Lexington Advertiser

THE ADVERTISER.

ESTABLISHED 1841. LEXINGTON, MISS.: APRIL 7, 1876. NEW SERIES--VOL. 4. NO. 14.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DIRECTORY.

RELIGIOUS.

Services are held at the Churches in Durant as follows:
Presbyterian—Morning and night, 1st and 3d Sabbaths—Rev. C. M. Atkinson.
Methodist—Morning and night, 2d Sabbath—Rev. A. P. Sage.
Baptist—Morning and night, 4th Sabbath by Rev. A. V. Rowe, and night of 1st Sabbath by Rev. H. F. Sproles.

Services are held at the Churches in Lexington by the following Ministers the following Sabbaths, in each month towit:
PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. W H. Thompson, Second and fourth.
METHODIST—1st 11 A. M. and night Rev. — Howell. 3d Rev. — Carlile. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.
EPISCOPAL—Rev. B. Halstead, second and fourth.
BAPTIST—Rev. A. V. Rowe, first and third.

MASONIC

LEXINGTON LODGE, No. 24.—Meets first Saturday night in every month.
B. T. SAYER, W. M.
J. Marlow, Sec'y.

LEXINGTON COUNCIL, No 9.—Meets first Friday night in every month.
B. T. SAYER, T. I. G. M.
J. Marlow Recorder.

LEXINGTON R. A. CHAPTER, No. 9.—Meets second Thursday night in every month. J. C. BIRKHEAD, H. P.
J. Marlow, Sec'y.

LEXINGTON COMMANDARY, No. 3.—Meets fourth Tuesday in every month.
T. W. SMITH, E. C.
J. T. West, Recorder.

ATTENTION, SIR KNIGHTS!—On the second Saturday of each month Lexington commandery No. 3 will meet at their asylum for drill. T W SMITH, E. C.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

City Officers.

LEXINGTON.

MAYOR—W. F. Cross.
CONSTABLE—J. G. Alexander.
ALDERMEN—T. W. Smith, B. R. Clower, I. Sheppard, J. Pitchford, W. F. Cole.

DURANT.

Mayor--J. S. Montgomery.
Marshal--C. H. Nicholson.
Treasurer--T. J. Laird.
Aldermen--J. K. Coffee, A. J. Love L. Simon, J. R. Hedin.

GOODMAN.

Mayor—F. A. C. Neville.
Marshall—C. A. Boyd.
Treasurer—R. Y. Moody.
Assessor and Collector—W. H. Magruder.
Aldermen--A. P. Shepherd, H. Burkenroad, A. S. Brumby, P. Mullin.

County Officers.

CHANCERY CLERK—P. Simmons.
CIRCUIT CLERK—J. E. Ashcraft.
SHERIFF—J. S. Hoskins.
TREASURER—R. Bowers.
ASSESSOR—H. W. Portwood.
CORONER AND RANGER—H. B. Loverin.
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS—M. L. Harmon, President; A. O. Lowoll, District 1; J. W. McLellan, 2; W. W. Lunsford, 4, and S. A. Eggleston, 5: Members.

District Officers.

Chancellor Twelfth District—Thomas Walton.
Circuit Judge—W. B. Cunningham, Canton.
District Attorney—G. A. Wilson.

New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, Mississippi Division. Time Table No. 8 1-2.

South-bound trains pass

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Canton	10.55 A. M	12.40 P. M.
Ways Bluff	10.30 "	12.12 "
Vaughan's	10.19 "	12.01 "
Pickens	9.57 "	11.44 "
Goodman	9.36 "	11.23 "
Kosciusko Junction	9.25 "	11.10 "
Durant	9.15 "	11.00 "
West	8.49 "	10.33 "

North-bound trains pass

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
West	6.41 P. M.	9.00 A. M.
Durant	6.15 "	8 37 "
Kosciusko Junction	6.05 "	8.29 "
Goodman	5.51 "	8.14 "
Pickens	5.30 A.M.	7.55 "
Vaughan's	5.12 P.M.	7.37 "
Ways Bluff	5.00 "	7.27 "
Canton	4.30 A. M.	7.00 P. M.

Kosciusko Branch.

