

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Not if you go through the world a dyspeptic. Dr. Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets are a positive cure for the worst forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Flatulency and Constipation.

ADVERTISE IN THE COURIER. Rates are reasonable. Try it one year and see if it does not pay.

MISSISSIPPI'S FIRST BALE OF COTTON.

ABERDEEN, Miss., Aug. 29.—The first bale of cotton of the new crop of east Mississippi arrived here yesterday and sold at auction at 16 cents.

THE NEW DISCOVERY

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is.

A CHILD KILLED. Another child killed by the use of opiates given in the form of soothing Syrup.

Queen Victoria in all her majesty cannot even cure a chicken without the aid of Ganter's magic chicken cholera cure.

A DUTY TO YOURSELF. It is surprising that people will use a common, ordinary pill when they can secure a valuable English one for the same money.

Beware of the good deacon who begins to smile on you at this season of the year.

THE FIRST STEP.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat can't sleep can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction.

From Godey's Ladies Book. A Broken Pledge.

"DON'T GIVE me my hasty speech, Agnes: Will you not? I am more than sorry to have been provoked so easily."

The girl addressed seated herself leisurely in the shade of a great oak tree while this confession was being made.

"Yes I know it, to my sorrow; but this shall be the last time. You are going away so soon, you won't have many opportunities; and now I want to show you something more precious to me than anything I own."

The last words were spoken a little tremulously, as the speaker drew from his pocket a small gold locket of exquisite workmanship.

Looking at it tenderly, he said, "Father gave this to mother, and she left it to me. Now, will you wear it, dear Agnes?"

tears rolled down her cheeks. "We have been sisters in everything but name, and now we may never see each other again."

"Don't cry Kitten! You will soon be as accustomed to my absence as to my presence.

A quick, hurt look passed over Margaret's face at these words.

"Why yes, my dear, I wish I wish I could take you all along; but Margaret, you must learn to be less shy with Lawrence, and more friendly, so that you will have much to write me about him."

"I wonder where we will be three years from today," said Margaret a little plaintively.

"You will have turned into a book by that time, if you don't stop reading so much, and I shall be better acquainted, I hope, with my Western friends.

The day came for Agnes' departure. A heavy rain was falling, but the fiercest raging of the elements could not have kept two of Agnes' friends from making their way to the little station.

"Good-bye, dearest Agnes," whispered Margaret, "I shall never love another girl as I love you."

Lawrence crossed quickly to Agnes' side. "I wish we were all going with you," he said, lightly; then, lowering his voice.

"True," was the rejoinder, "but I am a man, and success is to him who works it. I have an object now to work for, and attain it I will."

"Would I wear your locket if you didn't?" was the half coquetish reply, and the train was gone.

"I should be delighted," she said "but father is determined to send me off for a time.

The next few weeks were most pleasant ones to Margaret, and Lawrence bid her good-bye with real regret.

Four weeks after Margaret went away the news came that her aunt had taken her abroad in the hope that an ocean voyage and an entire change would restore her health.

So the summer passed. Autumn came in late, winter close upon her footsteps.

"Ob, Agnes!" said Margaret, "I cannot believe it. What shall I do without you?"

ed his hand after a knotty case that he had been trying, and said: "Young man, your masterly management of that case, as well as the two hours' speech, did honor to this bar.

Refreshing words they were to the ambitious fellow.

That success was but the beginning of many others; and when the senior member of the firm drew him aside and announced that a formal partnership would be entered upon in the fall, his crowning success was won.

Just a year had passed since Margaret went abroad, when hastening to the Court House one afternoon, Lawrence Erritt came face to face with a lady who stopped short and said:

"I fear I do not know whom I have the pleasure—surely, this is not Miss Margaret Mason!"

"It is none other," laughed that young lady. "And I have been so anxious to see you to make inquiries for Agnes.

"Thanks, I shall be delighted," was his reply. "You must pardon my stupidity, Miss Mason, but you have changed so much that I was actually at a loss to know where I had seen you."

