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BY VIRTUE of a Deed of Trust made to me by Lavisa Higdon, by deed noted for registration Nov 5, 1885, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder, for CASH, at the court-house door in Pulaski, on

Saturday, Dec. 18, 1886,

the tract of land mentioned in said deed of trust, lying in the 15th district of Giles county, containing

55 Acres,

bounded north by —— Ramsey, east by J. P. Jater, south by M. M. Johnston, west by M. C. Higdon, and sold under the provisions of said trust deed to satisfy its terms.

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If there is any one who should be "rapped in slumber," it is the man who snores.

Little ones often wear clothes in peculiar places. A cuff on the ear is frequent.

Alpine glaciers move at the rate of four inches a year. It is suspected they don't advertise.

A good name is your best trademark. It can be equalled but not counterfeited.

The day of suffering is a short one, but the day of remuneration is an everlasting one.

He that waits for an opportunity of taking his revenge watches to do himself a mischief.

Bees can predict the weather. Combine a bee and a small boy and they can produce a squall.

When a woman gives her husband a piece of her mind he never stays to get the remainder.

A man who advertised for a permanent position, where salary was no object, was advised to try the cemetery.

If, when blacking the stove, a small lump of sugar and some soft soap be added, it will improve it very much.

Ham, to be eaten cold, should stand in the water in which it was boiled until it is cold; it will not be so dry and hard.

A new game of cards is called "matrimony." If the man wins, he takes the girl; if the girl wins she takes the man.

He stood under the window and sang "How Can I Leave Thee." But he did leave, and so suddenly that the dog went back of the house and wept.

Teacher (to a class in chemistry)—What does sea water contain beside the sodium chloride we have mentioned. Gubbins' youngster—Fish, sir.

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R. GUINN first manufactured and sold his Medicine from PHIRY, GA., in a humble way, using an ordinary iron pot for boiling. The business was run under the name of

SWIFT & GUINN, Perry, Ga.

With the CAUTION printed on each label, "None genuine without the written signature of R. GUINN." And the Medicine was sold at $1.00 per bottle. This co-partnership was dissolved by MR. O. T. SWIFT retiring, and MR. GUINN continuing the manufacture of this Celebrated Vegetable Blood Renewer from Southern Forests up to the present time.

MACON MEDICINE CO.,
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Guinn's Pioneer Blood Renewer cures all Blood & Skin Diseases.

Price per Bottle $1.00 and 1.75. Druggists

A DARLING.

BY ERNEST BROWN.

Two gentlemen friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city thoroughfare. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I am anxious for you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one—a daughter," came the answer, tenderly. "She is a darling, I do assure you."

And then they parted, the stranger in the city getting into a street car, bound for the park, whither he desired to go.

After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car; they were all young and evidently belonged to families of wealth and culture—that is, intellectual culture—as they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately-decorated lunch-basket; each was attired in a very becoming spring suit. Doubtless they, too, were going to the park for a spring picnic. They seemed very happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and upon their faces there were looks of distress mingled with some expectancy. Were they, too, on their way to the park? The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave my door if I had to look like that. Would you?" This from another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this conversation went on in a low tone, but the gentleman had heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears glistening in the eyes. Then he looked at the group of finely-dressed girls, who had moved as far from the plebian as the limits of the car would allow. He was angry. He longed to tell them that they were vain and heartless, as they drew their costly trappings closer about them as if fearful of contact with poverty's children.

Just then an exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie! wonder where she is going?" caused him to look out upon the corner where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in their exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"O, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" questioned another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She's sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, she saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes; and then, forgetting that she, too, wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand caressingly on the boy's thin cheek as she asked interestedly of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure; he clings so to you."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddy never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if it won't make Freddy better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child addressed. "I feel sure it will do him good. It is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a drive?"

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, mebbe we ought to, for Freddy's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies purpose so as Freddy could ride to the park and back. I guess mebbe Freddy'll forget about bein' hungry when he gets to the beautiful park."

Were there tears in the lovely girls eyes as she listened? Yes, there certainly were; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a beaded bag upon her arm.

