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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

NORFOLK, VA.

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Attorneys at Law,

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LIVER Complaint, Biliousness, Malaria, Chills and Fever, aching sensation in back and side, also bottom of ribs; weariness, irritability, tongue coated, skin yellow; hot and cold sensations, eyes dull, dry cough, stifled and obstructed feeling, irregular pulse, bad colored stools.

APOPLEXY, Epilepsy, Paralysis, dim sight, sound in ears, giddiness, confusion in head, nervousness, flashes of light before eyes, loss of memory. Diseases of Bladder and Urinary Organs, urine dark or light, red deposit; burning, stinging, bearing down sensations, frequent desire to urinate, uneasiness, inflamed eyes, dark circles, thirst. Diseases of

HEART, nervous pains, fluttering or weight near heart, made so on moving quickly and when lying on left side; want of breath on exertion.

HEADACHE, dull or sharp pains in, Nausea, nervous and sleepless headache, languor, gloom.

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june 28 ly

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are cheap and all the best kinds kept constantly o hand and stock continually replenished

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Tables always ready for customers and the public are invited to visit our house where they will well treated and where they can play Pool an Billiards at a small expense. march 1 ly

ANNIE LAURIE.

She'd sung the songs that rule the day,
The brightest, sweetest, latest;
Till every chord had owned her sway,
From slightest unto greatest.

"And now, my favorite," he said,
As turning, she ceased singing,
The pure, full note her voice had made
Still in his bosom ringing.

The light hand turned the leaves of song
Along the repertory,
Till among the ballads old and strong
It stopped at Annie Laurie.

The light hand struck the soft prelude,
The notes began to quiver,
And then the grand old love song flowed
Like some deep, happy river.

Adown its current, tender, deep,
That flowed with exile "full throttled,"
His every care and sorrow seemed to sleep,
A happy dream had floated.

The singer sang, the dreamer drank
The music's mystic glory,
And in his bosom deeply sank
The love of Annie Laurie.

"She's all the world to me," sang she,
With cadences love-enchanted,
On swelled the song, as sweet to the sea,
The dreamer still enchanted.

And when at length the song was sung,
It last sweet echoes dying,
Swift to his feet the dreamer sprung,
His full breast throbbing, sighing.

The throb, the sigh, broke from control—
It was "the old, old story"
Love lit her eyes, love stirred his soul
And she was Annie Laurie.

Oh singer, sing! Oh, dreamer, dream!
And may your singing, dreaming,
Never know of glory less a gleam,
Nor fall from its high seeming.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.

It was in a luxuriously furnished room where a glowing grate threw genial light and warmth upon the occupants that General Langton, lawyer and millionaire, listening with bated breath and pallid cheeks to a low and melodious voice that told a story of a life.

The speaker, a beautiful woman of about thirty, yet ten years younger than Mr. Langton, reclined in a low cushioned chair, her attitude both speaking of the ease wealth gives, but her face was full of the deepest anguish as her lips recounted the story.

"You love me," she said gently, yet sadly, "and I love you as I never loved any one before, although I am a widow. That you know, but did not know my husband's name. By my uncle's last request, I dropped it and took his with the property he had left me. Do not look at me tenderly, Gerald, do not shake my voice or my heart, for when you know who I am you will not repeat the offer you made me, and which heaven is my witness I tried to divert."

"Let your conscience be at rest there," said her listener in a grave, yet tender voice; "you have never given me one hope, Maude. By what instinct I knew that you loved me I can never tell. Something in your eyes—some tone of your voice betrayed you. If, as you say, something in your past life does separate us you have been no coquette to torment me with false hopes. But Maude, tell me again whatever stands between us, you love me?"

"I love you," she said gravely; "and it is because I love you that I will not let you link your honorable name with that of the wretch who was my husband. I was very young—not sixteen—when he came to make a visit to some friends living at Grassbank. Uncle Richard has a country seat near the village. I first met Alexander at a picnic, where he was the very life of the party; everybody's cavalier; courteous to all; full of wit and animation and services to all. I believe every girl on the grounds thought she had captivated him, his attentions were so well divided and yet so impressive to each one. He claimed to be no more than a salesman in a large wholesale house with a good salary, but he had the manners of a gentleman of education, and the most perfect beauty of face and form that I ever saw in a man. It was not long before it was evident he wished to win my love, and he had an easy task. Such love as a child of sixteen can give I gave him. He was the impersonation of every hero of poetry and fiction with whom my limited reading had made me familiar. School-girl like I had made an ideal hero, and fitted this, my first admirer, with all his imaginary perfections.

