

Clarke County Democrat.

VOL. XIX.

GROVE HILL, ALA., TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1874.

NO. 2.

The Democrat.

ISAAC GRANT, Proprietor.

TERMS:

For One Year, in advance, \$2 00
Advertisements inserted as follows:
Per square, for first insertion, \$1 50
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For Letters of Administration \$6 00
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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.

H. C. GRAYSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

GROVE HILL, ALA.

Will practice in Clarke and the adjoining 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,

Samden, 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, 187y

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 attend 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 Marengo and the adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court.

Office, Linden, Marengo co., Ala.

STATE OF ALABAMA—CLARKE COUNTY.

Probate Court, May 25, 1874.

J. D. Guy, dec'd, Estate of.

THIS day came D. D. Dawson, the administrator de bonis non of said estate and filed his statements and reports setting forth that said estate is insolvent and praying that it may be so declared.

It is ordered that the 20th day of June, 1874, be appointed for hearing and determining the same, when all persons interested can appear and contest the same if they think proper.
JACK R. WILSON,
May 26ths Judge.

Notice of Administration.

M. S. York, deceased, Estate of.

LETTERS of administration, upon said estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the Probate Court of Clarke county, on the 18th day of April, 1874, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate, to present them legally authenticated within the time prescribed by law, or they will be barred, and those indebted to the estate will make payment to the undersigned.
J. O. YORK,
April 21, 1874, 8w Adm'r.

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

Coffeyville Lodge, No. 122, meets the 4th Saturday in each month.

Ben. Lane Posey, of Mobile, has become a Radical.

The Civil Rights bill is thought to be dead for the present session of congress and, perhaps, forever.

Three of the Grant parish prisoners were found guilty. An effort is being made for a new trial.

The steamer Victoria has tied up for the summer, and the Hale takes her place as the Saturday night boat. See card.

President Clark, and Engineer Mickle, of the Mobile and Ala. Grand Trunk Railroad, and an English gentleman, or the agent of an English company, are passing over the projected route of said railroad, and it is likely, should the agent be pleased with the route and country, that the road will pass into the hands of another company. We would be glad to see the road completed, for the good that we anticipate from it the country and to Mobile.

The negroes of Montgomery are mad because the white Radicals of that city now and then have a meeting without letting their colored brethren in to see what is in the wind. They should not desire or expect to attend all the meetings. The whites are making arrangements for dividing out the offices to be filled in the November election, and this important and delicate work can be more successfully transacted with small audiences. The negroes will be allowed a "white man's chance" when the time for voting arrives. A negro's vote and a white man's office.

DUSKIN.—A correspondent of the Montgomery Advertiser writes as follows in reference to the speech recently delivered in Marion, to a negro audience, by Geo. M. Duskin, the Hale county scoundrel and United States attorney:

The roaring Duskin followed. [The first speech was made by Speed.] His theme was also Civil Rights—the elevation of the poor "down-trodden negro" from his present degradation to that point where he can place his heel on the neck of the white man and grow over him. This was in effect the burden of his song and long, loud and lustily did he sing it. "Civil Rights," he said, "should and must be granted to the negro. If the bill passed by the Senate failed to become a law, the negroes ought and must arise and fight for their rights, ay 'fight until the last armed foe expires. 'Twere better far to die contending for the rights of freemen than to live ignoble slaves." He was ready to head the host to burn, pile, slay and destroy for this, the greatest boon of freedom.

Will not the white people of Alabama unite in one mighty effort to defeat the party whose leaders proclaim such incendiary and hellish principles?

Whose Children It Will Effect?

In the course of his remarks against the Social Equality bill, Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, pointed out very plainly the effect upon the common schools, and whose children would be the sufferers. He said:

Now, Mr. President, I must be permitted to say, while the Senator from Massachusetts was frank enough to avow the purposes and object of this bill, he knows, as every senator on this floor who favors the bill knows, that the only effect and operation of it is to be had upon the poorer classes in this country, who are dependent upon the common schools. While that senator and the senators who support this bill advocate mixed schools, and insist that it is the right of the colored man to send his children to the same school with the white man, there is not one of them—I repeat it in the presence of senators, there is not one of them—who will send his children to any such mixed schools. They will select their schools. Ah, sir, fortune has favored

them, and they are able to select their schools and send their children to them and pay for their tuition; but the humble poor man—the sons of toil who labor to support their families—the men who have no fortunes, but are dependent upon their industry for their bread—the men who cannot be elected senators of the United States, the men who are in humble life—it is against them and their children that the provisions of this bill are directed. We had as well deal frankly with this question. I know full well that in no section of this country are mixed common schools patronized by gentlemen of fortune.

They select their schools, and senators know full well that if this bill goes into operation it will not affect their children, while they are avowing their purpose to force the mixed schools whereby the children of the poor white men may be compelled to be educated in association with the colored children or not educated at all. Sir, this flimsy gauze cannot and will not hide the objects of this bill. The poor people of this country will see as readily as any of us, that this bill in its details, so far as it is directed to institutions of learning and the common schools of the country, is aimed at them, and is not aimed at gentlemen who have fortunes and can educate their children in select schools, academies and colleges.

The white men of the country will see and resent this insult to their feelings, this unjustifiable attempt to degrade them and their children to the level of the colored race by compelling their offspring to associate in mixed schools with negro children. They love their children as dearly as the man of wealth loves his, and have as sincere a desire to see them respectable and happy. I repeat, they will and ought to resent this insult and wrong attempted to be inflicted upon them and their families.

Political Conventions.

[Mobile Register.]

We understand that it is not uncommon to hear white citizens in the interior counties say they "are opposed to conventions." Let us submit this speech to a slight analysis. In the first place, we never hear the negro party talking this way; and the reason is that the negro party fights its election battles to win—to win what? Why mastery for himself and his Jacobin allies over the white citizenship of the State. What are the purposes and uses of a convention? Precisely the same as those of drill rooms and camps of instruction for soldiers—to make armies compact and strong in discipline, with a view to win victories. If the white people of Alabama go into a campaign on the militia or guerilla plan, and the negro party is drilled to the gaining of the last vote—a multiplicity of last ones, indeed—it will take a Philadelphia lawyer to foretell who is going to come out ahead. A Democratic convention means simply, a combination of forces, of heads and hands, to beat its enemies.