No wonder Lawrence Erritt was at a loss. Agnes herself would hardly have recognized in the tall, graceful figure and assured ease of manner, her shy little friend Margaret.

Lawrence marveled that a year could make such an astonishing difference, and hastened to make an early call.

"Oh, good for you, Mr. Erritt; these are just the flowers we most fond of. How I wish she was here to-day.

"Well, I have been so engrossed with my work," half apologized Lawrence, "but expect to have more leisure this summer. I was just wondering if we could not do a little botanizing together, make a herbarium, say, and send the results of our labor to Agnes; that was her favorite occupation, if you remember."

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Lawrence Erritt was rewarded for the hard mental work of the past year, when Judge Cutbberth grasped

ceived, and she shared his disappointment as best she could. To the world, Lawrence Erritt did not wear his heart on his sleeve, but Margaret Mason saw with pitying eyes a sterner look in those dark eyes, and tense, hard lines about the mouth, and she prayed that she might be kept from hating her friend, as well as her falseness, and that the one most deeply injured might not lose faith in woman.

"Miss Margaret, the only sympathy, at one time, that the thought of I could endure, was yours, and that was silent, but none the less grateful."

And Margaret answered, brokenly, "I think we have both been disappointed in Agnes."

When Harold Hopeton began to address Margaret was not exactly known. He met her abroad, and that his visits of late had become very frequent, was a undisputed fact.

Why, then, after this chance visit, did Margaret's image refuse to be banished from his mind? Was it the thought of another man's happiness that recalled his own past dreams, or the thought of Margaret herself?

Returning one afternoon on horseback from a business trip in the country, he saw, standing under the same oak tree where Agnes had stood more than three years ago, Margaret, taller, firmer, even than Agnes ever had been, with her hands full of golden rods.

Obedying his impulse, he reigned his horse and then jumped off to ask for a spray of the way-side flowers. There was something in the changing color and averted eyes that made Lawrence Erritt imprison the hand extended to him, and ask, in a low tone, "Miss Margaret, would I be presuming upon our friendship if I should ask you to listen to a little incident that occurred here, where you are standing, almost four years ago?"

"Why should it be presuming, Mr. Erritt? We are friends, are we not?"

For a moment he was silent, her grave, sweet answer filled him with apprehension.

"Yes," he said, rallying at her last words, "we are friends, and no place could I tell you so easily as right here.

Months before I had told her that I loved her, and I had reason to believe that she returned my affection. Once I asked her to wear a ring, as it was generally known that there was an understanding between us.

She hurt me very much by her refusal, and when I pressed her for her reasons, and asked if she did not consider herself engaged to me, her answer was: 'Yes, I'm engaged to you, but I do not care to wear a ring, as a long time must elapse before our marriage.'

This, of course, was unsatisfactory to me, doubly so when I learned they intended moving to Colorado. I felt unwilling to have her go without some pledge of my truth, knowing full well what misunderstandings are apt to arise when the only means of communication are written words; so, on this particular afternoon, I determined to give her, if she would accept it, this locket. I possessed nothing more sacred, it

By some strange fatality, that letter crossed another addressed to him. The handwriting was unfamiliar but the little package accompanying it was addressed in Agnes' writing.

Months have passed since then. The news electrified the town, and Lawrence Erritt, as the discarded lover, was, for a time, the observed of all observers.

Only one person knew the hopes that were shipwrecked, and the dreadful blow that had been re-

ceived, and she shared his disappointment as best she could.

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PIANOS—Chickering, Mathushek and Sterling Pianos are too well known to the people to require any introduction from me.

ORGANS—What are you going to do about that Organ you promised your wife and daughter? Buy nothing but the Celebrated Mason and Hamlin or Sterling Organ, and you are not always having them repaired.

FURNITURE—Never before since I have been in business was my Stock of Furniture so large and complete in every line as it is today.

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(Continued on fourth page.)