almost unconsciously.

#### A FRIEND.

We quote the following Poem from the Newton Enterprise dedicated to our old bered by friends in Lincoln county.

There is not in all our language, Though we search from end to end, Word of truer, deeper meaning Than the simple one of "friend.

Yet how often we abuse it. And how hard it is to know Whether one we've loved and trusted Will remain a friend or no.

Thus the heart is always seeking, For the one who will not prove Recreant to all our trusting, But return us love for love.

We need one in whom the shadow Of a doubt can never 'rise-One we know will understand us, Just by looking in our eyes.

One to whom the heart turns ever, As the llowers to the sun-One who shares our joys and sorrows, Pardons all the wrongs we've done.

Knows the hopes that we have cherished, Knows our sime for future years. Knows our sins for which repentence Mas been bought with hitter tears.

Oft the ties the world deems nearest. Cannot give us such a friend ; Oil some heart to us the dearest, feems a stranger to life's end.

But, alas! the deepest sorrow That our hearts can ever know, May by that same friend be given, Who has proved our bitterest foe.

So our faith grows even weaker, Till we say and think it true, What is life when friends betray us; What is left for us to do,

'Life is real, life is earnest," Rings the old heart-thrilling strain, Many duties still are left us-Life's sweet flowers may bloom again.

 Cosmopolite. Evart, Mich., April 28, 1889

### A GEORGIA SERMON.

A BAPTIST BEOTHER GIVES HIS OPINION ABOUT THE PRESENTERIANS.

dependent gives a sketch of a sermon among the mules and horses that "We went and had a glorious but with whatever exaction he demanded century ago from which we give an his head out of the window and bere, that she was afterwards my extract:

The preacher was apparently about fifty years of age, large, muscular, and well proportioned. On entering the pulpit, he took off his coat and hung it on a nail behind bim, then opened his collar and ued: wristbands, and wiped the perspiration from his face, neck and hands. He was clad in striped cot. the Presbyterians. As I said beton homespun, and his shirt was of fore, they raise their children a the same material. He had traveled heap better than we do. They several miles that morning, and behave better in church and keep seemed almost overcome by the Sunday better, and read the Bible, heat. But the brethren sang a cou- and learn the catechism better than ple of hymns while he was fanning ours do. I declare brethren, their and cooling off, and when he arose children are larnt that Westminisbe looked comfortable and good, ter catechism before the time they

He had preached there once or "It ain't three weeks since I was half hard and half soft-shell Bap- byterian church over thar.

cleared out, and the owls and wolves adoption or santification?" skeered off, a Presbyterian brother Now, the question in itself was in black broadcloth and white cravat enough to break the child down. will come along and cry for decency But when she began to say the I have? and order. And they'll both do question all over, (for that's the good in their sphere. I don't des way it was in the book) and then pise a larnt man, even if he don't hitch the answer to it, and which dress and think as I do. You all put together made this: 'The couldn't pay me enough to wear benefits which in this lite do either me. broadcloth, summer or witner, and accompany or flow from justifica-

brethren; but every man has his end!"

backwoods.

"But my shell isn't so hard but I off like she did. friend, Gol. McCorkle, so kindly remem. can see good pints in everybody; "Now my brethren, that child in snowy white, relieved with just a touch of odist, and by the grace of God I life. raise my children.'

"And I believe, my brethren, if nail into a rotten log."

Just at this time he was inters its peculiar pertinacity. rgan to gnaw his coat tail, in better for both. which was something he had "Then, we don't pray in our famnought along for his lunch.

as if it had been a young kitten. praying too little. The other took warning and got out "Now, my mother and father he had been half killed.

norted the brethren to beware of myself, and it was in this wise : dogs.' I wonder what he would do "There was a big meetin' over in

A lade correspondent of the In- squealing and kicking and jumping next day, which was Sunday. walk home this hot day."

