## PRYOR'S OINTMENT

IS A SPEEDY AND SURE CURE FOR
Blind or Bleeding Piles, Hemorrhoids, Sores, Ulcers, Tumors, Itching of the Parts, Fistulas and all Kindred diseases; also of Burns, Corns, Felons, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Tetter, Sore Nipples, etc.

ATLANTA, GA., Aug. 25, 1877.

After an experience of twenty-five years in selling this ointment, and during that time having closely watched its effects, and having the testimony of my friends and neighbors to confirm my confidence in its merits, I became fully satisfied of its value, and I have bought the exclusive right to make and sell it, and offer it to you as the best remedy in the world, especially for all forms of Piles.

**READ THE TESTIMONIALS.**

This is to certify that I have tried Pryor's Pile Ointment in a case of piles, and state that it gave more relief than anything I have ever tried. I further state that as a remedy for burns it is unparalleled. I also used it for a case of tetter in my feet, of twenty years' standing, and say that it is the first thing that I have ever tried that gave me more than momentary relief. I consider now that I am entirely relieved from that distressing disease.
JOHN D. NEWSOM,
Troup County, Ga.

Having been afflicted for ten years, at intervals, with that distressing malady, the piles, and after many ineffectual trials of the remedies in common use, I commenced a short time ago to use your Pile Ointment. I experienced immediate relief. From the relief experienced in my case, as well as from the reputation so rapidly acquired by your Ointment in this vicinity, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it is the most efficient remedy for piles ever invented.
O. A. BULL,
LaGrange, Ga.

This is to certify that I used Pryor's Ointment in a case of severe burn, and that in a very few days it was entirely relieved of all inflammation, and healed rapidly. After the first application of the ointment, the patient suffered no pain whatever.
R. J. MORGAN, LaGrange, Ga.

By the advice of Mr. Wynn, I used your Pile Ointment on a servant girl who had been suffering for eight years with a most aggravated case of piles. She improved from the very first day's use of your Ointment, and before using the box she was entirely recovered. G. W. FOSTER, Cusseta, Ala.

This is to certify that I have used Pryor's Pile Ointment, and say that it is, in my opinion, the best remedy for piles ever presented to the public. I say this from a positive application of the remedy on my own person. THOS. B. MORGAN,
Troup County, Ga.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Price, FIFTY CENTS PER BOX. Sent by mail on receipt of price.
DR. J. BRADFIELD,
jun22-1m-8. Atlanta, Ga.

## O. C. JONES.

### New Grocery Store

1st Main Street, South.

FOURTH door from corner, where he deals in everything usually kept in a

**Family Grocery.**
All kinds of
**Counry Produce,**
Taken in exchange or will pay
**The Highest Market Price in Cash.**

CALL and give him a trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or goods returned.
jan26-tf.

## Livery, Feed & Sale Stable.

Second Main St., North, Between St. Giles Hotel and the Methodist church.

*PULASKI, TENN*

### I. H. RAINEY, Prop.

First Class Turnouts of Every Description, Polite Drivers and Reliable Teams.
Substantial Wagons for Commercial Men

### I. H. RAINEY.

oct-26 1y


### A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston *Globe*.]

*Messrs. Editors:—*

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaints of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (Q) Mrs. A. M. D.


## TUTT'S EXPECTORANT

Is composed of Herbal and Mucilaginous products, which **permeate the substance of the Lungs, expectorate the acrid matter** that collects in the Bronchial Tubes, and forms a **soothing coating, which relieves the irritation** that causes the cough. **It cleanses the lungs of all impurities, strengthens them when enfeebled by disease,** invigorates the circulation of the blood, and braces the nervous system. **Slight colds often end in consumption. It is dangerous to neglect them. Apply the remedy promptly.** A test of twenty years warrants the assertion that **no remedy has ever been found that is as prompt in its effects as TUTT'S EXPECTORANT. A single dose relaxes the phlegm,** subdues inflammation, and its use speedily cures the most obstinate cough. **A pleasant cordial, children take it readily. For Croup it is invaluable** and should be in every family.
**In 25c. and $1 Bottles.**

## TUTT'S PILLS

**ACT DIRECTLY ON THE LIVER.**

**Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Bilious Colic, Constipation, Rheumatism, Piles, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, and Female Irregularities.** If you do not "feel very well," a single pill stimulates the stomach, restores the appetite, imparts vigor to the system.

