The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett

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The Falling Leaves Give Warning of Winter

So the falling of the hair tells of the approach of age and declining power.

No matter how barren the tree nor how leafless it may seem, you confidently expect leaves again. And why?

Because there is life at the roots.

So you need not worry about the falling of your hair, the threatened decay of youth and beauty. Why?

Because if there is a spark of life remaining in the roots of the hair

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

will arouse it into healthy activity. The hair ceases to come out: it begins to grow: and the glory of your youth is restored to you.

We have a book on the Hair and its Diseases. It is free.

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address,

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

STOLEN SMILES.

"What does your Majesty intend to do next?" inquired the German Emperior's friend. "I don't know," was the answer, with a suppresseed yawn. "I'm afraid the field is pretty near exhausted. When you get time I wish you'd try to think up something more for me to excel in."

Old Gentlemen (in the park): "What are you doing, my little dear? Little girl (with doll): I'm giving dolly a drink." "Giving dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress." "Yes; she slobbers a good deal. All babies do."

Mrs. Medler: Not another word! It is an outrageous scandal and not fit to be repeated; not another word of it will I listen to. Mr Medler: But I haven't finished yet." "Oh! Go ahead."

"You are just going out, I see—" "Yes; an important engagement. What was it you wanted?" It was about that little debt I owe you." "Ah, yes. Take a seat." "I was going to ask you for a little delay——" "Oh, excuse me; I'm already late." "I say I was going to ask you for a little delay, when I met a fellow who paid me up what he owed me,——" "Why on earth don't you sit down? will you have a glass of wine?"

Author: How do you like my new play? Critic: It's simply great. The robbery in the third act is the the most realistic piece of work I ever saw on the stage. Author (pleased): Do you really think so? Critic: Of course I do. Why, even the words spoken by the thieves are stolen.

"Yes," said the young doctor to his wife, "I felt greatly worried until the climax was passed." "Will he be out soon?" "No," said the young doctor, "not until the day of the funeral."

"This is the latest style of bracelet," observed the detective, deftly applying the comealongs to his victim's wrists. "How do you like it?" "It's very fetching," coldly replied the prisoner. as he walked away with the officer.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. Geo D Williams, of Manchester, mich, tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five year that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists.

HE WON BOTH.

BY C. D.

"I hope you'll choose wisely, my dear boy," said Squire Maddox. "I never was in the marriage business myself, I'm thankful to say, but this having a marriageable nephew is just about as bad. And I never shall have a minute's peace of mind until you're settled down, Leslie, my lad. And remember one of the girls is an heiress. If you could manage to fall in love with the moneyed one——"

"But how does it happen, Uncle Joe," burst in the cheery accent of Leslie Vincent, "one an heiress and the other not? I can't apprehend that at all."

"Half sisters, my boy—only half sisters. Old Silvington married two wives, you see," explained the squire.

"Oh!" said Leslie, thoughtfully. "Well, uncle, I do my best to fall in love with the right one. For I'm not visionary enough to deny that money is a convenience in this practical, hard-headed world of ours!"

Sara Silvington and her sister Olive were playing croquet out on the lawn when Leslie Vincent strode up the drive.

"That wasn't a croquet," said he, eagerly, as he watched the play.

"It was," cried Sara, enthusiastically. "I don't believe you know anything about it. Besides, I don't know who you are."

"I'm Leslie Vincent, at your service," said the young man, smiling, as he doffed his cap. "And I've played with the Brackenbury Club at Newport and Saratoga"

"I'm sure we're very happy to meet you, Mr. Vincent," said Miss Silvington, executing a courtesy with much dignity. "Aunt Tryphosa has often talked to us about you and your uncle, the funny old bachelor squire. This is my sister Olive. Will you take a mallet?"

"Well, thanks, I don't care if I do," said Mr. Vincent, grasping eagerly at the proffered implement of friendly warfare. And so the acquaintance began which was destined to end so eventually.

