BY AND BY.

What will it matter by and by
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under a gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether unhelped I toiled alone,
Dashed my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel nigh,
Bidding me think of the by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with glad content,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by and by?

What will it matter by and by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh
"All will be clearer by and by."

What will it matter? Naught, if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God—
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by and by.

Ah! it will matter by and by
Nothing but this: that Joy or Pain
Lifted me skyward, helped to gain,
Whether through rack, or smile, or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by.

Didn,t Wish to Purchase.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I see you are back again," said a dark featured man, entering the studio of a local artist, and throwing two long paper boxes upon the floor.

"You have the advantage of me," said the artist, looking with some astonishment upon his visitor.

"Oh, yes. Never saw you before but I just met a friend of yours, and he advised me to call upon you. Knew you was delighted to see my stock. Was sure I could make a customer of you," and by this time the dark featured party had scattered a variety of silk sashes, Turkish costumes, fans, slippers and other Oriential loot over the studio floor.

"My friend was mistaken," said the artist, "I do not care to buy anything in your line. My studio is overcrowded with such stuff already."

"Oh, I didn't expect you to buy," said the dark party, looking up with a faraway Moses smile that possessed all the blandness of an oriental day break. "I just wished to give you a treat. Take your time now, and look over everything. Here is a costume that you can't see every day, I bought that in Egypt. The real stuff. Did you ever see such beautiful gold embroidery? It's a treasure, sir, a misfit, made to order for the Khedive himself. Worth a hundred dollars, but I don't keep any store, and haven't any rent to pay, so I can afford to sell cheap. Nothing like it in the country. Dirt cheap. There is a hundred dollar suit you can have for thirty-five. You see how beautifully it is made.

"But I thought you didn't care to have me buy anything?" said the artist.

"Certainly not," said the dark party, putting in another winner in the way of a smile. "I only tell you the price so that you can see how well a person gets along who has no store rent to pay. Ah! I see you have your eye on that sash. A beauty. The very best of silk. Picked it up in Alexandria myself. You can have that for a dollar, and here is a real Constantinople fan. Splendid material for decoration. You don't see fans like that every day. I sold Mr. —— a dozen of them only yesterday. He said he had never met with anything like them in Europe. Mr. —— is a good customer of mine. In fact all the principal artists know me in New York, and I want you Brooklyn artists to get acquainted with me. You see I haven't any store—"

"That's what you said before."

"So I can sell very cheap. Just take a good look at the Egyptian pin. Odd, isn't it? Can't wash that enamel off if you take sand and water. I've been selling those for five dollars, but you may take that one for two. I'm going back to Europe. There isn't any use bringing over any more goods. Duty too high. Selling off my stock for nothing so as to get away.

"I told you I didn't care to buy anything," said the artist.

"Of course you did," said the dark party. "Don't think of that for a moment. Take your time and look over my stock. I don't expect you to buy anything. Remember that. Now, what do think of this Algerian pair of boots? Picturesque, ain't they? Just the thing to hang up in odd corners. Come in splendidly."

"They are rather odd," said the artist.

"Odd!" ejaculated the dark party, "you never put eyes on such boots before. All embroidered by hand. Picked them up at a great bargain in Cairo. That's the real court boot. All the nobles wear them. The last pair I've got left. You can have them for ten dollars, and dirt cheap. There, I'll let you have them for seven dollars. It's the last—"

"But I don't want them," said the artist, at the same time putting the boots on one side.

"Here's a real Egyptian pair of sleeve studs," said the dark party. "The sacred crab on each stud; real ivory and bronze; a pair of beauties. Odd jewelry is all the style now a days, you know. Ah, I see you've picked out my pet. That's a necklace to win any woman. Pure silver and crystal. Wish you could see it in the gaslight. That necklace has got a history. Who do you suppose it belonged to?"

"Give it up," said the artist, holding the trinket up to the light.

"You won't believe me, but that necklace was worn by the great aunt of Arabi Pasha. Have traced it right back through the Arabi family. Can't pick up a curiosity like that every day. I see you have taken a fancy to it—"

"No, I haven't," said the artist.

"It's worth twenty dollars, but you can have—"

"Don't want it."

"You can have it for five dollars, just giving it away."

"Wouldn't take it as a gift," said the artist, at the same time placing the necklace to one side with the boots.

