

Vol. VII.—NO. 13  
Savannah, Tenn., Thursday, April 9, 1891.  
One Dollar Per Year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Savannah as Second Class Matter.  
SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1891.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVE TONIC AND Stomach and Liver Cure

The Most Astonishing Medical Discovery of the Last One Hundred Years.  
It is Pleasant to the Taste as the Sweetest Nectar.  
It is Safe and Harmless as the Purest Milk.

This wonderful Nerve Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the Great South American Medicine Company, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by the native inhabitants of South America, who rely almost wholly upon its great medicinal powers to cure every form of disease by which they are overtaken.

- Nervousness and Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache and Sick Headache, Female Weakness, All Diseases of Women, Nervous Chills, Paralysis, Nervous Paroxysms and Nervous Choking, Hot Flashes, Palpitation of the Heart, Mental Despondency, Sleeplessness, St. Vitus's Dance, Nervousness of Females, Nervousness of Old Age, Neuralgia, Pains in the Heart, Pains in the Back, Failing Health.

CURES

Broken Constitution, Debility of Old Age, Indigestion and Dyspepsia, Heartburn and Sour Stomach, Weight and Tenderness in Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Frightful Dreams, Dizziness and Ringing in the Ears, Weakness of Extremities and Fainting, Impure and Impoverished Blood, Boils and Carbuncles, Scrofula, Scrofulous Swelling and Ulcers, Consumption of the Lungs, Catarrh of the Lungs, Bronchitis and Chronic Cough, Liver Complaint, Chronic Diarrhoea, Delicate and Scrofulous Children, Summer Complaint of Infants.

NERVOUS DISEASES.

As a cure for every class of Nervous Diseases, no remedy has been able to compare with the Nerve Tonic, which is very pleasant and harmless in all its effects upon the youngest child or the oldest and most delicate individual.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE OR CHOREA.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with Chorea or St. Vitus's Dance. She was refused to eat or drink, and could not walk, could not talk, could not smile, could not do anything but weep. I had to handle her like an infant.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach.

Mrs. Ella A. Stratton, of New Ross, Ind., writes: "I can not express how much I owe to the Nerve Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, and I was in the first stages of consumption."

Ed J. Brown, Druggist, of Edina, Mo., writes: "My health had been very poor for years, was coughing severely. I weighed only 110 pounds when I commenced using the Nerve Tonic. I have used two bottles and now weigh 180 pounds, and am much stronger and better than I have been for five years."

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED. Price, Large 18 ounce Bottles, \$1.25. Trial Size, 15 cents. J. W. AKIN, Savannah, Tenn., SOLE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENT

A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

What a Young Girl Accomplished by Her Presence of Mind.

YEARS ago, when I was a young girl, I had an experience which taught me the inestimable value of presence of mind in emergency.

We were living in a lonely spot about eight miles away from a small town of western Pennsylvania. We had but one neighbor, a farmer, whose place adjoined ours.

There was one spot, called the Gorge, where the road narrowed suddenly to hardly more than the width of a foot-path, and ran through a piece of dense woods, the thick trees of which met over the way.

However that may have been, on this particular night I was left in charge of the house and the money and, most important of all, of my sick mother.

Although I was not naturally timid, I confess that it was with some trepidation that I went the rounds of the house late that night to see that all was secure.

What strange noises one hears in the dead watches of the night, and what a night that was for them!

I lay awake a long time, straining my ears to every sound and conjuring up in my excited imagination terrible images gathered from all the tales I had ever heard of robberies, witchcraft and ghosts.

I slipped out of the basement door and fairly flew across the field to Farmer Brown's house. I dared not look behind me for fear I should see a multitude of shadowy shapes pursuing me.

I rushed forward, ceased, and I heard a light footfall. My first impulse was to hide myself completely under the bedclothes and await further developments.

It immediately flashed over me that these were men from the neighborhood, that they knew of my father's absence, of the presence of the money in the house, of my mother's illness, and that they had supposed my mother was alone.

from their purpose, that resistance would be useless, and perhaps dangerous, that to give the alarm would be impossible now that they knew I had seen them.

All this flashed across my brain during the almost unappreciated instant that we stood looking at each other, and I pushed forward and embraced and kissed each of them, exclaiming: "Oh, Uncle Tom and Cousin Jim! I'm so glad to see you. It was so late I had almost given you up. I suppose you wouldn't know me any more than I would you. Let me see. I was two years old when you were here before, wasn't it? Mother is no better than she was when you wrote last, so we mustn't wake her up. I will get a lamp and must be tired. How is Martha?"