### A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:

DR. TUTT:—*Dear Sir:* For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. I am taking your pills were recommended to me. I took them four weeks ago (with faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds of solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

Office, 39 Murray St., New York.
DR. TUTT'S MANUAL of Useful Receipts FREE on application.


### The Old Rail Fence.

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys half of the pleasure of farming. There is something in the old rail fence that is real comfortable, and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two old farmers leaning against a rail fence, whitting, and talking politics or a horse trade for hours together? They are more comfortable, and rest more than if they were occupying the softest sofa, or the best stuffed arm chair in the world. There are so many shapes a man can get into, to rest, about a rail fence. First the farmer will fold his arms and rest them on the top rail, and lean his breast on the fence, and talk for half an hour, until his legs are tired, then he will step one foot up on the second rail from the bottom, and stand and whittle for half an hour, until the top of the rail is as polished as a piece of mahogany. Then he will change feet and lean one elbow on the second rail from the top, and sharpen his knife on his boot, and talk for half an hour about how he is going to pay the mortgage on his farm next year. After that position becomes irksome he will turn his back to the fence, stand on his heels, and place his two elbows on the top rail, and lean against the fence, and for half an hour he will tell about how the old mare that he was trying to trade off cleaned out all the teams on the road coming back from the celebration at town, after the fireworks on the 4th, and how, if he wasn't fixed just as he is, and wanted the twenty dollars boot money to send Nathan off to the select school, there is no man on earth that could buy that mare. Then he will get tired and stand around sideways, put his left arm up on the fence, and begin to whittle again, and swear the man that runs the cheese factory down at the corner is skinning us farmers out of our eye teeth. Without going into details as to ninety-nine other combinations by which a farmer can rest on, about or against a rail fence, it may not be out of place to speak of sitting on top of a fence. The farmers, after trying several positions, will instinctively climb up the fence and rest on the top rail, their feet resting on the third rail from the top, which is always laid with projection enough to make good footing, and an hour will pass as the fellows talk of the times when they settled in the country, and of the hardships they endured, and how the children have grown up and gone away, and the conversation will drift in a sleepy channel, and the sun will begin to sink in the west, and the horny-handed sons of toil will suddenly remember that the chores are to be done, and with a "good-night, Lige," and a "Drop around agin to-morrow, Ike," they will separate and one will take a milk pail and a one-legged stool and go towards the lot where the cows have come home, while the other will go across the road to his barn and throw down some hay for the horses, and they will both go to bed at eight o'clock as tired as though they had been mowing. But they had a splendid, easy visit on the old rail fence.—[Peck.

### The Bondholders.

The Tennessee bondholders committee have displayed less practical common sense than any set of men ever did in dealing with a debt question. First, offering to take 50-6, they next permitted an offer of 60-6 under Porter's administration, which latter offer they denied after it failed. They subsequently permitted 50-4 to be endorsed by other bond-holders, part of them their alleged clients, and never denied its acceptance until it had been rejected at the polls. They withdrew the 60-6 after their friends had split the democratic party in twain and demanded 100-3. After having carried that through the legislature and lost in the courts, they returned to 60-3-4-5 6, and procured the enactment of that into a law. When that had been rejected by an overwhelming majority, they hasten to say that they will not accept 50-3, and so the matter stands.

Their last and most foolish blunder was to meet in New York on the 26th and take action in support of the amendment of Congressman Moore, looking to an effort to coerce the state through the federal courts. The bondholders are bourbons in one sense. They never learn anything. The effort to abrogate the 11th amendment to the constitution, and past executed contracts in a position to be enforced in the federal courts, is a piece of ill advised folly resulting from ignorance of the constitution and the laws of the country.

