

# Clarke County Democrat.

VOL. XVIII.

GROVE HILL, ALA., TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1874.

NO. 45.

## The Democrat.

ISAAC 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, \$8 00  
Announcing Candidates, \$5 00  
Obituaries and Tributes of Respect 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. 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,

Samuel, 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 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.

CLARKE COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

### ORR'S GINS.

I HAVE accepted the agency of these excellent gins, believing them to be superior to many gins now offered to the public. On a test trial they have set aside gins sold at a higher price. I will take old gins, having saws not damaged by rust, as part payment. All gins warranted and those not giving satisfaction will be replaced by others that will. J. F. Orr & Co., of Orrville, Dallas county, Ala., pledge themselves to give entire satisfaction.  
Those interested will address me at this place.  
ISAAC GRANT,  
Grove Hill, Ala., July 29, '73

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 Sugssville, on the 2d Saturday in each month.

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

### 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. Thornton, Bullock, S.  
Dr. W. A. O'Hara, Shelby, A. S.  
Rev. I. G. Smith, Greene, C.  
John H. Harris, Ler, T.  
Gen. E. M. Law, Macon, S.  
Mrs. L. G. Jenkins, Calhoun, C.  
Mrs. A. C. Mitchell, Russell, F.  
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. Menfee, Pike.  
3d district—W. S. Gordon, Russell.  
4th district—G. D. Johnson, Perry.  
5th district—W. B. Jones, Madison.  
6th district—J. S. Harrington, Colbert.

#### CLARKE COUNTY COUNCIL.

Master—E. P. Chapman.  
Overseer—R. D. Hudson.  
Lecturer—F. N. Winn.  
Chaplain—Jesse P. Chapman.  
Steward—F. W. Dahlberg.  
Ass't Steward—R. S. Armistead.  
Treasurer—S. P. Noble.  
Secretary—John W. Benson.  
Gate-keeper—Robert G. Hearin.  
Meets 2d Friday in January, April, July and October, at 11 A. M.

#### 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, Rural.

##### Sugssville.

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 Boroughs, Master,  
G. Wash. Cobb, Secretary.  
Postoffice, Grove Hill.

##### West Bend.

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

##### Coffeeville.

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

##### Airmount.

William Carmichael, Master,  
Robert W. Aikieson, 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. Agee, 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.

U. S. INTERNAL REVENUE.—This week we publish a notice from Louis H. Mayer, Collector of Internal Revenue for this District, and parties interested should read it and comply with its demands.

The Grand Trunk Railroad was washed up in two or three places by the heavy rains of last Wednesday night, causing some little delay and interruption of trains; but regular trips were resumed on Saturday.

The Courier-Journal facetiously says: Bald Mountain seems to have quieted down now, and some of the people around there are beginning to fear that they got religion a good while before there was really any necessity for it.

The legislature of Mississippi adjourned on the 8th, after passing a bill requiring a majority of the males over 21 and the females over 18 years old, in the city, town or township, to sign a petition for a license to sell liquor, before such license shall be issued. The governor immediately thereafter signed the bill.

Connecticut, a New England State, elected a Democratic Governor last week and a large majority of the legislature are Democrats. The Democratic candidate for Governor received some 1,500 more votes than the united votes of the Radical and temperance candidates.

The municipal elections in the Western and Northern cities, last week, nearly all resulted in the triumph of the Democratic candidates.

This is welcome news and leads to the hope that the long night of Radical rule is about to break away and that a new era, or rather a return to the old rule of constitutional law and obligation, is about to dawn upon the country. Let us hope and work and pray for a change of rulers and for more honesty and economy in the administration of the Government.

APRIL 9, 1874.

MR. GRANT: I have been credibly informed that there is a report in circulation against me, and it is that I was concerned in the defeat of my friends, Mr. Foster and Mr. G. B. Fraser, in the last convention that was held in Grove Hill, previous to the last election. If there is such a report current, I think I very strange, for I was not a member of the convention and had nothing to do with it, and took no part in it against the above named gentlemen, and I would not stoop for the purpose of injuring my best friends.

You will confer a favor by giving this a place in your columns.

M. HARPER.

The officials of the State Grange mentioned in the Advertiser of yesterday, were in session all day at the Exchange Hotel. Their proceedings, in great part, cannot be given to the public, but one matter was discussed which is of prime importance to every citizen of the State. The plan of the Georgia Granges for direct trade with Europe was recommended to all subordinate Granges which trade to Eastern ports, and co-operation with the Georgia Granges for that purpose was also recommended. In addition to this, the Executive Committee was instructed to take such steps as would aid in establishing direct trade between Mobile and Europe, and the Mississippi Grange trading at that port were invited to co-operate with them. This is a grand movement and bids fair to be a successful one. Encouragement from merchants and manufacturing establishments in Europe, has been received, and aid promised in all efforts to open up communication between Southern and European ports.

The immigration question was discussed and plans proposed. This matter, however, is left open for another meeting. It can be safely stated that the plan likely to be adopted is exceedingly feasible, and will be necessarily successful.