"From the first, Uncle Richard disliked him, pronouncing him false and shallow, and assuring me that my personal attractions had not won his heart; but the fact of my being an heiress to a large property had gained me the protestations in which I so firmly believed.

"It is a painful story to me now, Gerald. Let it suffice that I lived in a world of pleasant dreams while Alexander remained at Grassbank. When he left me he carried my promise to be his wife at Christmas.

"I think if my money had depended on Uncle Richard, my marriage might have been prevented by his threatening to disinherit me, but both from my father and mother I had inherited money that made me independent, in a pecuniary sense, of his control or consent.

"Most grudgingly, however, uncle did consent, after a searching inquiry about Alexander, resulting in no worst report than that his employers thought him idle, and just the man to be a fortune hunter. Even then my dear uncle would have protected my fortune by settling it upon myself, but with the reckless generosity of extreme youth I refused to have this done. Never, I was firmly convinced, would my adored Alexander wrong me in any way.

"For a year after the splendid wedding that made me Alexander's wife I was very happy. I was too ignorant of value to understand that we were living far beyond our income—enjoyed to the utmost the luxuries around me—the constant gayety that was in such strong contrast to the school routine from which I had been released.

"Then began a life of neglect, often of quarreling, when I objected to my husband's course of conduct—his drinking his extravagance and his late hours. Still I found my own pleasures in societies.

"It was four years after my marriage, when I was thunderstruck by Alexander asking me to request a loan of money from Uncle Richard, with the information added that every penny of my property was gone.

"Since then I have known that a large portion of it was lost at the gambling table.

"Long before this I had lost all love for my husband. Respect had died out when I knew the dissipated life he was leading, and foolish as I was, I could not continue to love a man whom I despised. I refused the errand, and brought down a torrent of such great abuse that I really expected that Alexander would end by striking me.

"Day after day the request was renewed, but I would not yield. Upon my marriage, Uncle Richard had sold the city residence and taken a permanent abode at Grassbank, where, knowing my husband to be an unwelcome guest, I never visited him. I wrote occasionally, but the love of years, like that of a father and child, had been so sadly strained by my persistence in marrying Alexander that even our correspondence was languid and commonplace.

"I would not, therefore, write to him to ask a favor that I knew would not have been necessary without criminal recklessness of expenditure, and each refusal made my husband more furious. Then came an overwhelming blow. Alexander forged a check and drew £2,000 of Uncle Richard's money from the bank. I don't think my uncle would have prosecuted him had he guessed who was the forger, but he handed the whole matter over to the law as soon as it was discovered that the check was forged. It was then traced to Alexander, and at the same time it was found that he had robbed in the same way his former employers. He had given up all work upon his marriage, but when he found himself without money, his knowledge of the business enabled him to forge the name of Derkiss & Co. Even if Uncle Richard had spared him for my sake the other forgery would have entitled him to penal servitude. He was sentenced to seven years, and uncle took me home full of heavenly pity and forgiveness for the child who had treated him so ungratefully."

"Then your husband is in prison?" said Gerald, in a hard, strained voice.

"No, no, he is dead! He died within the first year. Uncle Richard saw the death in a paper, and sent the money for the burial. No, I am free, but none the less, I am the widow of a convicted felon."

"But, none the less," quoted Gerald, "the woman I honor and love above all others, and hope still to make my wife."

It took, however, more than one interview, full of love's pleading, to win Maude from her resolution. She so honored her lover, and was so proud of his good name and the position he had attained by his talent, that her sensitive nature shrank from even the shadow of her misery upon his life.

But the victory was won at last, and the lawyer walked home one evening full of a proud, glad joy, for Maude had then promised to be his wife.

"If you are willing to take Alexander Hull's widow to be your wife," she said, "I will not oppose you any longer, for I love you with all my heart."