"You may well admire that instrument, sir," said the dark party. "That is the original, I may say the root, of your modern banjo. That instrument dates back to the fifth dynasty of Egyptian history. It's something the Metropolitan Museum would give a fortune for, but I always let the artists have first choice. You see what corresponds to the head of the modern banjo is in this wonderful instrument, the shell of the turtle. The turtle, you know, is sacred in—"

"Confound the turtle," said the artist, throwing down the instrument, but still keeping one eye on it.

"You can have that, sir, for three dollars," said the dark party. "It's the only one of the kind in the United States."

"Haven't any use for it," said the artist, once more taking it up, and placing it with the boots and necklace.

"You won't take another look at this Turkish costume? Just examine the texture," said the dark party. "Can't get that sort of cloth in the united States, I can tell you. Just the thing to wear to fancy dress balls—"

"But I never go to fancy dress balls," said the artist.

"Couldn't have anything richer to use in your pictures," continued the dark party. "Or see how well it will come in for drapery on the wall. It's cruel to let you miss this chance. There you may take it for thirty dollars. Giving it away. Gold embroidery worth twice that sum."

"But I say I haven't any use for the thing," shouted the artist, as he took up a portion of the costume and held it in the light.

"Give me twenty-five, but never tell anybody how much you bought it for," and the artist placed the suit along with the boots.

"Suppose you take a look at this Assyrian—"

"Stop!" shouted the artist' "sitter due at this moment. Come, how much do I owe you?"

"Forty dollars, please"' said the darx party, as he bundled his traps into the boxes.

"There, take your money, and get, and don't you ever show your face here again," cried the artist.

"No, your excellency," said the dark featured man, smiling his sweetest, as he softly closed the studio door.

"HELP ME ACROSS, PAPA."

Hawk-Eye.

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been resting from loving hands, and as they tried in vain to keep her, or to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too, experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses turned to lillies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. Oh, the awful, cruel strength of death, and the weakness, the helplessness of love! They who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait till the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed.

Then it was that the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a bound as we thought, She is better! She will live! Yes, she knew us, her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! Oh! how good God was to give her back! How we would praise and bless him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, brown hand of the rugged man who sat nearest her. His eyelids were wet with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his whole bronze face like a rainbow, as he felt the genuine pressure of his little daughter's hand — the mute, imploring touch, that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving.

She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shown in the twilight like a fair star, or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms, said in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but SHE was far away, whither we might not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet.

"She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the river sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

Oh! Infinite Father! When we, weary and disappointed ones reach out pleading hands to Thee, wilt Thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of Thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the City of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God?

A WILD MAN IN IDAHO.

How Two Cowboys Chased the Solitary Savage of Snake River.

Hailey Times.

Two cowboys who just came in from Camas Prairie relate an experience which will probably go a great way toward re-establishing the popular faith in the wild man's tradition. On the first day of this month, two cowboys, searching for cattle lost in a storm, passed over some lava crags and were startled by suddenly seeing before them the form so often described to them. They were so terrified that they sat upon their horses looking at it in dread. Mustering courage and drawing their revolvers, they dismounted and gave chase, but the strange being skipped from crag to crag as nimbly as a mountain goat. After an hour's pursuit both young men were so completely worn out that they laid down, seeing which the wild man gradually approached them and stopped on the opposite side of a gorge in the lava, from which point he regarded them intently.

The wild man was considerably over six feet in height, with great muscular arms which reached to his knees. The muscles stood out in great knots, and his chest was as broad as that of a bear. Skins were twisted about his feet and ankles, and a wolf skin about his waist. All parts of his body to be seen were covered by long black hair, while from his head the hair flowed over his shoulders in coarse, tangled rolls, and mixed with a heavy beard. His face was dark and swarthy, and his eyes shone brightly, while two tusks protruded from his mouth. His fingers were the shape of claws, with long, sharp nails, and he acted very much as a wild animal unaccustomed to seeing a man. The boys made all kinds of noises, at the sound of which he twisted his head from side to side and moaned—apparently he could not give them any "back talk;"—so, wearying of eyeing him, the two boys fired their revolvers, whereupon the wild man turned a double somersault, and jumped fifteen feet to a low bench and disappeared, growling terribly as he went.

It is supposed that this is the same apparition that has so often been seen before. The man no doubt does as the Indians did for subsistence, and lives on camas roots, which grow wild by acres, and he no doubt kills young stock, as many yearlings and calves disappear mysteriously, and nothing but the skeletons of them are ever found.