### The Lottery Swindles.

On the train to Franklin last Wednesday evening we noticed a group of men who were earnestly pouring over the Louisville papers that contained a list of the prizes drawn at the late Kentucky lotteries. They were all interested parties; they had all staked some money; one of the crowd had invested \$120. From the paper, upon comparing the numbers with those set down in their books, they got the rather depressing assurance that they had all drawn blanks.

When will our people learn wisdom? Surely in these hard times we ought to find a better use for our money than investing in these gigantic swindles. The legalization of these lotteries is a disgrace to our sister State of Kentucky. Apart from the moral consideration and its notorious dishonesty, the enervating, demoralizing tendency on our people calls loudly for their suppression.

Let our young men avoid the temptations of seductive circulars announcing attractive schemes. They are a delusion and a snare. The very desire to make money by appealing to chance rather than by your own honest effort, degrades you and robs you of your manhood, undermines that principle of manly, self-reliant, honest dependence upon your own effort that constitutes the very foundation stone of the true gentleman and citizen.

Let the press lift its voice against this corrupting practice; it is vain to hope to develop that honesty and integrity which will give a pure government. We may expect our legislative halls to be filled with gamblers and swindlers, while we magnify and make honorable these institutions that corrupt the very fountains of life.—Nashville Journal of Commerce.

THE RACE ISSUE.—The Democratic and Conservative party of the State has always deprecated any movement tending to antagonize the races, either politically or otherwise. It has constantly warned the negroes through its press, and public speakers, of the disastrous consequences which would inevitably follow their estrangement from the white race. It has repeatedly assured them of the entire friendliness of the whites and of their willingness, not only to recognize but to preserve every right conferred upon the negroes by the Federal Constitution and laws of the State. Disregarding our warnings and entreaties they have marched to the polls in unbroken ranks and cast their votes solidly for men who would work not only our political and social but financial ruin.

It is useless to entreat further. It is needless to attempt further political conciliation. The negroes, themselves have forced upon us the issue whether Alabama shall become Africanized or remain the home and be enlightened by the counsels of civilized white men.

We accept the issue not in any spirit of unfriendliness to the blacks, but as the only means of preserving the State and people from disasters, which have every where accompanied negro domination.—[Opelika Times.

### The Birmingham News says:

There are now only two important parties in Alabama, between whom the battle must be fought—the white party and the negro party—and every man must join one or the other, if he intends to cast a vote in the next election.

Emigrants are having a hard time out West, and the Chicago Tribune tells them that it would not be prudent just yet, for either skilled or unskilled laborers to go to that country. It says a proof of this is found in the fact that first class carpenters in Chicago, who were employed a year ago at \$3 per day, are now glad to get one dollar and a half. So great has been the decline in the cost of labor that the Board of Education has just let for \$3,200 a contract for building a school house after the model of one built last year for \$9,500. This accounts for the yearning towards the South which gentlemen who have recently travelled in the Northwest report to be springing up there among all classes who desire to better their conditions in life. Let them come; we have homes for all and lands that may be bought for a song.—[Montgomery Advertiser.

Trains on the Alabama and Chattanooga Railroad will run tri-weekly until further notice, instead of daily.

### By Telegraph.

RICHMOND, April 9.—Hon. R. M. T. Hunter was today elected by the General Assembly, State Treasurer, vice Mayo, removed.

MEMPHIS, April 10.—There was a two hours' snow storm.

NEW YORK, April 9.—The Government sold \$1,000,000 gold at a fraction over 134.

WASHINGTON, April 11.—The House adopted a resolution declaring John D. Young, of Kentucky, the sitting member, entitled to his seat.

PROVIDENCE, April 11.—The supplemental elections were unfavorable to Burnside as U. S. Senator.

### Crowing Roosters About.

Ohio went with Connecticut the other day, and shows the Democracy firm since the last election. The St. Louis Times says: "Connecticut, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo, Cleveland and Dayton were all 'pulled through' yesterday."

"Net Republican loss in Cleveland 7,898. Wm. Allen seems to be 'still rising' in Ohio.

It thinks that if President Grant has never had any serious intention of "unloading" heretofore, the grand Democratic results in Connecticut will certainly put him in the notion; or his case is a hopeless one. But the trouble would be in loading up again. Our Republican friends of the moribund Democratic theory must excuse the boys for being a little joyful over these events. They must confess that it is jolly to see a dead thing kick up its heels in this lively style, and to kick over some other things that were honest of their own enduring stability. We rather think the era of the Democratic laughing time has about sat in. We are not surprised. It has been a long time on the way, but we never doubted its coming.—[Mobile Register.

### The Dead Democracy Again.

[Mobile Register.]

For a dead bird the Democratic rooster is a lively one, and he crows lustily in our despatches of to-day. A clean sweep, with forty majority on joint ballot, is good. The fact of its being a Simon pure Democratic victory, fought under the old flag, and won on straight-out Democratic principles, detracts nothing from the glory of the thing. There is nothing fishy about the matter; it is all flesh—the only sure way to win. Compromise and expediency may promise well—but they promise only: ashes to the lips; for a square stand-up-and-knock-down we will take the old Democracy, every time. This Connecticut thing is epidemic, too, and there is no telling where it is going to end. It is fatal, likewise; we may look out for great funeral in '76; and it will not be the Democracy's either.