And inasmuch as this effective fighting force among masses of men holding to the same sentiments and principles cannot be attained without unity of purpose and of effort, the alternative is either to take steps to make this combination of power or to stay at home during the canvass and go to the polls on election day to be routed like a flock of sheep. It is clear then that the man who says "no convention" is not at all considering the fate and welfare of the general cause. He is, perhaps, only considering the danger that he will risk in not getting a nomination from the convention. Well, then, what should the friends of the general cause who are the immense majority of the people, consider about him—about the man who acts as if elections were instituted to give him an office? Why, clearly to let him severely alone, with the distinct intimation that he gets not a single vote from the Democratic and Conservative army of the deliverers of their country. Let the party be strongly organized in every county and in every neighborhood, and take our word for it that those independent and self-seeking patriots will come to a bitter comprehension of the duties of citizenship. It is a burning shame, and not to be tolerated, that a great popular cause should be hazarded to individual selfishness.

The appeal of Cuba to Congress for recognition is likely to go unheeded at the present session.

Our Pine Lands.

A very intelligent correspondent of the Rural Carolinian says he believes the main hope of civilization in the lower South lies in our pine lands, and that the old style planters still striving to get along on their cotton lands, so-called, would actually better their situation were they to abandon them without return and establish themselves among the pines.

He says the cotton lands in South Carolina, and they are similar in all the cotton lands along the coast, have really very little value for any other crop save cotton, and cotton has ceased to pay. It is hardly probable that they would yield an average of twelve bushels of corn to the acre. With the best culture, in ancient times, they rarely exceeded twenty bushels. Is it worth holding such lands for that miserable reward? They are cursed with a malarious atmosphere; and even if the prospect of reward were greater, when the summer comes the owner must leave his home. With this sentence of banishment over him, he has no heart to do anything for the embellishment of his home—no inducement to procure for himself a single luxury which, in the present state of civilization, are necessary comforts everywhere else. Has he planted fruit trees? Does he aspire after a dairy or a poultry farm, or does he hope to raise the stock which will furnish him with food as well as farm animals? As soon as the season comes when these all require his supervision, he must leave them to the tender mercies of people who cannot be induced, even by a sense of interest, to pay them proper attention; and when he returns in winter, he will find that neglect has faithfully done its work, and all his hopes are blighted.

He advises that all these bottom land planters at once decide to become permanent citizens of some locality, and he tells them that a home on the pine lands will give them all the comforts and luxuries to be found in any country, with, in addition, that best of all blessings, the enjoyment of perfect health the year round. On the pine land the planter will be able to do all his business himself, and find whole some and profitable employment for all the members of his family. This will bring not only the fullest of comforts, but it will very soon make those comforts direct sources of wealth.

It is generally believed abroad that the pine country is not a fruit country, but what pineite does not remember exquisitely flavored peaches which he has seen raised on pine lands? An, yes! they were delicious! But how soon they lost their flavor and degenerated, says one. Of course they did. Whatever is the object of artificial culture will degenerate, unless man's vigilant eye and careful hands are ever at work to foster them. Without trouble nothing good is to be had in this world. Nature shows us what our soil can do; it is our part to see that she is assisted in her efforts. A century ago, when our fathers lived permanently on their plantations, they revelled in peaches, pears, apples, plums and grapes. Occasionally even oranges were found; and we know that the olive will grow on our soil. The fig, indeed, cannot bear transportation in its fresh state, but so freely does it grow and bear that doubtless, the dried fig will some day be one of the staple products of the pine country. Unhappily for us, all the intelligence of our country has been for the last eighty years so completely devoted to cotton, that all other industries were abandoned, and now that cotton has failed to support us, we can not get out of the old grooves, but we go on wasting our energies and impairing our intellects in still treading over the old ground, making ourselves the willing slaves of those who helped to ruin us, and turn a blind eye to the tempting gifts which nature offers to our grasp.

How often must we reiterate the cry. The day for successful cotton planting in the low lands is gone, forever gone! The present generation follows the culture as a desperate resource and under the influence of perverse habit; the next generation will see all the cotton raised in small quantities by truck farmers, perhaps altogether by negroes; and unquestionably it will never be well with the whites until they almost utterly abandon the tempting but illusive pursuit.

Wisdom suggests to us a radical change in our system; an abandonment

of cotton and a substitution of other products, such as the white people may be able to manage themselves in the event that any reasons prevent their employment of colored labor; something on which they can bring their intelligence to bear. In the pine land these resources and opportunities are within their reach. The home is permanent; no dread of fever paralyzing men's efforts after comforts and improvements. Their fruit trees brought under intelligent cultivation, will not only comfort the family with their luscious juices, but the town's people will be tempted to buy them. There they can have their cane fields, producing sugar and molasses, a greater profit than that arising from their production on the best low lands.

An Interesting Communication from the Venerable L. Pierce.

Just before the adjournment of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at Louisville the following communication from the venerable Lovick Pierce, was presented and read, and on motion of the Secretary was received standing and ordered spread upon the journal:
LOUISVILLE, May 26, 1874.

To the Bishops and Members of the General Conference:

BELOVED BRETHREN—By the good providence of God I have been enabled to attend this the Fifteenth General Conference, and here closes my membership in this grand council of Methodism.

My salutatory was lean of anything but heart, and my valedictory I would not present if it was not all heart. Our parting feelings, in as far as future general conferences are concerned, are very different. You see other general conferences coming this side your grave, while I see my grave coming in between this and 1878. I have, however, endeavored to serve my generation by the will of God, and now I resign all to those who are to come after me. I came here hoping to effect some changes in our practical itinerant pastorate, and in the enforcement of discipline. These I intended as my memorials in the ninetieth year of my life. They have all perished on the coast of a perilous travel. Of course my friends believed it wiser to kill off these projections of mine than to adopt them. So I go home disappointed—go with convictions deep-seated as ever. The necessity of these changes is only a question of time. You have overpaid me in loving kindness, and all I could ever desire is to feel that I deserve them—not because I have lived a long time, but because I have labored a great deal—once with marked success; of late years with much less visible results. I was in the best Methodist sense of it, an effective preacher for 60 years—which Dr. Pughon of England said in my room in Columbus, March, 1873, was the longest effective history among Methodist preachers. I ask you to give thanks to God for all his mercies bestowed on me, and pray for my safe arrival home and in heaven. I am too feeble to ascend the stairs again. A loving farewell.