He had no thought but of that glad triumph when he turned up the gas in his office. He was in the habit of making a late visit there before going up to his bedroom, in case notes or messages were left for him. One lay there on this evening, a shabby looking envelope, but directed in a bold, handsome hand which he recognized at once.

He tore it open. After a few words of introduction, the note ran:

"You did the best you could on my trial, but the facts were too strong for you. I have now a last favor to ask of you. I die, as you know, at noon to-morrow. You, as my lawyer, can see me at any time. Will you come as soon as you receive this, and with the gratitude of the man you know as

JAMES FOX."

"The man I know as James Fox," muttered the lawyer, "the smooth, plausible scoundrel who actually made me believe him innocent of the hideous murder for which he was convicted. I can find extenuation for some murders, but this cold-blooded assassination of an old man for money only was revolting. How he deceived me, though, for a time. And how he exulted over his success in doing so when he saw facts were too strong. Shall I go to him? I suppose I must. It is still very early."

It was not yet midnight when Gerald Langton was ushered into the cell of the man who, in a few short hours, was to meet the extreme penalty of the law for the worst of all crimes. Yet there was nothing revolting in the appearance of the criminal. His dress was neat, his hair carefully arranged, his moustache faultless, his hands white and refined looking. He rose from his seat upon the bed as his lawyer entered the cell.

"I knew you would come," he said, courteously, "though you were offended at my want of frankness. Well, that is all over. You will not refuse the last request of a dying man, Mr. Langton?"

"Not if I can grant it," was the reply.

"This," said the murderer, "is not my first offense against the law. Some years ago I was sentenced to a term of years for forgery. By a strange accident I escaped the penalty. On the same day James Fox was sentenced to two years for petty larceny, and we were sent together to prison. James Fox—my companion, understand, not myself—was deranged, but his lawyers had not been able to save him, as his aberration was not always apparent. When we were entered upon the books of the prison, imagine my amazement when my fellow prisoner gave my name for his own. Like a flash I saw the advantage to be gained by the deception, and allowed the error to pass. My companion committed suicide, and I escaped with two years' imprisonment instead of seven. But I feared recognition and went to Canada. There I lived by my wits until a year ago, when I returned to try and raise money from my wife, and thought I saw an easier plan by committing the crime for which I die to-morrow. But I want to see my wife. I wronged her—I robbed her—but heaven is my witness, I love her. When I was in prison she dropped my name and took her own again. So it is not for Mrs Alexander Hull you must ask, but for Maude Temple."

Was the room reeling—the ceiling falling—the wall closing around him? Gerald Langton felt that they were, as the name fell upon his ears. Maude—his Maude—the wife of this cool villain who talked of his hideous crimes as if they were ordinary events? Well, he knew that to carry this man's message was to separate himself from Maude forever. Never would she let him marry the widow of a murderer! Very rapidly all of the terrible facts passed one after the other, and he said: "If you love her why add a misery to her life? She may have lived down the old pain you have caused her; why, for a selfish gratification, will you make her whole life a misery?"

"She is my wife! I would bid her farewell."

"She is not your wife. Your own crimes have released her from any allegiance to you."

"You know her?"

"Yes! I know what she has suffered, and beg of you to let her still believe you died years ago."

"She is happy?"

"Scarcely that. Such wounds as hers never heal entirely, but it is cruelty to tear them open when they are quiet!"

"Has she married?"

"No! She is still your widow."

"It is hard to deny myself one more sight of her face and the hope I had that she would say she forgave me."

"Think of her, not yourself."

There was a long silence in the cell.

Every throb of Gerald Langton's heart was pain to him, but Alexander Hull sat in moody silence, evidently reluctant to give up his wish.

At last he spoke.

"You have been very good to me. Tell me, now, if you have any personal reason for your request. Perhaps you love her?"

"I do!" was the reply. "She has promised to be my wife."

"Then it will be James Fox who is hanged to-morrow! I meant to give my real name, but I will carry my secret to my grave. It may be in another world that the little last self-denial will be a plea for me. Go now. You may trust me."

He kept his word, and Gerald Langton his secret.

When Maude, a few weeks later, became his wife, she little guessed the terrible ordeal which he had spared her, or the added disgrace that belonged to the name she had given up.—*Exchange.*

CIBLETS.

