CONTRACTION.

Beneath the stately, old, gray-bearded live-oaks
That gravely overhang St. John, his river,
(And seem to me to dumbly wonder why folks
Fly South to save their lungs and lose their liver.)
Beneath the oak, I say, and the palmetto
I met my fate, and wooed like one distracted,
There was no need of strychnine or stiletto;
She liked me, and we solemnly contracted.

For three straight weeks my joy was remitting,
We rode, and walked and sailed together.
I got her alligators, as was fitting,
And shot her many a bird of wondrous feathers.
The inn we stayed at was unknown to fashion
But we both felt a crowd would have detracted.
She gave the rein to fancy, I to passion;
And neither of us felt our sphere contracted.

And then one day the public burst and vanished.
She told me she had overrated feelings
That now she knew to be pure friendship. Banished
Was henceforth all my trust in woman's dealings.
But even now I hate to think it of her
That she had read how Western stocks had acted,
And that she had no use for a true lover,
Whose fortune had so suddenly contracted.

—*Life.*

"ONE OF MY CLERKS."

I.

There was much speculation and suppressed excitement in the office of Messrs. Cragsby & Golding, colonial brokers of French street. Mr. Cragsby, for many years the senior partner in the firm, had just died, and the conduct and management of affairs had thus devolved upon Mr. Golding, who was now sole executor to the deceased. The event had caused in the office a feeling of unanimous regret.

While by nature a just man, Mr. Cragsby had been an unusually kind one—so far, at all events, as those whom he employed were concerned. A man of high character and strict probity, he never made his own uprightness and rectitude an excuse for severely judging others. As one of his clerks put it, "Cragsby was strict, but you couldn't help liking him, for he would never find fault without a cause for it." This necessarily insured him the respect and liking of those who were under his authority.

Another circumstance which added to his popularity was the fact that he disliked making changes in the arrangement of the firm. Having once employed a man and found him trustworthy, Mr. Cragsby preferred to retain him, even though the salary paid continuously increased. This gave a feeling of security to clerks and warehousemen, which remained undisturbed till the death of the chief ruler awakened them, when they remembered how different were the views and opinions of the junior partner, who would now hold undisputed sway. For Mr. Golding was accustomed to rate his social inferiors by a very different scale. Each, in his eyes, had "a market value." That was his phase. A man might have served the firm well and faithfully for twenty or thirty years, but this, in Mr. Golding's estimation, gave him no claim to regard or consideration.

But, as almost always happens, there was one person with whom his rudeness of manner was veiled by courtesy, his asperity softened into mildness by the desire to please, and this person was the daughter of the late partner, and consequently his cousin, Elinor Cragsby.

For some years Mr. Golding had cherished in his inmost heart—or, perhaps, it would be better to say mind than heart—a liking for his fair relative, and had set himself to gain her favorable regard. As yet, however, he had not achieved any marked success, but he was of a dogged, persevering nature, and did not despair. The match would be a very advantageous one, for Elinor was, by her father's death, placed in possession of a considerable fortune, which would be of use in extending and improving the business.

"For," as Mr. Golding was wont to say to a few friends, "Cragsby was good fellow enough, but slow and old fashioned—couldn't keep pace with the age." And now that the game was in his own hands he began to launch out more boldly. But to do this required capital, and this, if he could but win his cousin's regard, was ready to his hand. Elinor's personal attractions, which had at first captivated him, would have been almost sufficient to induce him to seek the alliance, but Elinor's wealth was irresistible.

II.

"Renshaw, the governor wants you," said one of the seniors to a young man who, bending over his desk, appeared so intent upon his occupation that the other had to repeat the words, and in a louder key, before any notice was taken.

Then Gilbert Renshaw, with a brief, "Thank you Brown," put his work carefully in his desk, and, locking it, turned and walked quietly across the office to the private room. Mr. Brown looked after him.

"He's a queer one," he soliloquized. "He's been here four or five years, and he takes things as coolly as if he had been here all his life—more coolly, in fact. Half of us would have gone to Golding full pelt, but not he; catch him hurrying. I can't make him out," and, with this candid admission, Mr. Brown turned his attention to his letter-writing.