L. PIERCE.

After the reception of the communication the Conference united in singing:

Together let us sweetly live—

Together let us die,

And each a starry crown receive,

And reign above the sky.

Affecting remarks were made by E. W. Schon, T. B. Sargent, and the presiding Bishop, whose filial expressions were very touching, and who tendered thanks to the Conference for the "testimonials of regard for his venerable father. The Conference united in fervent prayer for him, led by the Senior Bishop.

"I am a Republican, but I am not in favor of the Civil Rights bill." This is the plea which some of the Radical leaders are privately interposing. It is too thin. There is no difference between those who say this and those who don't; because when voting time rolls round all of them go to the polls and vote and work for men whom they know to be "Civil Rights" men, and who will vote civil, social and all other "rights" (or wrongs) to retain their hold on office. They are not in favor of "Civil Rights"—oh no! But they will vote and work for men who can put a vote for "Civil Rights" where it will do most good without the slightest conscientious qualm. This is what they call consistency.

THE DEMOCRAT.

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

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

In the youth of the heart, ere the glorious ray
That was born of life's morning has faded away;
While the light lingers yet in the eyes that are dead,
And the voice we love still remains with us here;
While the wine is yet red, and the stars are still
Bright, and the winds and the waves bring us music by
Night;
While the warm blood leaps up when the forests
Resound
With the tread of the horse and the bay of the
hound—
Oh! ever and always, as long as we may,
"As we journey through life, let us live by the
way."

Let us live! In the power to enjoy that is given,
The earnest on earth of the glory of heaven.
In the courage that ever, in mirth or in sorrow,
Has strength for each day, and a hope for each
morrow:
With smiles for the future, though tears for the
past,
And joy in the hours that steal from us so fast.
For the friends whose brave spirits have gathered
around us,
For the love whose bright blossoms tinkle have
found us,
Though cloud or thro' sunshine encompass the day,
"As we journey through life, let us live by the
way."

When the world has grown old, and the night stars
at last,
That rose in the future, have set in the past,
Save that brightest of all which is guiding us ever
To the beautiful country beyond the dark river;
When we pause at the end, and look thoughtfully
back,
Through the change and the chance of the long,
weary track,
It will cheer the old heart to be able to say,
"As we journeyed through life, we have lived by
the way."

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

It lacked but half an hour of Curfew
toll. The old bell-ringer came from
under the wattle roof of his cottage
stoop, and stood with uncovered head
in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had
grown blind and deaf in the service, but
his old arm was as muscular as ever;
and he who listened this day marked no
flattering in the heavy, metallic thro's
of the cathedral bell. Old Jasper had
lived through many changes. He had
told out his notes of mourning for
good Queen Bess; and with tears
scarcely dry he had rung the glad tid-
ings of the coronation of James; Charles
the First had been crowned, reigned
and expired; his weakness before all
England in Jasper's time; and now he,
who under his army held all the com-
monwealth in the hollow of his hand,
ruled as more than monarch, and still
the old man, with the habit of a long
life upon him, rang his matin and sor-
row.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his
dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled
sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so
written over—so crossed and re-crossed
by the annals of the years that had gone
before, that there seemed little room
for anything in the present. Little
recoiled he that Cromwell's spearsmen
were camped on the moor beyond the
village—that Cromwell himself rode
with his guardsmen a league away;
he only knew that the bell that had
been rung in the tower when William
the Conqueror made curfew a law, had
been spared by Puritan and Round-
head; and that his arm for sixty years
had never failed him at eventide.

He was moving with slow step toward
the gate, when a woman came hurriedly
in from the street and stood beside him;
a lovely woman, but with face so
blanched that it seemed carved in the
whitest of marble with all of its round-
ness and dimples. Her great solemn
eyes were raised to the aged face in
pitiful appeal, and the lips were form-
ing words that he could not under-
stand.

"Speak up, lass, I am deaf, and can-
not hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands
clasped and unclasped, and wrung
themselves together, palm and palm.

"For Heaven's sake, good Jasper, do
not ring curfew to-night."

"What na ring curfew! Ye must be
daff, lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet Heaven's sake, for
my sake, for one night in all your long
life forget to ring the bell! Fail this
once and my lover shall live, whom
Cromwell says shall die at four-few toll.
Do you hear?—my lover, Richard Tem-
ple. See, Jasper, here is money to
make your old age happy. I sold my
jewels that the Lady Maud gave me;
and the gold shall all be yours for one
curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere?
Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood
of the Plantagenets in ye're veins as
your mother had. What! corrupt me,
bell-ringer under her majesty, good
Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that
Lady Maud could bring me! What is
your lover to me? Babes have been
born and strong men have died before
now at the ringing of my bell. Awa'
awa'!"

And out on the village green, with
the solemn shadows of the lindens
lengthening over it, a strong man awaited
the curfew to toll for his death. He
stood, handsome, and brave, and tall—
taller by an inch than the tallest pike-
man who guarded him.

What had he done that he should
die? Little it mattered in those days
when the sword that the great Crom-
well wielded was so prone to fall, what
he or others had done. He had been
scribe to the late lord up at the castle;
and Lady Maud, forgetting that man
must woo, and woman must wait, had
given her heart to him without the ask-
ing; while the gentle Lily De Vere,
distant kinswoman, and poor companion
to her, had, without seeking, found the
treasures of his true love, and held them
fast. Then he had joined the army,
and made one of the pious soldiers
whose evil passions were never stirred
but by sign or symbol of popery. But
a scorned woman's hatred had reached
him even there. Enemies and deep

plots had compassed him about and
conquered him. To-night he was to die!
The beautiful world lay as a vivid
picture before him. The dark green
wood above the rocky hill where Robin
Hood and his merry men had dwelt;
the frowning castle with its drawbridge
and square towers; the long stretch of
moor with the purple shadows upon it;
the green, straight walks of the village;
the birds overhead, even the daisies at
his feet he saw. But, ah! more vividly
than all, he saw the great red sun with
its hazy veil lingering above the trees,
as though it pitied him with more than
human pity!

