belgravia.

"Lucky fellow, you!" said my friend Sardonyx, as we left the house together, after the division that presaged the dissolution which was imminent, "to have a county in your pocket. Well, there's the confounded business to begin again, and after the fiasco I got at Newmarket; it's maddening, Walwyn, upon my word."

I looked down upon him with the easy compassion of a man with a secure seat. "Upon my word," I said, "I don't care two pence about it. The county will have me, or I'd just as soon not be bothered with it. But then it costs me next to nothing."

"There you go," said Sardonyx, savagely. "Costs next to nothing! O you lucky devil! Why, I dare say you won't spend a couple of hundred for your election!"

"About seventy-five is the usual figure," I replied; "and upon my word I think I get the worth of it in butter and eggs, and fish, and saddles of mutton that the people send me in honor of the event."

"Ugh!" cried Sardonyx, groaning again. "Well, you ought to put down a couple of thousand, at least, at the Carlton as a thank-offering; or, perhaps, you'd better hand it over to me. I'm in for six at least. You won't? Hard-hearted old brute, farewell!"

Next morning I had a letter from our "whip."

"Dear Walwyn—I may tell in extreme confidence that the chief is determined for diss." (A thing everybody had known about a week.) "You're all right at Cadant, I suppose; but keep your eye on Gimball. To your tents, O Israel!"

I'd a particular reason for not wishing to leave town just now, and it was with great reluctance that I ordered my man to pack my things, and meet me at Euston for the five o'clock express. There was no fear of anybody coming forward against me; but I felt that I ought to go down to make arrangements. As for Gimball, that was absurd. He'd never dare to do such a thing. Why, my father had been the making of Gimball, and to think of his coming forward against us! Pooh! he would be laughed out of the county.

Hitherto, as Sardonyx had told me, I had been a lucky fellow. I had been left an orphan early, and came into the estate at my majority, with a fine accumulation to start with. I had found a seat in parliament waiting for me, without trouble or expense. Certainly I speedily got rid of the accumulation, and had dipped the estate a little since; but I enjoyed myself considerably in the interim, and had accumulated a fine fund of experience.

Penwalyn, my place in Wales, is not a favorite residence of mine. It is a dark and gloomy house, surrounded by ancestral trees that seem to distil green mold, and is a dozen miles from anywhere. It is very little changed since my great grandfather's time; the furniture is of his date, I think, and the rooms are of that period—dark and dull. The hall is the only decent place in the house, and is hung with the portraits of my ancestors. I haven't much respect for my ancestors—I believe they were a coarse, raffish lot, and ate and drank a good deal more than was good for them or their descendants. But there are some good portraits. Sir Whipple Walwyn, by Vandyke, a man with a peaked beard, and hair hanging down over his shoulders; the courtly painter has subdued the glowing tint in his nose, but there it is, nevertheless—the family badge. The next is a Lady, Lady Gwendolen Walwyn, a court beauty of Charles II.'s time; a decolete, simpering beauty, who first introduced good looks into our family. Then there is Sir Peregrine, by Hudson, in a tie wig, blue velvet coat and white satin waistcoat, and the glowing red nose, characteristic of the family, that makes one think that Lady Gwendolen, his mother, was, perhaps, a good deal belied. A sweet girl's face, by Sir Joshua, is the charm of the collection, and she it was who kicked over the traces so confoundingly, whose husband was killed in a duel about her, and who bolted afterward with the survivor. On the whole, I had just about as soon spend a week in the family vault at Penwalyn. I've the greatest possible objection to a place that seems to reek of deceased ancestors; and I sympathize most earnestly with those Persian fellows who, they tell me, rather than inhabit a house in which their parents have died, pull it down and build another.

I got to Penwalyn next morning at even or so, and sent for my steward, Oswald Evans, who lives just on the outskirts of the park the queerest looking fellow you ever saw. He wears a tall fluffy hat stuck on the back of his

head; his eyes are long and narrow, and he generally keeps them half closed; he has a hooked nose, and a mouth that is always buttoned up tight into an expression of care and anxiety. He is dressed in gray Welsh tweed, and carries in one hand a voluminous umbrella, in the other a square basket, opening with a couple of flaps on the top.