Meanwhile Gilbert Renshaw had entered the private room where Mr. Golding sat alone.

"You have kept me waiting, Mr. Renshaw."

"I regret to hear it, sir," was the quiet reply.

The chief shifted in his chair and looked up at the young man. Of all his clerks, apart from the important question of the "market value," Gilbert Renshaw was the one he most disliked.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Renshaw," resumed the chief, "to point out an error of yours in these papers—an error which might have involved grave consequences."

Gilbert Renshaw bowed, but said nothing. The error thus magnified into so much importance, was in reality a trifling oversight, and was for the most part the fault of a junior. This, probably, Mr. Golding well knew, but as the papers would come before Renshaw for revision, he chose to assume that the entire blame rested with him. The young man was at once too high-minded and kind-hearted to exculpate himself by accusing his junior, and in a few words expressed his regret.

"It must not occur again, Mr. Renshaw."

Gilbert bowed, but made no reply, and then, after taking his principal's directions, left the room.

Mr. Golding looked after him with an annoyed expression on his face.

"If I catch you tripping again," he muttered to himself, "you shall suffer for it, my friend."

But the days went by, and for a time his vindictiveness remained without an opportunity to exercise itself.

He was shrewd enough, however, to wait his opportunity. And that was not long in coming. One Saturday afternoon he happened to want Gilbert for some purpose, and sent for him. The young man could nowhere be found. Mr. Golding glanced at the clock and frowned angrily.

It was just ten minutes to the time at which, their work being done, the clerks were entitled to leave. Some were already closing their desks and making preparations for their departure, but the sudden appearance of the chief in the outer office galvanized them into renewed activity. A kind-hearted senior in the meantime surreptiously dispatched an office boy to the restaurant which Gilbert generally frequented, but the well-meant effort was fruitless.

Mr. Golding walked across the office to the farther window, which, the house being a corner one, commanded the length of the street, and stood looking out. Suddenly he uttered a slight exclamation, which drew all eyes, with glances more or less furtive, to the window. There, at some little distance, quietly strolling along, was Gilbert Renshaw. Unconscious of those watching him, he paused at the corner, looked at his watch, and, after a moment's hesitation, as if uncertain what course to pursue, turned into a side street and disappeared.

III.

Monday morning came, and to the amazement of each and all Mr. Golding was the first at the office. The juniors, who were naturally among the earliest, were warned by the housekeeper in a mysterious whisper that "the governor was there." A greater degree of order and silence reigned that morning than was usual. One by one, as the clerks came in, the various posts were taken up. By the senior clerk's desk stood Mr. Golding, a hard, pitiless expression on his face. The clock was just chiming nine, when the door swung open, and Gilbert Renshaw walked in. He glanced round, evidently rather surprised at seeing Mr. Golding, and then walked toward his desk. Ere he had walked three steps the principal's voice checked him

"You need not trouble to open your desk, Mr. Renshaw."

Gilbert turned round, still more surprised at this intimation.

Mr. Golding walked across the office, and the two men stood facing each other. One glance at the stern face, those cold, keen eyes before him, and Gilbert saw the other's purpose in a moment.

Every one in the office looked on, either stealthily or openly, with increasing interest, and every one was puzzled by the way in which the young man maintained his air of easy indifference. But Mr. Golden gave but little time for speculation.

"You left before the time on Saturday, Mr. Renshaw."

"About ten minutes before 2 o'clock," answered the other.

"And your reason for doing so?"

"My work was finished, and I had an important engagement."

"Indeed!" sneered his employer. "But I do not allow any of my clerks to keep important engagements till the office is closed, and as you have thought fit to leave at your own time, you will not be surprised if I inform you that I shall not need your services any longer. This is the amount due to you," and Mr. Golding held out a slip of paper, but Gilbert made no movement to take it.