While I poured forth this volley of words, the burglars had had time to take in the situation, and I saw them exchange a glance which plainly said: "Let's carry it out."

"Martha? Oh, she's quite well. Had a cold, but she's getting over it," replied the younger man in one that implied a lifelong intimacy with "Martha."

"How's your father?" "Father's well," I replied; "he was called away suddenly this evening but we expect him back to-morrow. He'll be sorry not to have been here to greet you," I added with perfect truth.

"Never mind about a light," said the elder burglar, as I made a motion to light a lamp standing on the table.

"We can see to get to bed by the lantern, and a light might disturb your mother. Sorry she's sick."

I saw that he was afraid their unclean appearance might arouse my suspicions, so I readily acquiesced.

"Yes, I answered, 'Father left me in charge of the house and mother.' 'Weren't you afraid?' asked the elder burglar, kindly.

"Yes, a little," I replied; "but now I shan't be," and I turned a trustful glance up to him that I hoped would melt his hard heart.

"Oh, yes," said I; "it won't take me but a few minutes, and then I'll go to bed without saying another word and let you have a good rest. Sleep as long as you want to in the morning. We shan't have breakfast till late."

So saying, I took the empty pitcher and went out leaving the door wide open. I tripped two flights of stairs to the basement. I was trembling all over lest my scheme should not prove successful.

I slipped out of the basement door and fairly flew across the field to Farmer Brown's house. I dared not look behind me for fear I should see a multitude of shadowy shapes pursuing me.

"I thought you'd all be asleep, and we could get in without disturbing you," said the younger burglar, in a somewhat embarrassed way.

"Yes, it was very kind of you, Cousin Tom," I said. "Now let me bring you a pitcher of water, and a little something to eat." I added; "you must be hungry."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Edward Bellamy's book called "Looking Backward" will shortly be issued in Paris under the French title of "One Hundred Years After."

—Leo the Thirteenth has just sent twenty sonnets to the Society of the Arcadia, on the occasion of its second centenary. He is a member of this academy and has written many poems under the name of Neander Heraclitus.

—The Countess of Caithness has never been considered in the light of sex; they are personal, individual and should be settled on that basis.

—Mrs. Mary French Sheldon, a London woman, is soon to make a thousand-mile excursion to Africa and the purpose of becoming acquainted with the legends and folklore of the people; and on her return she will publish them in book form.

—The tragic death of her daughter, the Countess Waldstein Wartenberg, has caused the Princess Metternich to close her salon. The princess is still famous for her beauty and wit.

—When Bradlaugh lectured on Cromwell's sin Cooper institute, New York, years ago, he had occasion to describe the warrior statesman as drawing his sword and throwing away the scabbard.

—Germany's young emperor is ruling right and left, and showing good sense, too, coupled with interest in the small things that make for national welfare.

—Among the immediate and extensive measures," says the circular letter, "are the exact adaptation of the back of the school bench, general cleanliness, and especially the prevention of dust, which, as all doctors know, is the medium of bacilli, and thus the cause of almost all skin and eye diseases among school children.

—John—"Old Shipwright has lost another bark." Brown—"Indeed? Which one was it?" Johnson—"The pug-Binghamton Republican."

—A forbidding character, "I don't like the ossified man," confided the fat woman in the museum to the living skeleton. "Nor I," replied his Bonellets; "I can't abide him. He never unbends."—Puck.

—Buy a pair of eyeglasses from me, sir," asked the peddler. " finer or more lasting wares you won't find in the city. I have been fired three times to-day out of second-story windows and not a single glass is broken."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Friend—"You have only been married a week, and here I find you in tears." Young Wife—"Yes, my husband has been trying to get elected on the local board, and I have been reading in the papers what an unmitigated scoundrel he is."

—A young Mexican never pays for the tickets when he takes a young woman to the theater. The lady's father attends to that; but if the young man is obliged to pay for the supper after the theater the girl might almost as well have no father.—Norristown Herald.

—Mrs. Sanso. "I trust that we shall see a great deal of your friend when he comes to the city. My daughter will be back from Europe by the time he comes. She is a wonderful pianist, you know." Mr. Rodd—"Oh, my friend won't mind that. He is as deaf as a post."—Harper's Bazar.