I was waiting for him in the business room, a little room looking out on the park, the only pleasant one in the house, as I think, which I generally use when I am at Penwalyn. As soon as he came he deposited the basket on the floor, put his hat on top of that, and balanced his umbrella across them. When he had done this he came and accosted me very warmly. Rowland has known me ever since I was the size of your thumb, and is, I believe, sincerely attached to me.

"How do you do, Master Richard? How do they get on in London, sir, and at the parliament-house? Indeed, I am glad to see you, sir. I have brought you a few eggs, sir, and a little fresh butter, all made at home, sir."

"Thank you, Evans. Yes, I'm all right. As for the parliament, they're going to dissolve it."

"Dear me, Sir Richard; and what a pity—such a fine parliament as it was! Well, indeed, and what shall we do next?"

"The next thing is a general election, I suppose," said I carelessly; "but we're all right down here."

"Oh, dear, Sir Richard; well now, I don't know; there is no bounds to the presumption of some people."

"But nobody would oppose me in my own county; the thing's impossible, Evans!"

"Tis that distressful Gimball, sir, that we have to fear; none other for sure. There is no bound to his folly and assurance. He would have no chance against you, Sir Richard; but, indeed, I fear he means to try. So I have heard, at least; but I wouldn't have you go too much by what I say, sir."

This coincided very disagreeably with what our "whip" had told me, and I was a good deal annoyed at the intelligence. I didn't fear the result of a contest, but I found myself all of a sudden likely to be called upon for a considerable sum of money, and I might look forward, for the next three months, to a constant sojourn at Penwalyn, enlivened by incessant canvassing and entertaining all the country side. And I had hoped to have been able to slip away to Italy, where the Ruddocks (I was awfully spooney on Hilda Ruddock then) were going for the winter.

Gimball was a retired lawyer who had made a great fortune—with all kinds of rascality I have no doubt—and settled down in Cadant, where he built a home twice as big as any other in the country. As he was constantly giving dinner-parties and balls, and so on, he had become rather popular in the neighborhood, and he was always ready to head a subscription, whether it was for a chapel or a church, or to replace Morris Pugh's pig that had died of the measles. Such a fellow as this was no end of a nuisance, always leading one into expense and bothers. Then he was very active as a magistrate, and as he didn't care about shooting himself, not knowing the stock of a gun from the barrel, he was always making capital by letting off poachers; and generally bidding for the applause of the mob. But I never suspected him of such treachery as trying to supplant me in my own county.

The best thing I could do, as I thought, was to beard the man in his own den; it might be that all this was only idle rumor, and that I was disquieting myself for nothing at all. It's the best policy to be plain and straightforward in these matters. Yes, I'd drive over and see at once, and put it to him plain and plump: "Are you going to stand for the county, or is it all a lie that people are telling about you?"

There was a little difficulty about the conveyance at first. The carriage horses were at grass, and I had no saddle horse down here. The nag that was kept for the use of the house had gone dead lame, and I should have had to send half a dozen miles for post horses. Evans kept a trap, I knew, and I asked him to drive me over to Bryncoed, Mr. Gimball's place. He was quite overpowered with the honor I did him, and went off to get ready his train.

It was about six miles from Penwalyn to Bryncoed, rather a bad road, but Evans' little pony scrambled up and down the hills at a capital pace. We came, in about half an hour, to a gate leading into the domain of Bryncoed; there was no lodge there, and, as Evans was driving, I jumped down to open the gate. I was about to swing it to when Evans had driven through, but was stopped by a hail from behind me.

"Hullo! young man, hold hard!" The speaker was a young girl, mounted on a handsome black horse, who had just cantered up on the turf. "How do you do, Evans?" she went on, nodding in a friendly way to my steward. "You've got your boy home then, have you?"

"Bless the young lady, no! Why, this is Sir Richard, Miss Gimball! But she had cantered away without listening to an explanation. "What an extraordinary thing, sir, to take you for my son, sir!"