"Well, my brethren, I will now try to say what I allowed to about begin to talk plain.

twice before, but to most of the out cattle huntin'-for two of my audience be was a stranger. Hence yearlins bad strayed off-and he thought it necessary to announce I stopped at old Brother Hardy's himself, as he did, as "Old Club on Rund Creek and took din-Axe Davis, from Screven county, a ner. He is a deacon in the Presas sure as I stand here, my breth-"I have given myself that name," reu, sister Hardy had her little gal said he, "because I believe the Lord a standm' right before her, with elected me from all eternity to go her toes just even with the crack of ahead in the backwoods and grab the floor, and hands were hanging out a path and blaze the way for down by her side, and her mouth others to follow. After the thickest threed up like a chicken when it of it is cut away, a good Methodist drinks, and she was puttin this brother will come along and take question to her out o' that catemy trail and make things a little chism: What are the benefits smoother and a good deal wiser, which in this life do either accom-And after all the under-brush is pany or flow from justification,

you couldn't pay a Presbyterian tion, are peace of conscience, joy enough to go without it in dog days. in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace "God don't make us all alike, my and perseverance therein to the

own sphere. When God has a I thought the child was the great- band and said :place to fill, He makes a man and est wonder I had ever seen in all puts him in it. When He wanted my life. She tuck it right through General Jackson, He made him and too, without balkin' or missin' the eighteen inches, by dry measure, as trust. But when the deed was done, that set him to fightin' Indians and the first word. And she spoke so be saw that the reading matter was English; when He wanted George sweet, and looked so like a little the usual form of marriage, but he Whitfield, He made him for to blow angel, that, before I knowed it, the the Gospel trumpet as no other man tears was a runnin' down my cheek attended, and he didn't half enjoy ever blowed it, and when He wan- as big as buckshot. I've seen the the chuckles of bride and groom as ted old Club Axe Davis, He made day when I could have mauled and they went out.

him and set him to grubbin' in the split a thousand rails quicker'u I could a larnt that thing and said it

and as for the Presbyterians, they didn't understand or know one delicate blue, and, resting on the pillows, a are a long way shead of us Baptist word o' that. It put me to all I woman's face, with eyes tid of happiness. and Methodists in some things, knew to take it in myself. But on her brast the fitte boy cand they angers They raise their children better just let that Presbyterian young'on over both with a dim wonderment at his than any people on the face of the grov up, and every word o' that heart if Heaven at last were not reached, the earth. Only a few days ago a Meth catechism will come back to ber, proud hashand and father. odist class-leader said to me: and her character will stiffen up May, which so and as though no disturbing Brother Club Axe, I was born a under it, and she will have the element could enter to destroy it; yet, in an-Methodist, I was raised a Meth- backbone of the matter in her for

God I got a Presbyterian wife to children in that way. Nothin don't before him. Then they turn rejuctantly upon stay somehow. It's like drivin' a the page, and Reginald Armer learns that he

the Lord should open the way for This last remark I never forgot. friend and brother in one, was the fatal blow me to marry again, I'd try my best For thirty years afterwards as o find a Presbyterian woman, and I would stand by the blackboard, run my chances of breakin' her in trying to fix rules and principles in staring him in the face, and Horaco Grey fled into the savin' doctrines of feet the mind of a dull pupil, this re. the country, followed by the curses of his washin' and immersion afterwards." mark would come back to me with

rupted by two spotted bounds that | "I tell you, my brethren," he years after, had heard how my gentle mother had been continuing running up continued, "if your children had a and down the pulpit stairs. One of little more catechism and the Presthem jumped upon the seat and byterians a little less it would be

thes like they do. I know their He turned slowly and took him prayers are mighty long, and they by the ears and tail and threw him pray over all creation; but after all of death, I would have cried, "Murdered, and out of the window behind as easily its the right way. Its better than Horace Grey is his murderer."

as rapidly as possible, though not were good Baptists, and raised however, all that my hand touched turned to without howling and yelping as it children to be honest and industri- gold, and when, a few years later, I turned ous, but I never heard one or them He then turned to the audience pray in my life, and I was most a and said smilingly: "St. Paul ex- grown man before I prayed a prayer

the were in my place this morn- Elbert county, and I knowed a ing ? It appears like I am compassed pretty gal. So I borrowed a little | She had little time to devote to girlish graces bout with dogs, as David says he Jersey wagin, which was a stylish thing in them days, and went over He had scarcely commenced to her home and stayed all night, preaching again before there was a and engaged her to ride to meetin'

she heard in Georgia nearly half a were tied to trees close by. He put time, and I might as well say right she complied cheerfully. And so I grow to said: "No harm done, brethren, wife, but a comin' home I met with the flowers I sent her daily, but her father Just a creetur with a sidesaddle a powerful accident that I've never broke loose. Will some brother got over to this day. As I was a head the animal f for no sister can comin' down a steep hill, some part of the gearin' give way, and let me Quiet being restored, he contin- and the wagin on my creetor's heels; and bein' young and skeery, and not much used to wheels, she riggled and tore from one side to the other, until I was pitched headforemost as much as ten foot into a deep gutly, and its a miricle of mercy that my neck wasn't broke on the spot.

