W. A. MANNING,
Jeweler and Watchmaker,
(*Up-Stairs Ballentine's Southeast Corner,*)
PULASKI, - - TENNESSEE.
KEEPS constantly on hand and sells for very small profits all kinds of
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
which are always warranted to be as represented.
All Repairing Done Promptly.
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Office: May's Block-UpStairs
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THOS. M. JONES & SONS,
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Will practice in the Federal courts and courts of Bankruptcy.
☞Office same as formerly occupied by Jones & Clack. oct.5-t

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Att'y & Counsellor at Law
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Pulaski, - - - Tenn.
WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to him in Giles, and adjoining counties. Will practice in the Courts of Bankruptcy, Supreme and District Courts at Nashville.
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JONES & TINNON,
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OFFICE—Westside public square, next door south of Pulaski Savings Bank, Up stairs. Rooms, No. 3 & 4.

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Pulaski Livery Stable.
THE Proprietors of this Stable present the following scale of prices to be compared with any in the State:

Carriage and Horses per day	$8.00
Horse and buggy "	5.00
" " half day	2.50
" " short drive	2.00
Saddle horse ₩ day	2.50
Buggy & Harness without Horse	2.50
Buggy Horse without Buggy	2.00
Feeding Horse single feed	50
" ₩ day $4, ℔ month	15.00

Stable 1st street, two blocks north of square.
The best of feed, the finest Horses, Buggies, &c., and the best care taken of stock.
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WILL practice in Giles and adjoining Counties.
Special attention given to collections.
Office two doors south of First National Bank, 1st Street, south, up stairs. no25

JONES & MARTIN.
FASHIONABLE BARBER
South-East Corner Public Square
On hand always with clean towels, clean la, clean hands, and will give a man a can shave.

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Real Estate:
—AND—
COLLECTING AGENT.
PULASKI, - TENN.
Indemnity given as heretofore on every pecies of property against **FIRE**, at the west tariff rates.

Master Wyatt Abernathy,
AT
M'GUIRE & HILL'S,
WOULD respectfully announce to his friends generally, and the smoking, chewing and eating public particularly, that he has erected a stand at McGuire & Hill,s store, where he will keep always on hand the best cigars, pipes, tobacco, canned fruits, apples, oranges, oysters, sardines, pickles, blacking, &c., &c., which he will be pleased to sell at retail for cash.
Hopes by strict attention to business to merit a liberal share of patronage.
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E. T. TALLIAFERRO,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
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WILL practice in Giles and adjoining counties, also in the Courts of Bankruptcy, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville.
Prompt attention will be given to all business entrusted to him.
OFFICE: In the Court House, Down Stairs. jan20-tf

HARRY McCORD,
Practical Surveyor,
OFFICE—PULASKI HOUSE,
Jan20 tf PULASKI, TENN.

PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 13. PULASKI, TENNESSEE. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1871. NUMBER 8.

The Family Circle.

Love's Stratagem.

PART I.

"And so, sir, this is your decision?"

"Honor, father, forbids any other."

"Do you mean to say, sir, that you are engaged to the girl?"

"Not exactly. I await her decision."

"Then you have proposed?"

"I have sir."

"And you have resolved to marry Miss Cameron, and not Miss Dashwood?"

"If Miss Cameron will accept me.'

"Very well, sir, very well. This is your gratitude—this your filial duty! you self-willed, ungrateful dog, in return for the trouble I've had with you—the efforts I've made to secure for you the best match in the country. Here's a fine, handsome, dashing young woman, rich, and belonging to one of the first families of the country, whom you throw aside for the sake of a pale-faced clergyman's daughter."

"Father!"

"Don't father me, sir—don't interrupt me—don't speak to me again. Get out of my sight! but remember! the day on which you marry Lena Cameron you will cease to be a son of mine. I'll disinherit you, sir, and leave all I have to the new orphan asylum."

Such was the scene enacted in Squire Chester's parlor—a scene frequently presented upon the stage to sympathizing and delighted crowds—an irate father, portly, red faced and loud voiced, with hands beneath his coat tails *a la* Pickwick, and eyes glaring wrathfully through gold-rimmed spectacles, upon a handsome but undutiful son bent upon wedding the object of his soul's idolatry against his father's wishes. Yet in this instance it was not mere acting; but on the part of each, serious and resolute determination.

