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THE CONCORD TIMES.

JOHN B. SHERRILL, Editor. "BE JUST AND FEAR NOT." $1.00 a Year, in Advance

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The Lone Inn

A STORY OF MYSTERY.

BY FERGUS HUME.

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CHAPTER XIX.

After all, it is true that the unexpected always happens. In my unraveling of the Fen inn mystery I never for a moment expected to find that Francis was alive. I was even ignorant that Felix had been to the inn on that night. He had ridden round the back way of the house, and as my room was over the front door I had not heard his arrival. Under these circumstances it was easy for me to make the mistake and think the dead man was Francis, particularly as I was misled by the marvelous resemblance between the brothers, and, moreover, saw the pearl ring on the finger of the corpse. My mistake was a perfectly excusable one, and I had been confirmed in such erreonous belief by the adroit fashion in which Francis, for his own safety, kept up the deception.

Now I knew the truth—that Francis was alive and Felix dead—yet as regards the name of the man who had committed the crime I was still quite in the dark. Rose Gernon knew, but it was questionable whether she would confess, even to save her own skin. Either she or Strent was the guilty person, as none other was in the inn at that time. Strent had vanished, but no doubt she knew his whereabouts. The question was whether she would tell.

"Oh, she'll tell where he is, right enough," said Merrick, to whom I put this view of the matter, "especially if she is guilty herself."

"You don't think she is the criminal, Merrick?"

"There is no reason why she should not be," he replied argumentatively. "She had every reason to hate Felix Briarfield. He had promised to marry her and was engaged to Olivia. Quite enough reason there for a jealous woman such as she seems to be."

"But she wanted Felix to kill his brother, so that she might force him to marry her."

"Yes, but that little arrangement did not come off. My idea is that she saw Felix when he arrived at the inn and asked him straight out if he had arranged to marry Olivia. She would hear of the engagement while passing through Marshminster on her way to the lone inn. No doubt Felix lied about the matter, and she lost her temper. It may be that she did not intend to kill him, but having the poisoned arrowhead in her hand had forgot how dangerous it was and threw herself on him. He put out his hand to keep her off, and so was wounded. Then he died, and, terrified at what the consequences might be, she and Strent left the inn.

"But what about her blackmailing Francis?"

"She guessed what Francis had done and saw a chance of securing her aims by putting the murder on to him. He had so compromised himself by his foolish actions that of course he was afraid to denounce her."

"Still, why did she want to marry him? She loved Felix, not Francis."

"It's my opinion she loved neither of them," said Merrick dryly, "and simply wanted to marry for respectability."

"Do you think she will denounce Strent?"

"She'll denounce any one to save herself."

"Won't you come and hear her confession, Merrick?"

"Not I. A respectable practitioner like myself has no business to be mixed up in such criminality. Hitherto I have been the sleeping partner in this affair, and you have carried through my ideas excellently well. Continue to do so and then come and tell me all about it."

"Very pleasant for you," I grumbled, "but I have all the hard work."

Merrick laughed and pushed me out of the door. He had a dozen patients waiting and could spare no more time. He said one last word before I left.

"Oh, by the way, Denham," said he, lifting a warning forefinger, "don't you trust that Rose Gernon in the least. I've been making inquiries about her, and she has a black record—about the worst in London, I should say."

On my way to Jermyn street I wondered how he had gained this information. A specialist of Merrick's standing does not go round making inquiries about loose characters. Yet I knew he spoke the truth. His faculty for learning things was marvelous. Decidedly, Merrick should have been a detective. His opinion about Rose Gernon coincided with mine. One had only to look in her face to see what she was.

At Jermyn street I found Francis eagerly waiting my arrival.

"I've sent down to the Marshminster police," said he quickly, "and instructed them to drag the pool near the Fen inn."

"I am afraid you'll get into trouble over that, Briarfield."

"I don't care," said Francis doggedly. "I have been a coward too long. Had I trusted you and told all there would not have been this trouble. If the police arrest me, they can just do so, and I'll leave it to you to see me through."