REV. A. J. Briggs.—The people of Troy have enjoyed a rich religious feast during the past few days, in listening to the sermons of the Rev. A. J. Briggs, presiding elder of the Selma district, who has supplied the Methodist pulpit here since Sunday last. Thoroughly in earnest, with a cultivated and pleasant delivery, his discourses have been listened to with deep interest, and cannot fail, in due time, to bring forth abundant fruit. His sermon on Monday night was one of marked power and rare beauty, and showed him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed of his ministry. If such preaching cannot awaken the consciences of men, harsh invective will prove still less effectual in accomplishing that object.—[Troy Messenger.

### Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Probate Court of Clarke county, Ala., I will sell at the late residence of George Walker, deceased, on Monday, the 4th day of May, 1874,

between the hours of 11 A. M. and 4 P. M., to the highest bidder, the following described personal property, belonging to the estate of said decedent, to-wit:

Three Cows and Calves,  
Three Yearlings, 1 Ox-Wagon,  
One Small Yoke of Oxen,  
One Mare, "Sally Brown,"  
One 4 year old Colt, "Morgan,"  
One Saddle, "Older," One Griddle.

Terms made known on day of sale.  
E. S. COBB,  
April 14, 1874, Adm'r.



# THE DEMOCRAT.

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

## A HEALTH.

I tell this cup to one made up  
Of love's soft glow,  
A woman of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon,  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that like the air,  
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is magic's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Drevels even in her words;  
The cadence of her heart are there,  
And from her lips each flow,  
As one may see the burdened bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measure of the hours,  
Her feelings have no words;  
The freshness of young flowers;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns,  
The ideal of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain;  
But memory such as mine of her  
So very much endears  
When death is nigh, the latest sigh  
Will not be life's but hers.

I tell this cup to one made up  
Of love's soft glow,  
A woman of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon,  
To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair, that like the air,  
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

## MARY MOORE.

All my life I had known Mary Moore;  
all my life I had loved her.

Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins. My first recollections are of a boy, in a red frock and morocco shoes, rocking a cradle, in which reposed a sunny-haired, blue-eyed baby, not quite a year old. That boy was myself—Harry Chute; that baby was Mary Moore.

Later still, I see myself at the old school-house, drawing my little chassis up to the door that Mary might ride home. Many a beating have I gained on such occasions, for other boys besides me liked her, and she, I fear, was something of a flirt, even in her pinafore. How elegantly she came tripping down the steps when I called her name; how sweetly her blue eyes looked at me, how gaily rang out her merry laugh. No one but Mary could ever bring her heart so near her lips. I followed that laugh from my days of childhood till I grew an awkward, blushing youth; I followed it through the heated noon of manhood; and now, when the frosts of age are silvering my hair, and many children climb upon my knee and call me "father," I find that the memories of youth are strong, and that even in gray hairs I'm following the music still.

When I was fifteen the first great sorrow of my life came upon my breast. I was sent to school, and was obliged to part with Mary. We were not to see each other for three long years. This to me was like a sentence of death, for Mary was like life itself to me. But hearts are tough things after all. I left college in all the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself both in general and particular. If I thought of Mary Moore, it was to think how I could dazzle and bewilder her with my good looks and wonderful mental attainments, and never thinking she might dazzle and bewilder me still more. I was a coxcomb, I know, but as youth and good looks have fled, I trust that I may be believed when I say that self-conceit has left me also.

An advantageous proposal was made me at that time, and accepting it, I gave up all idea of a profession, and prepared to go to India. In my hurried visit home of two days I saw nothing of Mary Moore. She had gone to a boarding-school, at some distance, and was not expected home until the following May. I uttered a sigh to the memory of my little blue-eyed playmate, and then called myself "a man" again.

In a year, I thought as the vehicle whirled away from our door—I will return, and if Mary is as pretty as she used to be, why, then, perhaps I may marry her.

And thus I settled the future of a young lady whom I had not seen for four years. I never thought of the possibility of her refusing me—never dreamed that she would not condescend to accept my offer.

But now I know that had Mary met me then she would have despised me. Perhaps in the sequestered and affected student she might have found plenty of sport; but as for loving me, I should perhaps have found myself mistaken. India was my salvation, not merely because of my success, but because my laborious industry had counteracted the evil in my nature, and had made me a better man. When at the end of three years, I prepared to return, I said nothing of the reformation of myself, which I knew had taken place. They loved me as I was, I murmured to myself, and they shall find out for themselves whether I am better worth loving than formerly.

I looked up many a token from that, and of romance and gold for the friends I hoped to meet. The gift for Mary Moore I selected with a beating heart; it was a ring of rough virgin gold, with my name and hers engraved inside—that was all, and yet the sight of the little boy strangely thrilled me as I balanced it on the tip of my finger.

To my eyes of others it was but a small, old circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, of the old days, of the beautiful white hands to wear it. But not to me. It was embodied there all the love and joy that were hidden within that little old ring.