To add to the dramatic effect, at the moment in which the Squire's last words were spoken a fair, delicate looking girl, who was about entering the room, catching the sound of the angry voice, paused an instant with her hand upon the door knob, as if hesitating whether to enter. And thus it happened that she heard her own name coupled with the threat already mentioned.

She turned then and glided swiftly up the stairs to her own room.—Locking the door, she threw herself on a couch, and burying her face in the pillows, remained a long time quite motionless. She did not weep, but when she at length arose her face was very, very pale, and her sweet blue eyes had a haggered look of suffering painful to witness in one so young.

Seating herself at the table, she drew toward her a writing desk, and wrote as follows:—

"DEAR COUSIN PHILIP:—Since our interview of yesterday, I have thought the matter over and have come to the conclusion that it will be best that we should not marry. Do not blame me, do not question me, ever. I have reasons which I cannot explain, but act as I think will be best for us both. LENA."

"Where is Miss Cameron?" questioned Philip of the servant who handed him the note.

"Gone to Elmwood, sir, to her aunt, Mrs. Page. I heard her say she would stay there until her return to the city in a few day."

An hour later Philip Chester was on his way to Elmwood. The path was lonely, leading through a sequestered wood, and he was consequently surprised when, at an abrupt turning, he came face to face with a young lady, very tall, very handsome, and attired in a rich riding habit and floating plume. He lifted his hat respectfully, and would have passed on, but the lady paused full in the path before him.

"Excuse me—you are Mr. Philip Chester?"

He bowed.

"And I am Josephine Dashwood."

In his surprise he hardly knew what to say. "I did not know—I was not aware of Miss Dashwood's being in the neighborhood."

"I dare say not. You were expecting, perhaps, you and your honored father, to behold me for the first time at the residence of my uncle and guardian, Simeon Walker, Esq. But you see I was too anxious to wait, so I concluded to run down for a day or two to Elmwood on the strength of Mrs. Page being an old friend of my mother. I wanted to see you, Mr. Chester."

"You do me honor," said Philip, puzzled in what manner to treat this frank avowal. The young lady meanwhile played with her horse's mane.

"I am glad of this accidental meeting," she resumed, "for I was just thinking how it would be possible to obtain a private interview."

Philip stared.

"I believe," she continued coolly, "that there has been some arrangement made concerning us by those old—I mean your much honored father and my highly respectable uncle—a little matrimonial scheme, if I am not mistaken. Very kind of them, doubtless, though it might have been kinder to have left us to choose for ourselves and be happy in our own way."

A faint gleam of hope began to dawn upon Philip.

"I want to tell you a secret, Mr. Chester. May I trust you?"

"If you will do me the honor," he replied, still coldly.

"Ah, I see you don't like me, but you will after a while. This, then, is my secret. I am in love—pray don't be alarmed—not with you."

"Thank you," said he, almost involuntarily.

"With a very handsome, very clever, very worthy and deserving young man," resumed Miss Dashwood, with unmoved seriousness, "but *poor*. And *you* are in love with one as equally perfect, but suffering under the same stigma."

"Father!"

She looked at him seriously now with her dark eyes, and he met the gaze frankly.

"Now we understand each other," she said, resuming her former tone and manner, "and now we can act as seems best to us under the circumstances. It won't do to rebel against these two old fogies—beg their pardon—those wise and venerable old gentlemen; but we can manage quietly to circumvent them and have our own way, can't we?"

"Perhaps you have found some plan to that effect?" said Philip, half amused and half interested.

"You shall hear," she answered. "I am told that your dear, delightful father admires 'dashing' ladies, wants a dashing daughter-in-law and mistress of his establishment. You will dine to-morrow at Elmwood.—Be sura not to disappoint Mrs. Page who knows all about it and takes a tender and motherly interest in the affair. We will see whether the old gentleman is satisfied with his chosen daughter-in-law. But whatever occurs, your *role*, remember, is to be perfectly charmed. Will you accept your part, Mr. Chester?"

Half laughing, half wondering, he agreed. And so they rode on together through the shadowy woodpath, Philip Chester liking his companion far better than he had previously thought possible of Dashwood.

PART II.