"I hope we'll learn the truth from Rose today."

"It's possible, but not probable. She'll lie like the devil, whose daughter she is."

"I'm not too sure of that. If she is guiltless, she'll be only too anxious too save her own neck. Why should she risk her liberty for the sake of this man Strent? Who it he?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then we'll make Rose tell today or have her arrested."

"There is not sufficient evidence against her," objected Francis.

"Yes there is. I'll take the risk of all that. Before Rose Gernon leaves this room she has to confess the truth. It's your only chance of safety."

"But you don't believe I killed Felix?"

"I don't, but the police may. You forget how highly suspicious all your actions have been. Rose knows you have been passing as your brother and will be sure to make capital out of it."

"You'll see me through, Denham?" he said, taking my hand.

"You can be sure of that," I answered, shaking it heartily. "I won't rest till you are safe and the murderer of your brother is in jail."

"Who killed him, do you think?"

"I don't know, but Rose does, and we'll make her tell."

We discussed the matter extensively, but neither of us could come to any conclusion. When the clock struck noon, Rose Gernon, true to her appointment, walked into the room. Without waiting for an invitation she sat down in a chair and scowled at me.

"That man of yours is outside," she said savagely. "He's been following me about everywhere and watching my house all night. Perhaps you'll ask him to go away."

"That depends on the result of this conversation. You're not out of danger yet, Miss. Gernon."

"I am not aware that I was ever in danger, Mr. Denham. Are you going to accuse me of killing Felix?"

"I might even do that unless you tell the truth."

"Oh!" said she with a sneer, "is that your game, sir? Then suppose I do tell the truth and say you killed Felix?"

"You're quite capable of doing so, but no one would believe so wild a tale. I had no reason to kill Felix Briarfield."

"Then what motive had I for so doing?"

"That's best known to yourself," I answered tartly, weary of all this fencing.

"It is waste of time talking like this," interrupted Francis. "You must be aware, Miss Gernon, that you stand in a very dangerous position."

"Not more so than you do yourself," she replied, with superb insolence.

"Pardon me, I think otherwise. By your own confession you went down to the Fen inn to assist my brother in getting me out of the way. You said that last night before two witnesses—Miss Bellin and Mr. Denham."

"I talked at random," she muttered. "I did not intend that any crime should be committed."

"Perhaps not. Nevertheless my brother is dead, and you know how he died."

"I know the cause of his death, but I do not know who killed him."

"If you know one thing, you must know the other."

"I do not. When Felix arrived, he showed Strent and I an arrowhead which he said was poisoned."

"Is this the arrowhead?" I asked, producing it out of a thick piece of paper.

"Yes. Where did you get it?"

"I found it in the ashes of the fireplace, where you threw it."

"That is not true," said Miss Gernon angrily. "I did not throw it into the fireplace. I never even had it in my hand. The idea that it was poisoned frightened me."

"Pray go on with your story, Miss Gernon."

"I see you don't believe me," she flashed out defiantly, "but I am telling exactly what took place. Felix said he was going to kill his brother with the poisoned arrowhead. I told him I would have none of that sort of thing; that I only consented to play the part of a waiting maid in order to deceive his brother into a meeting. I said Francis could marry Miss Bellin, and he was to marry me."

"And after that?"

"He jeered and said he intended to marry Miss Bellin. Then I grew angry and struck him."

She was in real earnest, for her mouth was set, and her hands were clinched, not a pretty sight by any means. I remembered Merrick's idea and conceived that it might be possible the woman before me had killed the man who flouted her—not intentionally, but in a fit of blind rage.

"You struck him with the arrowhead?" I hinted.