He was a God fearing, and God serv-
ing man. He had long made his peace
with heaven. Nothing stood between
him and death—nothing rose pleading
between him and those who were to de-
stroy him, but the sweet face of Lily
De Vere, whom he loved. She had
knelt at Cromwell's feet and pleaded
for his life. She had wearied heaven
with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down.
Slowly the last red rim was hid behind
the greenwood. Thirty seconds more
and his soul would be with his God.
The color did not forsake his cheeks.
The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm
brow. It was his purpose to die as
martyrs and brave men die. What was
life that he should cling to it? He al-
ways felt the air pulsate with the first
heavy roll of the death-knell. But no
sound came. Still facing the soldiers
with his clear gray eyes upon them, he
waited. The crimson banners in the
west were paling to pink. The kine
had ceased their lowing, and had been
gathered into the brick-yards.

All nature had sounded her cur-
few; but old Jasper was silent!

The bell-ringer with his gray head
yet bare had traversed half the dis-
tance that lay between his cottage and
the ivy covered tower, when a form
went fitting past him, with pale, shad-
owy robes floating around it, and hair
that the low western lights touched and
tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah!" the old
man muttered; "how swift she flies!
I will come soon, dear. My work is
almost done." Huldah was the good
wife, who had gone from him in her
early womanhood, and for whom he had
mourned all his long life. But the
fleeting form was not Huldah's; it was
Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and
desperate purpose toward the old
cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not
ring to-night! Cromwell and his dra-
goons come this way. Once more I will
kneel at his feet and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She
wrenched from its fastenings the carved
and worm-eaten door that barred the
way to the tower. She ascended with
flying and frenzied feet the steps; her
heart lifted up to God for Richard's de-
liverance from peril. The bats flew out
and shook the dust of centuries from
the black carvings. As she went up
she caught glimpses of the interior of
the great building, with its groined
roof, its chevrons and clustered col-
umns; its pictured saint and carved
image of the Virgin, which the pillagers
of ages had spared to be dealt with by
time, the most relentless Vandal of all.

Up—still up—beyond the rainbow
tints thrown by the stained glass across
her death-white brow; up—still up—
past open arcade and arch, with griffin
and gargoyles staring at her from under
bracket and cornice, with all the hide-
ousness of mediæval carving; the stairs,
flight by flight, growing fainter beneath
her young feet; now but a slender net-
work between her and the outer world;
but still up.

Her breath was coming short and
grasping. She saw, through an open
space, old Jasper cross the road at the
foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The
seconds were treasures which Cromwell,
with all his blood-bought common-
wealth, could not purchase from her.
Up—ah—there, just above her, with its
great brazen mouth and wicked tongue,
the bell hung!

A worm-eaten block for a step, and
one small white hand had clasped itself
above the clapper—the other prepared,
at the tremble, to rise and clasp its
mate, and the feet to swing off; and
thus she waited. Jasper was old and
slow—but he was sure, and it came at
last. A faint quiver, and the young
feet swung from their rest, and the ten-
der hands clasped for more than their
precious life, the wrenching thing.
There was groaning and creaking of the
rudder pulleys above, and then the strokes
came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand
had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm
its strength. The tender, soft form
was swung and dashed to and fro. But
she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel
thing. Let one stroke come and a
thousand might follow—for its fatal
work would be done. She wrenched
her white arms about it, so that at every
pull of the great ropes it crushed into
the flesh. It tore her, and wounded
and bruised—but there in the solemn
twilight the brave woman swung, and
fought with the curfew; and God gave
her victory!

The old bell-ringer said to himself:
"Aye, Huldah, my work is done. The
pulleys are getting too heavy for my
old arms. My ears, too, have failed me
at last. I dinna hear one stroke of the
curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears
that have gone false, and not thou.
Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement
a shadowy form again went fitting past
him. There were drops of blood upon
the white garments; and the face was
like the face of one who walked in her
sleep, and the hands hung wounded and
powerless at her side.

Cromwell passed with his horsemen
under the dismantled may-pole before
the village green. He saw the man who
was to die at sunset standing up in the
duaky air, tall as a king and beautiful
as Absalom. He gazed with knitted

brow and angry eye; but his lips did
not give utterance to the quick com-
mand that trembled on them, for a girl
came flying toward him. Pike-man and
archer stepped aside to let her pass.
She threw herself upon the turf at his
horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding
and tortured hands to his gaze, and
once more poured out her prayer for
the life of her lover; with trembling
lips she told him why Richard still lived
—why the curfew had never sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her lat-
ticed window at the castle, saw the great
Protector dismount, lift the fainting
form in his arms, and bear her to her
lover. She saw the guards release the
prisoner, and she heard the shouts of
joy at his deliverance; then she wel-
comed the night that shut the scene out
from her envious eye and sepulchred
her in its gloom.

At the next matin bell old Jasper
died, and at curfew toll he was laid be-
side the wife who had died in his youth,
but the memory of whom had been with
him always.

The Dashing Flirt.

The dashing flirt has great partiality
and aptitude for physical and out door
amusement; she waltzes with Capt.
Jones long after that gallant officer is
ready to faint from heat and exhaustion,
and mamma and Aunt Lucy are almost
in spasms of terror lest she should
break a blood vessel; and she plays
croquet until it is so dark that the gen-
tlemen are compelled to white handker-
chiefs on the wickets in order to see
them, and her devoted slave Johnny
Wilkins holds a lamp for her, and con-
sequently has to bear the blame of all
her misfortunes in that exciting pastime
for not throwing the light further than
it can shine. When she joins aquatic
excursions she always takes an oar and
pulls most doughtily; she makes her-
self very merry at the expense of those
timid young ladies who, one would
imagine, had the hydrophobia, so great
is their terror of water; she jumps
about to tilt the boat from side to side,
and at their unaffected uneasiness
laughs aloud so loudly, so merry, so
musical a laugh, and withal looks so
saucefully beautiful, that the attendant
cavaliers, instead of reproaching such
heartless conduct, flock in numbers to
her standard, and by and by receive the
reward they merit. They do anything
and everything she wishes; steer in the
direction she pleases; row rapidly or
slowly as she is fresh or tired; and
their indulgence of her whims is re-
ceived as a matter of course. She ex-
presses a desire for some lovely water-
lilies. Capt. Jones hastens to gratify
her, and he exerts all his strength to
break them from their tough stems;
she, holding the rudder-lines, deftly
turns the boat to one side, and over-
goes the adventurous Jones into the
water. The other gentlemen think this
most bewitching playfulness, and the
ladies—oh, never mind them; who cares
what they think? In for a penny in for
a pound. Jones, wet through, swims
about and gathers all the lilies he can
find, returns to the boat and presents
them to his *bien aimée*, who smiles
prettily, thanks him in the kindest
manner, and tells him he is like a great
water-dog.