"I wonder which of them is the heiress," he mentally asked himself as he leaned on his mallet in the interval of play. "They're both pretty enough to drive a man out of his head. Sara is dark and brilliant, like a July midnight. Olive is like Aurora, golden tressed, with a skin a fair as a seashell. It must be Sara—she assumes all the little pretty little airs of royalty and orders sister about as if she were a second self. It is certainly Sara."

But presently when Miss Tryphosa came out and sent Sara in to see about the tea, with something of an imperious manner, his opinion on the subject changed.

"I was wrong," thought he. "It's Olive that has the money. Heiress are not sent in to get the tea, as if they were parlor-maids. I'm a little sorry, though; I had made up my mind to fall in love with Sara."

Miss Tryphosa Silvington and her nieces made Leslie Vincent welcome at the old brick manor house, and his visit was prolonged day after day, as the glory of the August sunsets waned into the yellow beauty of September's falling leaves, until the evening he came into the parlor, where Miss Tryphosa was looking over some household linen.

"Miss Trypnosa," said he "when Uncle Maddox sent me here with the advice to fall in love with one of your nieces, I made up my mind with the usual perversity of mankind, to do nothing of the sort. But Fate is too strong for me. I've done it."

"Done what, for pity's sake?" demanded the bewildered spinster.

"Fallen in love, over head and ears, as the common saying is. From the soles of my boots to the very topmost hair on my head."

"Well," said Miss Silvington, with a grim smile, "and which of 'em is it?"

"Sara," of course, the litte, dark eyed, dimpled coquette. Who could help falling in love with her?"

Mis Silvington shook her head.

"Olive's the one who inherited Phyxley Manor and all the bank stock," said she. Why did'nt you fall in love with Olive, my boy?"

"Why wasn't I born black instead of white?" laughed Leslie Vincent. "I tell you, Miss Tryphosa, I'm the victim of circumstances; I can't help myself. I know Miss Olive is very pretty, but—I love Sara, and there's the end it. And now, like a dutiful suitor, I come to ask your consent."

"Have you asked her?"

"Yes."

"And what did she say?"

"She said yes."

"Very well, then I say the same," laughed Aunt Tryphosa. "For you seem a decent sort of lad enough, and I am willing to trust you for your Uncle Maddox's sake."

"Much obliged to you ma'am, said Mr. Vincent, with a low salaam. And off he went to advise Sara Silvington of the success of his mission.

"But tell me honestly, now," said Sara, with a roguish sparkle of her black eyes, "aren't you sorry I'm not the heiress?"

"Perish the thought!" cried Vincent threatically. "I am not sorry for anything, where you are coneerned, pearl of my heart. I'm not a millionaire myself and I don't deny that a little ready cash comes acceptable. But I'm quite able to work for it myself, and 'no thanks to nobody,' as the children say! And now, Sara, when shall we be married?"

"There's no hurry about that!" said Sara, a little coquetishly.

"Yes there is," urged Leslie. "It's the most urgent affair I know of."

And so the wedding was fixed for Christmas day.

Sara Silvington was to be married in simple white alpaca, with natural roses in her hair, and her grandmother's pearls around her cream-white neck. Olive in rose-colored silk, was to be her bridesmaid. And old Squire Maddox, albeit he had not been away from home in twenty years before "made an effort" and came to his nephew's wedding.

"She's pretty! very pretty," said he, polishing his spectacles, after he had taken a good look at the bride-elect. "But you and I are old enough now, Miss Tryphosa, to look at the practical side of life—isn't it a pity he couldn't have taken a fancy to the girl who is to have money?"

"We can't always regulate these matters to suit ourselves," said Miss Tryphosa, waging her little of brown curls.

So the wedding day came pearled with snow, beneath all glittering blue and gold overhead. And Sara Silvington; walking up the broad aisle of the church, in her white dress and pearls, made as fair a bride as the heart of man could desire to look upon.

The breakfast was all ready at Phyxley Manor House when the bridal party returned from the church—a triumph of Aunt Tryphosa's housekeeping power—and the glitter of confectionary temples, the pop of champagne corks and the odor of hot-house flowers, mingled satisfactorily with Squire Maddox's quaint toasts, Miss Tryphosa's oysteric giggles and the old clergyman's solemn speeches.

