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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Pare Nitrous Oxide gas for the Painless Extraction of Teeth always on hand.
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Remedy for Biliousness and Constipation.
ALL MIXTURES OF THE BLOOD.
DYSPEPSIA, known by irregular appetite, indigestion, flatulency, belching, weight loss, and general debility.
LIVER COMPLAINT, known by aching, fullness, and tenderness of the liver, and by a yellowish color of the face and eyes.
APPOXY, known by aching, fullness, and tenderness of the liver, and by a yellowish color of the face and eyes.
KIDNEY COMPLAINT, known by aching, fullness, and tenderness of the kidneys, and by a yellowish color of the face and eyes.
HEADACHE, known by aching, fullness, and tenderness of the head, and by a yellowish color of the face and eyes.
Use the Magnetron Appliance Co.'s
MAGNETIC LUNG PROTECTOR!
PRICE ONLY \$5.
They are peculiar to Ladies, gentlemen and children with weak lungs; no case of pneumonia or consumption is ever known where these organs are not protected by the Magnetron Appliance Co.'s Lung Protector.
CATARH
It is the most common disease of the eye, and is caused by a discharge of mucus from the mucous membrane of the eye.
HOW TO OBTAIN
Apply to your druggist and ask for them. If they have not them, write to the proprietors, enclosing the price, in letter or by post, and they will be sent to you at once, in full, or by mail, or by express, as you may prefer.
THE MAGNETRON APPLIANCE CO., 218 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

James R. Parke of New Orleans.
Lovers will window and look from the light.
In the death of the day, 'tis the twilight hour,
The golden rays fall on the cheek of the lover,
I had with delight this sweet twilight hour.

AMONG THE GRAPES.

Although years have passed away, I can never look on the great, purple clusters of grapes without a great pain to my heart. Now, as I sit here, let me think it all over. I was only eighteen that autumn. Don, my lover, was twenty-two. How I loved him! No, he was all that was grand and noble. It was late in September, when one morning I received a tiny note. I have it yet.
"Dear Little Don,"—Come down to the grape arbor this evening at seven. I must see you. Yours only, Don."
My mind was full of strange ideas. What could Don have to say?
Mechanically I went about my few daily tasks longing for evening to come. In my girlish eagerness, I thought the day would never end, but:
"The day weary, or the day long,
At last I thought to venture on."
And of course this day came to an end, and at last as the time drew near, I hastily threw a shawl around my shoulders. I prized the shawl very highly as it was Don's own gift. I slipped out of the house, unlocked, and took my way to the grape arbor. All around was so peaceful, only in my heart beat the fiercest storm. I shivered, and drew my shawl closer about me. I found I knew not what. But even through the shadow of impending evil, the beauty of the evening stole into my heart. Afar off I could hear the whippoorwill's plaintive song. The maple trees were all in their autumn beauty and heavily laden with fruit trees filled the air with sweetness. No one in all the country had such grapes as Grandpa Watson's. The vines are now heavily laden with the purple clusters. "Ah, Don is not here!" I gasped as breathless I sink into a seat, drawing the tiny note from his hiding place and reading it over and over. Somewhere a clock is striking seven. I am growing impatient. I lean his footstool, and I run to meet him. His face is pale and wan. I cannot think it is my happy careless Don.
"What is it, Don?" I ask him, clasping his arm.
"Dear little Don," and the pain in his voice frightened me—I am going away. Will you wait for me, darling?
The tears are welling up to my eyes now, and I look up to him and promise to wait even for a lifetime. Part with Don, who has known and loved me all my life? Sooner could I part with life itself. "Oh, Don, Don," I cry, "you must not leave me. I cannot bear it!"
When I am calmer he tells me in grave, tender tones, that he is compelled to go away from me and will be gone for two years—an eternity it seems to me—but I try to restrain my grief for his sake. Dear Don! How long was that I cannot tell you. The dew is falling heavily, twilight deepens, now high is creeping on, stars hang out their tiny lamps, a new moon cast a silvery radiance over field and flower, like a calm benediction, and still she lingers. For Don is going, away, away, away. As late he says we must go, and he folds the shawl about me, and the evening is chilly. We are very silent on our homeward walk. He will not come in, but says "Good night" at the door. I watch him as he goes slowly away, and when he is out of sight I close the door and go wearily up to grandpa's room. She is waiting for me. I take the dear old Bible from her knee to read a chapter for her, as has been my custom. To-night I read—"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." A sweet peace fills my heart. I kiss grandpa and hurry away, still carefully tucking her bed.
"Why did not Don come in tonight?" she asks.
"He was very busy," I answer hastily.
"At last I am safe in my room, and throwing myself on my knees, I abandon myself to my grief, until exhausted, I fall asleep. When I awake it is midnight. I undress and creep into bed. But it is morning when I fall asleep. The sun is high when I wake and descend to grandpa's room. My heart is so heavy and sorrowful. All day I am thinking of Don, and our talk under the arbor. In a little short week he will be gone."