"I understand you," Mr. Golding, and I am as ready to leave your service as you are to require me to do so. Technically you are in the right. I therefore apologize for having deprived you of ten minutes on Saturday. My presence, doubtless, is not very agreeable to you, but we may meet again before long; should such an event happen you will please understand that the interview will not be of my seeking. Good-day, gentlemen," and with a comprehensive glance and bow to the amazed onlookers the young man turned and quitted the office, leaving his employer standing, as much astonished as any, with the unheeded check still between his fingers.

IV.

Elinor Cragsby sat with her friend and companion dreamily gazing into the fire. After a while the elder lady looked up from the book she was reading.

"A penny for your thoughts, Nell!"

The girl started at the voice, and the words had to be repeated before she seemed to understand them.

"I'm not sure," she said meditatively, "that they are worth the sum."

"Then," said her friend with a smile, "without wishing to be uncomplimentary to the subject of them, I think I can guess their direction."

"I wish I could make him see how useless it is," the girl broke out, apparently irrelevantly."

"He doesn't wish to see that," said her companion. "As I have often told you, it appears to me that he has deliberately resolved to succeed in the attempt to win your regard, and he is not a man of fine feelings. Nothing short of absolute discourtesy or rudeness would repel him, unless, indeed, it were the presence of a successful rival," she added in a lower and meaning tone.

There was something in the last sentence that brought a flush to Elinor Cragsby's face. She rose from her seat, and, moving toward the window, stood looking out. Suddenly she uttered an exclamation of annoyance. Her friend looked up.

"Here he is!" said Elinor, as if in answer to the look.

A smile played for a moment round Mrs. Seaforth's lips, then vanished.

"Shall I leave you?" she said, half rising.

"No—on no account," and Elinor, smiling herself in spite of her vexation, recrossed the room and with gentle force pushed the elder lady into her seat again and then resumed her own. Scarcely had she done so when the servant announced "Mr. Golding," and then that gentleman entered, all bows and smiles.

"Ellen," he said, attempting to take her hand, "you must know how long and how devotedly I have been attached to you, how I have longed for the hour that should enable me to approach you and offer myself as a suitor to your hand."

He paused to note the effect of this declaration, which, in reality, he had carefully prepared before he reached the house that evening. But he learned nothing from the contemplation of the face before him. It was slightly averted, as was natural, but in no wise did its fair owner seem discomposed. Mr. Golding began to feel a little uneasy, and a new idea for the first time flashed upon his mind. Could there be another? It seemed too absurd, but it would not be dismissed. He rose from his chair and bent over her for a last appeal.

"Can it be?" he murmured half reproachfully. "Have I a rival?"

As the words left her lips the room door opened and a voice announced "Mr. Renshaw." At the sound Mr. Golding, with a sudden start, faced round, and, to his utter astonishment, beheld before him, smiling courteously, and with outstretched hand, the man whom he had even spoken of contemptuously to Elinor herself as "one of my clerks."

"A friend of yours?" he said, interrogatively, but in a tone that sounded strange in his own ears, and caused the other three to look curiously at him.

The girl blushed, smiled, but did not answer, and Mrs. Seaforth, who had risen and approached them, came to her rescue.

Mr. Renshaw was a friend of Mr. Cragsby's, and is still a friend of ours."

"Mr. Renshaw," said the other, probably has good reasons for his friendship. Fortune hunters usually have."

Gilbert Renshaw took a step forward.

"That is true, as a general statement, Mr. Golding," he said, with all his former easy indifference, "but it is not true, if you will allow me to say so, in this particular instance. I, personally, am not a fortune hunter. Perhaps you know some one who may better deserve the name?"

"You were my clerk," said Golding, with a bitter sneer; "what are you now?"

"I will tell you," replied the other in the same unruffled tone. "As you rightly said, I was your clerk, and it came about in this way. At my father's death, the property to which I succeeded was somewhat incumbered. Your late partner was an old friend of ours, and he suggested that I should obtain a situation for some few years, leaving the property thus to clear itself by applying the income to the extinction of the debt. To simplify matters he offered me a position in his own office at a good salary, stipulating that nothing should be said or known of his long friendship with our family, lest it should be thought that he might favor me. I [accepted the post. In a few years, as we planned, my property was unincumbered, and your sudden dismissal of me simply anticipated my own resignation by two or three weeks. You see, Mr. Golding, while I will give you full credit for having intended to injure me, I can very readily treat with indifference a course of action that has ended in failure."