How the Eye is Swept and Washed.

For us to be able to see objects clearly
and distinctly, it is necessary that the
eye should be kept clean. For this
purpose it is furnished with a little
gland, from which flows a watery fluid
(tears) which is spread over the eye by
the lid, and is afterward swept off by it,
and runs through a hole in the bone to
the under surface of the nose, while the
warm air, passing over it while
breathing, evaporates it. It is not re-
markable that no such gland can be
found in the eyes of fish, as the element
in which they live answers the same
purpose. If the eye had not been fur-
nished with a liquid to wash it, and a
lid to sweep it off, things would appear
as they do when you look through a
dusty glass. Along the edges of the
eyelids there are a great number of lit-
tle tubes or glands, from which flows an
oily substance which spreads over the
surface of the skin, and thus prevents
the edges from being sore or irritated,
and it also helps to keep tears within
the lid. There are also six little mus-
cles attached to the eye which enable
us to move it in every direction; and
when we consider the different motions
they are capable of giving to the eye,
we cannot but admire the goodness of
Him who formed them, and thus saved
us the trouble of turning our heads
every time we wished to view an object.

The Use of Slang.

It is said that the use of slang is
growing more and more a fashion and a
habit with the English, and E. B. Tylor
defends it entertainingly in Macmillan's,
calling it "one of the feeders of what
may be called standard language," and
a genuine and influential branch of
speech. He illustrates the curious way
in which low-lived words gradually be-
come respectable. Thus donkey, con-
undrum, fun, now unquestioned Eng-
lish, made their first appearance as
slang, though how they came into ex-
istence there no etymologist has proved
for certain. From the wretches who
made a trade of stealing children, polite
society has adopted their cant word to
kidney—*k. e.*, to nab kids; the verb to
knab; to snatch, is good provincial
English, borrowed by the canting crew;
but kid for child may possibly be a
term of their own devising. Not long
since, to take another pair of examples,
it was "slangy" to speak of a tie as it
now is to speak of a choker.

—The Publishers' Board of Trade at
New York have agreed to withdraw
travelling agents for two years. Now,
if the sewing machine companies would
only do likewise, we might have a rest.

SOAP-FAT BUTTER.

Frauds in the Butter Trade—The Manu-
facture of Oleomargarine.

A select committee of the New York
butter and cheese exchange met to con-
sider what action should be taken to
stop the extensive frauds perpetrated in
selling a spurious compound of animal
fat, suet, milk and oil, known as oleo-
margarine, which has been forced upon
the market. It seems that a company
has been in operation in New York city
for several months, whose business has
been to bribe merchants of good repute
dealing in butter to accept its manu-
facture, and sell this stuff under the name
of butter. The manufacturers and their
accomplices have succeeded in selling
tons of this bogus butter to the mill
operatives in Paterson, N. J., and the
miners in Pennsylvania, and in flooding
the markets of the West Indies. Com-
plaints are received daily by sellers in
New York, accompanied with the threat
that the defrauded purchasers will never
buy another pound of butter from them
under any consideration. The entire
butter trade of this market is in jeopar-
dy. The operations of the oleomargarine
manufacturers have been quietly but
surely extended until at this time manu-
factories of the counterfeit butter are
in operation in Brooklyn, New York,
Jersey City, Hoboken and Boston.

The company gather grease from
dwelling-houses, fat from the butchers'
shops and suet from the slaughter-
houses, put the mass under warm pres-
sure and extract the oil, and by churning
it with milk turn it into what they call
butter. Large quantities were sold last
fall to vessels going to Europe. The
captains of those vessels are looking
for the men who sold it to them for the
purpose of inflicting personal chastise-
ment. They say it ruined everything
in which it became an ingredient. It
has been colored with annatto and other
chemicals to give it the appearance of
good butter, and has been given a flavor
and smell by the use of milk, so that
when the grease is fresh the casual
dealer on the butter market is easily de-
ceived. Not so with the experienced
dealers. They can detect it, but, to the
shame of some of them, they have
dealt largely in it for the sake of large
immediate profits. So hold have the
operators become that a large quantity
was sent to the commissioners of chari-
ties and corrections to be used for feed-
ing the paupers. It was rejected by the
commissioners.

It is reported that the fat of dead
horses and other offal has been intro-
duced into this so-called "butter." The
housewives of New York have be-
come alarmed and will not buy any but-
ter that crumbles like rich cheese under
the blade of the knife. A striking pec-
uliarity of this "bosch"—as it is
branded by law in Germany—is that it
is absolutely useless in cakes or pastry,
making the dough too "short." At a
moderate temperature, considerably
below that at which pure butter melts,
it liquefies, and soon turns to rancid oil.
These properties were noticed in the oleo-
margarine shipped last fall to the
tropics. Now the operators are mixing
two-thirds good butter with the fraud-
ulent compound, working it over with
sweet pickle, and putting the mass up
for the trade in Welsh tubs and half-
firkins. Newark has a factory for this
stuff. So has New Haven. Rhode Is-
land has been afflicted with it, and the
authority of the state legislature has
been invoked to prevent its manufac-
ture.