"And now," said Miss Tryphosa Silvington, when all the quivers of eloquence had been exhausted, "I've got something to say myself! Leslie Vincent thinks he hasn't married heiress, but he has. Olive Silvington inherited the Pyxley property and the bank stock that belonged to her mother Olivia Pyxley—but Sara's great uncle, on the other side, has bequeathed her a 100,000 dollars in money, at present invested under the direction of Mr. Halsey, the family lawyer, who, together with myself, is the possessor of the family secret. If Sara married according to my wishes—or when she was twenty-one—an event which won't happen for two years yet—she was to learn of her inheritance. Young Leslie Vincent, I congratulate you. Sara, my dear, old Halsey will wait upon you on your return from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington."

"Eh!" cried Squire Maddox by degrees comprehending this extraordinary and unexpected state of affairs. "Hello! You don't mean to say that you have kept that secret all these many years, Tryphosa Silvington?"

"Yes, I have," said the spinster, adding with a little glimpse of malice, "although I am a woman."

"Well," said the bridegroom, solemnly, "money is all very well. I've no special objection to money. But as long as I have got Sara herself, that's all I care for."

"Leslie, you're a trump," said Squire Maddox.

"But I am so glad of the money," said Mrs. Vincent, smiling simply from under her wreath of fragrant white roses. "For now I am worthier of Leslie's acceptance."

And the wedding day of Leslie and Sara Vincent was what all wedding days should be, the happiest of all their lives.

Coghlan's Irish Lineage.

Captain Coghlan, commander of the U. S. S. Raleigh, whose recent speech on Germany, is receiving international criticism, belongs to a King's county (Ireland) family, and can claim descent from one of the oldest and most powerful of the Irish septs, the Maw Cochlans, Princes of Delvin Ahra, who came from the third son of Cas, of Dalcasion race. They owned a vast territory, including the Barony of Barrycastle, near Birr, an ancient domain that is studded with the ruined strongholds of the Princes of the Fair Castles. From that part of Ireland Captain Coghland family imigrated to Mississippi.—Dublin Letter in Montreal Star.

Prevented a Trgedy.

Timely information given Mrs. Geo Long, of New Straitsville, Ohio, prevented a dreadful tragedy and saved two lives. A frightful cough had long kept her awake every night. She had tried many remedies and doctors but steadily grew worse until urged to try Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle wholly cured her, and she writes this marvelous medicine also cured Mr Long of a severe attack of pneumonia. Such cures are positive proof of the matchless merit of this grand remedy for curing all throat, chest and lung troubles. Only 50c and $1.00. Every guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

Claptrap Texts.

The clergyman who has stirred up much excirement by denouncing from the pulpit the "claptrap titles" chosen for their sermons by some preachers will be heartily indorsed by everybody who is tired of the sensational devices invented to draw people to church. Too many ministers reply for their audiences on startling announcements—like the clergyman who caused it to be published abroad that he preached on the topic; "There is no God!" and having filled the church by this means, calmly read as his text: "The fool hath saith in his heart there is no God." Ministers who announce titles for their sermons like this: "A Half Hour in Hell," "Mondern Serpents in the Garden," and "Sodom and Gomorrah Outdone," are merely sensation mongers and detract from the dignity of religion without increasing the sum total of righteousness.—Providence Journal.

Hirsch and Peabody.

There have been a surplus of news and a deficiency of information as the amount of money left to charity by the late Baroness Hirsch. One account is that she left $124,000,000, whereof her relaties got $20,000,000, state $5,000,000 in taxes, and the rest was left to charitable uses, mainly in Europe. Later stories, however, show a tendency to substitute francs for dollars in these estimates, and the authorities conflict so much that it is still uncertain what the Hirsch estate does amount to. It seems reasonably sure, however, that about four-fifths of it was left to charities, and chiefly to Jewish charities, in New York, London, Montreal, Vienna, Budapest, Bremen, Brussels and other cities.

