

Seven Nights in a Bar Room.

How well I remembered the broad, forehead, the steady, yet mild eyes, the firm lips, the elevated, superior bearing of the man I had once before seen in that place, and on a like errand. His form was slightly bent now; his hair was whiter; his eyes farther back in his head; his face thinner and marked with deeper lines; and there was in the whole expression of his face a touching sadness. Yet, superior to the marks of time and suffering, an unflinching resolution was visible in his countenance, that gave to it a dignity, and exacted involuntary respect. He stood still, after advancing a few paces, and then, his searching eyes having discovered his son, he said mildly, yet firmly, and with such a strength of parental love in his voice that resistance was scarcely possible: "Edward! Edward! Come, my son."

Lyons, speaking out boldly, "and we all know it. But habit, Mr. Hargrove—habit. That's the cursed thing! If the bar rooms were all shut up there would be another story to tell. Get us the Maine law, and there will be some chance for us." "Why don't you vote the temperance ticket?" asked Mr. Hargrove. "Why did I? you'd better ask," said Lyons. "I thought you voted against us." "Not I. Ain't quite so blind to my own interest as that. And, if the truth were known, I should not at all wonder if every man in this room, except Slade and his son, voted on your side of the house."

Slade was turning from the bar when a man came in. I noticed an instant change in the landlord's countenance. He looked startled; almost frightened. The man drew a small package from his pocket, and after selecting a paper therefrom, presented it to Slade, who received it with a nervous reluctance, opened, and let his eye fall upon the writing within. I was observing him closely at the time, and saw his countenance flush deeply. In a moment or two it became pale again—paler even than before. "Very well—all right. I'll attend to it," said the landlord, trying to recover himself, yet swallowing with every sentence. The man who was no other than a sheriff's deputy, and who gave him a sober, professional look, then went out with a firm step, and an air of importance. As he passed through the outer door, Slade retired from the bar room. "Trouble coming," I heard the bar-keeper, speaking partly to himself and partly with the view, as was evident from his manner, of leading me to question him. But this I did not feel that it was right to do. "Got the sheriff on him at last," added the bar-keeper. "What's the matter, Bill?" inquired a man who now came in with a bustling, important air, and leaned familiarly over the bar. "Who was Jenkins after?"



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Advertisement for Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the cure for heart ailments.

Advertisement for 'The Home Gold Cure' for drunkards, describing its effectiveness in curing alcoholism.

Advertisement for 'The Deuce to Pay' pure liquors, featuring an illustration of a hand holding a glass and text about its quality.

Advertisement for Dr. Jenner's Kidney Pills, including a list of symptoms and a testimonial from R. L. Collins.

Advertisement for R. L. Collins, Druggist, featuring a list of medicines and their prices.

Advertisement for Edgar's Cathartic Confections, describing its benefits for constipation and digestive health.

Advertisement for Giles' Dyspepsia Tablets, featuring a portrait of a man and text about its relief for indigestion.

Table of Seaboard Airline Railway schedules, including routes to Jacksonville, Tampa, and New Orleans.

Table of Louisville & Nashville Railroad schedules, including routes to Nashville and New Orleans.

Table of Carrabelle, Tallahassee & Georgia R.R. passenger schedules, including routes to Carrabelle and Tallahassee.

Table of Carrabelle, Tallahassee & Georgia R.R. freight schedules, including routes to Carrabelle and Tallahassee.