Scene second and act first transports us to the drawing-room where sat that good lady, Mrs. Page, in all the formal dignity of a country dinner-dress, endeavoring to entertain some half dozen guests, of whom Squire Chester was one.—Seated near an open window, he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Miss Dashwood, with a vague hope as to the effect which thereby might be produced upon his undutiful son. That self-willed young man lounged near, cheerfully conversing with a lady, while Lena Cameron, very pale and quiet, was bending over a bit of embroidery, with fingers that trembled a little, and eyes that were rarely uplifted.

Suddenly the sharp notes of a bugle pierced the ears of the assembled company.

"There is Joe?" said Mrs. Page. "I am glad that she is come, as now we can have dinner."

"Joe?" doubtfully inquired one of the lady guests.

The Squire looked from the window, as invited, and beheld a figure in a man's hat and coat, as he imagined, and a woman's skirt, dashing full speed up the avenue toward the house, with half a dozen dogs accompanying. Springing unassisted to the ground, she proceeded to unloosen the saddle and throw it to the ground; then walked several times around the horse, evidently examining into his condition, and discussing the same with the groom, who had now appeared.

If Squire Chester regarded this unexpected appearance of his son's chosen wife with any emotion of surprise or disappointment, he at least did not express it. On the contrary, he bowed and shook his hands with true old Scotch gallantry and courtesy, as that young lady presently entered the room, followed by two of the dogs aforesaid, to whom she whistled an encouragement to enter.

"Oh, my dear, the dogs!" remonstrated Mrs. Page, "we are not accustomed to have them in the drawing room."

"Dear me! not have dogs in the drawing-room! Why, I have mine with me everywhere, and all over the house. Couldn't do without them, I declare. Like dogs, sir?" she inquired with a pretty drawl of her future father-in-law.

"Very much—in their proper place," the old gentleman felt constrained to say. To which Miss Dashwood replied with a just perceptible shrug of her graceful shoulder; and then went in to dinner.

"No turkey, thank you," said she, "I never take fowl—it's only fit for invalids and babies; so insipid. I'll take roast beef, rare, if you please, though I prefer steak and onions."

And besprinkling the gory slice with an abundance of cayenne sauce Miss Dashwood commenced her repast, while the Squire turned away his eyes meeting those of Lena Cameron, his wife's neice, who had been regarding these proceedings of the "dashing" young lady with an expression akin to horror. Poor child, she was not in the secret.—But the Squire thought, when he looked at her, how very delicate and lady-like she appeared.

Miss Dashwood declined sherry, but accepted a little port instead—though expressing a preference for French brandy and water. It was quite the "style" now for the ladies to prefer brandy. Indeed, some even professed a partiality for Bourbon, though she herself considered it inferior to brandy in point of taste and real refreshment; and the Squire felt provoked at the assiduity with which his son re-filled the young lady's glass, and listened admiringly to all she said.

"Give us some music Joe," said Mrs. Page, when they again were in the drawing-room. And the Squire, who was devoted to music, looked up and brightened. It was one of his favorite anticipations, of his son's wife playing to him, and soothing him in his after-dinner hours with the melodies he loved. And now he came up to the plane expectant.

Miss Dashwood played a rattling prelude and then suddenly broke into a bravura, which caused one lady to vacate her seat near the instrument. The Squire, undaunted, kept his post, until a hunter's song, with all the accompaniment of "horn, hound and rider, halloo," overcame even his courtesy, and he, too, retreated.

"Now, Lena, one of your favorites," said her aunt, quietly, and the girl sat down and in a sweet, low, and somewhat plaintive voice, sang "Bonnie Doon" and "Annie Laurie."

"That's the music that I like," remarked Squire Chester to his hostess, *sotto voce*, "those charming old songs are worth all the modern fal-de-rals that have ever been written." And then he looked thoughtfully at Miss Dashwood and then at Miss Cameron. Likewise he hearkened to the discourse going on between the former and his son.

"I do so dont on horses, observed the young lady. "I couldn't be happy under any circumstances, without at least two of my own—a rider and a hunter. I delight in hunting wherever it is to be had, and generally on that account, pass my summers among the mountains, though deer are becoming scarce, and woodcock almost as much so. I wish we had fox hunting here as in England. I prefer novels where fox hunting comes in—'Guy Livingston,' for instance. What a splendid fellow he was, and what a humdrum country is ours, where there is hardly anything to amuse one except theatres. If I had my way I should be an actress. Don't you think so, Mr. Chester?"