"Expectin' to be killed every minit I thought I ought to ask the Lord for mercy. But as I had never prayed in my life, I couldn't think of the first thing to say but the blessin' my father used to say before eatm' when he had company, and and fro. which was this; 'Lord, make us, thankful for what we are about to receive.

any Presbyterian raised boy was ever put to such a strait as that for us the end was near. prayer? No. He would have prayed for himself and gone off that blessin'."

## A Cheap Marriage

While a justice of the peace of a country town sat warming his feet inquired :-

"Judge, how much will you duty I impose upon you. charge me to read overabout fifteen lines of printed matter from a book

"Why, can't you read them?" asked His Honor.

"I can but I want to hear how they sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to

"All right," said the justice. "I can't earn twenty-five cents any quicker." A woman opened the door at that

moment and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her "Begin at the pencil mark there

and read slowly.

His Honor's chin dropped exactly didn't back down from his word. It

### MY REVENGE.

A room, sunlit and warm; a bed, draped On her bracat the little boy shild the angels

Such the parture on that morning in early swer to a summons to entir, a servant apwith no presence of ill, her master receives hope to die a Methodist; but thank "Now, pean't put things int my and tears it open, not with impatient haste, but with his eyes still feasting on the scene

> At the hands of the man who has been struck. He was a banker, rich and respected, and held all Reginald Archer's property in his possession. He had speculated, saw ruin victims.

> Horace Grey! I the son of Reginald Archer. was not likely to forget the name: I, who, had sickened and died under the blow, knew to whom I owed the fact that I was not as other boys-could not exult over my pony or handsome dress-and that even the eduation I received was bought by my father's premature age in his struggle with adversity.

And as I, at 18, looked down upon the offin which held the dear form, and traced he lines of care around mouth and brow, and any one questioned me as to the cause

A few months later, I accepted a business offer which would take me far from my native land. I did not care for wealth. Yet, ny face homeward, it was with a competency assured for life. Up to this time love had never entered my

wart. I knew not its meaning until chance threw Mande Roland into my path. Did I say chance? Providence would have been the better word. She was singularly unlike other girls, and

perhaps on that account, first attracted meand follies, for heart and soul seemed centered in the old man whose footsteps she strove to guide and support. These two lived alone, she young and

beautiful, with no companion, save that old father, who was as a child in her hands. Age and trouble had with beer done fatal work,

For herself she would accept nothing, save I could supply with fruits and wine, and delfeasies necessary to him which he was unable to provide. They lived very simple in a small cottage on the outskirts of the town but it grew to me to be a hallowed spot. One day I said to her:

"Mande, be my wife. I love you and can make for you a happy home, where you still an give your father every comfort;" but she adly shook her head.

"No. Percy. Here is my post; I will not desert it. As your wife you would have the right to demand more of my time than I sould give you. Often night and day I spend by his side; and when he needs me. I must ot be found wanting."

In vain I sought to combat her resolution the was inexorable. But I persuaded her at last to allow me to live under their roof for her father was gradually breaking down, and at times had fits almost of madness, which ceded a strong confrolling hand.

Once I wakened from my sleep to find him standing by my bed, his eyes burning with a flerce light, his lips muttering incoherent words, and his hands restlessly moving to

"Up, Percy! ufT at last he exclaimed. 'He has been here again tonight, demanding ris own; and I must satisfy him i"

With soothing hands I persuaded him to "Now, my brethren, do you spose go back to his bed, and he soon fell into a quiet sleep. But after that night he grew weaker day by day, and the doctors warned

A week later I was sitting alone by his bedside. He had been tossing restlessly for hours, until sleep had conquered him, and after the Jews and heathens, while my own eyes were closing when I heard him I was a huntin' up and gettin' off pronounce my name. Something in the tone caused me to look inquiringly in his face. Over it there had crept an expressive calm, almost happy, and the uneasiness had died out of his eyes, which reflected the light of reason awakened in his brain.

