which your childhood nestled.

bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them wagging their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stars in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden wall, the sweat from his brow, may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother, who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may with the vicessitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the vailey, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father; thank God for a Christian mother; thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught the second of the control of to kneel; thank God for an early Christian

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and usight and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in from destruction, your life became the subject of mutual Perhaps your la consultation and advisement. You were so happy you selt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dweiling and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them—a gen to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it; eternal ages of light and darkness water-

You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered, prayed and rejoiced, and wept and wondered; you were carnest in supa double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should struck through with the fact that you had

home as much to you as it used to be? Have these anticipations been gratified? Have these anticipations been gratified? Have these anticipations been gratified? Which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become niscence, and let His mercy fall upon your silent forever, and now sometimes, when permanent cure. The searching power of plant the seed. You will hardly see a soul if your kindness has been ill requited. ever in sudden annoyance and without God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other that in that home they were unfaithful? family relic, his memory embalaned in tion of health.

Are there any who wandered off from that grateful hearts, is taken away forever. early home, and left the mother to die with a broken heart? Oh, I stir that reminiscence today.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you couldn't sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to throb through your banking-house, or through your office, or through your shop, or your bedroom, and that word was "Eternity." You said, "I am not ready for it. O God, have mercy," The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the

who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the nisle; you remember the old people who, at the close of the service, took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal;" and though those hands are all withered away, that Communion Sabiath is resurrected this morning, it is resurrected with all its prayers, and songs, and tears, and sermons, and transfiguration, Have you kept those yows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start today as you started then. I rouse your soul by that

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your I just put them all in one great sheaf and I wrap them up in your memory with loud harvest song, such as the respers sing. Pruse the Lord, ye blood bought immortals of earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven!

But some of you have not always had a nooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You fire a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life; but how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two, the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the distance, you unconsciously find yourself keeping step to the music, so when you started life your very life was a musical time-beat. The air was

the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a stern voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was like an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by troubles, nor had siekness broken it, and no lamb had you would have allowed them to depart if a warmer sheepfold than the home in you could only have kept that one treas-

Perhaps you were brought up in the But one day there arose from the heavens ountry. You stand now today in mema a chill blast that swept over the bedroom, But one day there arose from the heavens country. You stand now today in mem-ory under the old tree. You clubbed it and instantly all the light went out, and for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters in the barn, and take just one egg, and silence your conscience by saving they won't miss it. conscience by saying they won't miss it. And as you have sometimes lifted the You take a drink again out of the very bead of a wounded soldier, and poured wine into his lips, so God put his left arm under yourhead and with his right hand he poured into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your grass, or in the rag-carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there was the broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, breath of new-mown hay or the blossom Father, for so it seemeth good in thy

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. Von have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since In the jar of the closing gate of the sepul-cher you heard the clanging of the openand the forget-me-nots playing hide-andseek mid the long grass. The father, who
used to come in sunburnt from the fields
and sit down on the door sill and wipe

that stood sentines along the garden wall,
ling gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have
been purer of mind eyer since that night
when the little one for the last time put when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said:

"Good night, papa; good night, manma. Meet me in heaven." But I must come on down to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was your, would God it were night, were your frequent cry. But you are better, and perhaps even well. Have you thanked that God today you can come out in the fresh air, that you are in this place to hear God's name, to sing God's praise, and implore God's help, and to ask God's for-giveness? Bless the Lord, who healeth dl our diseases, and redoemeth our lives

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial ment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occusation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands to seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship in which Paul sailed, where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indersement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire, or storm, or a senseless panic, you ing the starting out of a newly created have been flung headlong, and where you creature. have hard work to make two ends me

Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity, and that through your trials some of you have made invest-ments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded, and the plication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a burning world? Have you, smid all a tremor in your earnestness. There was your losses and discouragements forgot that there was bread on your table this morning, and that there shall be a shelter stay there and be faithful, and when in a for your head from the storm, and there is few mouths your house was filled with the air for your langs, and blood for your music of the child's laughter, you were heart, and light for your eye, and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for

Have you kept that yow? Have you refuge as trouble was a becave required any of these duties? Is your ment. That heart which in childhood former attacks. Several of my friends deliberation you say "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother," or the father, with voice mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pangs of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sal sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart. Are there any here who remember

Or, there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving your heart an old ruin, where the chill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. Going along your path in life, suddenly, right before you was an open grave. People looked down and they saw it was only a lew feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern down which went all your hopes and all your expectations.

hill and the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees halled you with gladness; you came into the house of God.