Woman—Hope for Suffering Woman! Something new Under the Sun!

By reason of her peculiar relations, and her peculiar ailments, woman has been compelled to suffer, not only her own ills, but those arising from the want of knowledge, or of consideration on the part of those with whom she stands connected in the social organization. The frequent and distressing irregularities peculiar to her sex have thus been aggravated to a degree which no language can express. In the mansions of the rich and the hovel of the poor alike, women has been the patient victim of ills unknown to man, and which none but she could endure—and without a remedy. But now the hour of her redemption has come. She need not suffer longer, when she can find relief in Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend." Prepared by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. Price: trial size, 75c; large size, $1.50. For sale by all druggists.

Dot Oafergoat.

He was a full blooded American, and he had seen second-hand and "hand-me-down" clothing dealers in his life-time, and gone them one better.

He entered the Isrealite shop, and performing the Masonic sign manual of the Jew, by elevating his hand to the level of his ear and shaking it parallel to his shoulders, exclaimed: "How you vas, mine frendt?"

"I vash not so very vell," replied Moses.

"Haf you a forty-five dollar oafercoat vat vas made to order for a student, vot you vill sell me for dree dollars?"

Moses looked at the would-be purchaser from head to foot. "Vas you an orphan?"

"No. I vas no orphan; but I haf a brudder mit Schattam street vot sells goods vot vas an orphan."

"I dink you vas give me taffy."

"Well, how about that overcoat, old man?" suggested the prospective purchaser, in regular U. S. language.

"Isaac, vill you show the gentleman dot make-to order Brince Albert oafercot, vot you puy von veek ago mit dot student?

The coat was produced and thoroughly inspected.

"You vill sell dot coat for dree dollars?" asked the purchaser.

"How could I do dot, my frendt? Dot coat vas cost me dwenty dollar. I could not sell him to mine brudder for less dan dwenty life."

"Perhaps your sister would take it off your hands for fifteen?" suggested the buyer.

"But I haf no sister," said Moses. "I think you vas no puy dot coat; you vas come here mit shoakes on me."

"Now, mine frendt," commenced the buyer, again giving the sign manual, "vot vas the least monish vot you take mit dot coat?"

Moses' face brightened. "I vos sell dot coat for fifteen dollar; but if you effer dell a lifin' soul vot you pay for him I vas a rufued man."

"I haf loss dot gombination mit mine safe, but I vas gif you a fife-dollar not from mine bocket-book."

"I could not sell dot oafercoat for less dan ten dollar," said Moses. "I vas lose a ten-dollar pill mit him then."

"Will you take the V?" asked the purchaser, as he got to the door.

"Isaac, you may do up the oafercoat for the gentleman. He is a beculiar frendt mit me."—*The Judge.*

A Father Tells His Daughter How to Treat Her Mother

Centerville (Md.) Record.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any acts of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes and begins to express her suprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth, you can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swolen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured in these first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are; but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and we if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. These rough hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.

Hon. W. A. Milliken Complimented.

Nashville World.

Appreciating his distinguished abilities as a professor, and rejoicing in his triumphant election to the General Assembly from the county of Montgomery, the students of the law department of the Vanderbilt University, presented Judge W. A. Milliken with a fine gold-headed cane. The presentation was made by Mr. F. L. Snodgrass, of Tennessee, in a neat speech, to which Prof. Milliken responded in a feeling manner. He said that the interest manifested by the students for his success in the late exciting canvass had encouraged him more than all else; and that he considered it one of the proudest moments of his life, there being nothing he prized more highly than the good will of the class. The beautiful cane bore this inscription:

"Presented to
W. A. MILLIKEN
By the members of the Law Class
of Vanderbilt University,
1882-'83."

Not Sincere.

Dr Chalmers, in one of his discourses, says: "There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable, but who, though versed in all the categories of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or of cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every gesture and gracefulness in every posture, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the heart and gayety of social intercourse, and frankness that spreads ease and animation around it, the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy."