Tall, bearded, and sun-bronzed—I knocked at my father's house. The light in the parlor window, and the hum of conversation and cheerful laughter, showed me that company was assembled there. I hoped that sister Lizzie would come to the door, and I might greet my family when no strange eye was looking carelessly on.

But no, a servant answered my summons. They were too merry in the parlor to heed the long absent one who asked for admittance. A bitter thought like this run through my mind as I heard the sound from the parlor, and saw the half-suppressed smile on the servant's face.

I hesitated a moment before making myself known or asking for any of my family. And while I stood silent a strange apparition grew up before me; from behind the servant peered out a golden head, a tiny, delicate form and sweet childish face with blue eyes, so like those of one who had brightened my boyhood, that I started with a sudden feeling of pain.

"What is your name, my pretty?" I asked, while the wondering servant held the door.

"Mary Moore,"

"And what else?" I asked quickly. She lifted up her hands to shade her face. I had seen that very attitude in another, in my boyhood, many and many a time—and answered in a sweet bird-like voice:

"Mary Moore Chester." My heart sank down like lead. Here was an end to all the bright dreams and hopes of my youth and manhood. Frank Chester, my boyish rival, who had often tried in vain to usurp my place beside the girl, had succeeded at last, and had won her away from me. This was the child—his child and Mary's.

I sank, body and soul, beneath this blow, and, hiding my face in my hands I leaned against the door, while my heart wept tears of blood. The little one gazed at me, grieved and amazed, and put up her pretty lips as if about to cry, while the perplexed servant stepped to the parlor and called my sister out to see who it was that conducted herself so strangely. I heard a light step, and a pleasant voice, saying:

"Did you wish to see my father, sir?"

I looked up. There stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little sister I had loved so well. I looked after her for a moment, and then stilling the tempest of my heart, by a mighty effort, I opened my arms and said:

"Lizzie, don't you know me?" "Harry! Oh, my brother Harry!" she cried, and threw herself upon my breast, and wept as if her heart would break. I could not weep. I drew her gently into the light parlor, and stood with her before them all.

There was a rush, and a cry of joy, and then my father and mother sprang toward me and welcomed me home with heartfelt tears.

Oh, strange and passing sweet is such a greeting to the way-worn traveler. And as I held my dear old mother to my heart, and grasped my father's hand, while Lizzie clung beside me, I felt that at all was not yet lost; and although another had secured life's most choicest blessing, many a joy remained for me in the dear sanctuary of home.

There were four inmates of the room, who had risen on my sudden entrance. One was the blue-eyed child whom I had already seen, and who now stood beside Frank Chester, clinging to his hand. Near by stood Lizzie Moore, Mary's eldest sister, and in a distant corner, to which she had hurriedly retreated when my name was spoken, stood a tall and slender figure, half hidden by the heavy window curtains that fell to the floor.

When the first rapturous greeting was over, Lizzie led me forward with a timid grace, and Frank Chester grasped my hand.

"Welcome home, my boy," he said, with the loud, cheerful tones I remembered so well. You have changed so that I never would have known you; but no matter about that, your heart is in the right place, I know."

"How can you say that he is changed?" said my mother, gently. "To be sure he looks older and graver, and more like a man than when he went away, but his eyes and smile are the same as ever. It is a heavy heart that changes him. He is my boy still."

"Aye, mother," I answered sadly, "I am your boy still."

Heaven help me! at that moment I felt like a boy, and it would have been a blessed relief to have wept upon her bosom as I had done in my infancy. But I kept down the tremor of my lips, and answered quickly, as I looked into his full, handsome face.

"You have changed, too, Frank, but I think for the better."

"Oh, yes—thank you for the compliment," he answered with a hearty laugh. "My wife tells me I grow handsomer every day."

His wife! Could I hear that name and keep silent still?

"And have you seen my little girl?" he added, lifting the infant in his arms, and kissing her crimsoned cheek. "I tell you, Harry, there is no such other in the world. Don't you think she looks very much like her mother used to?"

"Very much," I faltered.

"Hullo!" cried Frank, with a suddenness which made me start violently. "I have forgotten to introduce you to my wife; I believe you and she used to be playmates in your younger days—yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back—"for the sake of old times, and because you were not at the wedding, I will give you leave to kiss her once, but mind, old fellow, you are never to repeat the ceremony. Come, here she is; I for one want to see how you will manage those ferocious mustaches of yours in the operation."

He pushed Lizzie, laughing and blushing, toward me. A gleam of light and hope almost too dazzling to bear, came over me, and I cried out before I thought, "Not Mary!"

I must have betrayed my secret to every one in the room. But nothing was said; even Frank, in general so obtuse, was this time silent. I kissed the fair cheek of the young wife, and hurried to the silent figure looking out of the window.

"Mary—Mary Moore!" I said in a low eager tone, "have you no welcome to give the wanderer?"

She turned, and laid her hand in mine and said hurriedly—

"I am glad to see you here, Harry." Simple words and yet how blessed they made me. I would not have yielded her up at the moment for an emperor's crown. For there was the happy hymn group and dear home fire-side, with sweet Mary Moore. The eyes I had dreamed of day and night were falling beneath the ardent gaze of mine, and the sweet face I had so long prayed to see was there beside me. I never knew the meaning of happiness until that moment.