"Capital!" responded the young man, with emphasis, and a pleased, half earnest and half amused look, which didn't escape his watchful sire, though he might not understand it.

"He's a ninny!" was the mental reflection of the latter. "What sort of a wife would such a woman make?" was his next involuntary thought, until it suddenly occurred to him that something like a shock that this really was, after all, the woman for his son's wife, for his daughter-in-law, for the mistress of his house and household. And again he looked at Lena, very kindly this time.

"You must see my Beelzebub," resumed Miss Dashwood, enthusiastically; "such a charming creature!—full of spirit, yet so tractable and affectionate, that I assure you, sir," addressing the Squire, "he'll walk into the breakfast room and drink out of your coffee cup at the table."

This assurance appeared to have no particular charm for Squire Chester, for he turned away with but very little ceremony. Miss Dashwood went up stairs on some errand, and they heard her whistling as she crossed the hall.

"Philip," whispered the Squire, "I think we had better be going."

"Not yet, sir; Miss Dashwood is about to show me her new pistols; then she will teach me a new game of cards, and afterwards we are to go to the stables."

"To go where?"

"To the stables to look at the horses."

The Squire cast on him a look of concentrated indignation.

"Is that—is Miss Dashwood, or Joe, or whatever else she is called, a man or a woman?"

"The latter, I presume, sir. It is the fashion, now-a-days, you know, for dashing young women like her to adopt a masculine style in general. It sits well on Miss Joe—don't you think so, sir?"

"Miss Joe be——"

The old gentleman recollected himself in time. But he had seen enough of the dashing young Josephine, his old friend Simon Walker's neice, and very moody was he when he rode homeward that night.

"Philip," said he a day or two after, "I don't see the use of your going to Elmwood so often, now that Miss Dashwood is there."

"Why not, sir? I thought you would like it."

"The truth is, I'm disappointed in Miss Dashwood. I can't approve of such a woman as a wife for any man save a horse dealer or circus rider. Especially I should not approve of her as mistress of this house. I have no desire to see my drawing-room turned into a dog-keanel, or to have horses walking in and drinking out of my coffee cup. In fact," said the Squire, waxing warm, "I won't have my future daughter-in-law going about the house, whistling, and odorous of brandy and cigars, too, I should not wonder. I heard her say it was the fashion. Ugh!"

Philip was satisfied; the more so when, a week later, his father observed that little Lena would make as good a wife for him as he could get.

The wedding took place within six months, Miss Dashwood, herself a happy bride, was present, and the Squire wondered exceedingly at the great change and improvement wrought in her by the influence of marriage.

It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted only to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education in the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers, and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our age. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead; we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and concerns should be for the present world; to know what it is and improve its condition. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain conversation according to the mental, moral and religious improvement of our times.

Pew Whispering.

Mary Ellen (anxious)—"Betsy Jane, isn't my chignon coming off?" Betsy Jane (pettishly)—No. Can't you move a little further? You are creasing my lace flounces." Mary Ellen (moving a little)—"Don't you think Susan Brown looks dreadful homely?" Betsy Jane—,Was there ev—. Oh! there's Charlie! Isn't he a perfect Adonis? How I do wish he would look our way." Mary Ellen (smiling sweetly)—"Ah I see him. He's looking toward us. Betsy Jane (angrily)—"He isn't looking at you, so you needn't act like a fool. The minister is going to pray." Mary Ellen—"Those long prayers of his are perfectly awful, and I shan't try to keep awake." Betsy Jane (peeping through her fingers at Charlie)—"Go to sleep, dear; I shan't distub you.

EVERYBODY knows how to render lard; but everybody does not know that a handful of slippery elm bark put into it while cooking will prevent it from becoming rancid. It will not only preserve it perfectly sweet for any length of time, but will impart to it a most delicate flavor. Try it, everybody.

A telegram from Knoxville announces that Col. John Baxter has recovered judgment for $27,000 damages in his suit against the Knoxville Whig and Register, for slander.

ONE EXTRA.—There will be 53 Sundays during the year 1871. Let pious people be prepared to devote that extra Sabbath to charitable contributions for the poor they have among them.

An Irishman went to live in Scotland for a short time, but did not like the county. "I was sick all the time I was there," said he; "and if I had lived there till this time, I'd been dead a year ago!"