"Are we alone?" he questioned. "I have story to tell. If has been here" (touching his forehead) "a long time past, but somehow by the stove and his nose by a pipe I could not put it into words. I think now I a stranger entered and presently can make it plain. You have been a kind friend; you will be so still to Maude when I am gone, and I can trust you to fulfill the

"Years ago I was rich and respected, a man to whom money was confided. I grew ambitious, insatiate in my greed. I speculated, put all my fortune into investments which seemed full of promise, which in reality were smiling vortexes, enguising all in their horrid depths.

I awoke one morning to find myself a ruined man, surrounded by wealth abundant. as I thought, to lift me out of trouble, but none of it my own. All that I owned had been swallowed up. I took the first stepporrowing, meaning to repay, until ruin, utter and complete overwhelmed me. I gathered together all upon which I could lay my hands and fled. From that day I have never known a happy hour. One man there was, Perey, who had been to me as a brothernoble, generous, true-he had placed his whole fortune within my grasp, and I, coward, wretch that I was, betrayed even such a seemed blood money. I think, had I been starving I could not have touched it. I invested it safely and securely, hoping some day to restore it.

"Percy, if that man lives, tell him Horace Grey would have died content, had he restored to Reignald Archer his own, and heard him breathe his forgiveness."

#### Horaco Grey! Could this be he? The man upon whom all my life had almost prayed for revenge; whose daughter was the girl I had had hoped to win for my wife. "You call yourself Boland," I murmured,

"An assumed name, merely. My child has never known her rightful name." As in a trance, I sat listening, my head bowed upon my hands. My father's form, lying so still and cold as I had last seen it, seeming to forbid one word of comf rt to the dying man. The young wife in her early grave seemed to call out against it, when, as though a voice had breathed the

my father's knee and spake of revenge: Horace's conscionce has long since revanged me. If I could see him to-day, I would extend him my hand knowing his suffering had exceeded mine."

words into my ear, came the recollection of

a sentence spoken when I stood a boy leside

Ah! had it not? To look upon the poor, wasted form, to see the last struggle to restore what he had taken; to read the wreteneduces of remorse written in every festure, was sufficient answer; and failing on my knees beside the heal, the last vengeful thought left me, as I said: "If Reginald Archer's son could speak to

you with my lips, and say his father had ever harbored a thought save of pity and forgiveness, would it bring you comfort ?" Boy what mean you? Say that once

"Horace Grey, my father, whom you wronged, forgave you. The property you have restored shall be your child's. I am his "Proofs I proofs I" he muttered.

"You shall have them," I answered, and hastening to my room, I soon returned with papers proving my identity.

"Strangel strangel Of all I wronged, he alone can I remember-he whose son whispers forgiveness. God help me! I never can forgive myself!"

Two weeks later, the man whom all my life I had regarded as my bitterest enemy. breathed his last, and lo! I wept tears of sincere sorrow as I unclasped my hand from his cold grasp, and raised the weeping girl who knelt at my side. He had gone to more merciful judgment than men could give. Before his death he had placed in my hands the papers restoring to me my own; but at my urgent appeal that it should be Maud's, he at last consented; and so I won my Vengeance.

"How strange, Perey," Maude one day said to me, "that I should come into possession of such a fortune when we have lived so long in almost poverty. Poor father! He imagined, perhaps, such economy was neces-SECTV.

I let her think it so; and when she put her hand in mine, and shared my name, I knew that could my father have looked down from heights above, I should have seen the old smile light his face, and heard him murmur; 'It is as I would have wished it."-New York

### THE STORY OF A DELAYED LETTER. It Lost John Miller a Wife, and Turned the Current of His Life.

Janet Russell was the belle of the village. a Canadian village on the St. Lawrence, and was admired by all the swains who dwelt in those parts, but her "steady company" was a handsome young fellow, John Miller, son of the village postmaster, who also kept a gen-

John and Janet went together to a rustic rolls one night, and on the road John asked the old question, which was answered in the affirmative. Things went nicely but at last, Janet dancing twice in succession with young fellow whom he looked upon as a rival John felt had, and on the way home sharp words passed between them. The giri told him she wished it had been Charley Hall (the rival) who had asked her the question before mentioned, whereat John said he would give her a day to take that back, and if not-why, all was over between them. Janet relented when she had time to think about it, and the next morning wrote a note to John and dropped it into the letter-box at

old Mr. Miller's store. Time passed on. A year or so after that Charley Hall and Janet Russell were married. and John Miller was wedded to another girl Some five years passed and old Mr. Miller died, leaving his property and his store to his son, who at once set about making improvements. And it so happened that the day the old letter box was broken up, Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her cidest daughter, 4 years old, was in the store. A letter dropped to the floor; a workman picked it up, and with the remark, "Here's an old letter addressed to you, Mr. Miller," passed it to John. At that moment he was talking to his old sweetheart.