Many years have passed since the happy night, and the hair that was dark and glossy is fast turning gray. I am now grown to be an old man, and can look back to a happy, and I hope a well spent life. And yet, sweet as it has been, I would not recall a single day, for the love that made my manhood so bright, shines also upon my white hairs.

An old man! Can this be so? At heart, I am as young as ever. And Mary, with her bright hair parted smoothly from a brow that has a slight furrow upon it, is still the Mary of other days. To me she can never grow old or changed. The heart that held her in infancy and sheltered her in the flush and beauty of womanhood can never cast her out till life shall cease to warm it.

## Cossack Manuevers.

St. Petersburg Letter to the London Times.

After the review yesterday, the princess drove off to the Michael manege, where the emperor's Cossack and Cossack body-guard went through their feats. These wild horsemen gave us some scenes of their predatory warfare, exhibiting a skill and activity perfectly marvelous. One after another, they galloped by the princess, shouting fierce warwhoops and firing their long pistols and flintlocks at imaginary foes. They seemed to discharge their weapons in every position but from the saddle. Hanging on one side of the horse till the head almost grazed the ground, and taking a leisurely aim under the animal's belly, seemed the favorite attitude. One cavalier went by at speed standing on his head in his saddle; others leaped on, and off their horses with the ease of circus-riders. The manege soon so filled with smoke that it might well, for all we could see, have been some mountain defile, and the body-guard a band of robber knights swooping down on some village or caravan, or on the party of peaceable travelers represented by the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Arthur. The Cossacks and Princess of Wales were there also, and altogether the wild riders would have made a good day's work if they had been brigands of the steppe instead of the faithful body-guard of the emperor. Admiral Popoff told me it was a fine sight to see 1,500 of these horsemen playing their warlike pranks for miles and miles about the imperial cavalcade when the Grand Duke Constantine was traveling in the Caucasus. They always turn out in honor of a member of the imperial family, going through the whole drama of their war along the road. Once or twice yesterday they divided and fought a battle among themselves. Half of them made their horses lie down, and brouched behind the animals, the long barrels of the flint guns pointing in the direction of the enemy. Presently the assailants came riding out of the curtain of smoke with fierce cries, opening a glorious fire in all directions, which rather reminded one of some of the meles of our autumn manuevers. Every one must have been killed, spectators included, before the bands disentangled themselves from each other and retired again to opposite ends of the manege to take breath and measure power for another onslaught. "It was a picturesque and inspiring sight, as utterly opposed to the precision and science of modern warfare as anything well could be. The costumes, the arms, the men, and the horses who carried them—all were wild and strange, telling us of a nation of warriors who knew not barrack-yards and schools of musketry, but who knew right well how to fight in their own wild way. In real fighting these fine fellows, one may suppose, are not quite so gamesome, as in the Michael manege. Probably, for instance, the trooper who rode with his head in his saddle and his feet in the air would reserve that attitude till the day was over, and till he might safely indulge in the transports of victory. One of the Cossacks, a burly man upon a white horse, was a son of the great Schamyl. He was presented to the Prince of Wales at the conclusion of the spectacle. More than one of the Russian officers present wore decorations earned in frontier warfare with such cavalry as those before us.

The Mount Sterling (Ky.) Sentinel gives this notice of a marriageable young female in Montgomery county: "A young woman in Slate, at a party the other night, for twenty dollars, ate a whole roast pig, an entire stuffed turkey, all of an opossum, ten large corn-dodgers, and drank a gallon of hard cider at one sitting. Her name is Miss Mary Jane Severance, and she is a plump and pretty brunette, lively as a cricket."

## Civilization a Failure.

There is no concealing the fact that we humans are not only prone to "bear the ills we have," but are inclined to turn up our noses at the ills of our ancestors. It is the old story of the fox that lost his tail, one of the very few fables that have a grain of sense in their bushels of morality. I can remember the case of a Cornish miner who received, in a friendly rough-and-tumble in a public house, a kick from a highly civilized boot somewhere in the region of the diaphragm. He doubled up like a clasp-knife—you almost thought you heard the snap—and when afterward "undoubtedly" by a process something resembling the opening of an obstinate oyster, he gasped out, "Never mind—I—rather like it."

Humanity is very like that miner. It has received a violent blow from civilization in the very center of comfort, but it gasps, or squeaks, or shrieks that it thinks civilization is bliss.

But, my dear sir, or madam, you know your heart of hearts it is a nuisance! To take only the very modern instances, what has civilization done for the inhabitants of Polynesia? It has introduced small-pox, drunkenness, missionaries, and other mortal illnesses. And our ancestors, the ancient Britons, suffered in just the same way from the civilization which was forced upon them by our invaders. Civilization, by the by, is an awful liar! It has taught us to talk about the virgin soil of this isle, and Britons who never have been and never will be slaves, and soil which the foot of no invader, etc.;—and all the while, considering the advantages of position as an island, we have been more invaded—and conquered—than most people. But I could forgive those who conquered us, if they had only abstained from civilizing us too!