As Gilbert ceased speaking he glanced meaningly at Elinor, who, with Mrs. Seaford, had stood quietly by. It was evidently no news to them, and Mr. Golding, as his gaze traveled from one face to another, saw that his efforts had been in vain, and that success was hopeless.

But the whole matter was so utterly unexpected that for a moment he felt that it could not be really true. He turned to Elinor:

"You knew all this, it seems?"

"Yes," she said, but speaking in so low a tone that he could scarcely catch the words: "I knew of all; but it was my father's wish that the matter should not be mentioned. That, of course was sufficient. You would, however, have known it before long, for—for—"

She hesitated and cast an appealing glance at Gilbert.

"We are to be married shortly," said that gentleman, promptly completing the sentence.

The blushing face, the downcast eyes beside him confirmed the statement, if, indeed, confirmation was needed. Mr. Golding waited to hear no more, but turning short on his heel with a muttered execration, left the room and the house.—*Household Words.*

TO LAWRENCE BARRETT.

The Seer of that chanted art our nature craves
To limn in light enshrouded days and men,
To echo deeds from dim Nirvana's caves—
Lift to new fame oblivion-merging graves—
Vest their dead themes with vivid life again;
Hispanian, Moor, Venetian, sweep along—
Speak in your fire—your histrion pulsing own—
The Dane tells dreamily his brooding wrong.
The hate-wrought Roman hisses in the throng—
Loved Man O'Airle croons his lullaby alone.

—*Henry O'Meara.*

ABOUT WOMEN.

A CLAIRVOYANT of Butte, Mont., has brought a $15,000 suit against the city because she twisted her ankle in a hole in the sidewalk. The authorities reply that if she is a professional seer she ought to have seen the hole, but that she will never see the $15,000.

AN intelligent lady, whose residence had been destroyed by fire, remarked that the destruction of her home did not disturb her so much as seeing the condition of the things that were saved. Some of the victims of the flood have doubtless undergone a similar experience.—*Providence Journal.*

SOME Bronte relics were recently sold at Saltaire. A water color by Charlotte of her dog "Fless" fetched $27 50; a crayon landscape, $25; a letter of Charlotte to Martha Brown, $26; a pair of Charlotte's worn-out shoes, $7; one of her calico gowns, $4; her "wedding-shawl," $24, and a worn-out corset, $2. Talk of hero-worship!

PROF. MARIA MITCHELL of Vassar College is so much in favor of out-door employment for women that she advises them to take up land surveying for a business. This would be rough work enough in some cases, but in such work as landscape gardening, village improvement, the care of public parks, etc., why might not the superior esthetic taste of woman be employed to advantage?—*Springfield Union.*

THE will of Commodore Hayward, U. S. N., who died recently in Egypt, provides for the cremation of his body, and adds: "I desire that my ashes be placed in a suitable urn of copper in her (his wife's) grave at her feet. If it were possible, I should insist that they be placed inside her coffin, in which case I should not wish them to be enclosed, but that they be strewn over whatever may remain of her precious body."

MISS MARY THOMPSON, an English authoress, who came to America in December, 1884, with letters from Earl Granville, John Bright and others, to John Sherman, Justice Field, Ex-Secretary Lincoln and the British representatives, has begun suit for $15,000 damages against a Catskill hotel-keeper. Miss Thompson alleges forcible ejection from the hotel last summer and defamatory talk by the defendant after she had gone.

THE Boston *Transcript* says that old and shabby clothes are fashionable in certain suburbs of Boston. And it tells of a near-by town which doesn't contain a single Worth gown, or more than one silk hat to every nineteen adult males. "In this austere place," it adds, "no dude would be able to breathe, and any young woman who appeared at all squeamish about her bonnets would be set down at once as incapable of appreciating the symphony concerts, if not actually deficient in her Emerson. * * * The studied shabbiness of the modern Bostonian is little better than insolence."