A Philadelphia cat, while exploring a church spire, fell seventy feet without hurting herself.

The mother who puts up fruit soon discovers her boy's politics. He is always a Conservative.

The *Capital* says that Fred Douglass has all his children quartered on the public as clerks. Fred is certainly very near to being a white man.

The English courts have just had before them the will of a Lord Chancellor, making the fourth disputed will of England's greatest lawyers in the last few years. Wealthy men, particularly rich lawyers, if they want a will written so that it will stick, should employ a newspaper man to write it.

It is only in Europe that young men can know what they are doing in the vealy period at which they select a mate. It is the custom in some parts of Greece for a girl to wear generally on her head, all the money she possesses so that any young man desiring to marry her may know how much her dowery is.

"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?" "Yes, George, I will," she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?" "Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away.

The absurd habit of wearing gossamers is undoubtedly one of the causes of the flood. Each person should be required to let the rain fall into the ordinary clothing where it will stay. Otherwise, the water runs off into the gutters, helps to swell the river and we are all drowned. Invalids, who may be obliged to wear gossamers, should get into the street-cars and let the water run off into the other passengers.

LAUGHLETS.

Gets very hot-headed when it is scratched—a match.

If the backbone of winter isn't broken it must be terribly water-soaked by this time.

While we fellows are scratching to earn our living the cremationists are taking measures to urn their dead.

The girl who doesn't glaze her front hair and forehead with bandoline should be praised for her gum-shun.

The cashier's wife who is anxious to figure well in society is often to blame for her husband's faulty figuring as an accountant.

Can the bashful young man who blushes violently whenever he performs polite offices for the ladies be called the pink of courtesy?

"My dear," said a wife to her rich but illiterate husband, "I want $500." "What, fur?" he inquired. "Sealskin fur," she said, and she got it.

"Johnny," said the editor to his hopeful, "are you in the first class at school." "No," replied the youngster, who had studied the paternal sheet, "I am registered as second class mail matter."

One for Boston. New Yorker (who has been stuck more than an hour with the intellectual young lady from Boston)—"You say you despise New York men. Then why do you come to New York, and why do you go to New York parties?" Young lady from Boston—"For a complete intellectual rest."

The Washington Hatchet has made wonderful strides toward a front rank in journalism. It is yet young, but its power is being felt already. It is a satirical and humorous paper—not too funny but just ticklish enough. It has an able corps of writers, and an able corps of eager readers. Long may she flick.

The only absolutely fire-proof building in the country is the ice palace at Montreal.

METHODIST CENTENNIAL

THIS YEAR TO WITNESS THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

HOW THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, PROPOSE TO CELEBRATE THE GREAT EVENT.

This year, 1884, is a great and notable one in the annals of American Methodism. It will witness the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the Methodist Episcopal Church on this continent, and is certain to prove a year of unusual activity and profound interest throughout the wide-extended borders of that powerful denomination of Christians. The grand historic facts relating to the beneficent character and wonderful achievements of Christianity through the organized plans and the doctrines of Methodism during its pathway through this century of its existence in America, are truly phenomenal, as acknowledged by the world's leading minds, and is one of the grandest problems of the ages. With more communicants than any other religious body in America, it is a matter of interest to briefly review some of the facts of general interest connected with the history of the Methodist Church. Beginning in obscurity and feebleness, it has achieved for itself everywhere a most wonderful success. This great religious movement has, immediately or remotely, so given an impulse to Christian feeling and profession, on all sides, that it has come to present itself as the starting-point of our modern religious history.

In 1784, the year when the Methodist Church was organized in Baltimore, when Coke and Asbury were acknowledged and set apart as Superintendents, or Bishops, there were only 14,988 members, 83 preachers, 64 church buildings, no missionaries, and no institution of learning within the bounds of the denomination. But from that time until the present the growth of Methodism has been almost incalculable. This result was achieved by men who can well be denominated heroes in the loftiest sense of the word. Accepting the motto of John Wesley—their Church's founder—"The World is my Parish," these men of God traversed every State and territory of our great country, preaching the gospel with power and in demonstration of the Spirit—building up the Church. The entire singleness of purpose in spreading the gospel has been their prominent characteristic, and to-day American Methodism number within her various branches 3,993,721 members, 25,839 traveling preachers, and 34,714 local preachers, 32,000 church edifices valued at $100,000,000, 258 institutions of learning embracing universities, colleges, seminaries and high schools, in 1882 had 433 missionaries in foreign fields, sent from America, besides 1,206 native helpers, and during that year contributed for the cause of foreign mission the sum of $554,417.41.