I had observed that she was a very pretty, piquante-looking girl, and wondered how it was that I had not made her acquaintance before, till I remembered that I had not been down for more than a few days at a time for several years, during which period Miss Gimball had no doubt emerged from the pupa state of short frocks and frilled trousers.

about it. A little yacht was moored in the river, and a couple of boats were lying on the strand; the cheerful tones of a piano echoed from a French window opening on the lawn. I heard the sound of voices and laughter.

A very cheerful-looking servant opened the door and took my card. He looked more serious when he returned. Indeed, the whole house seemed all at once to have assumed a sadder aspect. The sun disappeared behind a cloud, the music ceased suddenly, the voices and laughter—but I was blind to the omen.

"Master's very unwell," said the man; "too ill to see anybody, sir."

"My business is very important," I said. "Who is the mistress of the establishment?" I whispered to Evans.

"Mrs. Pendergap, his sister, sir," replied Evans.

"Take my card to Mrs. Pendergap, and ask if I can see her."

I was presently shown into a drawing-room, where Mrs. Pendergap joined me. She was a very pleasant, brisk, little brown woman, one of that jolly sort who do all the talking themselves, and yet don't bore you with their chatter. She divined my purpose in a moment.

"About the election, isn't it! Poor Edward, my brother—such a disappointment! Yes; it's no use making a secret about it now. He fully intended to oppose you. Now, poor fellow, his thoughts are entirely weaned from worldly matters." She passed her handkerchief lightly over her eyes.

"Dear me," I said, quite distressed that I had intruded my affairs into this sorrowful house; "I had no idea. Is there danger?"

"Not immediate; O, no; but these attacks—so distressing. I daresay he'll see you. I'll go and prepare him for your visit."

By and by I was ushered up into the sick-room. It was shaded and darkened, and I could hardly see the tip of the sick man's great hooked nose, his prominent drooping eye-lids. He was surrounded by a battery of physic bottles. His hand was outside the coverlet, and he took mine in his and pressed it feebly.

"Sorry to see you in this way," I said. I really was a little touched at the sight of my enemy thus laid low.

"How trivial," he whispered, "in such seasons of sickness do our little differences of parties and sects appear! I'm glad to see you and shake you by the hand. If I've ever said or done anything offensive to you, Walwyn, forgive me."

"Don't mention it," I replied; "bygones and so on. To tell you the truth, I heard that you intended to oppose me for the county. I'm glad to find that the rumor is false."

"O, Walwyn," he whispered, "do I seem to be a likely man to oppose anybody? I have had opposition enough; I should like to make my peace with all the world now."

This was a very satisfactory state of mind to be in; at the same time the conversation wasn't particularly lively, and I was glad to make my way from the sick-room.

"You'll take your luncheon with them," he said, as I went out; "do, it will please me, and I shall feel that our reconciliation is sincere."

I was hungry enough, and glad to have luncheon. Miss Gimball had come home from her ride, too, and was delighted at having treated Sir Richard Walwyn as the steward's son. We were capital friends directly, and I felt altogether so comfortable at Bryncoed, that I thought with a shudder of returning to dim Penwalyn, the ghosts, and the family portraits. After luncheon, a message came down from the sick-room: "Ask Sir Richard to send for his traps, and stop the night."

Well, I hated the idea of sleeping at Penwalyn so much that I was tempted to stay; and certainly Gimball's was a very jolly house, and everybody tried to make me comfortable.

Old Evans don't like it a bit. He sent for me before he started home, and when I went out to speak to him, he pointed gravely to the wheel tracks on the principal drive. There were certainly a good many of them, but the doctor and the parson, and the lawyer, and sympathizing inquiries would account for that.

"Do you remember, sir, the story of the jackass and lion who was sick?"

"I don't see how it applies to me, Evans; poor old Gimball isn't likely to eat me."

"Well, sir—well, indeed, I wish you'd come home with me, Sir Richard."