THE unkindest cut of all is not always the cut of the dressmaker. It is the cut after the garment has been fitted. "Why, Cicely, my dear," said her friend, with all the exuberance of a breezy winter morning, "I'm so glad to see you, and you have your new costume, too."

"Why, yes. How do you like it?"

"The goods are real pretty, but what possessed any dressmaker to put such a style as that on your peculiar form—?"

"Peculiar form? You are not in good form to speak of such things."

That ended that matinee.—*Hartford Post.*

"PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is one of the most bashful men I ever saw in the presence of ladies. The other day I called upon him with a lady friend. Our visit was partially on business and partially to be social. When the President received us he was very graceful and composed, but the moment he discovered that we intended to delay and talk, O, but how he blushed and how confused he became! I was sorry for him and we soon got away." A very handsome widow, vivacious and young, from one of the best Southern families, spoke the above recently to the Washington correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*. "At first the President didn't ask us to sit down," continued the lady, "and we began to get red behind the ears; but finally he recovered, and he was as courteous as a Frenchman. Any one could have seen, though, that the President was all the time wishing we would leave. He doesn't seem to know what to say to the ladies. O, but what a lover he would make."

THE MILLIONAIRE TRAMP.

NO NEW LIGHT ON THE PAINE MYSTERY.

Was He a Man of Great Wealth or a Pauper—His Miserable Death.

NEW YORK, February 20.—The *Times* this morning publishes the following from Boston: The *Traveller* last night said: Further inquiry to-day concerning James H. Paine substantiates the statements published, and it is said, in spite of Mr. Robert Treat Paine's denial, that the statements made in yesterday's article are strictly true, though by no means all the truth. The reference has been made to the ownership of stock in the Chicago Land Company. Paine collected his dividends on the stock regularly up to June 16, 1883. Since that time the representatives of the company have not been able to reach him, and there has accumulated in their hands and still stands to his credit on the books of the company, dividends to him or his heirs amounting to $8,963, and the stock owned by him or standing in his name at the time of his death is worth from $40,000 to $50,000. The company has been desirous for some time of closing up its affairs, but has been unable to do so because of its inability to find him. All the trace that could be found of him in New York was the agency through the medium of which he received his letters, containing checks for his dividends, and the company was at last forced to obtain the appointment of a receiver by the courts for the purpose of closing out its business. Another incident illustrative of Paine's business methods was learned to-day concerning his connection with the Chicago and Northwestern Road. He owned its securities to so large an amount as to make his methods of managing them exceedingly troublesome to the company, and it was forced to buy these of him almost at his own price in order to rid itself of his interference. Instances of this kind could be multiplied. The question as to what has become of his great wealth is still unsolved and much of mystery hangs about his wretchedly obscure existence during the latter part of his life.

JAMES HENRY PAINE

died at the age of eighty-three years in the garret of a lodging house at No. 177 Bleecker street, on December 23d, amid surroundings and under circumstances that indicated abject poverty. On December 15th, when crossing Broadway near the City Hall, the old man was knocked down by a truck and had his leg broken. He was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. After having his leg set he insisted on going to his room, and was carried there the next morning. During the week that he lay there Dr. J. Robert Embry, of No. 56 West Fourth street, called to offer his services. The old man said he could not afford a doctor and did not need one. Landlord Lues and his wife looked in occasionally upon the sick man, and gave him food and whatever he asked. On the evening of December 23d, when Mr. Luer went to the garret, he found the old man dead. Then the garret room was made ready for the next lodger, and the old man's papers were turned over to the public administrator. Of the hundreds of people who were attracted in one way or another to Mr. Paine for thirty years, not one would have supposed from his appearance that money and he bore the most remote relation. He lived for that period in this city, a mystery to all who knew him. He was a familiar figure around Union Square, at places of amusement, and was known quite generally among musicians and actors. He dressed like a tramp, wearing in summer and winter alike a tattered overcoat, worn-out shoes over the feet, and trousers through which sometimes the flesh could be seen. No one ever knew how or where he lived, except that there were resorts that he visited where he could pick up a mouthful of food without paying for it. He was