Old Ike and the Comet.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Old Ike got up at 4 o'clock yesterday morning and went out into the wood-shed to shoot a chicken thief. Looking up into the sky he saw the comet. Soon as his eye caught sight of it he threw down his gun, ran into the house and woke "de ole 'ooman" up by yelling: "Git up, ole 'ooman, git up an' say yo' pr'ars quick, kase de debbil's gone to frowin' red-hot balls o' fiah at de earf, an' de 'bellion dun commenced. Git up an' go see fo' yo'se'f, den cum back an' pray. Hanner—pray loud, an' don't fo'git ter menshun me as yer gwine 'long," and the "ole man" stepped outside the door to show the old women "dat ar charyot ob fiah," when he fell into the cellar, and "de ole 'ooman" fainted and fell on top of him.

A Bishop's Experience of Death.

In a sermon in the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal church, Philadelphia, on Sunday, Bishop Bowman, of St. Louis, related the following: "On my return from Japan I preached in California, and probably overworked myself, and on the last Sunday in February, after holding divine service in my St. Louis church I returned home, where I was immediately taken sick with a lingering fever, which the physician predicted would end fatally. At this point I seemed to fall into a kind of ecstacy, when I actually did not know whether I was alive or dead. I imagined that I was on board a most magnificent ship, and heard the captain say: 'Stop her!' and which I thought to be the voice of my Divine Master, when my young 18-months-old child, who had died 12 years ago, came to me and said that she had heard that I was coming, and had come to meet me. After some little conversation, which I do not recollect, she said: 'Do you not think that I have grown, papa?' She then rose in a form of glory which I have never before witnessed and never more expect to see until I die, and then returned to her usual state, saying that she had come in that shape to see if I should know her. She then said that many friends had asked after me and were awaiting my coming, and that an old lady and gentleman had taken her up and kissed her, saying that her papa was their boy. I then asked her where her mamma was. 'Oh, she is at doing something for the Lord, but will be at the wharf to meet us on our arrival.' All this left an impression upon me by the magnificence of the surroundings, and it was a season of great preciousness to me. It seems to me that I have come back from the other world, and although it is peculiar for me to say that I was dead, it seems as if I was not in the body."

A Painter's Career.

Stirnbrand, the veteran German painter, whose death at the age of 91 was recently announced at Stuttgart, had a remarkable career. When three years old he was rescued from the waters of the Danube, into which his mother, a Croatian soldier's wife, had thrown him by an Austrian officer, who brought him up with his own children. He was named Stirnbrand on account of the scar of a burn on his forehead. He began his artistic career as a house painter, and then as a painter of tea boards and other lacquered wares, which he decorated with portraits of prominent persons of the day. These portraits were so good that they brought him into public notice, and commissions from princes and kings began to come in. His house soon became a famous artistic literary center. He never made a fortune by his brush, however, nor attempted anything beside portrait painting, with the exception of a few altar peices and genre pictures.

Hidden Money Found by Digging.

Brownsville Gazette.

During the war or some time after a negro entered the house of a wealthy Georgian residing in the western part of this country and walked out with a large sum of his money. His wife thinking it unsafe to keep money in the house after that, took the remainder, amounting to several hundred dollars and dividing it in several parcels of $400 or $500 each buried them in as many places, where no one but herself could find it. Soon thereafter she sickened and died before telling where she had hid the money. One of the parcels was buried in the smoke-house. A few weeks since the old gentleman hired his son-in-law to clean out the smoke-house and he in turn, engaged a negro to assist him. After removing the surface for some distance a few half dollars were shoveled up and soon a sum of about $400 was dug up.

Won the Wager

Fred Flasher and Miss Florentia Flounce were discussing the mental power of controlling thought. Said Flasher:

"I will give you a pair of gloves if you can think of positively nothing for five minutes and still be awake."

"Done," she responded.

Five minutes passed.

"I've won the gloves!" she exclaimed.

"How did you manage to think of nothing for the whole five minutes?" he asked, eagerly.

"I fastened my mind firmly on your mustache and kept it there," she replied, triumphantly.

The referee awarded her the gloves—*Detroit Free Press.*

Children in Heaven.

The late Dr. Pond, of Bangor, had several young children removed by death, and he left a tender and beautiful allusion to them in the following paragraph:

"I love to think of them as away from me at school—the best school in the universe, where they have the best teachers, and are learning the best things in the best possible manner. I expect ere long to go and see them—see what progress they have made and to what heights of glory they are ultimately destined; for I think it is not likely that among the brightest spirits that surrounded the eternal throne may be found many at the last, who have left this world in infancy.

Babbling Women.