The hickory-nut headed Scotchman, who is the bondholders committee, has blundered enough before to show his incompetency, but the speculative cabal with which he is associated seem to be equally deficient in common sense and judgement.

The bondholders committee are not adding anything to the brilliancy of their prospects by committing themselves to the insane proposition of Mr. Moore. The 11th amendment will stand when Mr. Moore and the bondholders committee have ceased from troubling, and the weary tax-payers of to-day are at rest. The whole history of the effort to settle the debt has somewhat the appearance on both sides of higgling for an advantage, and the people of the state are tired of it, and they tender as a final solution what the creditors and the leaders have taught them is right, a fifty cents settlement. The creditors need not be troubling themabout getting more. This is the most unlikely thing we know of, except Moore's amendment. They should ask themselves if a fifty cents settlement is not sometimes, and under certain circumstances, a good settlement.—[Trib. and Sun.

### A Young Woman's Insanity.

A young lady of the east end, while out shopping yesterday, visited the office of a prominent physician. She was very much flushed and very much excited, and told her medical adviser that she had a very strange sensation, which led her to believe that she had a serious brain trouble—in short, premonitory symptoms of insanity. The peculiar sensation she described as a feeling of running round in a circle on the top of her head. The doctor made a careful examination, but could discover nothing unhealthy about the lady's brain. She put on her hat, and sitting a few moments, jumped to her feet with a scream, exclaiming that the feeling had returned to her head. Another examination followed; first of the head, then of the hat, and a small but very active mouse was found safely ensconced in the lining of the hat. It is necessary to say that the hat was a very large one, and we trust we shall receive the thanks of thousands of persons who sit in the rear seats of places of amusement by making a note of this, which is true in every particular.

### What Young Men Should Do.

Every young man should make the most of himself intellectually, morally and physically. He should depend upon his own efforts to accomplish these results.

He should be willing to take advice from those competent to give and to follow such advice unless his own judgement or conviction, properly founded, should otherwise direct. He should never be discouraged by small beginnings, but remember that all great results have been wrought out by apparently slight causes.

He should never, under any circumstances, be idle. If he cannot find the employment he prefers, let him come as near his desire as possible—he will thus reach the object of ambition.

### Under an Avalanche.

No incident of the Ruby snow slide is more thrilling than the experience of the miner, Tom Brown. Lying on his back under ten feet of snow, packed like ice about him, unable to move hand or foot, with his dead comrade lying across him, and kept him in that position for hours, not knowing whether or not relief would come, his thoughts must have been terrible. That he escaped alive is, indeed, little less than a miracle. Who can picture his thoughts during those hours of horrible torture and suspense?


## COTTON STORAGE

LIBERAL CASH Advances on all cotton stored with us. Full insurance guaranteed. Protect your cotton from weather and accident. Charges nominal.
BUFORD BROS.
sep22-tf

### PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The best and most economical hair dressing, and made from materials that are beneficial to the hair and scalp. Parker's Hair Balsam is highly esteemed everywhere for its excellence and superior cleanliness.

**It Never Fails to Restore the Youthful Color** and lustre to gray or faded hair, is elegantly perfumed and is warranted to remove dandruff and itching of the scalp, & prevent falling of the hair. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

### PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

**A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.**

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier **And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.**

If you are wasting away from age, disipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 163 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

### FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. **There is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

*Hiscox & Co.*

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75c. sizes.
LARGE SAVING BUYING 75c. SIZE.

### COLOGNE.

### HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

### STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, but it also corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from Rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.


## The World

### FOR 1883.

***A Progressive, Live Paper, up to all the Issues, and Keeping Pace With Current Events.***

The day of old fogyism is past, and THE WORLD, essentially the people's paper, demonstrates what pluck, enterprise and talent can do in permanently establishing

### A LIVE JOURNAL.

**THE WORLD** contains the latest Telegraphic News.
**THE WORLD** contains all the Local and State News.
**THE WORLD** contains the latest and reliable Market Reports.
**THE WORLD** is full of choice Literature.
**THE WORLD** employs a Corps of Correspondents.
**THE WORLD** is the Paper of the Times.