After riding a few blocks the pretty girl left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a precious package from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us? She didn't call us ragamuffins, and wasn't 'fraid to have her dress touch ours; and she called me 'a dear,' she did. What made her?"

And Sue whispered back:

"I guess it's cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes—beautiful inside, you know."

The gentleman's ears served him well. He heard Sue's whisper and thought:

"Yes, the child is right; the lovely young girl is beautiful inside—beautiful in spirit. She is one of the Lord's own, developing in christian growth. Bless her!"

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out with laughter and merry talk. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road and into the green, sweet smelling park, the sister, with heart full of gratitude, following. It was he who paid for a nice ride for them in the good carriage. He also treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly introducing a comely lady, "and this," as a young girl of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter, Nettie."

"Ah!" thought the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I met yesterday in the street-car. I don't wonder her father calls her a darling. She is a darling, and no mistake, bless her!"

Ingenious Tormentors.

There is a class of people who seem to delight in tormenting their acquaintances in all manner of ingenious was. One of their modes of annoyance is to make allusions to painful circumstances in the past lives or present situation of one's friends, always of course in a polite manner. Suppose, for instance, that a friend has committed some noted imprudent or rash act in the course of his life, or at time from any cause made himself a public laughing-stock, or is now suffering under some wound inflicted on his vanity or his fortune, all that one of these tormentors has to do is to bring the conversation to point, whatever it is, and enjoy the affected tranquility with which his friend talks of it, all the time that he knows his annoyed victim's heart is burning within him. There is one great advantage attending this mode of tormenting, and that is, it can be performed with an appearance of frankness extremely honorable to one's self. Then it looks downright, and maintains a character for plainness of speech, under favor of which you may in time become what is called a privileged person, and so be able to say all kinds of disagreeable things at all times to anybody.

Another mode of torment practiced by these people consists in acquainting one's friends with depreciatory opinions, which are, or may be supposed to be, entertained of them by others. This mode may want some of the advantages of the candid plan, but it is safe and pleasant and quite as effective. There are people who may think it mean to report things said by others and worse than mean to invent them and say them in the name of persons who never so much as dreamt of them. But it is an acknowledged maxim amongst the honorable body of tormentors that the end sanctions the means, and as they claim that their purpose is generally the laudable one of taking down pride, or perhaps the still more useful one of inspiring a little prudence into the brains of folly, it is natural for them to suppose that instead of blame, they deserve some public mark of approbation.

Hence, it not infrequently happens that one of these aggravating persons will pursue his detestable work of torture with a sanctimonious air, as though he were in fact performing a most benevolent and praiseworthy action. But such people are sure to come to grief in the course of time. Their friends grow fewer and fewer; they are more and more shunned by the right-minded and kind-hearted, and finally left exclusively to their own society, which is the worst that can be imagined.—New Y. Ledger.

Notes of The Week.

The necessity for the enactment of a comprehensive interstate commerce law was rendered clear by the recent decision of the supreme court of the United States in the case of The Wabash Railway Co. vs. Illinois, to which full reference has already been made in these columns. The subject, too, has just been commended to the attention of congress by the president. It appears from Washington advices that the outlook for a settlement of this long-discussed question is more promising. It is announced that the senate and house conference committees on the Cullom and Reagan Interstate commerce bills have come to an agreement and will report a substitute measure. This measure will retain the feature of the Cullom bill which provides for the establishment of a commission to deal with complaints against railroads, though shippers will be allowed to prosecute suits for damages in the courts on their own behalf. On the much disputed long and short haul question a compromise has been agreed on. The provision adopted makes it unlawful for any railroad to charge more under substantially similar conditions for transportation for a shorter than for a longer distance over the same line and in the same direction, the shorter being included within the longer distance. The commission, however, is authorized to relieve the railroads from the operation of this provision in special cases, but only after investigation. Upon the question of prohibiting pools the senate conferees have yielded to the house committee and a stringent prohibitory clause has been adopted. Upon the question of publicity of rates a substitute has been agreed upon which requires the railroads to display at every depot the rates established between points on their lines and to file with the commission copies of all joint tariffs of through rates to which they may be a party.—Bradstreets.