COUGH'S BOYHOOD.

Scenes in the Life of the Famous Temperance Lecturer.
Mr. Gough's life had been a peculiarly bitter one. Born in a very humble home, at Sandgate, on the English coast, gleaming with his mother and sister after the reapers, that they might have bread to eat, or cleaning knives and shoes in the gentleman's home, where his father was a servant, there was little to make a boy's life bright. When he was 12 years old a family offered to bring him to America, if his parents would pay \$50 for his passage. It was difficult to earn this, but his mother thought after the manner of mothers, "Perhaps in the New World our John will be somebody." So, with tears, she packed his scanty clothing, putting in a little Bible, and pinning these lines on a shirt:
"Forget not to be kind and close thy heart when thou art in the world. The temptations of the world are many. May be thy child, forget never!"
Then, again and again, she pressed her only boy to her heart, and stole out behind the garden wall, that unobserved, she might cast a last look at the stage which carried him to London.

JAKE GOUGH.

The young man was long one of nearly two months. The little lad often cried in his cabin, and he wrote back, "I wish mother could wash me to-night," showing what a tender mother's boy he was. When New York harbor was entered, and he was eager to see his adopted country, he was sent below to black boots and shoes for the family.
His school-days were now over. After two years of hard work in the country, he sold his knife for a postage stamp, and wrote his father, asking his permission to go to New York, and learn a trade. Consent was given, and, in the middle of the winter, our English lad of 14 reached the great city, with no friends, and only 50 cents in his pocket. Hundreds passed by as he stood on the dock, huddling his little trunk in his hands, but no one spoke to him. But at last, by dint of earnestness, he found a place to enter an errand boy, and learn book-binding, receiving \$25 a week, and paying \$2 out of this for his board.
How his employer supposed he could live on \$2 a month, for clothes and washing, he never knew. The first night he was placed by his boarding mistress in an attic, with an Irishman, who was deathly ill. The second night the man died, and the horror-stricken young boy stayed alone with the dead until morning.
Nearly two more painful years went by. Finally, though he earned but \$3 a week, he sent to England for his mother and sister. When they arrived, two rooms were rented; the girl found work in a straw hat factory, and, poor though they were, they were happy. John was now 16, devoted to his mother, and still a noble, unselfish, preserving boy.
At the end of three months, through illness of business, both children lost places; and now began the struggles which the poor know so well in our large cities. They left their two decent rooms, and moved into a garret. Winter came on, and they had neither fuel nor food. John walked miles out into the country, and dragged home old sticks, which he sold for a few cents. He pawned his coat, that the mother, who had never become ill, might have some notion of health.
One day he left in tears, and went sobbing down the street.
"What is the matter?" said a stranger.
"I'm hungry, and so is my mother."
"Well, I can't do much, but I'll help you a little," and he gave John a three-cent loaf of bread.
When the boy reached home, the good woman put the Bible on the rickety pine table, read from it, and then knelt and thanked God for the precious loaf.