### A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL,

**Which will be always with the People and for the Party.**

***UNPURCHASABLE, INCORRUPTIBLE AND STEADFAST.***

TERMS:

| DAILY. | | WEEKLY. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| One year | $10.00 | One year | $1.00 |
| Six months | 5.00 | Six months | 65 |
| Three months | 2.50 | Three months | 35 |

### SUBSCRIBE NOW.

Send money by P.O. Order, Registered Letter, or Sight Draft. Address

**THE WORLD,**
NASHVILLE, TENN

## A Conjurer's Feat.

THE signor was giving a series of highly successful performances in the city of Mobile, (where as he tells us in his autobiography) people came to consult him privately about love-affairs, matters of business and future events, thinking that one who could do such wonders, must be able to unravel all the mysteries of life.

It was a rather primitive, simple-minded community in those days. In vain he disclaimed the fortune-telling powers ascribed to him. It was still believed that he could give the required information if he would. He was one day in the hall preparing for the evening's performance, when an elderly gentleman called upon him, and with profound respect asked the honor of taking him by the hand.

"I saw your doings here last night," said the visitor, "and let me tell ye, 'twas the most wonderfullest thing I ever did see! I never laughed so in all my born days!"

"I am glad you were pleased," replied the signor, politely.

"How could you take so many eggs out of a bag that had just been thrashed on the stage and trampled on, upset all my calc'lations! And how could you know that a stranger in the middle of the hall had a chicken hid under his coat? I couldn't see a feather of it until you called him up and pulled the squawkin' critter out!"

The signor smilingly listened to a good deal more talk of this sort, until the speaker came to the object of his visit.

"They do say, signor, that there's nothing you don't know, or can't find out if you try. And I've come to consult you"—the old gentleman looked cautiously about the hall and lowered his voice—"on a question that I'd willingly give one of my fingers to unpuzzle."

"That's probably a question I couldn't *unpuzzle* if all my fingers depended on it," replied the signor. "I've no such powers, outside of my own business, as many people suppose."

"Make this your business," and I'll reward you well for it," replied the visitor. "My name is Oatman. I live on my plantation in summer, and bring my family to town in winter. We bring only two servants with us; and they are old family servants, that I can't think would steal from us."

"You have been robbed?" suggested the signor.

"Now, how did you ever find that out?" cried the planter, astonished.

"Your just told me," laughed the signor.

"Not I!" chuckled the other, with a sagacious shake of the head. "I hadn't come to that part of my story. But I see you read my thoughts before I can out with them. I *have* been robbed; in the strangest way!"

As every well-to-do planter carried his watch and dangling fob-chain, and as Mr. Oatman's person showed none, the signor, who was fond of a joke, could not help answering, in fortune-telling fashion!

"Your watch has been taken!"

"Now, how could you know *that?*" the simple-minded man exclaimed, in delighted surprise. "It was the first thing I missed. Then we made a search, and found that my wife's diamond ring was gone, and that over two hundred dollars had been filched from my till."

"The thief must be acquainted with the premises," suggested the signor.

"There you hit it again!" said the planter, with lively satisfaction. "You score one every time. He *must* know the premises, whoever he is; and that's the strange part of it. Servants faithful—Good Lord, they wouldn't know what to do with the money and things if they had them! Only our son and daughter living with us. A few intimate friends come in, that I trust as far as I'd trust myself. *Now, who could have robbed us?*"

The worthy Oatman aimed this question point blank at the signor, who answered seriously that he could not tell.

"You *can* tell! I'm sure you can tell!" the planter insisted stoutly. "I haven't come here without consulting my family. My wife and daughter both advised me to come. Only my son tried to dissuade me. He said you couldn't know anything about such matters, and I would only be making a bad matter worse. But then, he hasn't seen your wonderful performances."

A quick suspicion shot through the signor's intuitive mind.

"Your son was right; he gave you good advice. I dare say he was quite anxious that you should keep away from me?"