—A man who was eating a large, raw carrot stopped a woman on Duffell street the day after New Year's and said: "Madame, could you give me ten cents to buy food with?" "Why, you seem to have plenty," she answered. "Raw carrot—see!" he said, as he extended it. "Yes, but don't you know that raw carrot contains ninety-three per cent of clear nutrient against only thirty-three in mince pie or plum pudding? You ought to be thankful, sir, very thankful."

IN WOMAN'S BEHALF.

A NEW CRUSADE.

To Be Joined by Women Brave Enough to Resist An Affront.

"You think it an open question, then, whether women, just because they are women, should submit to that which men would never tolerate, and which is never offered them, for the simple reason that they would resent it? I do not. I think certain questions should never be considered in the light of sex; they are personal, individual and should be settled on that basis."

"The discussion began by one woman expressing rather timidly the wish that conductors of street-cars would not drag her by the arm onto the platform of the car, and then shove her back at the door by putting a hand on her back. At once all were attention, and the timid woman gained courage when she found every face expressing sympathy.

"I will not submit to it," said the leader of this circle, her eyes flashing. "I did for a time, but I made up my mind it was far more womanly to resent it than submit to it."

"I think a woman appears so undignified, makes such a spectacle of herself, by drawing attention to any incident in public," said the dignified member. "Then you think that a woman protects herself better by submission to personal contact that is unbecoming, than when she forces men who do not know their place, or who think that a woman, because she is a woman, is to submit to the kind of treatment they choose to offer, know that the limit of submission is measured in these days? You think it an open question whether women should protect themselves from annoyances that no law of man or God intended should be a part of their life?"

"I think a woman should avoid being conspicuous. No annoyance can come the annoyance of being conspicuous," and she looked around for approval.

"You have answered," said the leader, "and stand just where I do; that all such questions are to be settled on the personal basis, the individual basis, and not on the basis of sex. For me, I prefer being conspicuous to having a strange man grab me familiarly by the arm, and lift me in a way that is not only disagreeable but painful. I am perfectly willing to stand all the promiscuous treatment that comes from resenting such treatment. This very day a conductor reached down, caught me by the arm with a pressure that was painful, gave me a pull that lifted me in the most disagreeable manner on to the platform, and then put his hand on my waist to shove me through the door. I turned and said: 'You will be kind enough not to touch me again.'"

"I do not need your help, thank you; I am perfectly capable of getting on and off a car without assistance." I spoke in a low tone, and as I stood in the doorway, probably not a person in the car knew what was said, and I taught that man a lesson. When I left the car, I got off in comfort, and the leader looked victorious.

"One does not expect the manners of a Chesterfield from a man whose service chambered less than three dollars a day," said another member.

"No; nor does the pay or the requirements of the position demand that the man holding it should be a nurse. When I reach the point where I need such assistance (?) as they give, I will take an attendant trained to her position. Until that time comes, I mean to protect myself from all unnecessary annoyance as far as possible. I mean now, this morning, to start a crusade, without banner or device, to protect women—to educate, perhaps, would be a better motive—against false modesty. Who will join?" and she turned laughingly to the company.

"I will," said the timid one, "if you mean to train policemen, car conductors, and brakemen," and an appealing glance was thrown at the dignified member, who looked disapproving.

"Yes, I mean that every woman who joins my crusade shall have the courage, or develop it if it is not now possessed, to resent any action on the part of an official that is familiar; she shall resent it even if she is forced to draw public attention for the moment to herself. Was that not womanly which that girl did not long since in a Fifth avenue stage who became conscious that the toes of the pair of boots on the floor opposite had touched her foot, and thought it an accident, and drew her feet closer to the side of the stage seat? In a moment the boots were again resting on her feet; she glanced at the owner of the boots, and the expression in his face told her that the contact with her feet was not an accident. Glancing at him calmly, she said, in a voice perfectly audible: 'I am sorry, sir, that my feet are so large, but if you will be so kind as to keep your feet as close as possible to your side of the stage, I will do the same, and perhaps that will prevent our annoying each other.' The man left the stage at once. Every body looked at the girl, but there was more admiration than any other emotion expressed; every one knew it took courage to speak as she did. I wish you would join my crusade," and the leader leaped forward as if ready to right the wrongs of all women.

"You would better put another object before your society," said the dignified member. "I will, if it combines well with the primary one; and the leader was all attention. 'Educate your members to acknowledge attentions that they accept.' 'Every lady does that.'"

"Excuse me; I have seen many who did not."