Poetic Gems.

The Mystic Clock.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on; that beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
It ticks, and ticks the living night,
And never runneth down.

Oh, wondrous is that work of art
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er found nor mind conceived,
The life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,
By wealth or pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, mid beds of flowers
All still and softly glides,
Like warelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen stroke of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm,
For deeds of hate or wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattleth on
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that *measures life*—
Of flesh and spirit blended—
And thus it will run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

Only a Dream.

By the lake beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
As the young moon dip't and lifted
Her reflected bowl
Lived and died a dream of beauty,
Many years ago.

Something made the milk-white blossoms
Even whiter grow;
Something gave the dying sunset
An intenser glow;
And enriched the cup of pleasure,
Filled to overflow.

Hope was frail and Passion fleeting—
It is often so;
Visions born of golden sunsets,
With the sunsets go;
To have loved is to have suffered
Martyrdom below.

By the lake, beyond the meadow,
Where the lilies blow—
Oh the glory there that perished,
None shall ever know—
When the human heart was broken,
Many years ago.

Miscellaneous.

THE COTTON SUPPLY.

A Mississippi Planter Wants a Revision of "Facts and Figures."

The Nashville Banner has the following letter from Mississippi.

BOLIVAR COUNTY, MISS., Feb. 6.

If your crusade against Tennessee cotton-growers has not stilled your sympathies with that unfortunate class elsewhere, please try to satisfy our perplexity.

They tell us the cotton crop of 1870 is to reach or has reached four million of bales, the largest but one ever raised. Who raised it, and where? Who fathered, or will father it?

We used to think that the yield of this great valley affected the markets of the world, We acknowledge our mistake. It is notorious to us that the Arkansas side of the river has no levees to speak of; that only a few counties on the Mississippi side are protected, and that in them hardly half the plantations are in cultivation that were worked in 1860. We know that not one in ten, even in these, is worked to its full capacity, and that owing to imperfect tillage and careless picking, the yield per acre is less than formerly. We find the hands who were capable once of cultivating ten acres each, content with five and six, the women and children mostly withdrawn from the field and the men only working. We find them stopping Saturday morning to rest till Monday noon. We see the cane and bushes yearly encroaching on our clearings. Plainly, we don't raise our share of the four million bales.

This is no fancy picture. In 1860 this place yielded about 1,000 bales; in 1870, 240. In 1860 it had 100 hands; in 1870, 50. In 1860 the crop was saved without outside help; in 1870 pickers were hired throughout the season—and the crops just gathered. The four adjoining plantations then raised 1,250 bales—now, not 250. Of the twenty nearest places, but one, or at most two, are fully in cultivation. Three are quite deserted.

A late ride through Bolivar and part of Washington county, convinced me that my neighborhood is as good as the average of those counties. Do they represent the Mississippi Valley? Where is it that the big crop is grown? Is it raised by freedmen?

Do not speculators and buyers count the same cotton twice in the crop? Once at Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans or Memphis and *again* at New York?

The matter is all-important to us. At present prices, we can't live by growing cotton. If the crops figured up all really gathered we can't hope for a rise. Yours,

B.

A SURE CURE FOR CORNS.—Take the bark of the common willow, and burn it to ashes; mix with strong vinegar to the consistency of cream, and moisten the corns twice a day. They will disappear in a short time.

Temperance.

An Indictment.

The misery of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage and ruin.

He has taken the glory of health from off the cheek and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face and left it ill-shaped and bloated.

He has taken strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the step and made it faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigor from the arm and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken vitality from the blood and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death. He has transformed this body, fearfully and wonderfully and majestically made, God's masterpiece of animal mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain—the temple of thought—dethroned reason, and made it reel with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from out the eye, and exchanged for it the stupid stare of idiocy and dullness.

He has taken the impress of enobled manhood from off the face and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.

He has bribed the tongue to utter madness and cursing.

He has turned the lips to songs of ribaldry and reveling.

He has taken cunning from the hands and turned them from deeds of peaceful ness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship and planted the seed of enmity.

He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant and a murderer.

He has transformed the loving mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient and affectionate sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of homes.

He has taken luxuries from off the table, and has compelled men to cry on account of famine, and to beg for bread.

He has stripped backs of the broadcloth and silk, and clothed them with rags.