Alabama's Coal Supply.

The geological report of Prof. Henry McCalley on the coal fields of Alabama gives some surprising figures as to the enormous quantity of coal in that state. The Warrior field alone contains 7,800 square miles and is about two-thirds as large as the entire coal territory of Great Britian. Its coal measures are over three thousand feet thick, containing fifty-three seams of coal. It is estimated that they contain not less than 113,119,000,000 tons, of which about 108,394,000,000 tons would be available. The coal is valued now at about $150,000,000,000 at the mines, of which $30,000,000,000 would be profit, being about 200 times the present total assessed value of the property in Alabama, and would buy every foot of Alabama territory at $900 per acre. These coals, like those of other fields in Alabama, are especially enhanced in value, owing to the proximity of vast deposits of red and brown iron ores and limestones. The coal production in Alabama increased from 11,000 tons in 1870 to 2,235,000 tons in 1885; the coke production from 60,781 tons in 1880 to 304,500 tons in 1885. Six-sevenths of the 1885 coal production was from the Warrior coal field. Four fifths of the furnaces in Alabama consumed coke. The output was nearly all consumed in the state.—Manufacturers Record.

Goes against the grain—The reaper.

A Touching Poem.

Mr. Editor: The following verses so beautifully describe the means by which a preacher may be enshrined in the hearts of his people and *vice versa*, that I can but asks its publication. I have seen that dear old man and "Phoebe" many a time. They have held up these hands and strengthened this heart many times in a score of itinerant years. More and more as the years roll by the preacher and his family share with their flocks the blessings of a kind Providence. What a volume in the couplet:

He stood by us close in our sarrow,
The day when we buried our child.

T. J. DUNOAN.

AFTER CONFERENCE.

By Rev. W. E. Evans of the Virginia Conference.

Good mornin'! Are you the new preacher?
We heard you was come, in the night,
An' Phoebe an' me—this is Phoebe—
Had Dobbin all harnessed by light
To come an' make your acquaintance,
An' bring you a trifle or two,
An' give a welcome among us—
An' that's we all mean to do.

"How far?" Oh 'tain't any distance
From here to the lane to my gate;
It's six or maybe it's seven—
What! Phoebe here says it is eight!
But we come the distance as often,
As Dobbin out yonder might say—
No, never mind "moving the harness,"
We didn't come over to stay.
You're busy an' so is your family,
An' Phoebe and me are too old
To help you about with your luggage—
Ain't some of the members been told
To come an' fix up for you, parson?
Perhaps they don't know you are come?
They do! "At eleven"—that's like 'em—
They'll make you feel mighty at home.

Our members ain't weathy ones, Parson,
An' this when you see them you'll find;
But no congregation is richer
In love an' freeness of mind,
An' ready they'll be—wont they Phoebe?
The' some of 'em look monstrous odd—
To share the last dime with the preacher,
Who comes to direct 'em to God!

The preacher just gone from us, Parson,
We paid all the circuit allowed;
An' give him a suit in the bargain—
I tell you we felt mighty proud!
God bless him! an' where did they send him?
He stayed with us here the four years—
"In town" an' I warrant he'll suit 'em;
No bishop of him need have fears.

He stood by us close in our sorrow
The day when we buried our child;
His prayers they were balm to the spirit
When Phoebe and me were most wild,
Oh, Parson, I wish you had known our daughter—
A better girl never was seen,
She always was mighty religious—
"How old?" she was nearly nineteen.
I'll never forget her last moment!
It seemed like the angels was there,
While Phoebe was bendin' above her,
A smoothing her forehead and hair.
Her face for the moment was lighted,
An' shined with the light of the skies;
We knew she was drifting beyond us—
The far-away look in her eyes
Was fixed on some glory up yonder,
Which only such holy ones see.
She smiled and passed sweetly to Jesus,
'Most killin' poor Phoebe and me.