If a hundred million dollars is turned over to public uses by the will of the Baroness, it is the greatest sum so disposed of by any one estate in modern times. When George Peabody died, thirty years ago, he held the world's record for philanthropic disbursements. He gave away to public uses during his lifetime eight or nine million dollars, and left five millions to his relatieves. He died in London; his funeral was in Westminster, Abbey; a British war ship brought his body home.

He was peerless among philantropists, and, for that matter, still is. But money grows in vastly bigger clusters now. Mr. Rockefeller must already have given away more dollars than George Peabody did; Mr. Carnegie's funds are constantly dropping out of his pockets in hundred-thousand-dollar driblets, and every little while a million escapes him all at once. Recently he offered $1,750,000 to extend the libraries, art galleries and other institutions with which he has endowed the city of Pittsburg. The sum of his gifts, too, doubtless, exceeds in amount those of Mr. Peabody. The gift of a million dollars by Mr. Pierpont Morgan to build a hospital in New York was recorded not long ago. Such gifts make no great stir. They are, happily, too common to cause excitement. The ability to part with money seems fairly to have kept pace with the huge increase in wealth.

About the Hirsch benefactions, however, there is an unusual quality, which recalls George Peabody. Baron Hirsch and his wife learned to find their chief interest in life in vast schemes for the improvement of the conditions of existence among great armies of distressed people. They seem to have backed a spirit and an intelligence as rare as George Peabody's with a fortune which bears a relation to modern fortunes comparable with what Peabody's fortune bore to those of his time.—Harper's Weekly.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but skin eruptions roblife of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Saxve cures, them: also old, running and fever sores, ulcers. boils, felons, corns, warts, cuts bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains. Best pile cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25c a box. Cure gaoranteed. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists.

Where Slang Comes From.

Slang has this value, that it shows how language grows. The English tongue is so vigorous that it seizes whatever it needs for growth, as it did in its infancy. In the childhood of the language, says a writer in St. Nicholas, directed imitations of sounds were constantly made into words, as the yonng vandals of today use "chink" for "money." Further on in the growth of the tongue it took from ordinary speech these imitative words, and converted them to new uses, just as you say "ticker" for "watch," and "puff" for "advertisment." The contraction of words is another stage. The instances of this are numberless. "Mob," now perfectly good English, was at first merely slang for the Latin "mobile," the fickle crowd, as "cab" was slang for "cabriolet," and "furlong" for furrow long," the length of a furrow, and as "nob" is slang for "nobility." We make words from men's names in very the same way. I suppose "boycotting" may be considered good English now. "Martinet," which is now indespensable, was the name of a historic general overstrict in discipline. "Derrick" was a famous hangman of the seventeenth century, in honor of whom the rough crowd nick-named the gallows-like hoisting apparatus, just as the "guillotine" in France is named after its inventor, and these are only three out of scores of similar cases. Many of the words that are now among the respectabilities of conversation were at one time gutter children. But they gradually made their way into polite society. first as parvenus, then as established members. "Drag" was a thieves' word for carriage, and "dragsmen" the particular variety of thieves who followed the carriage to cut away the luggage from the rack behind. But "drag" is good English now for a private coach. "Kidnap" was thieves' slang for child-stealing, that is to "nab a kid." "Tie," for cravat, was as much the slang of low life as "choker" is at the present day. "Conundrum" and "donkey" and "fun" were all slang words, though perhaps not so low. "Bore" was slang, and so were "waddle" and "botber."

Be Careful

No woman can be too careful of her condition during the period before her little ones are born. Neglect or improper treatment then endangers her life and that of the child. It lies with her whether she shall suffer unnecessarily, or whether the ordeal shall be made comparatively easy. She had better do nothing than do something wrong.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

is the one and the only preparation that is safe to use. It is a liniment that penetrates from the outside. External applications are eternally right. Internal medicines are radically wrong. They are more than humbugs—they endanger life.

Mother's Friend helps the muscles to relax and expand naturally—relieves morning sickness—removes the cause of nervousness and headache—prevents hard and rising breasts—shortens labor and lessens the pains—and helps the patient to rapid recovery.

From a letter by a Shreveport, La., woman: "I have been using your wonderful remedy, Mother's Friend, for the last two months, and find it just as recommended."