"Indeed, he was!" said the planter. "He was so worked up about it, I had to partly promise I would not come before he would let me leave the house. He said I'd make a fool of myself, and I said, 'Well, well, George, I won't'. He thought I meant I wouldn't consult you. But what I really meant was"—

"That you wouldn't make a fool of yourself," the signor interrupted. "And here you're doing it, I'm afraid, after all!"

"No! no!" cried the planter, confidently. "You just come round to the house with me, examine the premises, and talk with the folks, and I'm positive you can guess the riddle, if you haven't guessed it already. Ah!" he laughed gleefully, "I see by your eye you have guessed it!"

Indeed, the suspicion which had entered the signor's mind had become almost a certainty; and it was not without hope of being able to solve the mystery to his own satisfaction, if not to the planter's, that he finally consented to visit the house.

He was introduced to the planter's wife and daughter; saw the servants—a simple old negro and his wife, and was shown the room from which the valuables had been purloined.

While he was thus engaged, a fine-looking young fellow, but with a rather careworn face for one hardly yet out of his teens, came and stood in the doorway.

"Ah! Signor, here is my son," said Mr. Oatman, slightly embarrassed. "You see, George, I—I—thought best to—you won't mind, my boy; for asking him in can't do any hurt, if it don't do any good."

"All right!" said George carelessly. But the signor, who exchanged glances with him, saw that his lip twitched nervously, and that there was an anxious look in his eye.

"Your father has an extravagant notion of my poor abilities," the signor remarked, in a friendly tone. "*You* haven't witnessed my performances?"

"I haven't had the pleasure," the youth replied, dryly.

"No doubt you have been more pleasantly employed. The city offers a good many attractions to a spirited young man; and I see by your looks," the signor added, with a meaning smile, "that you are not one of those dullards who go to bed at dusk."

George smiled in a glassy sort of way, and seemed trying to bring out some careless reply, when his mother remarked, complainingly.—

"George keeps very late hours this winter, I'm so sorry! for any one can see it isn't good for him."

"He used to make calls with me, evenings," said the sister. "But he never does now a days. I can't think what he finds to amuse him so late every night."

"I can think," said the signor. "I know the city, and I know young men. I'm sorry, George!" He looked the young man keenly in the eye, as he continued,—

"If you hda been in the habit of remaining at home nights, this theft never would have taken place!"

By the look, and the words, and the manner, and still more by the tone in which the words were spoken, poor George must have perceived that his secret was in the signor's possession. Still the trustful parents and affectionate sister remained free from the slightest suspicion of his guilt.

"I reckon that's true, signor!" said the father, "George is known to be a capital shot, and no burglars would venture in the house when he was at home. Do you discover anything more?"

"Being a stranger here," the signor replied, "I can't make up my mind at once. If *your son* should set about it, I've no doubt *he* could clear up the mystery very quickly; but I shall have to study over it awhile."

Declining to say anything more definite, but promising the family should hear from him if he succeeded in finding the lost treasures, he presently took leave, giving George a very significant look at parting.

He had not been long at the hall, pondering over the painful problem he had been set to solve,—haunted by the pale face of the guilty son, —when the face itself appeared before him.

"Ah, George!" said the signor, kindly; "I am glad to see you."

The youth came forward slowly, too much agitated to speak. Then, apparently touched by the signor's sympathetic manner, he broke forth imploringly—

"For mercy's sake, sir, don't expose me!"

"My dear George!" replied the signor, taking his outstretched hands, "I shall not expose you if I can help it. But let's understand each other. Tell me all about it."

"You know it all!" exclaimed the wretched youth, beginning to tremble and sob violently.

"I know something. You have fallen in with bad companions.—But how could you—how could you deceive and wrong your own parents?"

"Because I am an idiot! because I am the most miserable, ungrateful, wicked son that ever had good parents to wrong!" said George, in a convulsion of remorse and despair. "But I didn't mean to rob them."

"I know," said the signor. "You meant to return what you took. That's what every well-brought-up young man means when he takes the first step in crimes of this sort."

"Truly I meant it!" George protested. "I took the money first, hoping to win back with it what I had lost at play. Then when I lost that I took the ring. Then, desperate fool, as I was, I took the watch and pledged it. That led to the discovery. If it hadn't been for that, all would have been well."