I wasn't going to be put off a pleasant evening by Evans' nonsense. I believe he'd like to sit in the middle of my hall at Penwalyn and drink strong ale to the sound of the harp, as my forefathers might have done, with the cook and the kitchen-maid and Mrs. Richards, the house-keeper, joining in chorus.

Gimball had a capital cook and excellent wine. Both Miss Gimball and her aunt were good musicians, with beautiful voices, and I spent a most pleasant evening. Next day we went out in a yacht, had a delightful sail, lunched on board, and reached home, tired as dogs, just in time to dress for dinner. Couldn't go home that night, either. The best of it was, I felt so secure about the election. Nobody but Gimball could run against me with the shadow of a chance. Gimball I had safe. I might enjoy myself as I liked for the next few days. Then I might think about business; about getting out my address and making my arrangements for the walk-over.

Next day I went home very reluctantly. I was desperately smitten with Lucy Gimball, and I think I should have made her an offer then and there but for one thing—I couldn't quite get over her apparent heartlessness. She didn't seem to care a button for her

father's illness, except for a minute, when reminded of it, perhaps she'd put on a grave face, and then she'd be as jolly as ever next moment. Now, if she didn't care for her father she wasn't likely to care much for her husband, after the novelty of the thing was over; and this consideration made me haul off a bit.

I had a horrid night at Penwalyn. I dreamt I was buried alive in the family vault, my funeral attended by all the dead Walwyns—all sorts of horrors. Just before daylight I had a dream that a good deal impressed me, it was so vivid and real. A venerable old man with a long white beard appeared before me; he had a very angry, scowling face, and after looking sternly at me for a few moments he said: "Silly boy, what it costs the souls of men to acquire you fling away for women and trumpery!" There was something so fiery and life-like about the old man—I recognized him at once as my grandfather, whose portrait hangs in the dining-room over the big buffet—that I was involuntarily staggered and affected. I couldn't sleep after that, and rose and dressed and went out into the park. It was a charming morning, the sun had just risen, and the sky was filled with pink, gauzy vapor, which in constant movement and change parted here and there, revealing purple mountain ranges and glowing peaks and pinnacles of rock. My heart smote me when I thought of my neglect of this my own county, and my running after foreign gods. I made half a resolution to amend, and take to better ways. Just at this moment I came to a spot where the road, the principal drive to the house, is cut through a range of rocks, leaving on each side of it a scarped precipitous face. Trees growing from the rocks above unite their branches over the road, the road itself is almost choked with bracken, ferns, and wild weeds, and when you have penetrated this tunnel of greenery, there opens upon you a pleasant vista of the river valley beyond, with a strip of sea in the distance.

Great was my astonishment to see this charming natural grotto defaced by two huge staring placards posted on either hand on the face of the rock. They were printed in double columns, one side Welsh, the other English. "To the free and independent electors of the county of Cadant," below that a stirring radical programme, and attached to the manifesto the name of George Gimball.

In considerable agitation I hurried on to the house of Evans, the steward. On the gable-end of his barn was posted a similar placard. He was coming out of his gate as I reached it.

"Evans," I cried, pointing to the address, "Evans, what's the meaning of all this?"

"O, don't you know all about it, Sir Richard?" said Evans, looking at me reproachfully. "Haven't you been staying at the house all the time he has been canvassing the county, and never a word from you against him? Why, Sir Richard, half your own tenants have promised him; for they thought there could be nothing against him so long as you was so friendly with Mr. Gimball; and I had no instructions from you, sir."

"But he was in bed all the time, my good fellow."

"O, sir, you've been deceived by him. He's been scouring the country far and near, and everybody said you was going to resign in his favor."

"The scoundrel!" I cried, grinding my teeth with rage. "Why, one might have been on one's guard against such a ruse among a tribe of savages."

"Savages or not, sir, everybody says he's sure to come in."

And he did, too. I never could win back the advantage he got in having the start of me. My own side looked suspiciously upon me, and nobody supported me warmly. I made desperate efforts to retrieve my position, and spent money like water; but it was all of no use. At the close of the poll the figures were: Gimball, 8,765; Walwyn, 8,257.