Druggists sell it at $1 per bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book, "Before Baby is Born."

"I see," said the farmer, "that you have me wrote up as the proud father of a new girl." "Yes" said the editor of the country paper, visions of fat chickens and apples by the bushel floating before his mental vision. "Seems to me," continued the farmer "that 'resigned' would have been a better word than 'proud.' She's the ninth."

Miss Ethel—Music always makes me feel sad; doesn't it you, Mr. Suds?

Mr. Suds—Yes; but I like it—its awfully jolly to feel sad, don't y' know.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremeneous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

NEVER TOO OLD TO BE CURED.

S. S. S. Is a Great Blessing to Old People. It Gives Them New Blood and Life.

Age does not necessarily mean feebleness and ill health, and nearly all of the sickness among older people can be avoided. Most elderly people are very susceptible to illness, but it is wholly unnecessary. By keeping their blood pure they can fortify themselves so as to escape three-fourths of the ailments from which they suffer so generally. S. S. S. is the remedy which will keep their systems young, by purifying the blood, thoroughly removing all waste accumulations, and imparting new strength and life to the whole body. It increases the appetite, builds up the energies, and sends new life-giving blood throughout the entire system

Mrs. Sarah Pike, 477 Broadway, South Boston, writes: "I am seventy years old, and had not enjoyed good health for twenty years. I was sick in different ways, and in addition, had Eczema terribly on one of my legs. The doctor said that on account of my age, I would never be well again. I took a dozen bottles of S. S. S. and it cured me completely, and I am happy to say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

Mr. J. W. Loving, of Colquitt, Ga., says: "For eighteen years I suffered tortures from a fiery eruption on my skin. I tried almost every known remedy, but they failed one by one, and I was told that my age, which is sixty-six, was against me, and that I could never hope to be well again. I finally took S. S. S., and it cleansed my blood thoroughly, and now I am in perfect health."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the only remedy which can build up and strengthen old people, because it is the only one which is guaranteed free from potash, mercury, arsenic and other damaging minerals. It is made from roots and herbs, and has no chemicals whatever in it. S S S. cures the worst cases of Scrofula, Cancer, Eczema, Rheumatism, Tetter, Open Sores, Chronic Ulcers, Boils, or any other disease of the blood.

Books on these diseases will be sent free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GRAYBEARD

WE make 50 bottles of our GRAYBEARD every week. No more—no less. If 50 bottles don't fill all orders, some poor folks must wait until the next week. We mention this as some do not understand the delay. We have earned a reputation for making a clean, fresh, sure remedy for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and we deserve make GRAYBEARD famous and make it good.

"A few years ago Cancer appeared on my face in front of a scab—not a sore, but a scab that dropped off, and soon reappeared, some worse. Finally it annoyed me so shave. Doctors pulled in, affecting my sight. People said I had Cancer—I was miserable. About that time a physician came from, down the State, once similarly afflicted, sent me a bottle of GRAYBEARD advising me to take it. I did so and to my great joy got better. Skin cleared, sight improved, I got another and Cancer left me. And it has not returned. GRAYBEARD saved my life.

Joseph Jarman, Taylor County, Ga."

$1 a bottle—6 for $5. If your druggist has not our GRAYBEARD, order direct, deducting 50c on $5 worth to help you pay freight.

Address, Z. D. Respess Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A good Investment.

We Do The Busines of the Town Because We treat Our customers So well They Come Again And bring Their Friends Also.

Is a satisfaction at all times, and if you desire contentment, peace and happiness you

Cannot fail

To obtain either, and will forever thank your lucky stars if you buy at once a

BUCK'S STEEL RANGE.

Locks, Bolts, Hinges, Screws.

Garden Tools, a specialty. Get them now and be ready for your Spring Gardening.

HOWARD & CO.

His Great Sorrow.

"Hard luck!" groaned the fashionably dressed young man on the hotel divan, shifting his feet to the rungs of the chair opposite. "Hard luck—that's my name."

The young fellow at his side, in like attire, kept sympathetic silence.