A MAN OF UNCOMMON INTELLECT;

he could talk with grace and fluency. About eight years ago John L. Drummond, the broker, then chief clerk with the banking house of Boody, McLellan & Co., noticed on several visits to Dingwall's restaurant, No. 832 Broadway, that Mr. Paine was always there. Mr. Drummond made inquiries about him, and then told a story that set the actors and artists by the ears. He said that a year or two before, Mr. Paine one day visited the office of Boody, McLellan & Co., and when one of the clerks was about to show him the door, thinking him a beggar, Mr. Boody came out of his office, greeted Mr. Paine effusively, and invited him within. There were several long conferences on that and ensuing days, culminating as Mr. Drummond remembers in directions to himself from the head of the firm to draw a check for Mr. Paine for $324,000. Mr. Paine took the check to a bank, got cash for it, and trudged off with the cash in a paper bundle, which he hugged to his breast under his overcoat. After the relation of this incident Mr. Paine was known at Dingwall's as the "Millionaire Tramp." Besides being a fine musical critic, Mr. Paine was considered an expert in real estate, stocks and billiards. Among his most intimate associates the one absorbing question is, did he leave $1,000,000 or $2,000,000 in hard cash, or only $100, and if he left the million, where is it?

RECOMPENSE.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

(*Inscribed to Secretary Bayard in his bereavement.*)

The scythe of Death has cleft his hopes in twain,
And mowed his field of love till all seems bare;
Yet less reveals an aftermath of gain;
Grief holds a benediction unaware.

Of late, Distrust and Envy dogged his way,
Cold Misconstruction watched his course apart;
All sordid Passions stand rebuked to-day
Before the pathos of a broken heart.

While other hearts are softened by his pain,
On Death's dark background Sympathy grows clear;
The chaff of loss may hide some golden grain,
And grief enfold a blessing—unaware.

"CORSE HILL," GEORGIA.

—*New York Independent.*

The Dance of Death.

Philadelphia *Record:* A doctor told me the other day of the case of a young woman who is one of the dancers in *Adonis*. She appears in tights, as do all the dancers in that play. These tights are pulled on with the greatest care, so as not to show a wrinkle, and are held in place by a narrow leather belt, which is strapped around the waist next to the skin, and pulled so tight that the girl is almost cut in two. She cannot do the pulling herself; it has to be done by another person; and when it is so tight that she is ready to drop the tights are tucked under it, and thus kept in position. Then she dresses and goes upon the stage and dances. The consequence is she has a terrible internal disease which can never be cured while she is playing this part, and she cannot afford to stop playing it, for she is the bread-winner for a large family. The doctor argued with her on the subject, and said that if she kept on she would kill herself, and then the family would have no one to work for them, and would not have the money to bury her with. She admitted the truth of what he said, but added that all the other girls were in the same condition, and that they had to take their chances. She might not die if she went on dancing, and she certainly would starve if she stopped. It is not only the girls who dance in *Adonis*, but the girls who dance anywhere, who have a very hard time of it, for there seems to be no other way of holding up the tights than this process of strapping. They might be fastened over the shoulders in some way, but then, as the girls have to wear the necks of their dresses low, that is impossible.

A STATEMENT

Of Facts for the Publi to Consider.

ATLANTA, GA., January 21, 1888.

Emerging from a severe and long spell of typhoid fever, I discovered that the fever had settled in my right leg, which caused it to swell to an enormous size, remaining so quite three years, resisting all treatment. A small ulcer finally made its appearance a little above the ankle, which refused to heal to any and all external application and the use of the most noted blood poison remedies.

The ulcer continued to enlarge, frequently discharging, perhaps, as much as a cupful of pus or matter per day. The size of the ulcer was about two inches in diameter, extending to a depth near the bone. At one time it appeared that the flesh in all contiguous parts would surely become a running sore, as its peculiarly flabby, spotted and unhealthy condition clearly indicated, and it was intimated that I might lose my leg. My condition becoming so critical, and the ulcer enlarging so rapidly, we sent for Dr. J. P. Dromgoole, who made a thorough examination, and said that the flesh on my leg for six inches around the sore would soon slough off if not remedied; that I must have my leg bandaged daily and commence the use of B. B. B.