The M. E. Church, South, has prepared to join in the celebration of "the Centennial Anniversary of the Organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, which will occur in Baltimore on Dec. 27, and propose to commemorate the great event throughout its entire bounds with suitable services and by raising funds for educational purposes, Church Extension, and Missions—three noble objects to which the liberality of the Church will certainly respond. Two million of dollars is the amount proposed to be raised for these objects, and that this purpose can be accomplished there should be no doubt; it will certainly not exhaust the treasury of this strong Church with its nearly nine hundred thousand members.

It may be interesting to our readers to recount what American Methodism has hitherto accomplished on her Centenary occasions. We first revert to the Centennial of 1839. As the first Methodist Society was formed in London in the month of November, 1739, so 1839 became properly the one hundredth year of Methodism. It was accordingly celebrated in Europe and America. During that Centenary year, with a membership of 749,216 members, including colored members and Indians, the Methodist Church in America raised $600,000 for missions, educational purposes, and for the support of the worn out preachers, and the widows, children, and orphans of preachers. The Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain raised over one *Million* dollars for similar objects.

The next Methodist Centennial event was in 1866. It was in commemoration of the first Methodist preaching services held in this country in 1766, and was celebrated by the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1866. Education and Church Extension were the great objects of their benevolence, and $2,000,000 was suggested as the amount to be raised. The result was a magnificent one, the thank-offerings amounted to $8,709,498 39, or more than four times the amount proposed at the outset.

The successful celebration of these two former Centenary events should certainly encourage our Southern Methodist friends to the accomplishment of the noble deeds they have essayed. Such a past ought to be an inspiration.

Able and competent committees have this work in hand, and will spare no effort to successfully consummate it. The Central Centenary Committee, with head-quarters at Nashville, Tenn., is composed as follows: E. R. Hendrix, D. D., of Missouri, Chairman; W. P. Harrison, D.D., Secretary; Wills Williams, Assistant Secretary; Judge James Whitworth, Treasurer; Bishop H. N. McTyeire, L. D. Palmer, Esq., of Nashville, and James G. Carter, Esq., of Louisville, Ky. The following is the Centenary Committee of the *Wilmington District*.—D. R. Bruton, P. E., Rev. R. S. Webb, F. A. Woodard.

"Nobody cares for a habitual swearer.—His volies of profanity have no terror in them. They mean nothing. It is the man who never swears, who scares you out of your boots, if once in a lifetime he does swear. So far as we can learn, Washington only swore once during all the eight years of the Revolutionary war. But that time counted. It turned back the tide of retreat, and made things hum."

Cincinnati is coming rapidly to the front as a watering resort.

THE OLDEST CITIZEN.

A KENTUCKY LADY WHO CLAIMS TO BE ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.

From the Frankford Yeoman.

Rhoda Howard, who is now living six miles southwest of the town of Owingsville, Bath county, Ky., on Slate creek, was born in Wilkes county, State of North Carolina, in December, 1767. Her maiden name was Ward. She married Jesse Deboard in Wilkes county, North Carolina, in 1790, and they had three children—Wesley, Washington and Franklin.

In 1803 they emigrated to Kentucky, coming through the Cumberland gap, and settled in Montgomery county, near Morgan station. After living here for several years, Jesse Deboard returned to North Carolina on a visit to his old home, leaving his wife and children at their old home, and Mrs. Howard said that she heard that he had died, but she never received any letter. In those days there were no mails, and the means of communication were very limited, depending altogether upon persons traveling to and from Kentucky.

Not hearing from her husband, and only incidentally that he was dead, and waiting and watching for him for several years, she concluded that he was dead, and she married Henry Sattle. By this marriage she had two children, J. Sattle and Julia Ann. Julia Ann is quite an old lady, living in the town of Owingsville, married to Mr. Kountz. Her second husband, Henry Sattle, died, and she married James Howard, a Revolutionary soldier. He died in the county of Bath many years ago, and, as the old lady expressed it, "so long ago that I have forgotten the time." She is now drawing a pension from the United States Government as the widow of a Revolutionary soldier, James Howard.

