THE WEEKLY PANOLA STAR.

FREEMAN RANDOLPH, Proprietor

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NEW SERIES. SARDIS, PANOLA COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872 VOLUME 16. NUMBER 42

RAILROADS & HOTELS

Mississippi & Tennessee Railroad.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave Friday Feb. 23, 1872.

GOING SOUTH.

Mail leaves Memphis 4:15 A. M., pass Holly Springs 6:40, Sardis 8:05, Batesville 8:37, Courtland 8:52, Pope's Station 9:02, and arrive at Grenada 9:30 A. M.

Accommodation leaves Memphis 6:45 P. M., pass Holly Springs 9:10, Sardis 9:50, Batesville 10:03, Courtland 10:20, Pope's 10:28 P. M. and arrive at Grenada 11:35, P. M.

Express train leaves Memphis 5:20 A. M., pass Holly Springs 7:50, Sardis 8:42, Batesville 9:15, Courtland 9:33, Pope's 9:43 A. M. and arrive at Grenada 11:05, A. M.

GOING NORTH.

Mail leaves Grenada 9:45 A. M., pass Pope's 10:37, Courtland 11:47, Batesville 12:05, Sardis 12:37, Coma 1:10 P. M., and arrive at Memphis 5:25 P. M.

Express train leaves Grenada 2:00 A. M., pass Pope's 4:15, Courtland 4:36, Batesville 4:55, Sardis 5:05, Coma 5:40 and arrive at Memphis 8:40 A. M.

Night train leaves Grenada 5:45 A. M., pass Pope's 9:10, Courtland 9:22, Batesville 9:35, Sardis 10 5, Coma 11:20, and arrive at Memphis 4:10 P. M.

Mail and Exp ss trains daily.

Night runs daily, except Sundays.

The mail train going South makes direct connection at Grenada for New Orleans. The express going South connects for Water Valley, Coffeeville, Oxford, &c.

E. D. FROST, Gen'l. Sup't.

Mississippi Central Railroad.

GOING NORTH.

Mail train leaves Grenada at 9:40, A. M., Express train at 11:46 P. M.

GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Grenada at 7:35, P. M. Express train at 7:05 A. M.

R. N. COLQUHOUN, Supt.

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L. F. RALEWATER, ATTORNEY at LAW, COURTLAND MISS.

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ROBERT H. TAYLOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Sardis, Miss.

feb8-1y

HAMPTON M. SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. ALSO Commissioner of Deeds for the Southern States.

feb24 '72. OXFORD, MISS.

S. G. SPENCER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PUEBLO COLORADO.

mar 15 tf

A. T. ELLIS, M. D., SARDIS, MISS., Offers his professional services to the citizens of Sardis and vicinity. n28-1y

Dr. W. S. RANDOLPH, Has located five miles northwest of BATESVILLE MISS. at the Bluff, on the river, where he may always be found, unless professionally engaged; and respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding vicinity.

J. M. WILLIAMSON, M. D. Sardis, Mississippi. Having permanently located in Sardis, offers his professional services to the citizens and country. Special attention given to Chronic Diseases of Females. March 2, 1872. 12m

DR. Z. P. WEAVER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Star Place, Mississippi. OFFICE at Star Place. Respectfully offers his services to the citizens of the community. july13-1y

JAMES B. COOK, ARCHITECT, 38 MADISON ST., MEMPHIS - - - - - TENN no16-6m

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Six copies.....15 00
Ten copies.....20 00

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One square (10 lines) first insertion.....$1 00
Each subsequent insertion.....75
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U. Ozanne, Sheriff.
C. H. Gleason, Circuit Clerk.
J. C. Harrison, Chancery Clerk.
W. W. Howe, Treasurer.
W. A. Jones, Assessor.
H. J. Harding, President School Board.

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—:o:—

MAYOR.—D. B. McHenry.
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COURTS.

CHANCERY COURT.

Meets 2nd Monday in January, April, July and October, and holds two weeks.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Meets 4th Mondays of March, July and November, and holds two weeks.

POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Holly Springs and Tyro arrives Tuesdays and Fridays 7 p. m. Departs Wednesdays and Saturdays 6 a. m.
Long Town arrives 12 m. and departs 1 p. m. every Saturday
Longtown, Star Place and Lake Cresswell mail departs 1 P. M. and arrives 12 M. every Saturday.
Daily mails close as follows:
Going North at 1:00 P. M.
Going South, at 3:10 P. M.
Mails opened fifteen minutes after arrivals.
Office open daily, Sunday excepted, from 6:00 A. M. to 7:00 P. M.

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D. A. KINCHLOE, H. P.
J. C. HARRISON, Sec'y.

SARDIS LODGE No. 307 A. F. & A. M. Stated Communication third Thursday night in each month.

JOHN WRIGHT, W. M.
W. H. WALL, Sec'y.

Sardis Chapter, No. 11. Order of the Eastern Star. Regular meeting first Thursday night in each month.

MRS. M. A. THOMPSON, Worthy Matron,
MRS. M. B. WRIGHT, Sec'y.

PANOLA R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 60.

Regular Communications, second Thursday night in each month.

F. MOORE, H. P.
J. W. CALAWAY, Sec'y.

PANOLA LODGE, NO. 66.

Regular Communications, first Wednesday night before the full moon in each month.

F. MOORE, W. M.
J. M. COX, Sec'y.

RELIGIOUS.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHUCH SOUTH.—Rev. F. S. Petway.—Services every 1st, 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays; Sabbath school, 9 o'clock A. M.; Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 o'clock P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. G. Donk, Pastor.—Services every 2nd, 3d and 4th Sundays; Sabbath school 9 o'clock A. M.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. W. H. Spelrs, Pastor.—Services first Sabbath in the month at 10:30 a. m., and 3rd, Sabbath at 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Elder C. B. Young, Pastor.—Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays; Sabbath school 9 o'clock A. M.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—Services 4th Sunday in each month, by Rev. Father Wise.

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We will sell Drugs for CASH after September 1st, and earnestly request our patrons to pay up, as we must have money.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

[illegible]

[This charming piece, written years ago for the old Mississippian, by our former townsman, the gifted Robert Joselyn, is again on its rounds through the press; and we, who first introduced it to the public have taken pleasure in reproducing it.—EDS. Clarion.]

THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"She's short-tempered, Nelly, and quick to speak; but you'll bear with her for my sake?"

"Not for that alone, Oscar—I have learned to love her for her own, long ago. She seems almost like a mother to me!"

Oscar Elden stood in the middle of the floor, holding Helen Dermott's hand in his—a slight hand hardened with constant industry and browned with autumn suns; for Helen was no sylph, living on poetry and rose-leaves, but a hard-working little country lassie, who rose with the early dawn, and sang all day long at her labor. Just a year ago, Helen, fresh from the deck of an emigrant vessel and avoiding the noisy streets and crowed lanes of the great city as if they had been plague-smitten, had tapped on Mrs. Eldon's door, with her bundle in her hand and the softest roses in her cheeks, humbly asking for employment.

"I don't believe in these travelling tramps, mostly," said Mrs. Eldon to her son; "but this girl has a good face, and I really do need some one to help me, now that Patience Needham is married. What would you do?"

Oscar looked at the sweet, patient face just visible through the half-opened door, and answered promptly:

"I would take her!"

So, in the thrifty, healthful atmosphere of the great New England farm-house, Helen worked and sang, and worked her way into Mrs. Eldon's good graces with marvellous rapidity.

"She's as neat as a pink," said the old lady; "I wish you could see the butlery shelves, Oscar—they're white as snow, and I never did have tin pans scoured as Helen scours them. Patience Needham was spry, but Patience wasn't neat!"

Oscar said nothing, but his face brightened wonderfully.

"I am so glad you like her mother!"

A year afterwards, when the summons came to Oscar Eldon to go West, and wind up the affairs of his deceased uncle—an absence that would probably be of some weeks' duration—he met Helen in the kitchen, washing up the blue teacups, and told her that when he came back he should claim her for his wife!

And, when Oscar Eldon was gone, Helen still sang on at her work, but there was a sweeter cadence than ever in her tones.

The clock was striking five in the kitchen. Helen was paring apples by the fire, and Mrs. Eldon sat by the window, deliberately counting a pretty roll of bank notes.