I acted according to his instructions, and after using the second bottle the ulcer looked fresh and healthy and commenced healing. I continued the use of B. B. B., and to the great astonishment and satisfaction of myself and friends, the ulcer continued to heal rapidly and is now entirely well, and I am attending to my business at W. H. Brotherton's store. I do not hesitate to recommend B.B.B. as a wonderful, speedy and effectual blood purifier, far superior to anything else I ever used.

I refer to W. H. Brotherton, W. B. Cone, Maj. D. A. Cook, Dr. Park, Dr. J. L. Pinson and others of Atlanta. W. M. CHESHIRE.

FOR COUGHS AND CROUP USE
TAYLOR'S
CHEROKEE REMEDY
OF SWEET GUM
MULLEIN.

The sweet gum, as gathered from a tree of the same name, growing along the small streams in the Southern States, contains a stimulating expectorant principle that loosens the phlegm producing the early morning cough, and stimulates the child to throw off the false membrane in croup and whooping-cough. When combined with the healing mucilaginous principle in the mullein plant of the old fields, presents in TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY OF SWEET GUM AND MULLEIN the finest known remedy for Coughs, Croup, Whooping-Cough and Consumption; and so palatable, any child is pleased to take it. Ask your Druggist for it. Price, 25c. and $1. WALTER A. TAYLOR, Atlanta, Ga.

Use DR. BIGGERS' HUCKLEBERRY CORDIAL for Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Children Teething. For sale by Druggists.

Dropsy Treated Free!

DR. H. H. GREEN,

No. 55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.,

A SPECIALIST FOR ELEVEN YEARS PAST,

Has treated Dropsy and its complications with the most wonderful success; uses vegetable remedies, entirely harmless. Removes all symptoms of Dropsy in eight to twenty days.

Cures patients pronounced hopeless by the best of physicians.

From the first dose the symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed.

Some may cry humbug without knowing anything about it. Remember, it does not cost you anything to realize the merits of my treatment for yourself. In ten days the difficulty of breathing is relieved, the pulse made regular, the urinary organs made to discharge their full duty, sleep is restored, the swelling all or nearly gone, the strength increased, and appetite made good. I am constantly curing cases of long standing, cases that have been tapped a number of times, and the patient declared unable to live a week. Send for 10 days treatment; directions and terms free. Give full history of case. Name sex, how long afflicted, how badly swollen and where, is bowels costive, have legs bursted and dripped water. Send for free pamphlet containing testimonials, questions, etc.

Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. Epilepsy fits positively cured.

H. H. GREEN, M.D.,
55 Jones Avenue, Atlanta, Ga.
State this paper.

Notice of Dissolution.

THE firm of R. E. LEE & CO., composed of R. E. Lee and John Reid, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. John Reid retiring from the business. The business of said firm will be continued under the same name by Mr. R. E. Lee, who succeeds to the same, and assumes all liabilities and is authorized to collect all debts due said late firm.

JOHN REID.
Memphis, Feb. 17, 1886. R. E. LEE.

ALABAMA SPLINT COAL!

PATTON MINES.

Orders for this Coal, in large or small quantities, filled by

P. M. PATTERSON & CO., 190 Jefferson st.

Telephone 559.

ESTALISHED 1864.

Sternberg & Son,

(SUCCESSORS TO STERNBERG & LEE)

WHOLESALE

TOBACCO, CIGARS & PIPES,

336 Front St., Cor. Union, Memphis, Tenn.

OFFICE OF JOHN MANOGUE, MEMPHIS, TENN., February 16, 1886.

I have this day agreed with

THE LIVERMORE FOUNDRY & MACHINE COMPANY

for the sale of my entire stock of Wrought Iron, Nuts, Washers and Heavy Hardware, the same to take effect March 1, 1886. In retiring from the business in this city, I desire to return thanks to my friends and customers for their liberal patronage during a period of twenty years, and also to assure them that the business will be turned over to a reliable and responsible parties whom I have known intimately for many years. I can safely assure my friends and customers that their orders, under the new management, will have the best care and attention, and I ask for your continued patronage. JOHN MANOGUE.