Oh, happy days, when each family grew its own wood in its back yard, and tailors' and dress-makers' bills were unknown. "Slightly cold considering our climate!" Yes, but you forget, that in those days civilization had not extirpated the wolf, who was useful not only because you could clothe yourself in his skin in winter, but because he kept down the surplus population, by eating any of your young family who were in excess of the demand.

But the cruelest wrong that civilization has inflicted on mankind is toothache, painless extraction, new sets, and instant cures. Civilization is, to put it shortly, neither more nor less than neuralgia! When wild in the woods the noble savage ran, he never knew what toothache was. Look at the splendid grinders to be seen in the exhumed skull of any aborigine, who was happy enough to die before civilization introduced him to hot drinks like tea and coffee. Not a sign of decay in those grinning devil-measles bits of ivory. And as for neuralgia, those happy people never had nerves—they were blessed with gang-lions, like that caterpillar, which you may cut in half if you like, whereupon the first half will go cheerfully about its business, and the second half would follow it, only, having lost its head, it does not know which way to go.

No! toothache and neuralgia are the elements of civilization. Who ever heard of Chingachgook using Bunter's nerve! Who could picture Pocahontas with a poultice of camomile and poppy-heads! History—which is another product of civilization, and I'll take your opinion upon it when you have accurately given the succession (with date) of the kings of England—has no records of dental torture till we come to the very civilized reign of John. "You don't think John a very civilized monarch?"—pardon me, he got money from the Jews in spite of their teeth; and that's more than many civilized young noblemen of the present day can succeed in doing. By the way, has anybody observed how his victims have cried out the Hebrew law of "a tooth for a tooth?"—if not, a glance at the list of advertising dentists will convince even the most civilized of the truth of what I say.

I almost think that an anti-civilization society might be started—it would be quite as sensible as a teetotal society, or an order of good templars. We would call it a society for the abolition of toothache, and that would draw everybody—except the dentists.

I am prepared to join, for I am at this moment suffering from civilization in my left cheek. It makes intermittent rushes from its cell under my eye, proceeds down a nerve in my cheek by cork-screw gyrations until it arrives at a hollow tooth, of which it takes temporary possession. It then proceeds, apparently, to fling all the furniture about the apartments, drives into the walls enough tennipenny nails to hang all the pictures in the royal academy, and then retires, slamming the door!

I don't like civilization.—London Fun.

WOMEN LAWYERS.—Miss Phoebe Cozzens is a pretty, good lawyer. Anybody may know the first to be true by looking at her, and those who are blessed with an acquaintance aver the last. Miss Phoebe lectured in New York the other night, and revealed to the astonished audience the fact that there were no less than five female lawyers mentioned in the Book of Numbers. Miriam, Deborah, and Huldah were lawyers, and the Queen of Sheba and Judith might be claimed as bright members of the profession. Miss Cozzens described the wall of dignity that had heretofore surrounded the legal profession, and the stern rebuffs given by the legal gate-keepers to the women who had ventured to take appeal behind the scenes. After the array of ancient precedents which the fair barrister presents, we submit that the fraternity ought to open the gates freely and receive the candidate, not *ut et armis*, but with open arms, *Virtus vincit invictam*.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

The whole production of the precious metals throughout the world last year is estimated to have been worth \$219,000,000.

When a doctor spells it "accident" it is it any wonder that patients die on his hands?

A Mississippi postmistress has discharged her husband from a clerkship for non-attendance to duty. She wanted no nepotism in pers.

A Detroit woman lately left her husband's board, but took the bed with her. The Union says he is in a quandary how to word a legal notice.

It is said that a sure way to win success in society is to talk to the young ladies, and listen attentively when the old ones talk to you.

A Connecticut husband sues for divorce on the ground that his wife "did throw cucumbers in his face because he helped himself too plentifully."

The Persians say of noisy, unreasonable talk: "I hear the sound of a mill-stone, but I see no meal."

An exchange declares that "nothing on earth will so disturb a man's future relations with heaven as running his neck against a clothes-line in the dark."

PROVIDENCE.—The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate. Puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors, our understanding traces them in vain. Lost and bewildered in the fruitless search, Nor sees with how much art the windings run, Nor where the regular confusion ends.—A. Wilson.

Pick up a match in the dark and attempt to strike it, and ten to one, you have got the wrong end; take a loose match out of your pocket to pick your teeth with, and twenty to one you get the sulphur end in your mouth.

"Do you want to shake dice for a turkey?" asked a Danbury boarding-house keeper of a patron. "If it is like the turkey we had for dinner," replied the boarder, thoughtfully, "it is old enough to shake its own dice."

The oldest stove, probably, in the United States is that which is still in use at the capitol in Richmond, Va. It was made in England in 1770, and was sixty years in the house of Burgesses in Virginia before it was removed to the capitol, where it has been for thirty years.

A SCIENTIFIC man objects to vanes as indicators of the wind, since they indicate a direction when there is no wind, and they do not indicate the force or velocity of the wind. He would substitute a little flag, suspended by a cord from a metallic ring pulleyed on a vertical rod. This is worthy of consideration.