"No, I didn't. He had laid that down on the table. I struck him with open palm and said if he killed his brother I would denounce him to the authorities as a murderer. Then he would go to the scaffold instead of the altar with Miss Bellin."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing at first. Then I saw a look pass between him and Strent, and they seemed to understand one another. Felix said he would return to Marshminster and let his brother marry Miss Bellin. I did not then know he had been passing himself off as you," she added, turning to Francis. "If I had, I would have guessed that he was lying. As it was, I thought he spoke the truth and kissed him. Then I went to bed."

"And afterward?" said Francis, seeing she paused.

"Well, I never saw Felix again till he was dead."

"In the morning?"

"No. An hour after I left him. Strent knocked at my bedroom door and asked me to come down. I guessed by his voice he was afraid, so dressed hurriedly and came down stairs. Felix was lying dead by the table. I could not see Strent and went to look for him. He was out at the back door mounting Francis' horse. I asked him where he was going, and he said Felix was dead, and he did not want to stay in order to be accused of the crime."

"Did he say he had killed him?"

"No, nor had I time to ask him. He went off at a gallop and left me alone with the body. I was horribly afraid, as I thought you or Francis would wake up and accuse me of the crime. Besides I could not account for my presence in that house without suspicion, so I put on my hat and cloak and fled to Marshminster."

"How did you fly?"

"There were a trap and horse in which Strent and I had brought provisions to the inn. I harnessed the horse and drove back to Marshminster. There I returned it to the owner and went back to London by the early train."

"What became of Strent?"

"I don't know. I have never set eyes on him since."

"Do you think he killed Felix?"

"Yes. I believe they had a row, and he killed him. But he did not admit it."

Francis and I looked at one another. The whole business was so queer as to be hardly believable. Nevertheless we saw Rose Gernon had told the truth.

"What made you come to me?" asked Francis.

"I thought you had escaped from the inn and wished to ask you what had become of your brother's body. Then I saw you wore the clothes of Felix and guessed the whole game."

Felix was lying dead by the table.

"Particularly as you listened to my theory at the Fen inn," said I.

"Yes," she answered quickly. "It was your conversation which put the idea into my head. I saw that Felix had passed himself off as Francis, and afterward Francis acted the part of Felix."

"You wished to marry me?" said Francis, whereat Rose laughed.

"No. I tried that game on to get the whole truth out of you. I wished you to admit you were Felix, for he had promised to marry me. However, you did not fall into the trap. And now," she added, standing up, "I have told you all. May I go?"

I consulted Francis with a look. He consented mutely.

"Yes," I said, also rising, "you may go, but my detective will still watch you."

"For how long?"

"Till Strent is found."

"You think I know," she said, tossing her head. "You are wrong. The I met Strent at Marshminster I never saw him before, nor do I know who he now is. Take off your bloodhound."

"When Strent is found," I persisted, "not till then."

She looked wrathfully at me and rushed out of the room.

(To be continued in our next.)

White Men Must and Will Rule.

With the recent horrible outrage at Lake City, S. C., as a text, wherein a negro postmaster and his family were so inhumanly assaulted and two murdered, the New York Post has this to say, which is significant, to say the least, coming from a leading Norhern paper whose proclivities have ever been of the Republican persuasion. Says the Post:

"This hostility to the black official is but one manifestation of a hostility to the race which affects the whites in all of their relations as citizens. They will not submit to the rule of the blacks, no matter what the numerical supremacy of the blacks. There are tens of thousands more blacks than whites in Mississippi, South Carolina and Louisiana. The two former States have within the last few years adopted constitutions which practically disfranchise most of the blacks, and a convention now sitting in Louisiana will undoubtedly follow these examples. A pretense is made of reaching this end through the establishment of educational or property tests which affect impartially the ignorant and shiftless of both races, but the unconcealed object, which is accomplished in most cases, is to keep nearly all of the blacks from voting without reference to such qualifications, while not disfranchising any whites. If all of the colored men in such States could read and were the owners of property, the whites would not allow them to govern. * * * We do not think that the feeling in this respect is greatly different in the North. Lynching is less prevalent here than there, and we would hope that South Carolina is the only Southern State where the respect of human life is so low that such an outrage as that at Lake City is possible But our people would resent bitterly the appointment of negro officials, and no Republican administration ever named a black man as postmaster in the North."