In the spring he obtained employment at \$150 a week, but poverty and privation had fallen too heavily, had rested too long upon the mother. One day, while preparing John's simple supper of rice and milk, she fell dead. All night long the desolate boy held her cold hand in his, but in that Christian city she was put in a pine box, and without shroud or prayers, carried in a cart, her two children walking behind it, and was buried in Potter's field.
For three days afterwards, John and his sister never tasted food. Probably the world said, "Poor things!" but it is certain that no one offered to help them.
NO NEGROES NEED APPLY:
A New Republican Party in Georgia
The South's Atlanta, Ga., special says: "A new party organized by white Republicans who object to negro predominance in developing some strength. Its importance is shown by the participation in it of men like U. S. Marshal Langreest, Jonathan Norcross, ex-Congressman Freeman and men of that character. An address is issued yesterday says:
"These negroes thrust themselves forward as a matter of right to the leadership of the party, and being incompetent they destroyed its power for good. This action of the ignorant negroes placed them in a ridiculous light. Assuming control of the Republican party under Governor Bullock, it has gone to the dogs year by year. The Democratic press should hold accountable for the evil effects of electing the negro up to the point of claiming the leadership."
"This is a white man's country and white men will control it. Any negro who pushes himself to the front is unwise, and any white man who urges him to do so is an enemy of his country. The negroes are failures as voters, as well as failures as officeholders. We have tried negroes for sixteen years, as party leaders, and find them totally inefficient. They are not reliable as voters. They are incompetent as leaders, and have no capacity for organization. We have thrown success as a party until we have thrown out the incubus of negro leadership. There are numbers of counties in this state in which negroes outnumber the whites and count for nothing at the ballot box. The whiskey trade or money has more influence with them than political principle. The first thing concerted is to control a negro's vote in the whiskey bottle. If that does not succeed, they accomplish the purpose."

YOUNG MAN, BRACE UP.

A lady man is too contemptible to live, and has no rights his fellow men are bound to respect. Young man, you may as well understand, first of all, that you have got to work for all you get in this world. You may not always get what you earn, but if you would keep out of the porches, and have a competency in your old age, you will have to work for it. To be sure there is a great difference in men. Some are endowed with greater intellectual powers than others, while some are greater physically. Some men are born low down in the scales of intellectuality, but mark you well the physique of such a man. There is a way provided, however, for every man to better himself. You won't find it in the gin mill, neither will you find it in the gambling table. Remember one thing, and that is, you have not the capacity to take into yourself all the strong drink made in the world, and you had better let the contract out before you attempted to work on it. Don't bet all you have on a hot-laid flush, or before you know it the other man will either raise you out of the game or come in on a straight flush. Nine hundred and ninety young men out of a thousand, who started with an idea of becoming suddenly rich by getting on a sure thing, get left, and are worse off than when they came into the game. The boy horse is more liable to get beat if he had a pool check on him than he was before you put up your money. Such certainties are uncertainties, and never give a certainty for an uncertainty. Don't fool with the tiger; you can't always tell which way the beast will jump.

HOW TO SHAKE HANDS.