"Ninety-five—one hundred—two hundred—that's the hundred dollar bill Ellan Ford paid for the three-year old colt—two hundred and five—ten—twenty—fifty. I don't feel safe to have so much money in the house, Helen—I shall drive over to the bank and deposit it to-morrow."

"Yes," said Helen, simply, "I never saw so much money at one time before, I should think it must be very nice to be rich!"

And Helen thought, with a sigh, how very shabby her brown gingham dress was getting, and how long it would be ere her simple earnings sufficed to purchase another.

"Rich, child! we're not rich, only comfortable; but the money must be put in the bank right off. Who's that knocking at the door? Oh! it's Deacon Elderby, with those red winter apples. It was so dark I couldn't fairly see at first. Well, Deacon, this is a great idea—we will get orchard, having apples!"

"Wal!" quoth the Deacon, "frost is just as quick as people sometimes. Now there's my Baldwins hain't done nothin' for two years, and—yes, it's all right. Miss Eldon—five dollars you owed me afore, and five more—makes ten. Thank'e."

The Deacon disappeared, and Mrs. Eldon came in from her windy station on the door-step.

"Helen! Helen! where are you?"

Helen came in from the hall, carrying a little lighted lamp.

"It was getting dark," she said, "and I thought I would just put the kettle over for tea!"

"Yes, that's right," said Mrs. Eldon, hurriedly crowding the roll of bills into her old fashioned red leather pocket-book. "And now I'll go and get like to help carry that barrel of apples down cellar. Dear me, how I do miss Oscar!"

Did not Helen's heart echo the mother's words.

"Can I go out this morning, Mrs. Eldon?"

The old lady's eyes were rounder than the rim of her silver spectacles as Helen, in her blue worsted hood and coarse plaid shawl, presented herself at the bennery door.

"Go out? Why, Helen, what's come to you? You never asked me such a thing before?"

Helen's cheeks grew rosy, but she said nothing of the letter, directed, "Oscar Eldon, Esq.," that was lying snugly at the bottom of her pocket.

"I would like to do one or two little errands at the village, if you can spare me."

"Of course I can spare you—but be sure you're back by eleven, Helen, to see about the dinner."

"I'll not fail, ma'am."

And away tripped Helen, intent on getting her letter into the post office in time for the western mail—the first real, genuine love-letter that the little lassie had ever written!

It was still and cloudy when she set forth; but by the time she had turned her face homeward, the snow was driving in blind, whirling drifts, and the wind shrieked down the cedar-clothed valleys like a disembodied spirit.

"It will be a long storm," thought Helen, with a shiver, as she hurried on.

Mrs. Eldon was standing in the middle of the floor when she entered—standing there with an unusual expression on her face, and a set look around her lips, which made Helen pause with unreasoning dread.

"Mrs. Eldon! what is the matter?"

"Helen, don't play the hypocrite," said the old lady, sternly. "Give me back the money and I will overlook the first offence, as you are so young and inexperienced!"

"Money! what money?"

The deep color had receded from Helen's cheek, leaving it paler than the pallor of the snow without.

"The hundred dollar bill you took from my table when I went out last night to pay for the apples."

"Mrs. Eldon! I never touched the money!"

"I can forgive the impulse of a moment of temptation, Helen, but not the deliberate falsehood that would seek to screen it. Confess at once, and——"

"I have nothing to confess," Mrs. Eldon! gasped Helen.

Helen! think once more, before you resort to deeper deceit. That money lay on the table when I went out; when next I examined my pocket-book it was gone. You, and you alone, have been in the house since. Child, the whole matter is too transparent for concealment. Why did you go to the village today, if not to dispose of your ill-gotten money? You never before have asked to be absent!"

Helen stood silent; it seemed as if the power of her speech was taken from her for an instant.

"Mrs. Eldon, I never dreamed of touching your money! As sure as I stand here, I am innocent!"

Mrs. Eldon's cheek fired with sudden anger.

"Helen Demott, I shall give you but one more opportunity—will you return the money you have stolen? Yes or no?"

"How can I return it when I have never seen it since it lay in your lap last night?" beginning to doubt whether she was the victim of some terrible dream.

"Helen," said Mrs. Eldon in a strange, high-pitched voice, "if it were not that you have seemed almost like a daughter for the past few months, I would send for the constable and have you lodged in prison until you consented to return my hundred dollar bill. As it is, you go in freedom—but you go!"