They Laughed at the Way Uncle Sam's Leg Was Being Pulled.

Greensboro Telegram, 5th.

On the north-bound vestibule last night was a gay party of some fifteen or twenty from the land of the sky, the home of J. Wiley Shook, the stamping ground of the iridescent Mr. Pearson. From town and country, hill and vale, they had been gathered in through no fault of theirs and were being yanked along to Washington, D. C., to prove the "kareekter" of Hamilton C. Ewart, sometime candidate for the western district judgeship. They were of all shades of political opinion and belief, true blue, ring streaked and striped. They were discussing the occasion that took them to Washington and laughed much mirthful at the way Uncle Sam's leg was being pulled. Five cents per mile each way was the tune of it, they said, and keep while at the capital. One or two of the crowd said it was a beastly shame but they were not responsible for it. Mr. Butler had attacked the record of Judge Ewart and things had to be proved. The length of their stay in Washington they did not at all know, but they did not seem to worried about it.

A man stands no chance of being elected to the mayorship of a city unless he enjoys the confidence and esteem of his neighbors. Geo. W. Humphrey is the popular mayor of Swanton, Ohio, and under date of Jan. 17, 1896, he writes as follows: "This is to certify to our appreciation of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. My family and neighbors have tested it, and we know it is an excellend remedy for coughs and colds.—George W. HUMPHREY." Sold by M. L. Marsh & Co.

The Spanish warship Vizcaya, which has been in New York harbor, sailed Friday for Havana.

On the morning of Feb. 20, 1895, I was sick with rheumatism, and lay in bed until May 21st, when I got a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The first application of it relieved me almost entirely from the pain and the second afforded complete relief. In a short time I was able to be up and about again.—A. T. MOREAUX, Luverne, Minn. Sold by M. L. Marsh, & Co.

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Yesterday was a long and happy day at our house, for a lot of the grandchildren came early and some of the neighbors little girls found out they were here. They always find out, and so they came over and joined the procession and it was an unbroken frolic all the day long. The little ones brought their dolls along, for the maternal instinct begins early. They made playhouses under the trees and played mumblepeg with my two knives, and rode in the hall and veranda on the tricycle and dressed up in all the find old clothes my wife could find in the trunks and closets, and paraded upstairs and downstairs and outdoors with their trains dragging after them, and they played going to call and receiving calls. When the dinner bell rang they all came running and it took all my time to wait on them, and their grandma got out every good thing she had in the house, and about the middle of the afternoon they wanted to give a little party and had to have more cake and crackers and pie.

Some of the little ones got hold of some chalk and colored crayons and marked all ouer the verandah and tried to make pictures of dog and horses and monkeys on the walls, and then they called for scissors and fashion books and cut out dolls and ladies and othes pictures and scattered them all over the room. They got hold of my mucilage bottle and pasted things all about and even ventured to my little table to write letters while I was working in the garden, and all their grandma said was, "You had better watch out, your grandpa is coming." I'm going to lick 'em sometime when she is not about. But in due time they had to go home, for

"The day was done and the darkness
Fell from the wings of night."

Our own girls went visiting after supper and my wife and I were alone and not a sound was heard in all the house save the ticking of the clock upon the mantel. The contrast was so great that it was impressive and we felt lonesome and almost sad. Each of us had our corner and table and lamp and tried to read the war news, but our old eyes were tired and we gazed upon the fire and ruminated. For some time we had been in silent, serious reverie about those little, happy children and breathing a prayer that they might always be happy and that no calamity or affliction might befall them, and then our minds turned to our absent boys, who are scattered far and wide, from New York to Mexico, and we breathed another prayer for their health and happiness and their return to us some of these days—yes, some of these days before we die they will come, we know, but it may be to a funeral instead of a feast.

