

LOVERS' QUARRELS.

PIERCE H. SHELTON.

'Mary!' said the low voice of Henry Ashton. The maiden looked up. 'Mary! I have much to tell you—will you listen to me awhile, only for a moment?' and he spoke fast and eagerly.

'A moment only, you say—well, I suppose I must,—but what a beautiful butterfly is that. Oh! the dear, sweet, tiny thing; do, pray, try and catch it for me.'

Ashton was stung to the heart. He had been on the point of declaring his long cherished passion for Mary Derwentwater, and he felt that she knew not only the depth of his affection, but that the words trembling on his lips were an avowal of his love. Her light-heartedness at once changed the whole current of feelings. Often had he heard others say that his beautiful cousin was a coquette, and more than once had she trifled with his own feelings. He had hoped that her conduct was the result only of a momentary whim, but this last act displayed a confirmed heartlessness of which an hour before he would not have deemed her capable. He sighed, and was silent.

'Oh! dear, how ungallant you are,' continued his cousin, 'the beautiful creature will really escape, and I do so love butterflies.'

'It is gone.'

'So it is. I shall never forgive you. Don't ask me to,' said Mary affectedly.

'Then we part without it,' said Henry carelessly. 'I leave here tomorrow, and shall visit Europe before I return. It may be years—it may be forever that I shall be absent.'

'Why—Harry—you jest,' said his companion, struggling to appear composed, although she felt how cold and pale her cheek had grown. 'I never heard of this before. You are not in earnest, and she laid her soft white hand—' that hand, whose touch made every nerve of Ashton thrill—'on her lover's arm, looking up into his face with her dark, and now melting eye. But the chord had been stretched until it had snapped, and her influence was gone. He half averted his head, as he answered coldly,—

'I do not jest, especially with a friend.'

The tone, the emphasis, the manner, all stung the pride of Mary. She felt that his censure was just, and she spurned it. Her hand fell from his arm, and emulating his own coldness, she said,—

'Then I will not ask you to stay. But as it is late, and you will have your preparations to make, I will not intrude on your time, and courtesying, she withdrew.

'And this is the being in whom I had garnered up all my heart's best affections,' exclaimed Ashton, when he found himself alone. This the divinity I have adored with a fervor no mortal bosom ever yet felt, and she could talk, heartlessly talk of the merest trifle, when she saw that my whole heart was bound up in her. Oh! would he had never met. But my delusion is over. I will fly. Mary! Mary! little did I dream that my love would meet such a return.'

Mary hurried to her chamber, and locking the door, she flung herself upon the bed, and burst into a flood of tears. How bitterly she reproached herself that her momentary coquetry had lost her the love of the only being for whom she cared. She did disguise from herself her affection; she could scarcely tell why she had yielded to the impulse of that fatal moment; but she felt that she had lost irretrievably the esteem and affections of her cousin. She would have given worlds to have recalled the last hour. Even now she might be seeking him, and throwing herself at his feet, perhaps, regain his love. She rose to do so. But when her hand was on the lock she thought that she might spurn her. She hesitated. In another moment her pride had regained the mastery.

'No—I cannot—I dare not. He will turn away from me. He will despise me. Oh! that I had never, never said those idle words, and flinging herself again on the bed, she wept long and bitterly.

Mary appeared that evening at the supper table, but in the cold and averted looks of Ashton, she saw only new causes for pride. The evening passed off heavily. As the time came for retiring, Henry approached her to bid her farewell. She thought her heart would burst in her bosom, but commanding her emotion by a

violent effort, she returned his adieu as calmly as it was given.

And they parted, both in seeming carelessness, but one at least in agony.

Henry Ashton had known his lovely cousin scarcely two years, but during that time she had been to him a divinity. Never, in his wildest dreams, had he imagined a countenance more surpassingly beautiful than hers, and to her accordingly, he had given his heart, with a devotion which had become a part of his nature. But much as he adored his cousin, he was not wholly blind to her faults. He saw that she loved admiration, and he feared she was too much of a flirt. Yet his love had gone on increasing, and he fancied, not without a return. Led on by his hopes, he had, during a temporary visit at his father's house, seized an opportunity to declare his passion, but how the half-breathed avowal was checked, he will not recapitulate. Need we wonder at his sudden resolution to fly from her presence, and, by placing the ocean between them, to eradicate a passion for one whom he now felt to be unworthy of him? Few men could be more energetic than Ashton. In less than a week, he had sailed for Europe.