Since then I have been living abroad. The election cost me six thousand pounds, and that, on the top of other innumerable necessities putting the estate to nurse. As for Lucy Gimball, she married a cotton prince from Manchester—and I wish him joy of her.

## The Parrot Headquarters.

In the vicinity of the village on Kong Island, in Faboon river, Africa, there is a stupendous cotton tree, the widespread and gigantic arms of which have served from time immemorial as a lodging-place not only for the parrots belonging to this part of the country, but, one might be tempted to believe, for all in Africa. Those birds usually spend an hour or more in adjusting themselves in their proper places at night, during which time they keep up such a loud and incessant screaming that you cannot be heard anywhere in the vicinity without raising the voice considerably above the ordinary pitch. At length they are quietly seated, when they commence what very closely resembles a musical concert; this they continue about an hour longer. At regular intervals during the night they sing out as if they were keeping watch. The natives say the concerts have been borrowed from them; and the practice of keeping watch they suppose to have been derived from vessels lying at anchor in the river. These conjectures will not appear improbable to those who are acquainted with the singular aptitude of these birds to catch and imitate the sounds of human voice. They are never molested; their powers of utterance, in the estimation of the African, are so close an approximation of human speech that to kill and eat them would be almost equivalent to murder and cannibalism.

## A Dreadful Sacrifice.

A strange and tragic story is that of a crazy woman who wanders among the mountains about Partenheim, in Bavaria. A short time ago she was the handsome and happy wife of a man who had but one evil habit—that of poaching. One night he was pursued by a forester, and, turning he shot the man. The deed was seen by others, and he was obliged to fly. With his wife and two children, one of them an infant, he went toward the Austrian frontier, and at night, while all were sleeping, concealed in a thicket, the sound of hoofs were heard. Touching his wife's arm, the husband whispered, "The gendarmes!" She started so suddenly and so violently that the infant resting in her arms awoke and began to cry. The father ordered her to keep it quiet, and the poor mother held the little one closer, endeavoring to stop its cries, while the gendarmes halted and seemed to be listening. Then her husband laid his hand upon the child's mouth and held it there for the ten minutes his pursuers remained quiet. When, at last, they rode away, the child was dead. The family went on its way, and at the frontier the Custom House officers inquired if they had anything to declare. "Nothing," said the murderer; but the unhappy mother, uncovering her dead infant, told her wretched story, only to lose her reason in the conflict of wifely and motherly affection.

**MEDICAL ADVERTISING.**—The medical profession are out-spoken in their denunciations of the system of medical advertising, and declare that any medicine that is advertised is a fraud. How thoroughly inconsistent and unfair is such an argument. The men who are so loud in their criticisms are those who advertise themselves as medical savans by ostentatious display; splendid residences with massive door plates; fast horses and costly carriages. Dr. J. Walker, of California, an old practitioner, respected alike for his skill and conscientious independence, dares to differ; and having discovered in his Vinegar Bitters a purely herbalistic medicine, free from all spirituous poisons, a wonderful specific for numerous disorders, advertises the same for the relief of his fellow-man, and is borne out in his declarations of its many virtues by thousands of invalids, who are being cured of disease by its use.

**A PENASANT GAME.**—One of the most barbaric games handed down to the Romans from time immemorial has just been forbidden by the authorities. It was too provocative of an appeal to the knife. The game was called Passatella. The party chose a king and entered a wine-shop. Each man was obliged to call and pay for a certain quantity of wine, but no one might drink without permission of the king. If he happened to be a tyrannical fellow, or had a secret grudge against one of the party, he would get one or more of them furious, especially as the rest exulted always in the discomfort of their less fortunate companions. Most of the serious quarrels at the wine-cellars were traced to this game, but hosts and customers are alike indignant at its suppression.

Taking the trades together, the New York Times thinks the number of skilled workmen out of work in that city may be some 4,000 in excess of the number similarly situated one year ago—not very much more. Supposing the same proportion to hold true of the unskilled workmen, the day laborers, etc., it affirms that the "volume of distress," while large enough to call for special effort, is not large enough to exceed the capacity of the existing means of relief.