We are ruminating about all this in silence, when suddenly my wife seemed startled and whispered, "I heard a footfall at the window. There is somebody there." Before I could answer, the sweet, sad strains of minstrel music began low and soft and the violins and guitar played to the fitting song of "Old Folks at Home." The minstrels had reconnoitered and found that only we were at home. They gave us but one song and were gone—but these little episodes sweeten the passing hours and comfort us in our golden age. Forty-nine years ago to-day we were wedded. It is like reversing a telescope to look back to that day and time, when the glow of youth and health and beauty was upon my Creole maiden's cheeks, when gems adorned her raven hair, when the evening light was on her brow and pearls upon her breast as she stood beside me at the marriage altar. It is like looking through a kaleidoscope to recall the days and weeks and months and years that have intervened since—a kaleidoscope that at every turn of the sands of time presents another picture of life, its joys and sorrows, its trials and its blessings. What changes, what surprises, and in the midst of it all a war—a long and horrid war that always looms up before our memories and eclipses all that was before or after. But on the whole the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and we have had more joy than sorrow, more comfort than distress. God gave us five children before the war and five more came after and we are thankful that only we, the parents of them, shared and suffered all the long anxiety and they knew it not. God grant that neither they nor their children shall be so tried, so troubled, so strained in mind and heart for four long years, while the days seemed weeks and the weeks months. But we endured it all and thousands of others endured and suffered more. What is it that man and wife cannot endure when their children are at stake. The poet says:

"They who joy would win—
Must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

And it is the same with grief and affliction.

I have had some most dilicious reading lately. It is the address delivered by Dr. Hunter McGuire on January 22d last at the St. Denis hotel, in New York, at the eighth annual banquet of the confederate veterans' camp of New York city. It must be, I know, the most beautiful and thrilling tribute to Stonewall Jackson ever written or spoken by any man. Dr. McGuire was Jackson's medical director and most confidential friend and told in this address more touching incidents connected with the great general's military career than I have ever found and they are beautifully, charmingly told. Every page of this little booklet is adorned with them. It is not often that medical men indulge in biographical literature, but Dr. McGuire is certainly a man of rare culture. I read this address aloud to my wife and daughters last evening and at times I could not read. I had to pause at times and wait for my heart to be still and my voice to come back to me. These always tell me when what I read is inspired. How did our hearts burn within us as I read and how was our patriotism revived and set aglow with a new fire. Even on the first page he awakens us from that lethargy which time and current events bring over the best of patriots for he says:

"It was with swelling heart that I recently heard some of the first soldiers and military students of England declare that within the past 200 years the English speaking race has produced but five soldiers of the first rank—Marlborough, Washington, Wellington, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. I heard them declare that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah valley was the finest specimen of strategy and tactics of which the world has any record; that in this series of battles and marches there was never a blunder and that this campaign was superior to either of those made by Napoleon in Italy. One British officer who teaches stategy in a great European college, told me that he used this campaign as a model and dwelt upon it for months in his lectures and that it was taught in all military schools of Germany and Van Moltke declared it was without a rival in the world's history. "Indeed," he added, "Jackson seems to me to have been inspired." Another British soldier of high rank and a trained student of war told me that for its numbers the army of Northern Virginia had more force and power than any other army that ever existed.

Well, that is enough for starter—a starter of the blood in the patriot's veins. Sometimes I feel like I would be proud to have been born a Virginian, where these great soldiers lived—Washington, Lee, and Jackson—and where Jefferson and Madison and Monroe and Patrick Henry and John Marshall lived. I wish that every old soldier and every young man in this southern land could read this splendid address. I fear that it is too long for a single issue of the Constitution, for it is near 7,000 words, but nothing better could occupy its columns. It reads like a romance and if there are any young men in Georgia who are inclined to make sport of the war, the perusal of this address will make them feel ashamed that they ever entertained such unpatriotic feelings. We have heard of a "young man's party" as being hostile to any further political honor to the veterans, but surely this cannot be true, for what young man can be found who would so dishonor the mother who bore him or the father or uncle, or kinsman who fought or fell in the late war? No. Rather let every young Georgian echo the sentiment of Henry Grady when he said at the New England banquet: "The South has nothing to take back. In my native town is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to meabove the names of men—that of a brave and simple man, who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier death. To the foot of that monument I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood."