She opened the door and pointed out into the road, already half obscured with sweeping eddies of snow.

"Mrs. Eldon—in this storm!"

"If it were the Deluge I would not harbor a thief in the house another instant. Go!"

The cruel word stung to Helen Dermott's heart as a poisoned asp might have done. She turned without a word, and went out into the howling tempest—out from the house that had been the sweetest home she had ever known; out from all hope of becoming Oscar Eldon's cherished wife; as from life, and light and brightness into the very gloom and shadow of the Dark Valley itself! She heard the door close behind her with a metallic clang, but she never turned her head. She knew that the wintry blast was keen, and the snow like fine, sharp needles, yet she never drew the shawl closer around her slender form. Why should she care for life or health, or bodily strength has gone!

All day long Mrs. Eldon sat by her lonely fire, musing with sorrowful intentness. Never before had she realized how very dear Helen Dermott had become to her, nor how desolate the old house seemed with no light step on the stairs, no soft voice warbling old country ballads from the far off rooms.

"I would have burned the bill sooner than she should have taken it," thought the old lady. "The loss of the money is nothing to being forced to believe Nelly Dermott a thief! And what will Oscar say when he comes home—Oscar was so fond of poor Nelly!"

And Mrs. Eldon wiped the mist from her spectacles, and shook her head drearily.

The brief winter twilight was fast darkening into stormy night, when there came a resonant thumping at the outer door. Mrs. Eldon rose hurriedly, lighted her lamp, and answered the somewhat imperative summons.

Through the flying clouds of snow she could just discern the round, red face of Deacon Elderby, beaming from a framework of fur cap.

"Dear me, Deacon, is it you? Won't you come in?"

"Well, I guess I will, seein' I've got sunthin' pretty important to tell ye. Look here!"

Standing close by the lamp, Deacon Elderby drew a rustling bank-note from his pocket and held it out to Mrs. Eldon, with a chuckle.

"My red apples brings a fair price in this market, ma'am, but they aint worth a hundred dollars!"

"A hundred dollars!"

Mrs. Eldon grew pale and cold.

"Then I must have paid you that by mistake instead of a ten."

"Well, I calculate that was the way it happened," said the deacon, drily. "Twa'nt very business like but then your eyes aint what they used to be no more'n mine is. Thankee, ma'am—ten dollars is my due, and I don't want no more."

So the deacon went on his way rejoicing; and Mrs. Eldon stood staring vaguely up and down the road.

"Helen! Helen!" she called aloud; and then remembered that Helen's ears were far, far beyond hearing. "O, Helen, what have I done?"

She rushed uncovered out into the storm up the road as if she would have sought the girl to the world's end, with clasped hands and strained eyes. And then waking to the consciousness of how utterly impotent was a search she turned back with a wailing cry.

"Helen! O, Helen, where are you now?"

But only the wind, howling down the glen, answered her.

—

"I'll get out, driver, and walk up this hill; the stage is over loaded, and I don't mind a little exercise."

Oscar Eldon literally *could* not sit still. Before his mind's eye rose up the bright home-fire, the mother's face of pleased surprise, Helen Dermott's crimsoning cheeks and downcast eyes.

"The old stage seems to crawl," he murmured to himself. "How delighted they will be! They do not expect me for full two months to come."

Involuntary a clear, bird-like whistle broke from his lips, as he strode on. In the same moment the heavy rack of leaden-black clouds overhead parted, and the moon burst out in a flood of silver glory.

"So the storm is over," mused Oscar. "We should all have been snowed up had it lasted much longer; and—hallo! what's that?"

What was it, indeed? Something a deadlier white than the snow, with dark, long tresses fluttering in the wind; something that lay among the piled up drifts close against the old rail fence, with the full brightness of the moon upon its pale rigidity.

In an instance Oscar Eldon had plunged through the snow-banks, and was bending over the prostrate figure.

"Helen Dermott! Merciful Heaven! how came she here, dead of dying?"

He chafed the slender hands, he listened eagerly at the half-open lips to hear if, perchance, the slightest respiration floated through.

"Surely she *does* breathe!" he gasped. "It is no illusion of my senses! She is not dead! Hallo! driver! coach!"