You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who censecrated it, and you remember the old minister who censecrated it, and you remember the old minister who censecrated it, and you remember the old minister who censecrated it, and you remember the old minister who censecrated it. greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals. Blessed the importanate cry that Jesus compas-sionates. Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away

I was sailing down the St. John River, Canada, which is the Rhine and the Hudson commingled in one scene of beauty and grandeur, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said: "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provlnces of New Brunswick and Nova

"What," said I, "do you mean by in-terval land?" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year; spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with the water, and the water leaves a rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs np, and there is the grandest harvest that was ever reaped." And I instantly thought: "It is not the hights of the church and it is not the hights of this world that is the scene of the greatest prosperity, but the soul over which the floods of sorrow have gone, the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way, that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness, and the largest harvest for time, and the richest harvest Blem God that your soul for eternity."

is interval land. But those reminiscences reach only to If was a musical time-beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity; with the bright, clear oar you made the boat skip; you went on, and life grew brighter, until after a while suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt" and quick as the sunshine you haited; you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it can't be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked around about the cradic. You did not hear the tread; but after swhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have this morning. There will yet be one more

sleep for an hour, and woke amid the

sleep for an hour, and woke aims the songs of angels.

I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the Apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants: "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said: "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the Apostle was: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth fight, I have kept the sith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of right-eousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Cresar died amid appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our last hour may be the closing of a use-ful life, and the opening of a glorious

"On, MY BACK!" is a common exclamation, and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises from such various causes. Kidney disease, liver complaint, wasting affections, colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork and nervous debility are chief causes. When thus ailing seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood rich and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many, and if you are a sufferer, try it. if you are a sufferer, try it.

Taylor's Retirement.

secial Dispatch to The Appeal.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 5.—Gov. Taylor, in an interview with a reporter today, said: "The truth is, I-shall retire from polities at the expiration of my present term of office, and I do not intend to again seek promotion in the Third or any other Congressional District. I intend to lorever quit politics and devote myself to making a living for my family,"

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

Scovel Loses His Voice. CLEVELAND, O., May 5 .- Edward Scovel, leading tenor of the Boston Ideal Opera Company, has cancelled his engagement and gone East. He was to have appeared last night, but the announcement was made from the opera-house stage that he was afflicted with "total extinction of

the voice." For Sick Headache USE HORSFORD'S ACID PROSPITATE. Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Springs, Ga., says:
"I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

George Dunnaway's Proposition.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 5 .- It is reported that George Dunnaway, the notorious Rutherford County murderer and rapist, contemplates giving himself up to the authorities for \$500.

Whether on pleasure bent or business, should take on every trip a battle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effect-ually on the kidneys, liver and bowels; preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Joe Banks's Second Trial.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 5 .- The second trial of J. R. Banks, the murderer of John J. Littleton, has been set for June 17.

An Editor's Experience.

Maj. Sidney Herbert, a well-known journalist in agricultural circles, writes, April 18, 1889. Some five years ago I wrote letter stating that Swift's Specific had cured me of severe rheumatism. Since that time I have had no return of the rhenmatic troubles, although frequently this medicine is shown in the fact that it developed a scrofulous taint that was conspicuous in my blood over thirty years go, and has removed the last trace of it.

Sinkey Herment, Atlanta, Ga, Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

The Union Central Life Insurance Com

Madison street, next door to the Analonch office. This Company is a solid and firstclass one, with nearly \$5,000,000 of assets and \$700,000 surplus; has the most liberal terms, and writes Endowment Policies at Life rates with the extending features, Also has the cash loan feature on its policies. Those desiring simply protection need not hunt mutual or assessment com-panies, for they can insure with Union Old Line Companies or first-class Assessments. Before insuring call at their office and investigate their Life Rate Endow-ment and other forms of policies. Mr. D. L. Murrell, of Jackson, is the General Agent, and will take pleasure in showing the different plans.