THE COMING WOMAN.—The woman of the coming time? Shall man to vote appoint her? Well, yes or no, your bottom line? She'll do as she's a min'er. We know she "will" or else she "won't." 'Twill be the same as now: And if she does, or if she don't, God bless her, anyhow.

Dr. Schmidt, professor of astronomy in the university of Athens, has just completed his great map of the moon. It is two meters in diameter, and is a marvel of accurate mapping and minute draughtsmanship. The shading is so exquisite that any part of the map may be examined by a lens without the appearance of coarse or rough work. The map represents the labor of thirty-four years, and is without doubt one of the greatest astronomical results of the century.

Professors Newcomb and Holden, to the national observatory at Washington, have turned the great new telescope of that institution (one of the greatest in the world) to brilliant account in the rediscovery of two satellites of Uranus, which have been beyond telescopic vision since their existence was discovered and verified twenty years ago; by Tassell, of Liverpool. Professor Newcomb has received the gold medal of the royal astronomical society of London.

A PARABLE FROM LIBERTY.—The church bells were ringing, the devil sat singing On the stump of an old rotten tree; "Oh, faith, it grows cold, and the creeds they grow old, And the world is nigh ready for me." The bells went on ringing, a spirit came singing— "And called as he crumbled the tree: "You wood does but perish, new seedlings to cherish!—And the world is too live yet for thee."—Charles Kingsley.

A GRADUATE in the science of loafing writes: "If you will watch a squad of men who are standing on a corner, or lounging about a public entrance, you will soon observe one of them carelessly put his hand in his pocket, keep it there a moment while he sweeps the horizon with an abstracted glance, and then drawing it forth wipe his mouth with the cuff. When his hand comes down again a chew of tobacco is in his mouth, and those about him who have no tobacco are none the wiser."

## Brilliant Success.

It is permitted to few men or companies to achieve acknowledged superiority in any important position or business. The present generation has witnessed a stupendous rivalry in several branches of industry, and notably the Sewing Machine business. Amid a multitude of competitors, steadily and surely the Wheeler & Wilson Company held their way from the beginning, upon fixed and honorable principles. Long since, their leading position in America was established. Abroad, at London, in 1862, they won the highest premiums; at Paris, in 1867, they distinguished themselves competitors, and were awarded the highest premium, the only Gold Medal for Sewing Machines exhibited; and lastly, amid unparalleled competition, followed the splendid triumphs at Vienna, noted in our advertising columns.



WHEN ANY antidote or remedy for any particular class of disease obtains a wide-spread notoriety, it is but reasonable to suppose that it must merit the popularity it receives. It is within our province to mention that Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters, so long and favorably known as the safest and most reliable remedial agent for the cure of liver, kidney, bladder, and glandular diseases, mental and physical debility, and all complaints emanating from a corrupt state of the blood, etc., are in great demand. So satisfied are we of the intrinsic worth of this medicine, that we do not hesitate to notice it in our columns. It is well to mention that this medicine is compounded of roots, herbs and flowers of California, and has no fiery material or alcohol used in its preparation. We can add to its popularity the fact that we use it constantly in our own family, and each member thereof partakes of it, when necessary, according to directions. *New York Paper.*

**A Wrong Custom Corrected.**  
It is quite generally the custom to take strong liver stimulants for the cure of liver complaint, and both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms have been diligently searched to produce the most drastic and potent effect upon the liver, and arouse the lagging and enfeebled organs. This system of treatment is on the same principle as that of giving a weak and debilitated man large portions of brandy to enable him to do a certain amount of work. When the stimulant is withheld, the organ, like the system, gradually relapses into a more torpid or sluggish and weakened condition than before. "What, then, is wanted? Medicines, that, while they cause the bile to flow freely from the liver, that organ is toned into action, will not overwork and thus debilitate it, but will, when their use is discontinued, leave the liver strengthened and healthy.

**WORKS WONDERS.**  
BERGEN, Genesee county, New York, March 23, 1871.  
Dr. R. V. PIERCE:—Your treatment in my case has been quite successful and satisfactory, and for which I desire to express my gratitude. I have been troubled with a disordered liver and catarrh and general weakness for a good many years, and was failing slowly all the time, and last August I called on you and got some of your Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and one of your Nasal Injections, and since that time I have been improving and am now better than I have been in years, not having had the sick headache in months, which I used to have to average once a week, the Golden Medical Discovery being the principal medicine used. It has worked wonders in my case, and I recommend it to those similarly afflicted. Let me express gratitude to you for such invaluable services.

Truly and gratefully yours,  
Wm. F. ORTENDEN.

**A NOBLE ENTERPRISE.**—By a bold innovation upon old theories the National Surgical Institute, Indianapolis, Indiana, has achieved a name and work of philanthropy most enviable. It is the great Bethesda of the nation. Thousands of the halt, lame and diseased, the paralytic, those with deformed limbs, spine and face, and those suffering with piles, fistula, catarrh and chronic diseases, here find relief. Send for circular.

It is a rare thing that physicians give any countenance to a medicine, the manufacture of which is a secret. About the only exception that we know of is *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. This, we believe, all endorse, and many of them use it in their practice with great success.