Oh! how Mary wept at his departure! A thousand times she was on the point of writing to recall him, but her pride as often prevented the act. She hoped he might yet return. Surely—she said—he who had once loved her so deeply, and who must have known that his affection was returned, would not leave her forever. Hour after hour she would sit watching the gate for his return, and hour after hour she experienced all the bitterness of disappointment. When, at length, she read in the newspaper that he had really sailed, she gave one long, loud shriek, and fell senseless to the floor. A fever, that ensued brought her to the very brink of the grave.

Ashton went forth upon the world an altered, almost a misanthropic man. His hopes were withered, his first dream of love had vanished; he felt as if there was nothing for him to live for in this world. His mind became almost diseased. He loathed society, then he veered to the other extreme, and craved after excitement. He sought relief in travel. He crossed the steppes of Tartary—he traversed the deserts of Arabia—he lived among the weird and ruined monuments of Egypt,—and for years he wandered, a stranger to civilization, seeking only one thing—to forget. He never inquired after America. His family were all dead, and he wished never to think of Mary. Like the fabled victim, in the olden legend he spent years in the vain search after that Lethe whose waters are reserved for death alone. He found it not.

And Mary, too was changed. She rose from that bed of sickness an altered being. Never had she known the full depth of her affection until the moment when she found herself deserted. The shock almost destroyed her, and though she recovered after a long and weary sickness, it was to discard all her old habits, and to assume a quieter—yet, oh! how far more beautiful demeanor than in her days of unmitigated joy. She felt that Henry was lost to her forever, yet she derived a melancholy pleasure in living as though the eye of her absent lover was upon her. She directed her whole conduct so as to meet his approbation. Alas! he was far away; she had not heard from him for years; perhaps, too, he might be no more; then why this constant reference of all she did to his standard of excellence? It was her deep abiding love which did it all.

Four years had passed when Ashton found himself again in America, and sitting, after dinner, with one of his most intimate friends, at the table of the hotel. For some time the bottle pass in silence. At length his companion spoke.

'You have not seen Mary Derwentwater yet—have you, Harry?'

Ashton answered calmly, with a forced effort, in the negative.

'You must not positively delay it. Do you know how beautiful she has grown—far more beautiful than when you went away, although you thought her surpassingly lovely?' He paused.

'I have not heard from the family for years,' said Ashton at length, feeling that his companion expected some reply.

'Then you know nothing of her?—push up some of the almonds—why, my dear, fellow, she is irresistible. But she is different from what she used to be; her beauty softer, though

not so showy, and whereas she once would flirt a little—mind only a little—mind only a little, for she is a great favorite of mine—she goes now by the name of the cold beauty. A married man, like myself, can speak thus warmly, you know, without fear of having his heart called in as the bribe of his head. And do you know that my wife suspects you of having worked the reformation?'—Ashton started, and was almost thrown off his guard—'for it began immediately after a long illness, that happened a few weeks after you sailed.'

Ashton was completely bewildered. He now for the first time heard of Mary's sickness. His eye wandered from that of his companion and he felt his cheek flushed in despite of himself. He covered his embarrassment, however, by rising. His companion continued,

'And now, Harry, let us stroll down Broadway, for to tell you the truth, I promised my wife to bring you home with me. Besides, Mary is there, and I've no doubt,' he continued, jocularly, you are dying to meet her.'

Ashton could not answer; but he followed his friend into the street, conscious that Mary and he must meet, and feeling that the sooner it was done the better. His companion during their walk, ran on in his usual gay style, but Harry scarcely heard a word that was said. His thoughts were full of his cousin. Had she indeed become cold to all other men from love to himself? Strange and yet delicious thoughts whirled thro' his mind, and he woke only from his abstraction on finding himself in Seacourt's drawing-room, and in the presence of his cousin.