He has stolen man's palaces and given them wretched hovels in exchange.

He has taken away acres and given not even a decent burial place in death.

He has filled our streets and byways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.

He has peopled with his multitude our poor houses.

He has straightened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.

He has taken away faith, hope and charity, yea, and all that is lovely and of good report, and given despair, infidelity, enmity, and all the emotions and deeds of wickedness.

He has banished Christ from the heart and created a hell within.

He has wrecked and enfeebled the bodies, shattered and destroyed the mind, imperrilled and damned the souls of our fellow-men.

These are the counts of our indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.

Whisky.

Dr. Guthrie says: "If you want to keep a dead man put him in whisky. If you want to kill a living man put whisky into him. Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country, blessed with freedom and plenty, the word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be the source elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion that disgrace and afflict the land. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness.' I do, in my conscience, believe that these intoxicating stimulants sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world of which but eight were saved."

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Wit and Wisdom.

Nothing is achieved without labor, except poverty.

Charity gives itself riches, but covetousness hoards itself poor.

Silent deeds are better than unprofitable words.

A guilty conscience stings deeper than the keenest lash.

The end of wrath is the beginning of repentance.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

Watchfulness is a duty often and urgently inculcated upon christians.

A preacher in Holland called the Sabbath God's dyke, shutting out an ocean of evils.

In the book of Job we find this passage: "I was eyes to the blind and feet was I to the lame."

With patience and time, says a Persian proverb, the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.

Sorrows are sot unfrequently the thorns wherewith the buckle of love is fastened.

Be honest in all your dealings.—Honesty is not only the best policy, but the best principle.

It is the master art of the devil to persuade us that there is no battle—that all are agreed.

In first Corinthians, 6th chapter and 10th verse, "Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

If you have lost or found, want to sell, rent or buy anything, advertise in the CITIZEN.

Learn to control your temper now or after a while it will control you.

A strong, true man does not fear the threats of greatness, but yields before the tears of the poor.

A self-reliant man will be praised for his own virtues, and not those of his ancestors.

The praise of others may be of use in showing us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Calumny is the voice of those who have neither a good heart nor a good understanding.

If you know anything that will make a brother's heart glad, run quick and tell it, but never be the bearer of mischief making words.

The body is the shell of the soul, and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk generally tells what the kernel is.

Burke says: "If we command our wealth we shall be rich and free; if our wealth command us we shall be poor indeed."

As a man is old, so he thinks; and inspiration teaches that "as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Take heed therefore what you read.

If we study christians, not in the sharp angles of their creeds, but in the pleasant roundings of their lives we shall find good men of every name alike in spirit and practice.

A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up.—For instance, a man who has been "brought up by the police" seldom turns out respectable.

Naturalists tell us that if loadstone be rubbed with garlic, it loseth its virtue. When the name of the minister is contemptible, his doctrine will be the less acceptable.

Some clever writer, whose heart was in the right place, says:

O, sacred Charity!
Thou art flown itself mankind down
To dwell within the human breast.

The Bible is a map of Heaven, a true history of the primitive church, an infallible rule of life, an immovable ground of hope, and an everlasting spring of consolation.

As the tiger preys upon other animals, both wild and domestic, so does selfishness exterminate every other emotion, that it may reign undisturbed in the soul.

As a pilot, that steers the ship, has his hands upon the rudder, and his eyes at the same time upon the star above, so should we be diligent in the use of means, but look up to God for direction.

Were society the Church of God, as it should be, each man, like a piece of complex mechanism, would fall into his place and fit happily in it; and the wear and tear of friction would be greatly lessened.

Energy is thus truthfully poetized:

Toil swings the ax, and forests bow,
The field break forth radiant bloom,
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom.

Mental power may fill a chapel; but spiritual power fills the church. Mental power may gather a congregation; but spiritual power saves the soul.

A preacher in Lexington, Ky., used the word "churchianity," and defined it to be "an outward hull of profession of religion without the inward kernal of piety."

Occasionally it is vouchsafed to a Christian to see even in this life how seemingly untoward events were full of blessings; yet often, doubtless, we must wait until we "know even as we are known," for the solutions of life's mysteries.

NEVER trust a man who assents to everything you say, who falls in with all your views, without making a single suggestion or correction of his own. A man, in fact, who is an incarnate "yes," is either a fool or a knave.