Mr. T. B. Fortune, Memphis, Tenn.: The spectacles I got from you (Mr. A. K. Hawkes' Crystalized Lenses) approach nearer perfection than anything I have yet found. Perfectly clear, they afford great ease to the eye in reading or writing. I find no trouble in reading the finest print without any pain to the eye. Mr. Hawkes is surely a great benefactor to the spectacle-wearing public. Yours, cordially, J. M. Spence,

Pastor Hernando Street M. E. Church South, Meruphis, Tenn., March 22, 1889. Depot for these famous glasses No. 381 Main street.

The Prospect Park & Belt Dummy Line will begin running regular trains to Pros-pect Park today. Trains will leave Second and Gayoso streets about every hour and forty minutes and pass within a short dis-

Special Notice,

We take this method of notitying the public that we have this day sold to Mr. W. A. Faires our sale and feed stable outfit, and cordially recommend him to

CUBA'S CONDITION.

TE OF COLITICS AND AGRI-CULTURE IN THE ISLAND.

The Country's Crops and Hopes-Tobacco and Sugar Might Be Better Cultivated-Home Rule Desired by the People.

Havana Correspondence of the New York Herald,
Where to begin this subject, so often
written about off and on since 1492, is puzzling. Pen sketches of the island as it is show the salieut traits of its people, with the drift of their politics-these will be the aim of Juan Soldado in this and subse-

Not more than one-eighth part of the surface of Cuba is cultivated. The eastern third of the island is more sparsely populated than the rest. This part is hilly and mountainous, well watered, good harbors on both the north and south coasts. The bottom lands, bordering on numerous rivers, have a soil that produces abundant crops of sugar cane. Further west, on the south coast, are extensive swamps, but the arable land is well suited for cane. Through the center of the island are

large tracts of elevated table lands, with poor soil and fit only for grazing. On the north coast about Cardonas the surface is level, and here are to be found many sugar estates. West of Havana is the tobacco district, for the most part level-poor soil with a range of high hills near the north shore. The sell in the agricultural sections of Cuba is not rich; not comparable to that of Illinois prairies. The advantages, however, of a tropical climate, with the Gulf Stream and trade winds affecting this climate, make Cuba a fertile spot on the earth's surface. Tobacco grows and gives most valued crops on land that in New England would be considered only fair in quality and fertility. In Illinois, Indiana and Iowa the farmers would hardly till rolling upland such as in Cuba grows good, rich, large stalks of sugar cane.

USING THEIR GRANDFATHER'S PLOWS. Agricultural implements often are of the rudest kinds, particularly those used by small farmers. The old Pharoah plows that the reader has no doubt seen cuts of has its fellow here, and is much used-reason why, these people's forefathers used them. Hoes that would be cast aside as worthless by farm laborers at the North are preferred here, as overconfident Northern merchants sometimes find out when they sent a consignment of modern steel hoes to be sold in Cuba. Now, it is but fair to state that Northern plows do not give perfect satis-They are mostly from factories in the Atlantic States, and will not scour in this sticky soil as would plows modelled after those used on the Western prairies. Furthermore, the laborers lack intelligence-they never learned their trade, and try to plow just after tropical showers, when no plow would scour.

Cuban farmers are not industrious. They are in the way of work. Indolent habits with them are an inheritance. Figs, grapes, rice, all tropical and semi-tropical produc-tions can be grown on the island in pro-fusion and with but little labor. Still, no class of people live so poorly, so from hand to mouth, as Cuban farmers. The palm arnishes them nearly all they need for their houses. The trunk gives them boards that are almost everlasting. The smooth bark at the top of the tree from which the leaves grow and which loosens and falls ever month covers the cracks and forms divisions inside, and the leaves thatch the roofs. Dirt floors are the rule. No stoves are used for cooking. This is done over a fire on the ground in an out-house, or on top of a sort of box filled with earth to a avenient level.