"Yes, if it hadn't been for my tough luck, I'd have all sorts of money," he went on, pulling his hat down over his eyes and sending a puff of cigarette smoke up against its brim. "I was dead solid with a pretty little girl—cashier in one of the big hotels. She wanted to reform me, make a man out of me, she said. Twice I came in to see her when I wasn't steady on my feet, and she toll me that if she ever learned of my getting too much again it would be all day between us. Well, one night I dropped into the hotel when I couldn't tell the floor from the ceiling. She hasn't spoken to me since."

"Can't see anything so bad about that," commented the friend. "There are lots of others."

"Yes, but"—the young man was shaking his head and his voice was sorrowful—"but it was just the next week that an old uncle died and she came in for a cool $90,000."

Again the young fellow at his side kept sympathetic silence.—Chicago Journal.

Poison in the Blood of the Eel.

It has been known for years that the blood of eels contains a highly poisonous principle. A dog inoculated with a dozen drops of eel's blood dies in ten minutes. This discovery was made about ten years ago by two Italian brothers name Mosso. The poison is readily destroyed by heat and by mere lapse of time, wherein it differs from a snake poison, which long retains its virulence. Moreover, eel serum is harmless when taken with food, it invariably succumbs to the processes of digestion. If serum be taken from an animal that has been rendered immune to snake poison and injected under the skin of an eel, the poisonous property of the eel's blood is thereby impaired. Serum skin from an eel is naturally about three times as poisonous as the serum of the most vicious viper.

Although diluted eel serum may protect an animal from so deadly a poison as viper venom, the converse does not hold good: the serum of vipers is no protection against the poison of eels' serum. Serum obtained from animals gradually trained up to withstand fatal doses of serpent venom differs from ordinary serum in the astonishing rapidity of its action. Not only its protective, but also its undoubted curative power has been established.—Good Words.

Hair Toothpicks.

"Of all the curious articles of commerce that you have ever mentioned in print I have never seen one more strange than a 'line' I regularly send to China, to the Brazils and in very large quantities to Russia."

The speaker was a "foreign merchant," and he was addressing a contributor who has made a specialty of paragraphs dealing with out of the way occupations. "The articles I refer to are toothpicks that are made of walrus whiskers. Vast quantities of the stiff, thick whiskers of the walrus are shipped, from Alaska chiefly, to myself, and to some others in England. Those who send them pull them out one by one with special tweezers, and after the whiskers have been trimmed and stiffened here they are made up into bundles and sent abroad.

"The higher class Chinese seem to use no other kind of toothpick, and the more wealthy of the Russians always use them at their clubs and hotels. I send out some thousands of bundles yearly, and, though to the buyer they are much dearer, as well as more ornamental, they leave plenty of profit to the dealer."—Exchange.

An Old Marriage Bond.

Below we print a marriage bond as used in Georgia many years ago. The copy we have is quite an old looking, faded paper:

Georgia, Jefferson County.—Know all men by these presents that we, Henry Brown and Walter Stone, are held and firmly bound unto the court of ordinary of Jefferson county in the sum of $87.14, to which payment well and truly to be made we bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents, sealed with our seals and dated this 17th day of November, 1820.

The condition of the above obligation is such that, whereas there is a marriage intended to be solemnized between Henry Brown and Nancy Wright. Now, if there be no lawful cause to obstruct the same, then this obligation to be void, else to remain in full force and virtue.

Signed, sealed and acknowledged in the presence of John G. Bostick, depy. clerk.

His
Henry X Brown
Mark.
Walter Stone.

—Louisville (Ga.) News and Farmer.

The Sheet Anchor.

"That was my sheet anchor"—i. e. my best hope, my last refuge: the sheet anchor of a ship, which, in stress of weather, is the sailors' chief dependence. The word sheet is a corruption of the word shote (thrown out), meaning the anchor "thrown out" in foul weather. The Greeks and Romans said, "My sacred anchor," referring to the sheet anchor, which was always dedicated to some god.

The people of the United States use 490,000,000 matches every day, or 178,850,000,000 every year, and it is computed that these, placed end to end, would stretch away 4,939,786 miles.

In the earlier ages dancing was advocated as a cure for sickness [illegible]