Mary was on a visit to Mrs. Seacourt and did not know of Ashton's intended coming until a few minutes before he made his appearance. Devotedly as she loved her cousin, she would have given worlds to escape the interview; but retreat was impossible, without exposing the long treasured secret of her heart. She nerved herself accordingly, for the meeting, and succeeded in assuming a sufficiently composed demeanor to greet her cousin without betraying her agitation. He exchanged the common compliments of the occasion with her and then took a seat by Mrs. Seacourt, who had been one of his old friends. Mary felt the neglect; she saw he did not love her. That night she wept bitter tears of anguish.

'And yet I cannot blame him. Oh no!' she exclaimed, 'it is all my fault. He once loved me, and I heartlessly flung that affection from me I would give worlds now to win. But I must dry these tears; I must not betray myself. We shall meet daily, for he cannot help coming here, and to shorten my visit would lead to suspicions. I must therefore school myself to disguise the secret of my heart.'

And Ashton did come daily, and although his conversation was chiefly devoted to Mrs. Seacourt, he neither seemed to seek nor avoid his cousin. Now and then he found himself deep in a conversation with her, and he thought of old times. But the memory of their last interview came across him at such moment like a blight.

'How wonderfully Ashton has improved since his travels,' said Mrs. Seacourt one morning, as she and Mary sat *à table*, sewing; 'and do you know,' continued she, looking archly at her companion, 'that I deem my self indebted to you for his charming visits.'

Mary felt the blood mounting to her brow, and she stooped to pick out a stitch.

'Oh! you are always jesting, Anne you know it is not so.'

'We shall see. I prophesy that this afternoon, when we go to the exhibition, he will escort you, and leave Miss Thornbury to Seacourt's nephew.'

Mary's heart beat so she could scarcely answer, but she managed to reply,

'Don't, my dear Mrs. Seacourt, don't tease me this way. You know, indeed you know, Ashton cares nothing for me,' and she felt how great relief would have been a flood of tears, could she have indulged in them.

Mrs. Seacourt smiled archly, and said no more.

The afternoon came. The little company were assembled in the drawing-room, Ashton entered just as the last moment had come, and when the ladies were rising to go. Mary was almost hidden in one corner, so fearful was she of attracting the railway of Mrs. Seacourt, by placing herself near the entrance, and in Ashton's way.

Her very sensitiveness produced the effect she wished to avoid. The gentlemen naturally sought partners nearest them, and for a moment she was left alone. She thought she would have fainted when she saw her cousin cross the room and offer to be her escort.

They proceeded to the exhibition. For the first time for years, Ashton's arm upheld that of Mary. At first both were embarrassed; but each made an effort, and they soon glided into conversation on different subjects. What a relief it was to Mary that night, to think that she had been alone, as it were, with her cousin without being treated with neglect.

From that day the visits of Ashton to Mrs. Seacourt's increased in frequency, yet there was nothing marked in his attentions to Mary. Indeed, he still continued to converse chiefly with his friend's wife, though he did not openly avoid her guest. Mary grew more and more tremblingly alive to his presence, and at times, when she would detect his eye bent on her, half sadly, half abstractedly, her heart would flutter wildly, and a delicious hope would momentarily shoot across her mind; but soon to fade as quickly.

One morning, Ashton entered the drawing-room, and found her alone. She was untangling a skein of silk. She arose, and said, with some embarrassment,

'Mrs. Seacourt is upstairs; I will ring for her.'

'Not for the world, if she is in any way engaged. I can await her pleasure.'

There was a silence of some minutes. Mary could scarcely breathe; she knew not what to say. Her fingers refused to perform their duty, and her skein of silk became more and more entangled.

'Shall I help you?' said Ashton, approaching her. 'My patience used to be a proverb with you.'

Mary could not trust herself to answer, for her fingers were actually trembling with agitation. She felt she could have sunk into the floor. She proffered the silk without looking up. Ashton took hold of one end while she retained the other. Neither spoke but Mary's bosom heaved tumultuously, while Ashton felt his heart in his throat. At last in mutually untangling the skein, their hands met. The touch thrilled them like lightning. Ashton almost unconsciously retained the hand of his cousin in his own. She trembled violently.