The cost of manufacturing oleomargar-
ine is stated at fourteen cents per
pound, and during the winter just
passed it has sold as high as thirty
cents. The cupidity of unprincipled
dealers has been touched, and large
companies are forming to increase the
supply and to continue the fraud.
Flaming prospectuses stating how but-
ter can be made from "oil of tallow" to
reap large fortunes, and how "a quart
of milk can be made into a pound of
butter," have been circulated broad-
cast. The butter and cheese exchange
meeting recently adopted resolutions
denouncing this fraud and pledging the
members not to deal in it. Among
the remedies proposed is a federal law
requiring every butter package to be
branded with the true name of its con-
tents.

Southern Iron.

The highest price of iron at the mines,
to be penetrated by the Memphis, Bol-
ivar and Knoxville road, is twenty-five
dollars per ton. At some points its cost
is twelve dollars. Northern iron men
cannot sell for less than thirty dollars
without bankruptcy. A furnace produ-
cing only twelve tons per day, and making
iron at a cost of twenty-five dollars per
ton, and selling at thirty dollars, clears
sixty dollars per diem. There is idle
capital enough in Memphis banks to
start twenty such furnaces. Are there
such iron-fields and such opportunities
for speculation, or is this story about
the iron-fields of Dixon and Humphreys
counties "all gas?" The man that built
the New Memphis gas works doesn't
think so. He has put his money in Dixon
county iron banks.—*Appeal.*

Confederate Monument.

A monument to the Confederate dead,
just erected in New Orleans, is a col-
umn of Italian marble on a terraced
pyramid topped with granite, sur-
mounted by a life-size figure of a Con-
federate soldier on picket duty. On the
side of the column are busts of
Generals "Stonewall" Jackson, Albert
Sydney Johnson, Leonidas Polk and
Robert E. Lee. It was executed in
Italy, cost \$12,000, and is put up by
the "Ladies' Benevolent Association"
of Louisiana. At the dedication, the
orator drew a poetic portrait of the
south had the fortunes of war been
other than they were, and then vaguely
hoped for a day when the lost cause
should be triumphant.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—"A splendid ear but a very poor
voice," as the organ-grinder said of the
donkey.

—Nothing will produce more power-
ful convictions in a man of poetic tem-
perament than a damp shirt.

—An Ohio man has been converted to
temperance ninety-eight times, and he
says he'll go up to a hundred or die.

—The last grand gift enterprise in
Nevada is for the purpose of obtaining
funds for a lunatic asylum. Appropria-
te.

—A lady lecturer believes that women
ought to retain their own names when
they get married. She has retained hers
thus far.

—A Chicago woman who lost a foot
was consoled by the reflection that she
still had enough left to make two com-
mon feet.

—There are 700 fashionable styles of
calling cards, but Blinks says he pre-
fers to "call" on four aces and let the
other 696 go.

—An observing man has discovered a
similarity between a young ladies' semi-
nary and a sugar-house, as both refine
what is already sweet.

—Ocean avenue, at Long Branch, is
being plowed up and graded. It will
be devoted to the cultivation of "small
potatoes" during the summer.

—A young lady who was recommen-
ded to bathe her head in salt water, to
prevent her hair falling out, is afraid
she has got herself into a pickle.

—A Wisconsin woman, who recently
buried her eighth husband, has just re-
ceived an offer of \$500 to move into
some other state, and is standing out
for \$1,000.

—Nellie Grant's intended husband
says "wath" for "was," and parts his
hair in the middle, but it has been set-
tled that he is not a roaming barber,
and she is happy.

—A sealed bottle was lately picked
up on the beach of Lake Michigan, and
the note inside read: "Amanda Jones
is dead." Not a single earthquake has
followed the discovery.

—A London advertisement runs thus:
"A country priest will say mass once a
week for any one who will regularly
send him the Times newspaper, second
hand, on the day of its publication."

—Dr. Cuyler wants all the young lad-
ies to band together and say, "No lips
shall touch my lips that have touched a
bottle." Rather rough this on the fel-
lows that were brought up by hand.

—The quickest way we know of to
make a man believe that there's nothing
in the world worth living for is to ex-
pose him into chasing a cat across a yard
where two or three clothes-lines are in-
conspicuously swaying in the evening breeze.

—A Georgia negro who bet ten dol-
lars that Gen. Washington commanded
the federals at Bull Run handed the
money over, with the remark: "Well,
dis yere hist'ry business is all mixed up,
anyway!"

—Whenever the average lecturer lacks
a subject on which to pile up agony,
he generally resorts to the "Pyramids
and gives them a fresh rubbing down."
They are as inexhaustible as they are
imperishable.

—A gentleman was complimenting a
pretty young lady in the presence of his
wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss
Hopkins before I married you, my dear."
"Well, yes, it is extremely—for her,"
was the dry rejoinder.

—Respect old age. If you have a
maiden aunt forty years old, and she is
passing herself off for a girl of twenty-
three, there is no need for you to expose
her. The more you respect her age and
keep quiet about it, the more she will
respect you.

—Paul Hayne recently visited the
grave of Edgar Allan Poe, in the Pres-
byterian church-yard in Baltimore, and
draws a sad picture of its desolation.
The burial ground is quite unweared for,
and the grave is only marked by a
wooden foot-board.

—If you are in a hurry, never get be-
hind a couple that are courting. They
want to make so much of each other that
they wouldn't move quick if they were
going to a funeral. Get behind your
jolly married folks, who have lots of
children at home, if you want to move
fast.

—The Washington Chronicle proposes
that the national memorial Washington
monument, in its present state of mag-
nificent incompleteness, be converted into
a shot-tower. It thinks that Washing-
ton will not care, and even if he does
we can place his vignette on the shot-
bags, and that will assuage his ire.

—"I would marry you, Jacob," said
a lady to an importunate lover, "were
it not for three reasons." "Oh, tell
me," he said imploringly, "what they
are, that I may remove them?" "The
first is," said she, "I don't love you;
the second is, I don't want to love you;
and the third is, I couldn't love you,
if I wanted to!"

—In Halifax, N. S., there is a woman
who is firmly convinced that she is dead,
and she cannot be convinced to the con-
trary. Her delusion is the result of a
remarkably vivid dream which she had
about six months ago, in which she im-
agined that she had suddenly expired.
At intervals she lies in bed for days
motionless and apparently lifeless. "It
is an extraordinary case of monomania."