A law of Virginia passed in the year 1662 reads as follows: "Whereas, many babbling women slander and scandalize their neighbors, for which their poor husbands are often involved in chargeable and vexatious suits and cast in great damages. Be it enacted, That in actions of slander occasioned by the wife, after judgment passed for the damages, the woman shall be punished by ducking; and if the slander be so enormous as to be adjudged at greater damages than five hundred pounds of tobacco, then the woman to suffer a ducking for each five hundred pounds of tobacco adjudged against her husband if he refuses to pay the tobacco"—*Notes and Queries.*

THE Southern Live Stock Journal says: Although a very old remedy, it seems there is yet a good many persons that do not know the value of pennyroyal. It will clear all kinds of stock of all kinds of vermin, horse-flies, gnats, fleas on dogs, lice on stock or poultry, etc. No farmer can reasonably do without it. To one ounce of oil of pennyroyal add four ounces of any other mild oil. Lard oil is good; give each plowman a vial of this and a feather to touch the horse about the head, ears, flands and legs with just a little every two or three hours, and I will guarantee all insects will leave at once.

"Don't swear so, John. What if you should be struck dead with such horrid oaths on your lips!" said his wife soothingly "Swear so? Jimminy crickets, by all that's great, I'm not swearing, but going to express my opinion of this confounded, nine-cornered bazoo of a blamed rickety infernal bit of stove-pipe—" Exit the wife with her hands over her ears.—*Chicago Times*

Found at Last.

An agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its purity, fully supplies this want.

A Pony Ranch in Texas.

A Texas paper describes an 8,000 acre ranch in that state entirely devoted to the breeding of ponies for children. The breeding stock consists of seven Shetland stallions and forty-five mares, all thoroughbred; and two hundred small spotted pony mares. These little ponies range over the prairies like sheep, and are described as very gentle.

A Beneficent Action.

The miserable looks and feelings of those confined at desks or work tables, are caused by weak stomach, kidneys or bowels. Parker's Ginger Tonic without intoxicating has such a beneficent action on these organs and so cleanses the poisonous matters from the system, that rosy cheeks and good health are soon brought back again.—*Express.*

WILL the boy who knows of a place where we can go and catch fish please rise and answer the question. Every man that we have asked has told us "over there," and we have been "over there" a great many times and haven't caught anything yet. Subject for the Concord school of philosophy; The Non-Hereness of There.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Rev. Dr. J. E. Douglass, a superannuated preacher of the North Mississippi Conference, died at Leasburg, N. C., Oct. 24. He was widely known and highly esteemed in Mississippi, North Carolina, and Tennessee. A note from the Rev. S. Lea, announcing his death, says: "He was a man of deep piety and saintly character, and deserves more than passing notice."—*Nashville Advocate.*

A Dutchman and an Irishman once met on a lonely highway. Each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake, remarked with a look of disapointment; "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it me, an' its naythur of us." The Dutchman replied: "Yaw, dat is dhra: I am anuder man, and you ish not yourself. We poth be some other podies."

A London paper describes an American girl in that city who wears a gown with a flight of swallows, beginning on her left shoulder and ending at her right foot; and swallows alsoffy about her parasol." The American youth in London is also addicted to "swallows," but they don't begin on his left shoulder. They begin under his nose and run down his throat.

Don't Waste Money

On trashy extracts when you can buy a lasting perfume so delightfully fragrant and refreshing as Floreston Cologne.

HINTS to subscribers: Subscribers of the Boomerang, who find crossbones and skull with the crest of metallic burial casket drawn in blood on the wrapper of their paper, will know that their subscription has expired and that something has got to be done.

For children living in tenement houses and crowded cities, where they cannot get the benefit of pure, exilirating, health-giving country air and travel, Dr. Moffett's Teethina (Teething Powders) is invaluable.

SOME inquiring mind has taken pains to discover that in the Old Testament the word Jehovah is repeated 6,807 times. In the New Testament the word Jesus is repeated 929 times, the word Lord, relating to both the Father and the Son, 160 times.

Gray hair may be made to take on its youthful color and beauty by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair renewer, the best preparation for the hair known to the science of medicine and chemistry.

"IT is not necessary for a man to be poor to be honest. Certainly not. But it seems sort o' half necessary for a man to be poor if he is honest.

"MISERY may like company, but I'd ruther hab de rumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."—[Uncle Gabe.

Woman—Proclamation—Freedom for Women.