The slow rumbling of snow-crusted wheels was already audible, and when the stage came up Oscar Eldon was standing beside the road, with a pallid, helpless burden in his arms.

The kitchen clock was chiming eleven; yet Mrs. Eldon, habitually a slave to early hours, had made no movement to retire. She still sat by the fire, with haggard face, and eyes fixed on one glowing spot on the embers, when there were footsteps on the threshold, and a loud rap at the door. She sprang up, nervously, and opened it.

Close at her side there, with Helen Dermott clinging to his arm—Helen herself, very pale, yet with a bright confidence in her face.

"Oscar!" gasped the bewildered mother; and then, catching sight of the other face, she burst into a hysteric cry.

"Helen! my love! my daughter! God has sent you back to me! Can, you ever forgive me, Helen?"

"That's right mother," said Oscar cheerfully, "she *will* be your daughter soon; and, meantime, we'll pile on the wood, and bring a little color into those pale cheeks. To think that with all my anticipations of the homecoming, I never yet pictured such a scene as *this!*"

But Helen Dermott's face, as she returned his smile, was "a picture" in itself!

SPAIN.

The Carlist Movement—What it Means and how it Originated.

The formidable strength which the Carlist movement is gaining in Spain, as detailed by our foreign dispatches this morning and for the last few days, and the possibility, after all—reaching the throne of Spain, render a glance at the history of the Car'ist cause interesting at this juncture. Ferdinand VII., of Spain, was four times married. He was without heir when he took his fourth wife, Christina, of Naples, and his brother Carlos or Charles was his prospective successor. Christina became the mother of two daughters. The elder is the Ex-Queen Isabella, and the younger the wife of the Duke of Montpensier, son of Louis Phillippe of France. The Salic law, which restricts the succession to males, prevailed in Spain. Ferdinand, for his daughter's sake, abrogated this law. In 1832 he was supposed to be at the point of death, and the Carlists, by skillful strategy, induced him to re-establish the Salic law. No sooner had he recovered, however, than he revoked his revocation. A year later he actually died, and Carlos at once proclaimed himself king. Christina, as regent for her daughter, who was only three years old, denounced him as a rebel, and succeeded in getting England, France and Portugal to sustain her cause. Carlos fled to England, but returned next year and began an insurrection, which raged, mainly as a guerrilla war, for five years. Carlos had the support of the clergy, but he was finally beaten, and obliged to flee. The Cortes had decreed his perpetual banishment, and in France he was kept for awhile under rigid surveillance. He afterward went to Austria, where, in 1845, he resigned his claims in favor of his son, and took the name of Count of Molina. He died in 1855. His son and heir, Carlos, was born in 1818, and died childless in 1861. His brother, Juan, born in 1822, succeeded to the leadership of the Carlist cause. In 1868, on the flight of Isabella, he resigned his pretentions in behalf of his son, Carlos, who is the Don Carlos now in the field. This personage was born on the 30th of March, 1838, and is, therefore, about twenty-five years of age. He was married on the 4th of February, 1867, to Margaret, daughter of the late Duke of Parma, and has several children.

Fun and Facts.

Epitaph for a photographer—Taken from life.

Is the future French monarchy hid beneath the veil of T(h)iers?

If the gas men strike it is hoped they will only "strike a light."

The rock upon which the English Cabinet failed to split—Gladstone.

The newly elected Senator from Massachusetts came out of the Bout-well.

Since the marriage of Pere Hyacinthe, it takes himself and wife to make a pair.

Tobacco is not only a slow poison, but is said to be the slowest poison in the world.

Although G. F. is called "a crazy Train," it is evident he has lucid trains of thought.

The public receive the resignation of Senator Caldwell with a spirit of resignation.

A confirmed corruptionist—Collector Casey's confirmation by the United States Senate.

A Western musical editor says that Mlle. Ormeny "has a magnificent voice for a fog-whistle."

Millions of robbins are roosting near Murfreesboro, Tenn., and all the inhabitants are robbin' the roosts.

The young man who boasted that he could marry any girl he pleased found that he couldn't please any.

A young lady "took a horn" the other day in church and nobody was shocked. His first name was William.

There is nothing singular in the fact that a boy makes a wry face when he takes his first "nip" of old Bourbon.