Our readers should be careful to notice that Procter & Gamble's stamp is upon the bars of their Extra Olive Soap, as all good articles are imitated, and this soap being so popular, other manufacturers have copied their stamps.

Persons requiring purgatives or pills should be careful what they buy. Some pills not only cause griping pains, but leave the bowels in a torpid, costive state. *Parsons' Purgative Pills* will relieve the bowels and cleanse the blood, without injury to the system.

ATTEND to the first symptoms of Consumption, and that disease may be checked in its incipency. Use immediately Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, a safe remedy in all diseases of the lungs.

**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 abroad. It is now sold to 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 Allen's Lung Balsam. It is sold to 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.

**READ THE FOLLOWING:**

What the St. Louis Journal has to say: "Readers of the Journal will be glad to learn that Allen's Lung Balsam gives the anchor of hope. Allen's Lung Balsam has been tried by thousands, who give evidence, not only by their testimonials, that they have been cured, but by their physical appearance. The recommendation of this valuable remedy has received from those who know the good it has 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. No imitations with worthless remedies.

**J. N. HARRIS & Co., Proprietors,**  
Cincinnati, Ohio.  
For sale by all Southern druggists and general dealers.

Go to Live-Long Water Cure, Hamilton, Ill.

**CHILDREN OFTEN LOOK PALE AND SICK**

**BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBIS**  
will desroy 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 box.

**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 acidity of the stomach, 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'S is on the outside wrapper.  
Sold by all medicine dealers.

**HOUSEHOLD Why Will You Suffer?**

TO all persons suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps in the limbs or stomach, bilious colic, pain in the back, bowels or side, we would say the Household Panacea and Family Liniment is of all others the remedy you want for internal and external use. It has cured the above complaints in thousands of cases. There is no mistake about it. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

**HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.**

**IMPORTED PATTERNS, Fashions for Spring and Summer.**

**1023—GAINESS** being a very prominent feature to ALL the NEW costumes, the above waist will have great success, especially as it is becoming to every style of figure. Requires 2 yds. of 24-inch goods. Price of pattern, with cloth model, 25 cents, mailed.

**1026—OVERSKIRT** for different kinds of material; the straight side breadth is the prevailing feature in the new costumes. It is economical, requires only 4 yards of 24-inch goods. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

**ZOYARA**—is the name of the most beautiful, stylish and EASY Skirt we have received this season. It is fitted with regulated shirtings by anything than the polka-dot being a plain black skirt without loops or gather in. Ready to wear for walking. By drawing the shirtings again it is a polka-dot with puffed skirt and perfectly adjusted. Send a small cloth CLOTH MODEL with pattern. Price of Pattern, with Cloth Model, \$1.00. Will be given as premium to one subscriber.

We are a perfect CLOTH MODEL, with every pattern, which shows how to put the garment together after being cut by the pattern. They are **Perfect Guides.**

**"Instant Dress Elevator."**  
THIS CUT shows how beautifully a LONG SKIRT is changed into a WAISTED SKIRT by the INSTANT ELEVATOR. You can raise your skirt without passing a needle and thread, and then let it fall or you can keep it raised with the "KIKY" TON. It is the latest and most useful of the FIFTH IT LOOPS the SKIRT in a TASTEFUL and FASHIONABLE MANNER. IT SAVES MORE THAN TEN TIMES its COST, besides being CONVENIENT, NEAT, and GRACEFUL. It can be changed from ONE DRESS to ANOTHER in LESS THAN TWO MINUTES.

YOU NEED BUT ONE FOR A DOZEN DRESSES. Price SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS. Send 3 stamps for postage. The above ELEVATOR will be given FREE as a PREMIUM to the person who sends \$1.25 for ONE YEAR'S subscription to "SMITH'S PATTERNS."

**Smith's Illustrated Pattern Bazaar.**  
BEST and CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. FULL OF FASHIONS, STORIES, and CHOICE READING.

**ONLY \$1.00 A YEAR.**  
Every subscriber gets a choice of ONE of the following beautiful OIL CHROMOS FREE as a premium:—Whitaker's "Barfoot Boy," 1864; "The Unwilling Victim," 1865; "The Little Girl," 1866; "The Little Girl," 1867; "The Little Girl," 1868; "The Little Girl," 1869; "The Little Girl," 1870; "The Little Girl," 1871; "The Little Girl," 1872; "The Little Girl," 1873; "The Little Girl," 1874; "The Little Girl," 1875; "The Little Girl," 1876; "The Little Girl," 1877; "The Little Girl," 1878; "The Little Girl," 1879; "The Little Girl," 1880; "The Little Girl," 1881; "The Little Girl," 1882; "The Little Girl," 1883; "The Little Girl," 1884; "The Little Girl," 1885; "The Little Girl," 1886; "The Little Girl," 1887; "The Little Girl," 1888; "The Little Girl," 1889; "The Little Girl," 1890; "The Little Girl," 1891; "The Little Girl," 1892; "The Little Girl," 1893; "The Little Girl," 1894; "The Little Girl," 1895; "The Little Girl," 1896; "The Little Girl," 1897; "The Little Girl," 1898; "The Little Girl," 1899; 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