The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human characters more than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom.
Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will offer two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the other bent as upon an itching palm?
The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a genial disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.
How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak?
A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth and ardor, while a soft, lax touch, without grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a "whole-soul" expression most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.
But when a man presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers, feeling very much like a dead fish, and expects you to do all the shaking, it will naturally make you think of the hospital, and other cheerful things.
Contrary to this style, there is a habit among a rude class, of giving your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and a strong affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.
If the grasp is warm, ardent, and vigorous, so is the disposition. If it is cool, and without emotion, so is the character. If it is magnetic and animating, the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, so we are.
But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Bible that Jehu said to Jonathan:
"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand."
And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which it is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling. The same principle is illustrated in another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings we are not content with the contact of hands, we bring the lips into service.
CHASING BY A WHIRLWIND.
The Charlotte Observer of yesterday says: "A remarkable and thrilling incident of last Tuesday's storm was related to the reporter yesterday by a party who was traveling on a train on the Chester and Newber Narrow Gauge Railroad at the time the incident occurred. The train had passed Lenoirville and was speeding in the direction of Lincolnton, when all on board were startled by a roaring sound that could be distinctly heard above the noise of the train, and on glancing back they saw an immense whirlwind tearing along the railroad track, following directly behind the train at a rapid rate. The engineer was among the first to see it, and realizing what the consequences would be should the whirlwind overtake the train, he pulled the throttle wide open, and an exciting race began. The whirlwind was not more than five hundred yards behind the train, and the anxious passengers soon became aware of the painful fact that it was gradually gaining upon them. There were ladies in the car, and they cried and carried on at the car in their excitement, vainly yelling at the engineer to put on more steam. The race was kept up in this way for two miles, when the train turned a curve in the road. As the whirlwind, speeding its way straight on through the fields. At the time it left the track it was not more than three hundred yards behind the train. It was a thrilling race, and all the passengers blessed that curve from the bottom of their hearts."
GOLD IN OUR OLD FIELDS.
When we consider health to be better than wealth, then we must consider the old field wealth better than gold—at least the medical world so recognizes it, and attests its merit over and over. Laxer Oil for Croup, Whooping Cough, Colds and Consumption. Price 25c and \$1.00. This with Dr. Riggers' Southern Balm, an equally efficacious remedy for Croup, Croup, Diphtheria, Dysentery and children suffering from the effects of teething presents a little medicine chest no household should be without, for the speedy relief of sudden and dangerous attacks of the lungs and bowels. Ask your druggist for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., proprietor Taylor's Premium Cologne. mar. 27-3-m.

STOP TO THINK.

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No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college, as bank cashier, as superintendent of any railroad, as ticket agent in any important city in the country.
In fact, there is scarcely any place of trust that will, in these days, be intrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at least than others, but because he cannot be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than a sober man, and the temptation to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.
CHEERFULNESS.
Many people are always complaining of their circumstances. Are there not persons from whom you can seldom hear the contented tone? They have had, or are going to have all the ill-flesh is heir to. There are people who never live in the right place, who are in the wrong business. Misfortune is their daily bread. They are bruised and wounded, slighted and tormented, misused and afflicted.
Cheerfulness and contentment never made any man's lot harder to bear, but many, many is the time they have made trials easier to bear and circumstances endurable. Many people are never quite so happy as they used to be. They never have quite so warm, dear friends as in former times, or in other places. Friend, the good you now have and present friends are not to be despised. Is there then so much good in life that we can afford to throw any of it away? Why not make the most of the good we have? Let us stand off from despondencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discord.

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THAT HAD BOX.
The most pestiferous small boy in Louisville, who respects persons and property least, and who does all the wickedest and most sneaking things that can occur to a young imagination, is not a rough, tough, square-jawed, freckled, bulletheaded, dirty little wretch, as might be supposed, but a sweet, pale boy, with a delicate frame and eyes of heaven's own blue. Those who look upon him for the first time wonder if he is not a little stray angel, or at least the best boy in all Sabbath-school. They wonder why so peaceful a child has not long since climbed the golden stair and left his parents here. He does not look bad, but all the neighbors are anxious that he shall grow up soon, because they know there is going to be a hanging.
"No," said an Arizona campaign orator, as he rose to oppose the nomination of a candidate for County Treasurer, "no—I have nothing to say against the ability of Major Slaters—nothing in the world. In fact I consider that, if anything, he has too much ability." "How's that?" asked the chairman. "Well, you see, over at Cross Gap Camp last winter we used to play a good deal of seven-up. The major—one of the best fellows in the world—had such remarkable bull back that the boys got so after while that they wouldn't play with him unless he had his coat off and his cuffs rolled back." The major was scratched.