"You mean when gentlemen surrender their seats in the car, for instance? 'Yes, I have seen women who take these seats and never even utter an acknowledgment. I have often seen it happen. So in this crusade I think the members must learn to discriminate in their action between the attention they feel called upon to resent and that which they accept, and not treat both in the same way, practically.'"

"I do not believe many ladies accept a seat without acknowledging it; certainly none of my members would," and the leader smiled, confidently on the group assembled.

"I would like to ask just how far one ought to go in acknowledging such a courtesy," said the timid member. "I got on an elevated train not long since that was more than comfortably full. I was the only woman standing; the three or four men who were standing were all forward toward the front door of the car. I stood with my hand on the back of the cross seat, and was not at all tired, and did not object to standing. As the train began slowing up for the next stop, a man, well dressed, stood up, and, with a good deal of manner, offered me a seat; he had a large bundle, and, with reluctance, I went forward, hoping that I did not look so tired that the man was moved to make himself uncomfortable in my behalf. I took the seat, saying: 'Thank you, you are very kind.' He removed his hat, bowed, and moved toward the other end of the car. When we stopped, he left the train. I really felt foolish, because of the fervor of my thanks in accepting that for which the man had no further, use and to which I had a right equal to the others standing."

"I think you had no occasion for any unpleasant sensation. You did what was right, and probably the man knew that you saw him leave the car, and doubtless his sensations, if he had any, were not pleasant. I prefer committing your error in fervor, if that were an error, to his in accepting that to which he had no claim," said the leader.

"I think it was an error to say more than 'Thank you' and the practical member had the attention of all. 'Did any of you see that account of the meeting of Sphinx and Edipus that recently appeared in 'Life'? I'm not responsible for the peculiar pronunciation. Please remember I'm quoting. Edipus' reply is to the question of the Sphinx. 'Madam, I'll confess you've got me at my advantage. I take it you're a lady; not a perfect lady, you know, being as how you got wings, claws, etc.' I think we may take a hint from Edipus. A lady never makes either her wings or claws prominent. Let us organize on that basis, and we will compel the manners of a Chesterfield even in the conductors of street-cars."

The meeting broke up amid great enthusiasm.—Christian Union.

Deals in Wild Animals. Miss Eleanor O'Duffy has a large stable where she conducts a profitable and successful business in wild animals. She employs two keepers and imports some animals every year to supply the museum, circus, and theatrical trade. Just now her stock includes a royal Bengal tiger, one lion, one monkey, an armadillo, two leopards, three pythons, a coyote, two jackals, two badgers, a grizzly bear, two prong-horned antelopes, some guinea pigs and valuable specimens of coatis, ostriches and macaws. Miss O'Duffy is a Dublin girl, and while very fond of her wild pets, buys them to sell. Barnum is her best customer. He knows that in case of an accident, a railroad disaster, or fire, that she can be depended upon to piece out his menagerie, and knowing this confidence, the young lady keeps herself in readiness to ship animals at an hour's notice.

FOR FEMININE READERS. ELIZABETH SARGENT, M. D., daughter of our former minister to Berlin, is an oculist of exceptional skill. She lives in California.

MISS LUCY E. SWALLOW, of Hollis, N. H., is the first woman applicant for admission to the state agricultural college under the new law.

WOMEN have been particularly successful in entering the royal academy schools this year. Of the twenty-three who were chosen thirteen are women and ten men.

THREE thousand women in Greece have petitioned their government for public schools in which females may be educated up to the level of women of other nations.

MISS CLARA D. FOSTER makes an excellent living in the common industry of mending bolting cloth, a part of an official that is familiar; she shall resent it even if she is forced to draw public attention for the moment to herself. Was that not womanly which that girl did not long since in a Fifth avenue stage who became conscious that the toes of the pair of boots on the floor opposite had touched her foot, and thought it an accident, and drew her feet closer to the side of the stage seat? In a moment the boots were again resting on her feet; she glanced at the owner of the boots, and the expression in his face told her that the contact with her feet was not an accident. Glancing at him calmly, she said, in a voice perfectly audible: 'I am sorry, sir, that my feet are so large, but if you will be so kind as to keep your feet as close as possible to your side of the stage, I will do the same, and perhaps that will prevent our annoying each other.' The man left the stage at once. Every body looked at the girl, but there was more admiration than any other emotion expressed; every one knew it took courage to speak as she did. I wish you would join my crusade," and the leader leaped forward as if ready to right the wrongs of all women.

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