'Mary!' he said.

She looked half doubtingly half timidly up.

'Mary, we love each other—do we not?'

There was no answer, but as he pressed the fingers lying passively in his grasp, the pressure was gently returned, and, bursting into tears, his cousin fell upon his bosom.

Ashton and Mary have been wedded for years, but their honey-moon still continues, for they have not yet quarrelled.

CHEERING NEWS!

JUST RECEIVED AT JNO. H. ENNISS'

A New and Select Stock of Books, Stationery, etc., including the following popular School Series:

- Davie's Arithmetics, Emerson's Arithmetics and Algebras, Greenleaf's Arithmetics, Montiel's Geographies, Cornell's do, Mitchell's do, Smith's Grammars, Ballou's do, Holmes' Readers, McGuffey's do, National Dictionaries, Webster's do, Worcester's do, Hymn Books—Methodist, Presbyterian, German Reform, Gospel Hymns, &c.

BIBLES AND BOOKS OF WORSHIP.

An elegant assortment of all grades of WRITING PAPERS, ENVELOPES, Steel Pens, Inks, Pencils, Slates, Visiting Cards, Playing Cards, Crayons, Drawing Materials, &c. Also, the Celebrated FIFTEEN and SIXTEEN PUZZLE. All cheaper than ever before offered to the trade. At ENNISS' Drug Store.

O. O. C. Our Quick Cure—As thousands can testify. Nothing has been equal to it for the cure of colic, cramps and diarrhoea &c. in their worst forms. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

GEN. MORGAN'S Horse and Cattle Powders; The largest Packages and smallest dose of any Powder made, and warranted to do all that it claims. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

BLANK ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE NOTICES For Sale at this Office.

O. V. V. Our Vegetable Vermifuge.—The greatest known remedy for expelling worms. Safest, surest and most reliable. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store. FLACG'S IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PADI. NEVER GIVES HEADACHE. CAN BE TAKEN ANYWHERE. DISEASES LAST TWICE AS LONG. Diseases cured without bringing the System. Chills and Fever, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Headache, Rheumatism, Constipation, Female Weakness, Sick & Nervous Headache. These Pills cure all Diseases by Absorption. No cramps, no pain, no vomiting. The Pills go over the Pit of the Stomach, cover the Great Vessels, Centre the Liver and Spleen. A gentle Vegetable Food is absorbed into the Blood, and stimulating the Liver, purifies the Blood, stimulating the Liver and Spleen, and strengthening the Stomach to digest Food. Prices of Pills 50c and 1.00. Prepared by ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent by Mail to 29 & 31 NORTH LEXINGTON, BALTIMORE, Md. For sale at E. F. KLUTZ'S Drug Store, 304m.

Foundry & Machine SHOPS! MERONEY & BRO.

Have their well known establishment in full and regular work again, and respectfully solicit orders. They have in their employ Mr. J. A. GILL, one of the best Machinists in the country, with a full force of tried workmen. Are prepared to do all kinds of repairs on Engines and other Machinery, at short notice. Their foundry is in full operation for casting in Iron or Brass. Their Machine Shop is turning out Sash, Blinds, Doors, Moulding, &c., and everything called for in that line. Persons wanting anything in these several branches, would do well to call and see them. They are still manufacturing the celebrated Meroney Plow.

FOR SALE--BARGAINS! One second hand 12-horse portable Steam Engine, as good as new. Also, a 25-horse power Engine, now in daily use, will be for sale in a month or two. Call and see them. Feb. 19, 1880. 183m

O. C. S. Our Cough Syrup.—The most palatable, soothing and efficacious remedy ever placed before the public for that most dreaded of diseases, coughs, colds, &c., manufactured at BARKER'S Drug Store, 184f.

That Little SHOP. AROUND the CORNER TO THE PUBLIC GREETING: JULIAN & FRALEY, Cabinet Makers and Carpenters. Their prices are as low as it is possible to make them, and their work not inferior to any. They fill orders in two departments. Their ready made stock in hand comprises a general assortment of house furniture—Bedsteads, Bureaus, Clothes Presses, Lounges, Racks, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Cupboards and China Presses, Candle Stands, Tin Saws, Desks, Tables, Washstands, Chairs, &c. They also keep an assortment of.