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STOP TO THINK.

Did young men who are in the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors ever stop to think what such a practice is doing for them? It not only threatens to destroy health and manhood, but it shuts them out from the better positions in the employment of those who conduct the business of the country.
No drinking man can secure a position as teacher in a college, as bank cashier, as superintendent of any railroad, as ticket agent in any important city in the country.
In fact, there is scarcely any place of trust that will, in these days, be intrusted to a drinking man. Not because a drinking man is more dishonest at least than others, but because he cannot be trusted. He is more liable to neglect his business than a sober man, and the temptation to use his employer's money is much greater. Young men who are just starting out in life should remember this.
CHEERFULNESS.
Many people are always complaining of their circumstances. Are there not persons from whom you can seldom hear the contented tone? They have had, or are going to have all the ill-flesh is heir to. There are people who never live in the right place, who are in the wrong business. Misfortune is their daily bread. They are bruised and wounded, slighted and tormented, misused and afflicted.
Cheerfulness and contentment never made any man's lot harder to bear, but many, many is the time they have made trials easier to bear and circumstances endurable. Many people are never quite so happy as they used to be. They never have quite so warm, dear friends as in former times, or in other places. Friend, the good you now have and present friends are not to be despised. Is there then so much good in life that we can afford to throw any of it away? Why not make the most of the good we have? Let us stand off from despondencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discord.

WHAT SHE WAS.

The young ladies were looking at a fine bouquet, and they began to choose which they would rather be.
"A rose is my choice," said a queenly girl, "for I'd like to be elegantly beautiful like a rose."
"I'd rather be a lily," said a gentle girl, "for of all flowers the lily is the fairest and purest."
"Oh, pshaw," said the first, "I'd rather be a tub-rose, for the gentleman all love to wear them near their hearts."
"I'd be a pink," remarked a modest girl, "because pinks are so sweet and good."
"Shut it!" finally said out one of the gayest in the crowd, knocking her hat down over her eyes, "you can be anything you please, but I'm a daisy. I am, and don't you forget it."
THAT HAD BOX.
The most pestiferous small boy in Louisville, who respects persons and property least, and who does all the wickedest and most sneaking things that can occur to a young imagination, is not a rough, tough, square-jawed, freckled, bulletheaded, dirty little wretch, as might be supposed, but a sweet, pale boy, with a delicate frame and eyes of heaven's own blue. Those who look upon him for the first time wonder if he is not a little stray angel, or at least the best boy in all Sabbath-school. They wonder why so peaceful a child has not long since climbed the golden stair and left his parents here. He does not look bad, but all the neighbors are anxious that he shall grow up soon, because they know there is going to be a hanging.
"No," said an Arizona campaign orator, as he rose to oppose the nomination of a candidate for County Treasurer, "no—I have nothing to say against the ability of Major Slaters—nothing in the world. In fact I consider that, if anything, he has too much ability." "How's that?" asked the chairman. "Well, you see, over at Cross Gap Camp last winter we used to play a good deal of seven-up. The major—one of the best fellows in the world—had such remarkable bull back that the boys got so after while that they wouldn't play with him unless he had his coat off and his cuffs rolled back." The major was scratched.

HOW TO MAKE HANDS.

The different modes of shaking hands will delineate human characters more than any other single act can do, and many peculiarities of different persons may be noted in the performance of this social custom.
Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or any donation at all—from a man who will offer two fingers to be shaken, and keeps the other bent as upon an itching palm?
The hand coldly held out to be shaken and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, selfish character, while the hand which seeks yours cordially, and unwillingly relinquishes its warm clasp, gives token of a genial disposition, and of a heart full of sympathy for humanity.
How much that is in the heart can be made to express itself through the agency of the fingers! Who, having once experienced it has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand from a dying friend when the tongue has ceased to speak?
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