What is the right of the ballot to women compared with her privilege of enjoying health and happiness in the charmed circle of her social and domestic relations? Among the many discoveries tending to promote the happiness and advancement of the human race, nothing is so intimately connected with the health and happiness of women—the centre and source of our highest earthly enjoyments—as the discovery of a remedy which meets her peculiar wants, and fits her for the enjoyment of life, and for ministering to the happiness of those with whom she is associated in the tender relations of sister, wife and mother. This remedy is found in Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator, "Women's Best Friend." By it woman is emancipated from the ills peculiar to her sex. Before its magic power all irregularities of the womb vanish. It cures whites, suppression of the menses, and removes uterine obstructions. It cures constipation and strengthens the system, braces the nerves and purifies the blood, and thus doing, it does more for her, and through her, for the whole human family than any discovery of modern times. It never fails, as thousands of women will testify. Prepared by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. Price: trial size, 75c; large size, $1.50. For sale by all druggists

53D YEAR

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Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

State of Tennessee—Montgomery Co.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas to me directed, from the Circuit Court of Montgomery county, Tenn., I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Clarksville, on

Saturday, November 25, 1882,

a tract of land near Rose Hill, in District No. 4 of Montgomery county, Tennessee, bounded as follows: North by R. Y. Moss, south by R. S. Payne, east by Mrs. I. N. Belote, west by J. W. Trahern, containing 66 acres, more or less.

Levied on as the property of J. B. Davis to satisfy an execution in my hands in favor of W. J. Rogers.

GEO. R. HARRIS,
October 21, 1882-5tpr$7 00 Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

State of Tennessee—Montgomery Co.

By virtue of writ of venditioni exponas to me directed, from the Circuit Court of Montgomery county, Tenn., I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Clarksville, on

Saturday, November 25, 1882,

a tract of land near Rose Hill, in District No. 4 of Montgomery county, Tennessee, bounded as follows: On the north by S. Y. Moss, south by R. S. Payne, east by Mrs. I. N. Belote, west by J. W. Trahern, containing 66 acres, more or less.

Levied on as the property of J. B. Davis to satisfy an execution in my hands in favor of R. J. Carnthan.

GEO. R. HARRIS,
October 21, 1882-5tpr$7 00 Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

State of Tennessee—Montgomery Co.

By virtue of a writ of venditioni exponas to me directed, from the Circuit Court of Montgomery county, Tenn., I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Clarksville, on

Saturday, November 25, 1882,

a tract of land of 50 acres situated in District No. 19 of Montgomery county, Tennessee, bounded on the north by R. H. McFall, on the east by Ben Murray, colored, on the south by J. Stacker, colored, on the west by said McFall.

Also the undivided interest of Franklin Lyle in the homestead of James Lyle, deceased, being about 100 acres, in which his mother owns a life estate, lying in District No. 8 of Montgomery county, Tennessee, and bounded on the north by the lands of Jesse Bartee, on the east by the lands of Mrs. Dyer and J. J. Wootten, on the south by the lands of Mrs. Caroline Oneal, and on the west by the lands of John Dority and Thos. Haines.

Levied on as the property of Franklin Lyle to satisfy an execution in my hands in favor of Laura Ellis.

GEO. R. HARRIS,
October 21, 1882-5tpr$8 00 Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

State of Tennessee—Montgomery Co.

By virtue of an order of sale, to me directed, from the Circuit Court of Montgomery county, Tenn., I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court House door in Clarksville, on

Saturday, November 25, 1882,

all the right, title, claim and interest that James H. Quarles has in and to one lot and house, with two rooms, in Civil District No. 1 of Montgomery county, Tennessee, near the State line, bounded as follows, to-wit: North by First Cross street, south by Chalfant, east by C. M. Johnson, and west by Church street, containing about one-half acre.

Levied on as the property of James H. Quarles to satisfy an execution in my hands in favor of S. H. Morgan.

GEO. R. HARRIS,
October 21, 1882-5tpr$7 00 Sheriff.

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of Trenton, Ky., I desire to thank my friends and the public for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me, and I ask that my successor be as liberally patronized. He will conduct his house on the same high plane, and will give satisfaction to all. Again thanking my friends for their favors, I am

Very Respectfully,

G. A. ROTH.

October 14, 1882-4t

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Taxes.

I will be at the following districts on the dates below, for the purpose of collecting the State, County, School and Court House taxes for 1882:

Dist. No.	
1—Grant's Mill,	Monday, Nov. 13.
1—Hampton's