That is patriotism—pure and simple.

BILL ARP.

A SERMON BY SAM JONES.

Rev. Sam Jones preached in Atlanta recently from the text: "Withhold not good from them unto whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

After reading his text Mr. Jones said: "Now, there are two forces in this world. It is in the power of every man to do good or evil. Why it is or how it is I can't explain, but it is in the power of us all to do harm and mischief to our fellow man that we come in contact with. God himself gets no higher than doing good; the devil gets no lower than doing evil. He that does good and only good walks arm in arm with God, and he that does evil continually walks arm in arm with the devil. You can't get higher up than to work on some angelic mission of good to your fellow man, and you can't get lower than to lock arms with the devil to do your brother harm or hurt your fellow man.

"I would go into no business that would hurt my neighbor, make his wife unhappy, or beggar his children. You have 120 men in Atlanta who, with their clerks, bottles and demijohns are hurting and damning every man in their reach, and the city of Atlanta absolutely privileges every bull-necked, white-aproned devil of them to do this. For $1,000 apiece the city allows them to debauch the people in order to get money to save taxes. The saloonkeeper is the gentleman and Atlanta is the dog."

Mr. Jones then took up the lukewarm people who took no sides and did neither good nor evil.

"They are like the old lady in the prohibition election who said: "I have got friends on both sides and I am not going to take any part in this fight; I am just going to be a nuisance.' There are a great many who do nobody good and nobody evil. They are a notch on a stick, a hole-in the air. They are like that post. That post never did any harm, never swore, never got drunk, never robbed anybody, and it never did anybody a good turn. It's just a post setting here in this building. It reminds me of some people in this world. I expect I have seen a hundred collections taken up in this tabernacle, and I will venture the assertion that there are a thousand men in the sound of my voice who never gave a nickel to anything. You have hardly manners enough to pass the hat, you dirty devil. (Laughter) and there is that old sister that has attended every service in this tabernacle and never gave a cent, and she goes away singing, 'Thank God I'm on my journey home.'"

Here Mr. Jones, at the word "home," pointed his finger down toward the bottomless pit with an energy that seemed to send the aforesaid sister to a warmer climate. The great audience caught the significance of the gesture and a great wave of laughter broke over the sea of faces.

"If she keeps on," said he, "she will make the landing."

Mr. Jones then launched into denunciation of selfishness. He began by describing the last day of Christ's work, which from dawn to eve was one continuous work of healing and mercy to others. He never thought of himself till late in the afternoon, when he was exhausted with his labors.

"That," said Mr. Jones, "was the noblest, the sublimest life that this world ever saw, and it was all unselfishness. Oh, if I could get all the selfishness out of me! Oh, self, self! wire-pulling for self, working for self, running for self. There is not a species of meanness in this town that is not due to selfishness; there is not a saloon, not a gambling hell, not a shameless house in Atlanta whose business is not based on selfishness. Selfishness is the meanest thing in this world. Hell is selfishness on fire, and it is a wonder some of these old deacons don't ignite by spontaneous combusition and go to hell in a sheet of flame.

"Go down Peachtree street and just take the superfluous things that you women have got no use for and you can clothe every half-clad, half-starved woman in this town with things packed away that you haven't seen in five years. (Applause.) I am talking to women right now that have got three cloaks, and this week you pass on the streets a poor widow in tattered garments with shivering children, and yet you expect to get to heaven. If you should accidentally break into heaven there would be a stir there until you got out.