The skunk is no respecter of persons. He is just as friendly to the owner of one suit of clothes as to the owner of a dozen, and, if anything, a little more.

## CURE FOR CONSUMPTION,

### COUGHS,

### BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND CROUP.

As an Expectorant it has no Equal.

It is composed of the active principles of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted, so as to retain all their medical qualities.

## Allen's Lung Balsam.

This Great Medicine was First Offered for Sale Ten Years Ago.

Its good qualities were soon made known at home, and very soon its fame was no longer far and near; it is sold in nearly every drug store in the United States. No similar medicine stands higher with the people. It is well known on the Pacific coast, and even from Australia, large orders are received for it. And throughout Canada it is well and favorably known; and sold everywhere.

## Ministers and Public Speakers

Who are so often afflicted with throat diseases, will find a sure remedy in this Balsam. Coughs and wheezes sometimes give relief, but this Balsam, taken a few times, will insure a permanent cure. Will all those afflicted with coughs or consumption, give this Balsam a fair trial; they will be pleased with the result, and confess that the sum remedy is FOUND AT LAST.

### READ THE FOLLOWING:

What the St. Louis Journal has to say: "Readers of the Journal to whom it may desire a remedy for this cure of human consumption, Allen's Lung Balsam gives the anchor of hope. Allen's Lung Balsam has been tried by thousands, who have known of it only by seeing testimonials, that they have been cured, but by their physical appearance. The recommendations of this valuable remedy has reached from those who know of it good and done for them, place Allen's Lung Balsam in the front rank of the healing and life-restoring remedies of this century."

### CAUTION.

Do not be deceived. Call for and be sure you receive Allen's Lung Balsam—try no experiment with worthless imitations.

J. M. HARRIS & CO., Proprietors, Cincinnati, Ohio. For sale by all southern druggists and general dealers.







# The Democrat.

GROVE HILL:

TUESDAY ::::: FEBRUARY 24

## COUNTY NEWS.

Mr. James C. Savage, Clerk of the Circuit Court, is authorized to receive money due this office and to receipt for the same.

Capt. H. R. Johnston, of the steamer "Atlanta," will accept our thanks for a late "Mobile Register."

**Godsey's Lady's Book.**  
Godsey's Lady's Book, for March, is on hand with its accustomed regularity and punctuality, and is an elegant number. Its age and its great success are its best commendation. Those desiring a publication of this character could not do better, we think, than to subscribe for it. Price \$3 per year. Address L. A. Godsey, N. E. Corner 6th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

M. Ezzell, County Superintendent of free public schools, publishes a list of township dividends in this paper.

R. G. H. Holder, an old citizen of this county, died at his residence in the southern part of this county—the Fork—about a week ago.

The spring-like weather which had prevailed for some time was swept away Sunday night by the wings of a northwest wind, and winter again masters the situation with cold breath and rain. Spring was getting ahead of time, and it is well enough, perhaps, that Winter has put the brakes on and for the time, checked the wild impetuosity of his precocious successor.

**A LARGE HOG.**—On Monday, the 18th inst., Mr. J. W. Robinson, who lives about five miles east of this place, killed a hog which weighed 401 pounds after being dressed, and from which he obtained 6 gallons and one pint of lard. The hog was kept up only three weeks, Mr. R. informs us, and was about three years old.

A plenty of corn and a few hogs like the above, or even a little smaller, are a splendid antidote for starvation.

We are particularly in need of money just at this time; and earnestly call upon those indebted to the office to pay, as soon as they can. Help us to get through these hard times, and if you cannot pay all that is due, pay as much as you can, and we will give you credit for every dollar. If necessity did not force this call we would not make it.

### List of Jurors.

The following is a list of the jurors for the spring term of the Circuit Court of this county.