"How so?" the signor inquired.

"Last night the luck turned," said George, "and I won back a good part of what I have lost; enough to recover the watch and ring and all the money I took from the till."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the signor astonished.

"I have it all here," said George, touching his coat. "It was in my pocket when you came to the house; didn't you know it?"

The signor was obliged to confess that he had not seen so far as that.

"I was in distress, trying to invent some way of returning the things without being found out,—trying to keep my father quiet,—when he brought you in and spoiled all! Unless," said George, with looks of entreaty, "unless you will be merciful and help me!"

"I will help you on one condition," said the signor.

"Name it! I will do anything!" the youth eagerly promised.

"I only ask you *not* to do a certain thing," said the signor. "You know what it is—the greatest folly and sin a young man can be guilty of."

"I know what you mean," George replied. "Gambling. I have found out by experience what misery it leads to. And I had vowed that if I could only win back enough to save my honor, I would never—never—never play again! And I never will!"

"Then trust me to make everything right with your father," said the signor, again clasping the young man's hand. "Will you leave all to me?"

"I shall be so glad to, if you will only take the trouble!" said George.

A few minutes later, relieved of his dreadful burden, with a lighter and more hopeful heart than he had carried in his breast for days, he departed, leaving the signor to work out the delicate question in his own way.

That afternoon the signor despatched a note to Mr. Oatman, informing him that it was quite important he should be present at the evening's performance.

In due time, accordingly, the planter appeared with his whole family—wife and daughter and son and took his place with them at the end of the seat, only a few steps in front of the performer.

There was a crowded audience, and everything went on charmingly. The egg trick was repeated by particular request and afforded as much amusement as ever. The signor allowed himself to be shot at, and caught the bullet in his teeth.—Ladies saw their handkerchiefs cut up and made into an omelette, and afterwards restored to them neatly ironed and folded. A pair of doves were found in a lady's bonnet, and a rabbit in an old gentleman's hat.

So the signor went through with his stock performances—all a delightful novelty then and there, though so familiar to other audiences in later times! At length he had occasion to borrow another hat.

He stepped down to the seat occupied by the Oatman family, who were among his most interested spectators.

"Perhaps you will lend me yours" he remarked, "if I promise to be careful of it."

The planter handed his large and somewhat seedy hat with a broad smile. George looded on with bright eyes and a throbbing heart.

The signor stepped back to his table, when, looking into the hat, he gave a start of surprise, and with a frown of feigned displeasure turned to address the audience.

"I have particularly requested," he said, "that gentlemen should be careful to empty their hats before handing them to me. One hat came into my hands, you noticed, half full of turnips. And now remark the incredible carelessness of the owner of this one!"

So saying, he put his hand into the hat and drew out a gold watch which he held up by the chain.

"A hat seems a very unsafe place for carrying a watch; and why couldn't the gentleman have taken the trouble to remove something so valuable before lending it to me? But what is here?"

Having placed the watch on the table, the singor shook the hat and turned it towards the audience, showing it to be partly filled with loose bank-note. These he began to remove by the handful, placing them on the table with watch with many exclamations of surprise, amidst roars of laughter from the spectators.

Then he shook the hat again to see if it was empty at last; and hearing something rattle, fished out a ring.

"A gold ring," he exclaimed, holding it up before the audience. "A diamond ring!" letting it sparkle in the light. "Now what a temptation this is to place before an honest conjurer! I'll have nothing more to do with this and its contents."

With these words he produced the climax of astonishment by handing the hat back to the owner with the bank-notes crowded into it and giving him the watch and ring.

The most pleased and wonder-struck person present was probably the planter himself, as he showed the treasures to his wife and children, and they recognized the genuineness of the articles. Perhaps George was not so surprised as the rest, but he had reason to feel a keener joy than anybody else.

Meanwhile the signor stepped back to the platform and said, with a bow,—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the evening performance is ended."

Mr. Oatman called on the conjuer again next day and urged him to accept a reward for the recovery of his property, and also to explain the way the thing was done.