I rode on to her house on the 28th of November, 1883, and rode up to the yard fence and hallooed, and she came to the door and invited me in. I went in, and she requested me to take a seat. She is a very remarkable looking woman. She looks as old as the hills, and is the oldest looking person I ever saw. She is tall and spare, about five feet eight inches high, stands erect, does not stoop as old people generally do, has a Roman nose, dark, piercing eyes. Her hair is a white as the driven snow; she has a sallow complexion, and is lively, active and talkative. She sweeps up the hearth and sits at the table and feeds herself. She told me that she had lost her teeth many years ago, and that one of her eyes had failed, but that she can see as well with the other as ordinary people.

I asked her who was living with her, and she replied her two boys, Washington and Franklin. I asked her how old her two boys were; she said Washington was seventy-eight and Franklin thirteen months younger.

I asked her about her health; she stated that she had always enjoyed good health, and had taken but very little medicine; that she had a spell of sickness in 1859, and that was the only sickness she had ever had; that she had always led a very active life, and that she had to work hard in her young days, and has suffered many hardships and privations, that the present generation knew nothing about how the people used to live, and what they endured and suffered, but with it all she believed that the people then were happier and more hospitable than they are now. She showed me several articles manufactured by her own hands when she was a young woman. She still has a pair of hand-cards that she says she has carded many pounds of cotton and wool upon. She asked me for a pipe of tobacco, and when I gave it to her she reached down and drew her pipe through the hot ashes, and sat in the corner by her wood fire and smoked and chatted. I asked her how long she had been smoking, and she replied since she was sixteen years old. She said that the reason she commenced was that she was troubled with phthisic. She said that in her day she saw the old people cured the phthisic was: They would take a child to the woods and stand it up by the side of a tree, and then put an augur on top of its head, and bore a hole in the tree, and then take the lock of hair from the top of the child's head and put it in the augur-hole and drive a pin in it, and if the child outgrew the tree it would get well. But if the tree outgrew the child it would never recover.

Here is a woman who has been using tobacco for one hundred years, and still her faculties are unimpaired. What becomes of the theory of those who rail against the use of the weed?

Mrs. Howard is a very remarkable woman in many respects. Although she is 116 years old, she is still in possession of all her faculties.

I presume she is the oldest living person now in Kentucky. She is the connecting link between the last and present century. She was nine years old when the bell of Independence hall in Philadelphia rang and proclaimed liberty throughout the land.

She was born a subject of George III., of England, and was made a sovereign herself in 1783. She has seen George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria all upon the throne of England. She has seen the administration of every President of the United States, from Washington down to Arthur. She has lived to see this trackless forest leveled by the axe of civilization, and the wilderness turned into waving fields of grain, and cities arise and teem with a mighty population. Where does there live another person in all of this vast country that has been an eye-witness to all of those mighty changes in government, production, wealth, the arts and sciences?

Longfellow says: "By going a few minutes sooner or later, by stopping to speak with a friend on the corner, by meeting this man or that, or by turning down this street instead of the other, we may let slip some impending evil, by which the whole current of our lives would have been changed. There is no possible solution in the dark enigma but the one word, 'Providence.'"

Some one has said that Josh Billings sings and plays the piano by ear. Yes, and hanged if he don't spell by ear, too.

HORACE GREELEY'S BOYHOOD.

Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly sticking types," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat scarcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, in the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a looking-glass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallary, "will make a remarkable man. I can't hold an argument with him on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. M. was considered one of the ablest men in Congress his remark caused no some surprise, and we not only "made a note of it," but took another look at the "devil (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in nature's finest mould and wrought for immortality." It was years afterwards that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greeley.