#### GRAND JURY.

John T. Clark	E. M. Chapman
John Pace	T. A. Dawson
James Odum	James J. Cobb
A. J. Miller	W. J. Clanton
G. B. Prozer	B. A. Dungan
Skipwith Coale	Daniel Lee
B. Anderson	F. B. Whaley
Z. L. Betts	D. D. Dawson
M. M. Danzey	W. R. Foster

#### PEIT JURY—FIRST WEEK.

J. L. Gwin	W. A. Pace
A. Payne	C. E. Gwynn
John Pressnell	G. W. Hudson
B. F. Reizer	Nat. Malone
R. H. Hudson	S. P. Noble
J. Foscutt	A. Cammack
J. L. Clarke	J. C. Franklin
M. Kimbrough	J. T. McCoy
Jas. H. Perry	George Cox
P. H. Booth	Jno. I. Sanders
E. A. Bryant	J. M. Carter
S. R. Harrison	J. W. McCoy
F. B. Clark	E. B. England
C. L. Sisson	G. W. Drinkard
H. T. Wheeler	John A. Wade

#### SECOND WEEK.

David White	B. J. Coate
F. M. Jowers	T. A. Creighton
James E. Gates	J. M. Ploques
M. B. Barnes	John Goodman
Reason Pugh	E. R. Kelly
J. L. Goodman	C. J. Walker
Wesley Rodgers	W. H. Harris
Greenberry Deaton	Walter Taylor
Peter Gwin	J. W. Lambard
N. L. Clark	J. B. Nixon
E. L. Marshall	D. P. Ford
W. W. Coleman	R. Gaddy
Jno. A. Pruitt	R. L. Ezzell
Jno. A. Myrick	A. R. Knel
W. L. Garlick	I. T. Griffin

## THE MARKETS.

### COTTON AND MONEY.

In Mobile on the 20th inst., cotton was quoted as follows:  
Good Ordinary 13 1/2  
Low Middlings 14 1/2  
Middlings 15 1/2  
Good Middlings 16 1/2  
Sales of the week 15,800 bales.  
Gold 124 1/2 Silver 54 7/8  
GROCERY MARKET.  
[CONNECTED WEEKLY.]

MOBILE, Feb. 20, 1874.

Merchants and Planters can have their orders filled at the following prices:

<b>BAGGING</b> —			
Western,	pr yd	15 1/2	16
India,	pr yd	15 1/2	16
<b>ROPE</b> —			
Western,	pr lb	10 1/2	11
Manilla,	pr lb	22 1/2	24
<b>IRON TIES,</b>			
<b>BUTTER</b>			
Western,	pr lb	30 1/2	31
Goshen,	pr lb	45 1/2	46
<b>BACON</b> —			
Sugar cured hams	pr lb	13 1/2	14
Plain Hams,	pr lb	—	—
Sides, Clear,	pr lb	7 1/2	8
Sides, Ribbed,	pr lb	7 1/2	8
Shoulders,	pr lb	27 1/2	28
<b>BEEF, Dried,</b>			
<b>CHEESE,</b>			
<b>COFFEE, Java,</b>			
Rio,	pr lb	31 1/2	32
Havana,	pr lb	—	—
<b>CANDLES, Sperm</b>			
Star,	pr lb	21 1/2	22
<b>CORN MEAL,</b>			
<b>CORN,</b>			
<b>FLOUR,</b>			
<b>LARD,</b>			
<b>MOLASSES</b> —			
Louisiana,	pr gal	50 1/2	51
Syrup,	pr gal	90 1/2	91
<b>MACKEREL,</b>			
<b>OIL—Kerosene,</b>			
<b>PORK, Mess,</b>			
<b>POTATOES, Irish</b>			
<b>PEPPER,</b>			
<b>RICE—Clean</b>			
Rough,	pr lb	3 1/2	4
<b>SUGAR, Crushed,</b>			
Louisiana,	pr lb	9 1/2	10
<b>SALT, Liverpool</b>			
<b>SOAP—Northern,</b>			
Saponine,	pr lb	15 1/2	16
Soft,	pr lb	6 1/2	7
<b>SODA,</b>			
<b>STARCH,</b>			
<b>TOBACCO,</b>			
<b>VINEGAR,</b>			
<b>TEAS, Gunpowder</b>			
Green,	pr lb	150 1/2	151

### New Advertisements.

#### Dividend Educational Fund of Clarke County.

For the year commencing Oct. 1, 1873, and ending Sept. 30, 1874.