The signor declined to do either, saying that if he should explain his tricks to everybody that asked about them, he would soon have no surprise left for the public. The planter thanked him most heartily, and they parted the best of friends.

The youth he had helped to rescue from ruin also called, and begged to know how he could show his gratitude to the friendly conjurer.

"There is only one way," said the signor, taking him by the hand and looging earnestly into his eyes. "Be kind and true to your parents and dear sister, and keep your promise, never, never to fall into the obvious vice of gambling again."

The youth renewed his vows, which the conjurer had the sstisfaction, long afterwards, of knowing had been faithfully kept.

As for the planter's family, we may be sure that they never ceased to think with gratitude of the wonderful Signor Blitz.]—Youth's Com.

### The Grandeur of Woman.

When you want to get the grandest idea of a queen, you do not think off Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or of Mary of Theresa of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm-in arm down life's pathway; or sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together, soothing your petty griefs, correcting waywardness, joining your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle or spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands, with which she had toiled for you so long, and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God went down to fetch her; and as she went in all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs up the deep foundation of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother! Ah! she was the qneen!" To make one such a woman as I have described, how many would you want of those people who go in the round of fashion and dissipation, distressing their body until, in their monstrosities, they seem to outdo the dromedary and hippopotamus; going as far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature to the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on down through a frivolous dissipated life to temporal and eternal damnation.—[Dr. Talmage.

January 9, the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution reported annusual cariood of freight as passing through that place, being no less than one hundred and forty stands of bees piled up systematically on one another, and in the foreground a philosopher who was the owner. He said his name was Thomas McFarland Jackson, a resident of northern Missouri. He is taking his to winter and work in Flcrida, and said he expected to return north when the clover began to bloom, bringing his bees and $1,000 worth of winter honey along. Like the old woman with her hens, Jackson don't believe in having his bees "standing around all winter doin' nothin.'"

### How Grant Turned Jewell Out.

"By the way, Jewell, I want your resignation," said President Grant to Postmaster-general Jewell at the close of an official conference. "Do you mean that, Mr. President?" said the astonished P. M. G. "I do," was the laconic response of the "Great Silent Man," as he blew a cloud of smoke heavenward. "All right," replied Mr. Jewell, and in less than half an hour his resignation was in the hands of the president. This is history as related to the writer by Mr. Jewell himself.


### Yeast that Will Keep.

Mother wishes me to send you her recipe for making a yeast that will keep two or three months. She has used it nearly three years, and has had no sour bread. Boil four good-sized potatoes in two quarts of water, mash fine, and with the water scald flour sufficient to make it very thick. Boil a small handful of hops in one quart of water, strain, and stir into a batter, and when it is cool enough add a cup of yeast and leave it in a moderately warm room until it rises; then stir down and add one teaspoonful of salt and sugar each. Set it in cool place, and the next day put it in stone jars, or jugs, and cover tightly. The day before baking, at dinner time, boil and mash a half dozen potatoes and scald flour with the water; then stir in a teacupful of the yeast when it is nearly cold. At bedtime prepare your flour, stir this sponge in the center with a little more water, cover with flour and a cloth. It will be light and ready to knead the first thing next morning, and if kept warm will be ready to put into the tins by the time the breakfast dishes are washed.
Magadore, Ohio. SARAH.

It is a mistake, says the London Lancet, to both rise early and take late rest. The rising early is good as a habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body by prolonging sleep when that necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. If we must sit up half the night, it would be better to sleep half the day than to rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest. Early rising is harmful without early resting.

## SUFFER

no longer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, want of Appetite, loss of Strength lack of Energy, Malaria, Intermittent Fevers, &c. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS never fails to cure all these diseases.

Boston, November 26, 1881.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Gentlemen:—For years I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia, and could get no relief (having tried everything which was recommended) until, acting on the advice of a friend, who had been benefitted by BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, I tried a bottle, with most surprising results. Previous to taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, everything I ate distressed me, and I suffered greatly from a burning sensation in the stomach, which was unbearable. Since taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, all my troubles are at an end. Can eat any time without any disagreeable results. I am practically another person. MRS. W. J. FLYNN,
30 Maverick St., E. Boston.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS acts like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, Belching, Heat in the Stomach, Heartburn, etc. The only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.