He took the letter and turned it over and over in his hand. As Janet's eyes fell on it she blushed. John opened the note and read it, then he handed it to Janet with a bow and the words: "That has been in the box ever since the day after we went to the dance at Turner's. Ah, Janet, if I had only known!" Mrs. Hall took her child by the hand land went home without a word, Janet's poor little note had been caught and concealed for nearly six years, and had changed the current of two lives, but for better or worse who

## A Useful Caution.

The Sanitary News calls attention to the fact that a postage stamp may in various ways convey contagion. One of the simplest and most plausible is that in which a postage stamp, partially attached to a letter to pay retern postage, is sent by a person infected with some disease to another person. The disease is transferred in the first place to the adhesive stamp through the saliva, and in being attached to the letter by the receiver the poison may be transmitted to him in turn through the saliva.

Another cause may be the infection of the stamp with disease germs. The stamp, having been exposed in a room where a diseased person lies, may become slightly moistened and thus retain the germ. That this is true can be proved very simply by a microscopical examination. We often see a person holdng change for a moment in the mouth, probably not knowing that investigation has shown that disease germs can be carried by

money. money has passed he would hesitate before United Presbyterian.

using so has third hand. Salver money is as bad a pay a money, but while many would because to hold a dirty bank note in their mount, tory think that a suver piece, is cause bright, a probably clean.

She Was Particular About It.

Crees Doyle, of course? Diamond-buck a

M.z. Crewe Doyle-Oh, certainly; an I e diamonds be of the first water, me Fack-

### Carrying a Feather Duster.

"I had a curious experience not long ago," says the superintendent of one of the depart ments of an uptown dry goods establishment. "A fashtonably dressed budy came in early, and in the course of her bargaining put her parasol on the counter near a large teather ster which one of the clerks had been using. After making some purchases the lady rought up the duster instead of her parasol. and went out hurridly. As soon as I discovered the mistake I sent a boy after her with the parasol, but he did not overtake her undi she had madequite a journey.

"In fact, she flourished that duster slong he street, flourished it about as she went into another store, and put it down on the counter, still under the impression that it was her parasol. The clerk explained that she had not brought any purasof in, but had come in carrying that duster. She was supremely indignant at such an intimation, and was delivering the young man a sharp lecture on the subject, when in come the Loy with her parasol and an explanation. She was so overcome that she had to be taken home in a curriage. "-New York Ledger.

#### A New Submarine vessel.

It is reported that a Spanish submarine vessel at San Fernando Arsenal has been damaged by one of the tubes serving as reservoirs for compressed air bursting. The in ventor of this vessel is Lieut. Peral, who was very well received by the minister of marine and the leading naval and civil engineers of Madrid, to whom he partly revealed the plans and secret of his system. Lieut. Peral undertakes to make, in January, at San Fernando, the first trials of his vessel before he attempts to navigate it under water for 48 hours in the rough seas near the Straits of Gibralter. He asserts that he can keep the boat in a horizontal position and steer and ase it as a torpedo vessel under water with a rew of eight men. The government has promised its moral and pecuniary support to the invention, which is exciting interest in Spain, especially among naval officers. - Madrid Dispatch to the London Standard.

### Fat Spartans.

The ancient spartans paid as much attention to the rearing of men as the cuttle breeders in modern England do to the breeding of cattle. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of men's flesh, and regulated the degree of fatness to which it and the remainder in the unit colewful, in a free state, for any tend his body. Those who dared to grow too soft or too fat for military exercise and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped.

In one particular instance, that of Nauelia, the son of Polybius, at which his unlawful fatness was publicly exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his cuipable mode of living which was declared to be more worthy of an Ionian than of a son of Lacedsmon. - New York Ledger.