Township.	Range.	E. White.	Colored.
3	2	\$ 64 17	
4	2	31 64	217 00
4	3		191 20
5	2	26 67	80 00
5	3	16 67	85 83
5	4	3 33	67 50
6	2	80 83	86 67
6	3	25 83	35 00
6	4	69 17	175 33
6	5	14 00	227 30
7	1	67 50	31 67
7	2	83 33	20 00
7	3	49 17	45 00
7	4	43 33	168 34
7	5	40 00	32 82
8	1	98 33	18 34
8	2	85 83	24 17
8	3	140 00	22 50
8	4	58 33	90 00
8	5	26 45	50 93
9	1	87 50	35 83
9	2	70 83	30 00
9	3	172 50	85 83
9	4	86 67	45 00
9	5	33 33	43 34
10	1	92 50	3 33
10	2	64 17	
10	3	88 33	9 17
10	4	41 66	11 67
10	5	100 83	37 50
11	1	96 67	71 66
11	2	104 17	66 66
11	3	114 17	105 83
11	4	79 17	55 83
11	5	64 17	8 33
12	1	39 17	26 66
12	2	49 17	53 33
12	3	42 50	43 33
12	4	41 66	48 34
12	5	56 67	59 16
12	6	5 83	5 84
12	7	60 83	16 67
12	8	14 17	41 66
12	9	123 37	231 86
12	10	10 00	5 00

Total amount, \$2,700 48 \$2,878 59

Macon Lodge, No. 7, meets in Grove Hill the 4th Saturday in each month.

Oliver Lodge No. 334, meets at Chocataw Corner the 1st Saturday in each month.

Job work neatly and expeditiously executed at this office.

LOUIS TOUART, Mobile.  
JOS. TOUART, Mobile.  
**L. & J. TOUART,**  
COTTON FACTORS.  
—AND—  
General Commission Merchants,  
NO. 12 COMMERCE ST.,  
Mobile, Alabama.  
Particular attention paid to any business entrusted to our care.  
March 5, 1873. 441f

### CHRISTIAN INDEX AND BAPTIST

The Organ of the Baptist Denomination in Georgia and other States  
In the 52d Year of its Existence  
A Large Weekly and Family Paper.  
Price \$2 50 a Year. To Ministers \$2.

### GOLD PREMIUMS.

For the purpose of encouraging our friends in the grand work of diffusing religious literature and Baptist truth, throughout the country, we have thought it proper to add to our premium list the following

### GOLD PREMIUMS.

For the largest number of subscribers over 100, \$50 in gold.  
The next largest over 50, 25 in gold.  
The next largest over 30, 15 in gold.  
The next largest over 20, 10 in gold.  
The next largest over 10, 5 in gold.  
This offer is open **Sixty Days** from the date of this paper.  
It applies to new subscribers only.  
Paid Agents are not allowed to participate in it—nor those who are working regularly on commission.  
The single copy price of the paper must be conforming to in every instance—\$2 50 per copy, in advance; to Ministers, \$2 00. The money must accompany each name forwarded to the paper.  
Commencing with the third week from date, we shall begin to publish the result of the work of agents—giving names of agents, etc.  
And now, we hope some friend of the paper in every neighborhood within the territory of THE INDEX, will enter upon the canvass at once. The work is one in which every lover of the Master's cause has a deep and abiding interest. Let it then be done for His sake. Address all communications to  
JAS. P. HARRISON & Co.,  
P. O. Drawer 24. Atlanta, Ga.

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Commencing with the third week from date, we shall begin to publish the result of the work of agents—giving names of agents, etc.  
And now, we hope some friend of the paper in every neighborhood within the territory of THE INDEX, will enter upon the canvass at once. The work is one in which every lover of the Master's cause has a deep and abiding interest. Let it then be done for His sake. Address all communications to  
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