Sold by all Druggists.
Brown Chemical Co.
Baltimore, Md.

See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, and have crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

STOCK AND STOCK BREEDERS.

### ROCKDALE FARM

*Buford Sta., Giles Co., Tenn.*

**F. G. BUFORD, Proprietor.**

BREEDER of Trotting and Saddle Horses. Prince Pulaski, sire of Mattie Hunter. Almont, Jr., sire of Annie W. High Private, by Volunteer, at head of stud. Correspondence solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. apr7-1y

### Belle Air Stock Farm

*Buford Sta., Giles Co., Tenn.*

**R. C. REYNOLDS, Proprietor.**

BREEDS Trotting Horses, Shorthorn Cattle and Berkshire Hogs. All warranted best and purest blood. Correspondence solicited and sales made either by letter or on inspection of stock. mar31-1y

### KIDNEY-WORT

**HAS BEEN PROVED**
**The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.**
Does a lame back or a disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE; use KIDNEY-WORT at once (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action to all the organs.
**Ladies.** For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, KIDNEY-WORT is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely. Either Sex. Incontinence, retention or urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains, all speedily yield to the curative power. (4)
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.
KIDNEY-WORT

### D. M. FERRY & CO'S ILLUSTRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE PRICED SEED ANNUAL FOR 1883.

Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. Handsome, about 175 pages, 800 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

### Walnut Logs Wanted.

I WILL buy your walnut trees standing in the woods and cut them myself. Write or send me word and I will come and see them, and give you good prices. Address me at Pulaski. TYREE RODES.
feb9-3m.

## FRESH GROCERIES

ALWAYS IN STOCK

### DISMUKES, ROTHROCK AND DAVIS

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE,
DEALERS IN

### Groceries & Provisions

**Queensware, Hardware & Tinware.**

Produce bought and sold and Family Supplies of all kinds delivered anywhere in town cheap as can be sold in this market. may12-1y

**We Specially Invite Inspection, as we Carry an Immense Stock.**

### W. N. WEBB & SON,

Manufacturers of the

## O. K. Cotton Gin & Condenser.

**Pulaski, Tenn.**

THIS GIN IS A NEW STYLE OUT, WITH ALL OF THE LATE IMPROVEMENTS. It is so arranged as to be adjusted to pick clean, fast or slow, and to make an extraordinary sample of cotton. This is one of the main points of improvement on our O. K. Cotton Gin and Condenser. This gin is constructed so as the wear or loss motion may by taken up without carrying it to the shop. All gins and condensers and condensers ar warranted to give entire satisfaction.
Come and see us before you make your purchase.

## MISS M. A. SMITH & CO.

Are offering great bargains in

### Ready Trimmed Hats and Bonnets

THE LADIES WILL DO WELL TO EXAMINE THEIR STOCK.

Trimmed Hats at 50 Cents and up.
Untrimmed Hats at 25 Cents and up.

## WAGONS & PLOWS

AS the proposed Wagon and Plow Factory at Pulaski has failure, I am fully prepared to supply the farmers of Giles county with Wagons and Plows at regular car load rates. My terms are cash, and any respectable farmer can make a note of 3 to 6 months and have the Pulaski Banks discount the paper at low rates. I will deliver wagons at Pulaski with all freight charges paid by myself, and

***Every Wagon Warranted 12 Months***

and of good material and well finished. Wagons with Bed, Top Box, Spring Seat, Patent Brake—complete, ready to hitch to!

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2¼ Thimble Skein @ | $47 50 | Steel Plows of Every Style. | |
| 2¾ Thimble Skein @ | 50 00 | Pony Light one-horse | $2 50 |
| 3 Thimble Skein @ | 55 00 | A. O. | 4 00 |
| 3¼ Thimble Skein @ | 57 50 | B. O. | 4 50 |