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But, Phoebe, it's time we were going—
Come, parson, walk out to the cart—
"No longer," this mornin', I thank you,
It's time we were ready to start.
We brought a few things. I an' Phoebe—
Back Dobbin—whoa! back a bit more!
No, parson, 'taint much of a present—
I wish it was twenty times more!
Here's beef I just slaughtered, an' nicer,
I'll warrant you never have run;
These hams I can call something splendid!
This sausage is "A number one!"
Here's eggs—Phoebe's hens is the leg-horn;
This butter last night Phoebe rolled—
I want you to see my young Jersey,
Her butter is yellow as gold!
Here's apples, potatoes and cabbage,
An' Phoebe, what's this tied around?
Ah! pickles, preserves and dried cherries,
Let's put all the jars on the ground;
Here's meal, and some pulat's to eat it,
A pair of young ducks—Phoebe's best;
The turkey is one of the old ones,
But fat—put your hand on his breast.

An' now we'll be journeying, Phoebe,
An' parson, we wish you good cheer;
God bless you—I somehow feel happy,
I know we shall have a good year!

THE SALOON KEEPER'S DREAM.

SCENE FIRST.

The bar-keeper sat by his bar room fire,
His feet as high as his head, and higher;
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out—
As in spiral columns it curled about,
Veiling his face in its fleecy folds,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled;
While a fearful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled his friends had gone
To wake in the morning with a drunkard's pain,
A blood-shot eye and a whirling brain,
Drowsily came the watchman's cry—
"Past two o'clock," and a cloudless sky.
But the barkeeper sat still and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look.

"Ho! ho!" said he in a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the work is done,
Twice five are ten, and another V,
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make four and twenty for my well filled fob.
Ha, ha, tis rather a good night's job.
But the fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
May it do them much good, but the cash is mine.
Ho, ho, he, he, he, he,"
And he rubbed his hands in a chucking glee,
"Many a fool have I in my net
I have him safe, and I'll fleece him yet.

"There's Brown, what a jolly fellow is he,
He drinks the way that pleases me,
I'll let him go on for a while at this reckless rate,
And I'll have his farm as sure as fate,
I have a mortgage now on Thompson's lot,
What a fool he was to become such a sot.
But it's business to me, for in a month or so,
I'll sell him out and the dog may go.
Zounds! whew! won't there be a regular take on
When his wife learns that her house and lot are gone.
Won't she blubber, sob and cry—
But business is business, what care I?

And Gibson has murdered his child they say;
He was drunk as a fool here, on yesterday;
I gave him warning as I went to fill
this jug—but the BRUTE would have his will.
Mon blame me! Why bless their gizzards,
If I didn't sell they'd go to hazard.
If men get drunk, go home and turn
Their wives out of doors—it's their own concern.
I'll never turn a customer away—
Who is able to buy and ABLE TO PAY,
I've a right to engage in a lawful (?) trade,
And risk my chances where Cash is to be made.
Many a youngster have I in my net,
I have him safe, and I'll skin him yet."

SCENE SECOND.

Ho, ho, 'twas an echoed sound,
That made the astonished bar-keeper look round.
This way and that through the smoke peered he,
But nothing but the chairs could the barkeeper see.
Ho, ho, 'twas a guttural note;
It seemed that it came from an iron throat!
When Lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Stood an uncouth form with aspect grim,
And from his shaky head, and through his grizzy hair,
Sprouted of rough hard horns a pair,
And from his shaggy horns below
Like sulphurous flames his eyes did glow,
In his hand he bore, if hand it was,
Whose fingers were like a vulture's claws,
A three-tined fork—the prongs though dull,
Were thrust through the sockets of a grinning skull,
And all the while were his eyes that burned,
Like sulphurous flames on the bar-keeper turned.
And how did he feel beneath that look?
Why his jaw fell down and his whole frame shook,
He quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague fit had hold of him.

THE DEVIL SPEAKS!