Tobacco planters, or better said farmers, fruit tree about their places. Their farms are mostly rented, and they will tell you it pay to improve the owner's property, for then he would raise the rent. A forehanded tobacco farmer is a rare person in Cuba. The middle men and the cross roads grocer manage to make the noney that the tobacco raising affords. Oxen are used principally for farm work. The yoke is fastened to the horns and does not rest on the neck. Yokes on the necks of oxen in this hot climate would cause sores. Corn matures in forty days after planting, and two crops are gathered each year. But little hay is cut here, though arge quantities are imported for use in the cities. The present generation in Cuba will never learn to make hay while the Has opened an office in this city at No. 13 is used instead.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Sugar planting is farming on a large scale, devoting one's energies to one kind of a crop. Making sugar is quite a different occupation; and, on account of the ill-directed efforts of sugar estate owners to manage the two kinds of business by administrator or superintendent, the result in most cases is failure. Sugar cane panies, for they can insure with Union Central at cost rates, which are lower than Old Line Companies or first-class Assessments. Before insuring call at their office and investigate their Life Rate Endow. cut yearly for many years without relauting.

planting.

If on cutting the cane for griading you seave the stub too long and uncovered no more cane will grow from those roots in the following year. On cutting the cane laborers throw it in piles, to be loaded on earts hauled by mules or oxen. If this work is done just after a rain the cart wheels and feet of the oxen injure the small roots of the cane. The plants die and there must be a partial replanting, with a loss of part of the next season's crop. It is well to have the sugar-house well arranged as to machinery, etc., and complete for economical working, but uncomplete for economical working, but un-less you have the cane to grind you are less you have the cane to grind you are not going to get all the sugar you might, and here is where the trouble begins on sugar eatates in Cuba. No business in Cuba will pay better than raising sugar cane and making sugar at average prices for sugar, but to do this you must raise the cane and then know how to make the sugar—all to be done in season. Of this more anon. more anon.

The political situation, as is natural, absorbs attention here and in Spain. So many opposing forces work to gain their ends that the fattre is doubtful. Autonomists or home rulers in Cuba have as their ideal a government for the island similar to that of Canada and to those of other prosperous Engish colonies.

Cuban autosomists have as leaders able

W. A. Faires our sale and feed stable men and astute politicians, and these do not expect all this at one jump, but do hope to work up to it. They would accept a colonial government like that of the that I will conduct the above many ping stone to greater perfection, or even any other form, always provided that the right of the inhabitance to intervene effi-caciously in the management of their own affairs should be guaranteed. The home government of Spain since the close of the insurrection here has shown itself more willing to grant greater political liberty to

> DIAMONDS. MULFORD'S.

Cuba than to introduce reforms in the administration of public affairs or in the workings of the treasury or to root out existing evils known to all.

In the legislative halls of Madrid few have denounced existing corruption in Cuba with equal violence and force as the present Captain-General Salamanca, when as Senator he spoke in opposition to the colonial policy of Minister Balaguer. Autonomists do not lose heart or faint by the way. They believe that by legal agitation and by the parliamentary efforts of their representatives, they will get all they claim for Cuba. Just now they are disgusted with the proposed electoral reforms for Cuba and Porto Rico presented to the courts by Colonial Minister Becera, a project that tends to create unjust privileges in favor of the conservative element eges in favor of the conservative element— natives of the Spanish peninsula residing here—to the great prejudice of native Cu-

It seems Minister Becera attempted to insert a clause in the new suffrage law conceding to all Spaniards born in Spain and of age the right to vote in the Antilles, without exacting of them a property qual-ification. Another article in this proposed law requires of Cubans certain social and property qualifications in order to be eligi-ble as voters. The project was abandoned on account of the unanimous opposition of the Cuban deputies, including the Con-servatives. They declared in a conference had with Minister Becera that a property or other clause in the suffrage law for the colonies that did not equally bear on Cu-bans and Spaniards would soon lead the population to the brink of civil war.

Notwithstanding the foregoing there seems to be a firm intention to so frame the new law that natives of Spain in Cuba shall possess certain advantages as voters over Cubans, as these outnumber the Spanish residents and quite equal them in general intelligence. El País, the newspaper organ of the home-rulers, in several leaders has dissected this electoral project, proving by truthful data that the result of the new self-resident as a desited would be the new suffrage law as drafted would be to prevent Cubans, though in the majority, from gaining any election here. THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM.