—The girls of a California seminary
lately developed a singular fancy for
using three one-cent stamps, instead of
of the regular kind, upon their enve-
lopes. The letters were so very plain
and matter-of-fact, and the attempts at
evading surveillance in the old-fash-
ioned way grew so scarce that one in-
spepecting teacher investigated this whim.
And lo! the cunning creatures had taken
to writing tender, emotional, little epistles
to their lovers under the stamps.

THE DEACON'S SUNDAY.
A Short Story With a Moral for the "Rightly Religious."

"Beautiful beautiful!" mentally ejaculated Deacon Barnes, at the close of a sermon about Heaven. "Those are my ideas exactly."

And so enrapt was he with his thoughts, as he passed from the church, he forgot to ask lame old Mrs. Howe to ride home with him, as was his usual custom.

"Perhaps it is just as well," he thought, "for she is a worldly old woman, and would probably have drawn my thoughts away from Heaven."

At the dinner table his son exclaimed, "Oh, father, I have a situation at last."

"Have you forgotten it is Sunday, John?" asked his father sternly. "Don't let me hear any more such talk."

John ate his dinner in silence. How could his situation be a wrong thing to speak of on Sunday? He was so thankful for that it seemed to come from the hand of God. God knew all about the past months, in which he had answered an advertisement every day.

When the minister gave thanks in church for all the mercies of the past week, John's heart gave a grateful throb, and he determined anew to acknowledge God in all his ways. John ate his dinner in silence, while his father thought about Heaven.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnes' nephew, a stranger in the place, came over from his boarding-place opposite, and set on the piazza, talking with John.

"I can't allow this, Tom," said Mr. Barnes, coming to the door with the Bible in his hand; "you must not sit here breaking the Sabbath. Go back to your boarding-house and read some good book."

Tom started up angrily, and spent the afternoon fishing and bathing with an old colored man, his only other acquaintance in the place; while Deacon Barnes sat in a large rocker on the piazza, with a handkerchief over his head, and thought of Heaven.

Presently, his two little granddaughters came out on the piazza with a large picture-book, and sat down near him. There was a flutter of leaves and a great deal of buzzing as the little yellow heads bent over the book, and finally they laughed outright.

"Children, where's your mother?" sternly demanded Deacon Barnes, springing to his feet.

"Up stairs, putting baby to sleep," they both answered together.

Deacon Barnes strode into the hall.

"Ellen! Ellen!" he shouted, "I should think you might keep these children quiet on the Sabbath. They won't allow me to think."

Ellen had been awake all night with a fretful baby. She had hushed him, and had just fallen asleep, when the father's voice aroused her and woke baby.

"Please send them up stairs," said she, wearily.

And all that sultry afternoon she amused the three children, in a close upper room, while her father rooked and fumed himself and thought of Heaven.

Curing Clover Hay.

It is a wide-spread error that it is difficult to cure clover hay. Like anything else that is carelessly and unskillfully done, it will be badly done; but with ordinary attention clover can be cured as easily as any other hay. It should be cut when heads of a greater part of the field of patch are of a brown color. If the cutting is delayed until the entire crop is brown, the parts that ripened first will be too ripe.

Clover should never be "spread out to cure." It should be left in the swath. The less hay is exposed to the sun while curing the better it will be. The sun extracts and dries up the juices and succulence of the stalks which constitute the value of hay.

When the clover should lie in the swath until more than half the upper part is sufficiently cured, which will be the case in favorable weather in eight or nine hours. When the upper part is thus cured the swath should be turned with hay-forks bottom up, and allowed to remain for five or six hours, when that side will also be cured. Then the swaths should be thrown together into windrows—three swaths to a windrow—and this being done, the operation of hauling home the hay should be commenced at once. In the best clover regions of our country, if the weather is fine, clover is generally hauled home the evening of the day it is cut, and never allowed to remain out beyond the following day. Cured thus, every part of the clover, leaf, bloom, and stalk, is dried equally, the evaporation of moisture has taken place gradually and regularly, and all the nutritive juices of the hay have been preserved, whereas if the hay is exposed too long to the action of the sun, the leaves and blooms are dried to a chip and nothing is left but hard fibrous stalks.—*Cor. Southern Farmer.*

Blue Sky and White Clouds.

The ethereal blue color of the sky is due to minute particles of matter which float in the air. Were these particles removed, the sky would be dead black. It is a fact in optics that exceedingly fine portions of matter disperse or scatter the blue rays of light, coarser portions scatter red rays, and still coarser portions scatter all the rays, making white light. An atmosphere full of aqueous vapor, the particles of which diffuse white light in all directions. When these particles are enlarged they become visible in the form of clouds. The vapor particles of the white clouds are supposed to be finer and lighter than those of the dark clouds. That the diffusion of light in our atmosphere, the blue coloring of the sky and the colors of the clouds, are due to the presence of matter floating in the air,

has been conclusively proven by Tyndall. On passing a beam of sunlight through a glass tube, the beam is rendered brilliantly visible by the reflection of light from the dust particles floating in the air contained in the tube. But on removing the dust particles, which is done by filtering the air by cotton wool, or causing the air to pass over a flame, the beam of light is no longer visible in the tube.

Color-Blindness.

An ingeniously contrived instrument has been introduced in Germany for testing color-blindness. It consists of a rotating apparatus which moves a disk whose center is a circle, one-half black and the other white; outside of this is a ring half red and half green, then another ring of violet and red, then the outside ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated the center appears to be colored gray—that is, black and white mixed. To a green-blind person the middle ring will appear gray, that being the result to him of a mixture of violet and red. The outer ring will appear gray to the red-blind patient, and the inner gray to the violet-blind. It is stated that by the use of this very simple instrument, the adaptation of which to its purpose seems complete, a large number of patients may be simultaneously examined for one or more kinds of color-blindness.

One of the Customs of Havana.

The "circles of conversation" indicate the formal relations between men and women. These arrangements consist of ten chairs placed opposite to each other, with a chair between at the head and a sofa at the foot, where the mother sits. The father takes the head and the males sit on one side and the females on the other, like a Quaker meeting, only they all talk, and very fast, so that the effect of this cross speech or fire is very bewildering, as each person speaks to his opposite neighbor instead of the one at his side. It is thought very improper if a lady and gentleman sit side by side upon a sofa or in two chairs.