COFFINS of walnut, pine and poplar, from \$1 upwards. Also, Walnut Sash. They fill orders without vexatious delays. Will contract for carpenter's work and warrant satisfaction. Will take good lumber and country produce in exchange for furniture.—Shop nearly opposite Watchman Office. 41y JULIAN & FRALEY.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. THE GREAT ENGLISH TRADE MARK. REMEDY: An infallible cure for Seminal Weakness, Impotency, and all diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse as follows of Memory, Universal Self-Inflicted Pain, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The specific medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing GRAY MEDICINE CO., 184f BARKER'S Drug Store, 184f.

SMITH'S WORM OIL! ATHENS, GA., February 22, 1878. SIR: My child, five years old, had symptoms of worms. I tried calomel and other Worm Medicines, but failed to expel any. Seeing Mr. Bain's certificate, I got a vial of your Worm Oil, and the first dose brought forty worms, and the second dose, so many were passed I did not count them. S. H. ADAMS. Prepared by Dr. E. S. LYNDON, Athens, Ga. For Sale by Dr. T. F. KLUTZ, Salisbury, N. C., and Druggists general. 261y

GEN. MORGAN'S Horse and Cattle Powders; The largest Packages and smallest dose of any Powder made, and warranted to do all that it claims. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

BLANK ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE NOTICES For Sale at this Office.

O. O. C. Our Quick Cure—As thousands can testify. Nothing has been equal to it for the cure of colic, cramps and diarrhoea &c. in their worst forms. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

GEN. MORGAN'S Horse and Cattle Powders; The largest Packages and smallest dose of any Powder made, and warranted to do all that it claims. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

BLANK ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE NOTICES For Sale at this Office.

O. O. C. Our Quick Cure—As thousands can testify. Nothing has been equal to it for the cure of colic, cramps and diarrhoea &c. in their worst forms. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

GEN. MORGAN'S Horse and Cattle Powders; The largest Packages and smallest dose of any Powder made, and warranted to do all that it claims. Manufactured at 184f BARKER'S Drug Store.

BLANK ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE NOTICES For Sale at this Office.

BURIAL CASKETS. BEST IN THE WORLD! CHURCH & CO'S SODA WATER. I have just received and have on exhibition in the Room, Above the Hardware Store of Messrs. Crawford & Taylor a very Handsome Assortment of Burial Caskets to which special attention is invited. THEY ARE OF VERY NEAT STYLES, Carefully Made and of various Grades. Will be sold low. Persons wishing anything of the kind should call and see them. I am prepared to Undertake and furnish everything required. Special attention to Preserving Bodies from Discoloring. I have had much personal experience in this line and feel sure of giving satisfaction. C. W. C. WOOLWINE. Nov. 25, 1879. 66m

JOHN P. WEBER, Practical Blacksmith and HORSESHOER. SHOP connected with Brown & Verble's Livery and Harness Shop, designs of shoes, to suit any shape of foot. All shoeing on strictly scientific principles and WARRANTED. All kinds blacksmithing promptly done. Subscribe for the Watchman only \$5. MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS. MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS. FOR THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN, The BEST Weekly in Western North Carolina.—Only \$1.50 a year in advance. Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.

Home Fertilizer! HAS JUST RECEIVED A CAR-LOAD. THEO. F. KLUTZ. Celebrated Home Fertilizer!! The Chemicals for making 1 Ton will be sold for \$12, or 200 lbs. of Cotton in November. No Cotton Seed or Stable Manure required. This Fertilizer is fully equal to the high priced, so-called Guano, and at less than half the price. I refer to the full and well known gentlemen, who used it last season on cotton: John V. Barringer, Jas. B. Gibson, W. F. Watson, Thos. C. Watson, B. T. Cowan, W. B. Meares, A. Tait, J. G. Candler, J. P. E. Brown, E. C. Lentz, S. J. M. Brown, and many others. Call early for your supplies and save money. T. F. KLUTZ, Druggist.