AN ELOQUENT SPEECH.—The most thoroughly eloquent and affective speeches ever made in the Texas Legislature were pronounced by two negroes, and both were of the same general import—a slavery devotion to old master and mistress. The following is an extract from one of the speeches: "There can be no great race enmity between us. This cannot come while my old master and mistress live. No, nor while their children and name survive. They were kind and generous to me. I knew no want of to-day or care for the morrow when I was their property. Look at these wrinkled, rough hands. They tell the tale. They tell how I toiled for them. And the story is not ended. They are old and helpless now and I live as I once did, in a little cabin and I still toil for them. I send them half of every dollar I draw from the State Treasury, and when their daughter, a beautiful and good girl, whom I used to carry when she was a child in these strong arms, was married not long ago, I sent her a check for $1,000. Have I not the right to ask you, gentlemen of the majority, to deal generously with my race?"—Ft. Worth *Gazette.*

WHO TURN DAT HOG LOOSE?—At a certain hotel in Peoria, where the meals were not always what they should be, a merchant traveler one day sat down to the table. He put a dollar under a tumbler and, calling a waiter, said:

"Do you see that dollar, Jim?"

"Yes, sah," replied Jim, with a grin.

"Well, now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good five-course dinner. You understand?"

"Yes, sah," and Jim set out about furnishing a feast fit for a king. He had no time to see to anybody else. He hauled in new dishes, put extra touches on everything and kept his eye on the dollar. Finally the M. T. finished and, wiping his mouth, he winked at Jim.

"Yes, sah," grinned the darkey in anticipation.

"Jim, do you see that dollar?" putting his hand on it in a generous way.

"Yes, sah."

"Well, you will never see it again," and it went into his pocket and out of the dining room, while Jim indignantly remarked: "Fo' de Lawd! who tum dat hog loose in heah?"

EMBARRASSING.—Nothing in this little world of ours is quite so embarrassing as she attempt to keep up a lively conversation with a person who has nothing to say to you and to whom you have nothing to say. After you have disposed of the weather, and agreed with the prevailing conclusion that it very cold when the mercury is thirty or forty degrees below zero, and announced the fact that if the mercury were lower still it would probably be colder, you find yourself all adrift, or afloat, or ashore, or anything else that means wretchedness or hopeless despair. One of these shipwrecked conversationalists asked a guest in desperation, "Are you a married man, sir?" and when the reply came, "No, I am a bachelor," the host got into an intellectual snarl that nearly suffocated him, for he immediately said, "indeed! and pray, sir, how long have you been a bachelor?" Those two men have discovered that they have no affinity for each other, and when they meet they just nod, but dare not trust themselves to anything more.

An Arkansas editor, upon retiring from the control of an influential journal, said: "We do not leave this community with any regret. We are glad to go. We have not received due patronage from this town, consequently we are glad to throw up the journalistic sponge. It is the custom for editors to say that they part from their contemporaries with regret. We do not. We are devilish glad to quit. We have been branded as a thief, consequently we have no regrets at parting. Those who owe us are expected to settle at their earliest convenience. Those who we owe must wait."

A HOG STORY.—A hog belonging to a negro in Rockdale county got out of its pasture and crept into a white man's field. Under the stock law the owner of the stock had to pay for damage; so the white man charged the negro $2 damages, which was the value of the hog. The negro told the white man to take the hog; but the next night the animal got out of the white man's pen and crept into the negro's field. The negro drove him out and took him home, then sent for the white man and charged him $2 for damages. The white man refused to pay it, and the hog is now the property of the negro. The hog has changed owners twice, and not a cent has been paid out.—Ex.

"Look before you Leap," is the name of a leap year society of old maids, and the members go around with field-glasses in their hands, scrutinizing every male individual that comes within a half-mile of them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA.

For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.

Impure Air made harmless and purified.

For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.

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For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.

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Soft White Complexions secured by its use.

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Burns relieved instantly.

Scars prevented.

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Wounds healed rapidly.

Scurvy cured.

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I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick room.—WM. F. SANFORD, Eyrie, Ala.

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A member of my family was taken with Small pox. I used the Fluid, the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia

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Tetter dried up.

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The Want of a Reliable Diuretic,

Which, while acting as a stimulant of the kidneys, neither excites nor irritates them, was long since supplied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine medicine exerts the requisite degree of stimulation upon these organs, without producing irritation, and is therefore, far better adapted for the purpose than unsophisticated diuretics often prescribed. Dyspepsia, fever and ague, and kidney troubles are also cured by it.

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oct 1 tf R. P. SIMS.