Referring to above very flattering notice, we take pleasure in announcing the following organization and management for this additional Department—the same to take effect March 1, 1886:

A. S. LIVERMORE, President. H. A. TATUM, Sec'y and Treas.

The Livermore Foundry & Machine Co.

Iron & Railway Supply Department

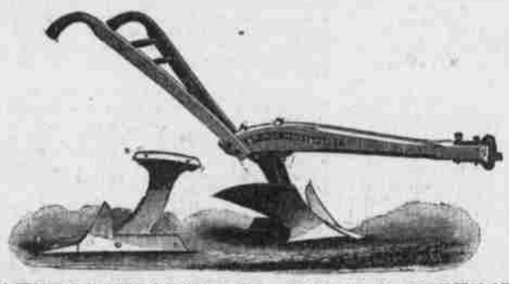
226 and 228 Second Street, Memphis, Tenn.,

Dealers in BAR, BAND AND HOOP IRON, Boiler, Firebed and Sheet Iron, Nuts, Washers, Rivets, Nails, Heavy Hardware and

Railroad Supplies.

In connection with our Foundry and Machine Department, 160 to 174 Adams street, we believe we are in the best position to supply any and all demands for every character of Wrought or Cast Ironwork, Machinery, Heavy Hardware and Railway Supplies. Your orders solicited, and we promise our best attention.

BRINLY LAND SIDE CUTTER PLOWS.



AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS & FERTILIZERS.

R. G. CRAIG & CO., 37-39 Union, Memphis

N. Gavin. John S. Sullivan. Thos. Clark. S. J. Clark

M. GAVIN AND CO.

Wholesale Grocers, Cotton Factors

And Commission Merchants,

232 and 234 Front St., Memphis, Tenn.

BETWEEN ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

Mr. LIN. RAINEY devotes his whole time to the weighing and sale of all Cotton entrusted to our charge. Cotton Warehouse, 95 Washington street.

Chickasaw Ironworks

JOHN E. RANDLE & CO., PROPR'S,

98 Second St. Memphis, Tenn.

FOUNDERS & MACHINISTS,

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Engines, Boilers, Sawmills, Bradford Corn and Wheat Mills, Cotton Press, Cotton Gins, Shafting, Pulleys, &c.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We are prepared to fill orders, on short notice, for the celebrated Medart Patent Wrought Iron Pulley. We carry in stock over Two Hundred Assorted Sizes.

Send for Catalogue and Price-list.

CHESS-CARLEY COMPANY,

Oils & Naval Stores

Office, 349 Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

LARGEST BREWERY IN AMERICA.

Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

MEMPHIS BRANCH, } Office and Bottling Works, 8 & 10 Union Depot and Icehouse, cor. Main & Auction

S. ROESCHER, Agent, Memphis, Tenn.

Sales in 1882, 290,000 Barrels.....Sales of Memphis Branch, 100,000 Kegs
Sales in 1884, 350,000 Barrels.

A. M. BOYD & SONS,

COTTON FACTORS,

264 Front St., cor. Court, Memphis, Tenn

MOTES!

Will pay Good Prices for MOTES, GIN FALLS and TRASHY COTTON of all descriptions. Send for Circular and Prices Paid.

N. W. SPEERS, Jr.

75 Vance Street, Memphis, Tenn.

J. T. FARGASON. J. A. HUNT. C. C. HEIN. R. A. PARKER. E. L. WOODSON

J. T. FARGASON & CO.

Wholesale Grocers & Cotton Factors,

369 Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Cotton consigned to us will have our careful attention. We carry at all times a well-selected stock of

Staple & Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Tobacco & Cigars,

And will sell as Low as the Lowest.

DILLARD & COFFIN,

COTTON FACTORS,

Memphis, Tenn.

Cash Advances to Merchants and Planters.