The new order of rules established by the Spanish Government in Cuba, whereby it was pretended to give more liberty to the inhabitants of this island, would then prove an illusion, and should this new plan become a law the old system of oppression would be re-established. Autonomists propose to fight this onesided elec-toral bill, for they believe it would result in great evils to Cuba. Should they fail in their work and the objectionable clauses be voted in the Cortes and become the law of the land it is hard to say what may happen. A certain change on their part from politic writing and avoid-ance of bringing about conflicts with the present Spanish Ministry would be the least that could be expected.

Autonomists assert as proof that only by means of their plan of colonial govern-ment can the future of Cuba be bettered, and mention the fact that Captain-General Salamanes, on sending to Madrid a short time ago the estimates for the coming year, was only able to reduce them as compared with those of the past year by some \$300,000, with a deficit of more than \$4,000,000 that will surely con front him during the present year. This deficit is certain to exist. Gen. Salamanca proposes to satisfy the arrears of pay to government employes and to the troops— a large total—though this can only be done by opening a credit at Madrid on ac-count of bonds in the hands of the Colonial Minister pertaining to the conversion of the Cuban debt, Gen. Salamanca certainly wished to have

presented equal estimates, or those showing a surplus of income over expenses, and why has he been unable to do so? Because he could not increase taxation. Moreover and principally, the debt, i. e., hat part due and past due the army, the navy, and pensions for the coming year, absorb some \$22,000,000 of a total of \$25,000,000 estimate sent by him to Madrid as the prob-able cost of governing Cuba the coming year. The aforementioned items cannot be e a | touched in a practical way unless the home government assumes to do what ought to upon itself certain financial burdens now resting upon the Cuban treasury, but really belonging to the whole Spanish mor archy to pay; first among these is the so called Cuban debt, a debt incurred for national interests and aims, thus leaving these islanders at liberty to establish needed economical reforms and-let it be said placidly-govern themselves in so far as their social and dnancial status are con-

Antonomists seem to be satisfied with Gen. Salamanca, for they with others be-lieve him to be a man of great energy, in-telligent and impartial, but they doubtless fear he will be unable to realize all he hopes for on account of nearly insurmountable obstacles, and these may oblige him to resign. He has found general corruption everywhere.

Can be cleanse these Augean stables?

Though he were a Hercules, unless the name government help him in a practical way he will find it a tough job. Naturally way he will find it a tough job. Naturally there are two sides to politics in Cuba, so, reader, if you have not tired, wait and scan what I may have to write about the Conservatives

La bora me huele a rancho, Y el pescuero a corbatin, Las espaldas a machilea Y las manos a tusti. JUAN SOLDADO.



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spring months, is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the whole body, purifies the blood, cures scrofula and all and clears the mind. We solicit a comparison of Hood's Sursaparilla with any other blood purifier in the market for purity, economy, strength, and medicinal merit

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"I had no appetite or strength, and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition medicine, and I find it just the thing. It tones to scrolulous humer. I had tried several up my system and makes me feel like a differkinds of medicine without benefit. But as ent man. My wife takes it for dyspepsia, and seen as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's she derives great benefit from it. She says it completely cured of sick headache, which she can recommend it to all troubled with affect bad it years, by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That extreme tired feeling which is so dis-tressing and often so unaccountable in the spring medicine, for two reasons: benefit from medicine than at any other season 2d, The impurities which have accumula

humors, cures dyspepsia, creates an appetite. in the blood should be expelled, and the sys-rouses the torpid liver, braces up the nerves, tem given tone and strength, before the prostrating effects of warm weather are felt. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine. A single trial will convince you of its superiority. Take it before it is too late.

The Best Spring Medicine

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla for a spring Sarsaparilla, my appetite was restored, and
my stomach felt better. I have now taken
nearly three bottles, and I never was so well."

Mrs. Jessie F. Dolerare, Pascoag, R. I.
Mrs. C. W. Marriott, Lowell, Mass., was
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