"You are my friend," the devil said,
And he nodded the horns on his shaky head.
You are an ally of mine and I love you well,
In that warm country that men call hell;
There I hold my court and am proud to say
That you are the most faithful fiend I have in pay.
I thank you, dear sir, for your work of evil.
Perhaps you don't know me, I'm called the devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and so wan,
Up started instanter the horror stricken man;
For a mortal fear was on him then,
For he deemed that the way of living men
He'd walk no more for his hour had come,
And his master too, to take him home.
Then his thoughts went back to the wretched past,
And shrieks he heard on the winter blast,
And groans before him dark and dim
Were wretched forms with aspect grim.
But the devil sell, my friend, don't be afraid,
You can't be spared for a long while here.
There are hearts to break, and souls to win
From the ways of peace to the ways of sin;
Homes to be rendered desolate,
And trusting love turned to hate.
Blights to shed over the young, pure and fair,
'Till they are ruined by my friend despair.
This is the work you have done so well,
Of owning the earth and peopling hell—
Of crushing out the light of the inner shrine
Of the human soul till I call it mine.
Poverty, want, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I would blush to name,
Dance and howl in hellish glee,
Around those souls you've ruined for me.

Selling whiskey is a good device—
To make a hell of paradise.
For wherever this fiery stream doth roll,
It is swollen with tears and stained with blood,
And the voice that was heard for awhile in prayer,
Now mourn in silent despair.
And the hand that should protect the wife from ill,
Is now raised in a drunken wrath to kill.

"But go on, my friends, you are filling up
With the wine of God's wrath your cup;
And we demons exult in our homes below
As you deepen the pangs of human woe
For a few dollars—perishing pelf,
You excel in meanness the devil himself."

The Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. are now building four furnaces of 150 tons daily capacity in Alabama, and will put up one in Tennessee, making ten that they will have in operation when these are finished. Samuel Thomas, the great iron maker of Pennsylvania, and associates are putting $1,000,000 into an iron making enterprise, having one furnace now under way near Birmingham so arranged that others can be conveniently added. The de Bardeleben Coal & Iron Co., a $2,000,000 company, are building two large furnaces near Birmingham; the Coalburg Coal & Coke Co. one near the same place. Enoch Ensley and associates are putting up one at Sheffield; the Sheffield Furnace Co. is building another. E. W. Cole and associates will build three more there. The South Pittsburg Railway Coal & Iron Co. are preparing to erect two at or near South Pittsburg. One furnace is going up at Calera and another is to be built at Decatur. The Sloss Co have sold out their furnaces at Birmingham to a $3,000,000 company, and, by the way, the purchase price was $2,000,000, while the stock of the company was $500,000. This new company will build two more furnaces. A $3,000,000 company is organized to build two furnaces at Florence. A $1,200,000 company has been organized in Memphis to develop iron property near Sheffield and build a furnace. $200,000 has been subscribed for a new furnace to be built immediately at Chattanooga. The Williamson Iron Co., of Birmingham, have just built a furnace, and the Woodwards, of Wheeling, Ala., have added another one to their plant. This is a part only of what Alabama and Tennessee are doing in developing their iron interests. Here are between twenty and twenty-five furnaces to be added to the list of active furnaces in Alabama and Tennessee as soon as they can be finished. They vary in capacity from 100 to 150 tons a day. At 100 tons 20 of these furnaces would produce 2,000 tons a day, or over 700,000 tons a year if run steadily at full capacity.—Manufacturers Record.

The Southern Farmer.

That there is increasing prosperity in the industrial interests of the south, with a bright future, is now seen by every one. This being true, the question of first importance now is how are the farmers doing? On this point we have claimed that despite the many drawbacks and burdens under which southern farming interests have labored, there is a steady improvement in the general condition of southern farmers. We know that many are still held down to poverty by the all-cotton curse, the exorbitant interest paid on all credit purchases of supplies and the lack of a home market for their productions, but still there is a gradual shaking off of these incumbrances, and southern farmers are more and more raising their own foodstuffs and turning from cotton to diversified agriculture. Every manufacturing establishment planted in the south marks the progress towards the time when diversified agriculture will be the rule throughout that section. Wherever a factory is started there is the beginning of a better home market for all the supplies that a farm can produce, and given the same demand for diversified farm products, the southern farmer will display equally as much energy as the Pennsylvania or western farmer. It is the lack of a stimulous only that makes so many southern farmers thriftless. They have no inducement to diversify their farming because they have no certain market for the eggs, chickens, dairy products, fruits and veg