The Invalid—A Pen Picture.

See her pallid countenance, but a short time ago the picture of ruddy health, the envy of the school and the pride of the household. She was always welcomed by her schoolmates, for her little form and pleasing disposition carried cheerfulness into their ranks. Diligent, punctual and exemplary, obedient and graceful at home, she won the hearts of all. But, alas, we are sorrowed. Those rosy cheeks and ruddy lips are blanched by consumption. The voice, once so enchanting in laugh and song, is feeble, husky and supplanted by a hollow cough. Let us approach her couch gently and take her hand. Do not shudder because the feeble and passionless grasp. The hand once so hearty and plump, is emaciated and shows bony outlines, while the cords and tortuous veins are plainly mapped upon the surface. The pulse that bounded with repletion, carrying vigor to the whole system, and imparting life, beauty, vivacity, health and strength, is delicate to the touch. The feeble heart cannot propel the thin, scanty blood with force. Must we lose her while yet in her teens? Companions and friends gather around with words of cheer and consolation, and depart with moistened eyes and silent steps. Must we lose her? No! there is relief. We can stay this destroyer of our happiness and not suffer the loss of so bright a gem. Something more is required now than dietary and hygienic observance, for nature calls for aid and she shall have it. Take this pleasant medicine. It is invigorating. How it allays the irritable cough, improves the appetite and digestion and sends a healthy tingle through the frame. The blood is enriched, nervous force increased, and the heart bounds with a new impulse. See her face brighten by degrees; the color is returning, her voice is getting clearer, and pleasant words are spoken. The strength falters yet, but is gaining. Let us take her out in the warm sunshine. In a short time she will be able to go without our aid, a cheerful girl. This delightful medicine must be God-blessed. It is restoring health to our loved one. She is emerging from her sickness sweeter and nobler than before, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery must have the credit. It has raised her.

S. R. Edgar, druggist, of West Union, Ohio, says that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a wonderful cure of consumption in his neighborhood.

THOSE FAVORITE HOME REMEDIES,
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER,
ALLEN'S Lung Balsam,
And why they should always be kept near at hand.

1st. PAIN KILLER is the most certain Cholera cure that medical science has produced.

2d. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is a cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs.

3d. PAIN KILLER will cure Cramps or Pains in any part of the system. A single dose usually effects a cure.

4th. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will cure that terrible disease, Consumption, when all other remedies fail.

5th. PAIN KILLER has proved a sovereign remedy for Fever and Ague and Chills Fever; it has cured the most obstinate and the most violent cases of Malaria.

6th. PAIN KILLER is an Infallible and unequalled for Frost Bites, Chills, Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc.

8th. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM—Mothers should keep it on hand in case of Croup.

9th. PAIN KILLER has cured cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia after years' standing.

10th. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM has been before the public a period of ten years, and in that time has become known throughout this and large sections of foreign countries. It has found many rivals but no equals.

11th. PAIN KILLER is a purely vegetable preparation, safe to keep and use in every family. Its simplicity attending its use, together with the great variety of diseases that may be entirely eradicated by it, and the great amount of pain and suffering that can be alleviated through its use, makes it imperative upon every person to supply themselves with this valuable remedy, and to keep it near at hand.

12th. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is largely endorsed by Physicians, Druggists, Ministers, Public Health Officers and the Press—all of whom speak of it in the highest terms, and recommend its use in all cases of Coughs and Colds.

Every housekeeper should keep these two valuable remedies on hand with them to use them in time of need. Many an hour of suffering and many a physician's bill will be saved.

Directions accompany each bottle.

J. N. HARRIS, Proprietor, Cincinnati, Ohio.

For sale by all Druggists and Medical Dealers. For sale by Richardson & Co., St. Louis; J. D. Park, Cincinnati; R. A. Robinson & Co., Louisville; G. W. Jones & Co., Memphis; E. J. Hart & Co., New Orleans; G. W. George, Galveston.

THE NEW PANACEA.—Modern science having demonstrated that alcohol is "neither food nor physic," but, on the contrary, a species of poison, the introduction of a potent tonic which is entirely free from it, is certainly a subject for congratulation. Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters is a medicine which may be fairly characterized as an unobjectionable specific for many distressing and dangerous diseases.

Temperance organizations, heretofore in favor of permitting the sale of alcohol for medicinal purposes, are of opinion that Vinegar Bitters possesses all the efficacy as an invigorant that has ever been even claimed for spirituous stimulants, and on this account, as well as because of the singular success which has attended its use in dyspepsia, liver complaint, disorders of the bowels, nervous diseases, general debility, and all maladies growing out of intemperance, they warmly recommend it as a restorative and alterative of surpassing excellence.

Pain, deformity and death are prevented by the humane efforts of the National Surgical Institute, Indianapolis, Indiana, the largest institution of the kind founded this side of the Atlantic, for the cure of paralysis, diseased joints, all deformities of the human body, piles, fistula, catarrh and chronic diseases. Send your address to the Institute and receive their large journal giving full information and particulars.

"ECONOMY in small things is true economy," remember this when buying soap and ask for Procter & Gamble's Extra Olive Soap, and you will get the best as well as the most economical soap to use; we have tried it and know whereof we speak.

THERE are several kinds of worms which trouble horses; the pin-worms (pointed at both ends) are the most common and most dangerous. Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders will in a few days effect the worms, and the horse will begin to thrive.

Factories and machine shops should not be allowed to run a day without Johnson's Sodyne. In case of a sudden accident, an immediate use of it may save weeks of suffering, and perhaps a limb, or even life.

—Compulsory education is what the New York legislature provides for the children of that state.

Go to Riverside Water Cure, Hamilton, Ill.

CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK
from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS
will destroy worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

CURTIS & BROWN, Proprietors,
No. 215 Fulton street, New York.
Sold by druggists and chemists, and dealers in medicines, at twenty-five cents a bottle.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects the bowels, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health and comfort to mother and child. We believe it to be the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of dysentery and diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & BROWN is on the outside wrapper.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

HOUSEHOLD LINIMENT.
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