## A satisfactory Explanation.

Mother-What makes you look in the glass so much for? Daughter-I want to see what you find to ok at most of the fime. N. Y World !

Half the battle of life consists in

keeping up a cheerful spirit. When

## The Inspiration of Cheer.

depression comes and the c'onds, when the spirit is loaded w th deadening pain, all work becomes drudgery, and life is a borden and difficulty. Whatever is done is carried under compulsion, with a wish that it could be avoided, and a feeling of pleasure-if so mournful a kind of congratulation can be called a the gold mines some people suppose. pleasur :- that it is at last comple. They are often maintained and ted. And even if-because there is kept to the point of excellence at will-power enough to drive it along the sacrifice of the proprietor; and and favorable circumstances to this is oftener the case than not. make it successful-it will afford It is the duty of every town to but little satisfaction, for the spirit throw patronage into the hotel, to will be loaded with forebodings and encourage the keeper in every posthe mind be full of the prophecies sible way; for all make use of his of coming evil. If any good work place in one way and another, as be well done it must be amid the public center. But people too buoyancy and hope. With this ex much forget these things. They perience, no matter how hard the want a good hotel kept up, the very task may be or how unpremising, best, but if they have control of a there will be energy given to it, and little patronage, too often seek to that facility of skill and fact that, throw it in the direction of a dolunless the hindrances are invinci- lar or two lower. This is all wrong, ble, will carry it through to a good and always injurious.-Er. end. Our religious work very often laga and fails, not because we are not in earnest in it-perhaps we expend unnecessary labor on itbut because it is done under a cloud. Hope is waiting. There is accomplishment. But if the heart is bright,it will be ab e to go cheerfully through an experience, and also bear its disappointmen s, rejoice in its tribulations and not only believe, but know, that God makes all things work together for good to those who love him. It is not possible, not for all of us, all the time. Moods are many, and we are liable to fall into dull ones betimes; but it ought to be a part of our Christian effort to drive away the clouds if possible and turn to If one could see through what hands the | the beautiful and inspiring light .-

### Tried to Keep Him Out.

Serator Vance was among President Harrison's callers one day last week, and seeing his weary, careworn look, said he simply called to pay his respects and inform the President that he was sorry to see him is such a position, and assure bum that he did everything in his power to keep him out of it. The President appreciated the humor of the remark, and returned his thanks to the North Carolina Senator for his good in entions - Reidsville Re-

#### -Who is Your Best Friend?

Your stomsch of course. Why? Because f it is out of order you are one of the most miserable creatures living Give it a fair tonorable chance and see if it is not the best friend you have in the end. Don't smoke in the morning. Don't drink in the morning. If you must smoke and drink wait until your stomsch is through with breakfast. You can drink more and smoke more in the evening and it will tell on you ess. If your food ferments and does not digest right, sif you are troubled with Heartburn, Dizziness of the head, coming up after eating, Bi lousness, Indigestion.or any other trouble of the stomach, you had best use Green's August Flower, as no person can use it without immediate relief.

### A Figure Puzzle.

The following is a very curious puzzle. Try it, a'l of you.

Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by 5.

Then add 20.

Then add the number of the line you have selected.

Then add 5. Multiply the sum by 10-

Add the number of the word in the line. From this substract 250. will indicate the number of the word; in the ten column the num ber of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page .-Philadelphia Times.

## The Hotels.

Mr. Lewis, in his Detroit Free Press article on Goldsboro, makes deserved mention of the hotel accomodations of the place. These are features that never escape a travelled man. No town or city ever has, or can or ever will amount to auything in the absence of a good hotel, and every community should realize the value and importance of that institution, and their duty toward it. It is just as much the duty of the citizens to contribute something toward the encouragewent and support of the local hotel, as to the churches, the schools, or

the newspapers. Hotels in country places are not

# A SAFE INVESTMENT.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised no enthusiasm, no spring and eager Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Disonlooking and vision of im vitable covery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Threat, Lungs or Chest such as Cousumption. Inflamation of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be uepended upon. free at Dr. J. M. Lawing's Drugstore.

> Tom Nichols, John Parker and Wyatt Stinson, all colored, and all confined for larcency, succeeded in breaking jail in Monroe last night by burning through the overhead ceiling, in the usual way.