"When I was in Boston those good old fellows were very solicitous about the negro. I said to them: You need not be wasting your sympathy on the negroes. Just you go out here in your midst and lend a helping hand to some of these poor women with wan faces who are working fifteen to eighteen hours a day to eke out a miserable existence. The negro doesn't need your sympathy. He is getting along first-rate. He works two or three months and that brings him to blackberries and blackberries bring him to watermelons, watermelons to peaches and peaches to persimmons and persimmons to 'possums—"

At this point the sentence was lost, in a storm of applause and laughter. Mr. Jones said that heaven is all about us if we only knew how to find it, and told of a preacher who preached about heaven and greatly enthused his congregation. One of them met him the next day and said: "That was a grand sermon, but you didn't tell us where heaven was."

The preacher told him to go to the cottage of a poor widow who was sick and hardy had enough to keep soul and body together. Tell her that you are her brother and you have neglected her and you have come to beg her pardon; and take fifty dollars' worth of provisions with you and tell her that she shall never want again. Then ask her for her Bible and get down on your knees and pray with her, and if you don't find heaven there I will pay for the provisions.' That afternoon the preacher met the man and he said: 'Oh, sir, I did what you told me and God and the angels came down in that cottage, and if I didn't spend fifteen minutes in heavan to-day there isn't any such place.'

"Oh, brethren," exclaimed Mr. Jones, "heaven is all about Atlanta if we only knew how to go after it to find it.

"I don't know any better investment than Atlanta real estate, I don't know any better bankstock than Atlanta bankstock, and there are no more solid business enteprises than some here; but the one thing that lives in the memory to bless us is the good deeds we have done. When the last day has come and the doctor sadly folds up his case and says he can do no more, when the clock on a mantel ticks slower than it ever did before and with weeping wife and children by your side you realize that your last hour has come, it is the good you have done on this earth that will comfort you."

Mr. Jones was very happy in his witticisms and epigrams while he was taking up the collection. "All of you ought to give something, or take something. You sisters, if you can't give anything else, pull off a feather and put that in the hat. You men, if you are plumb broke, give us a lock of your hair, and if you are baldheaded, spit in the hat. It is more blessed to give than to receive. I'd rather give money to the heathen than be one of them and get the benefit of it. I gave a man two dollars once as I was coming from church. He was a poor fellow who was in the habit of getting drunk and one of the preachers with me said, Jones, you are a fool. He will take that money and get drunk with it. I said I don't care what he does with it. I'd rather be Sam Jones and give it to him than be him and gets it."

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Many sermons cease to be interesting when the dinner bell rings.

Snow Balling.

About one young woman in ten nowadays would dare to run out bare headed and bare handed and frolic and snow ball in midwinter. They have to be muffled up like hot-house flowers before they dare venture out in severe weather, and even then would shudder at the thought of rollicking in the snow as their grandmothers did.
The trouble lies in the fact that too few women enjoy perfect health and strength of the special womanly organism. A woman who is not well and strong locally cannot enjoy good general health. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood. It is the most perfect and scientific remedy ever devised for the peculiar ailments of women. It restores womanly power, strength and virility. It tones and builds up the nerves which have been shattered by suffering and disease. It corrects all irregularities and derangements and stops exhausting drains. It restores weak, nervous invalids to perfect health. It is intended for this one class of disorders and is good for no other. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. No other known medicine can take its place.
"I have been troubled with female weakness that my physician called catarrh of the womb," writes Miss Tean Conner, of Catfish, Clarion Co., Pa. "I doctored for it and did not get better. At last I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I got better right along and when I had taken four bottles was cured. I recommended the 'Favorite Prescription' to a friend of mine. She has been using it and thinks it is wonderful."
Constipation is a little illness that if neglected builds a big one. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe.

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NOTICE.

Is hereby given that I purchased at Sheriff's sale for taxes on May 3, 1897. The Concord Mining Company's land, consisting of 5 acres, near Concord, adjoining W. J. Montgomery and others, and if not redeemed at the expiration of the year, will demand deed for the same. L. R. MONTGOMERY.