Going east, leaves Durant ..... 9.20 A.M.
Kosciusko Junction ..... 9.35 "
Sallis ..... 10.35 "
Arrives at Kosciusko ..... 12.00 "
Takes effect Sunday, Sept. 26, 1875.
E. D. FROST, Gen'l Manager.
L. H. SELLARS, Superintendent.

Kosciusko Branch Road.
(Time Table for Sunday.)

Le. Durant, - 5.40 a.m. Le. Kosciusko, 7.30 a.m.
Le. Sallis, - - 6.25 a.m. Le. Sallis, - - - 8.15 a.m.
Ar. Kosciusko, 7.10 a.m. Ar. Durant, - 9.00 a.m.
Second Trip—
Le. Durant, - 3.00 p.m. Le. Kosciusko, 4.45 p.m
Le. Sallis, - - 3.45 p.m. Le. Sallis, - - 5.30 p.m.
Ar. Kosciusko, 4.30 p.m. Ar. Durant, - 6.15 p.m.

MEMPHIS & CHARLESTON RAILROAD.

Shortest Line Between the
East and West.

TRAINS AT GRAND JUNCTION GOING EAST LEAVE:

Mail ..... 6:55 a. m.
Express ..... 8:35 p. m.
Accommodation, arrive ..... 12:15 p. m.

GOING WEST LEAVE:

Mail ..... 11:40 a. m.
Express ..... 11:50 p. m
Accommodation, leave ..... 8:25 p. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT MEMPHIS:

Mail ..... 2:10 p. m.
Express ..... 2:30 a. m.
Accommodation ..... 11:00 p. m.

Two through trains daily from Memphis to Chattanooga making connection for all points in Georgia, the Carolinas and the Southeastern seaboard cities. Passengers for the East will find the route via Grand Junction the shortest, quickest and best route—since the new sleeping car line has been inaugurated. Sleeper leaves Grand Junction daily for Lynchburg, Washington and Baltimore,
Without Change,
on the 8:35 p.m. train. Only one change to New York via the Memphis & Charleston Railroad. Be sure to secure your tickets via Grand Junction and this old reliable route. M. S. JAY.
Gen. Pass. & T'k't Agt.

Lexington Advertiser
Published every Friday.
J. S. HOSKINS, : : : : : Editor

AGENTS.

Subscribers who find it more convenient to pay some one near home, than to pay us in person, can leave their dues with,
Thos. McIntyre, New Orleans, La.
J J Pickens, Richland.
Pickens & Mayo, Goodman.
W S Cole, Pickens
L A Powers, Vest.
R C Jenkins, Emory.
J. W Williams, Brandon, Miss.
Joe. McLaurin, Fannin, "

UNTIL DEATH.

Make me no vows of constancy, dear friend,
To love me, though I die, thy whole life long,
And love no other till thy days shall end,
Nay, it were rash and wrong.

If thou canst love another, be it so;
I would not reach out of my quiet grave
To bind thy heart, if it should choose to go;—
Love should not be a slave.

My placid ghost I trust will wake serene
In clearer light than gilds these earthly morns,
Above the jealousies and envies keen
Which sow this life with thorns.

Thou wouldst not feel my shadowy caress,
If, after death, my soul should linger here,
Men's hearts crave tangible, close tenderness,
Love's presence warm and near.

It would not make me sleep more peacefully
That thou wert wasting all thy life in woe
For my poor sake; what love thou hast for me
Bestow it ere I go!

Carve not upon a stone when I am dead
The praises which remorseful mourners give
To silent graves—a tardy recompense—
But speak them while I live.

Heap not the heavy marble on my head
To shut away the sunshine and the dew;
Let small blooms grow there, and let grasses wave,
And raindrops filter through.

Thou wilt meet many stronger and more gay
Than I; but, trust me, thou canst never find
One who will love and serve thee night and day
With a more single mind.

Forget me when I die. The violets
Above my rest will blossom just as blue,
Nor miss thy tears; e'en nature's self forgets;
But while I live be true!

Written Exclusively for the Advertiser.

HAMEK, THE GIPSY;

—OR—

Harold's Heritage.

BY W. W. HOSKINS.

Right of Dramatization Reserved by the Author.

CHAPTER XXV.

The End of the End.

Harold and Basil arrived at the Castle in due time; Richard answered to their call, lowered the drawbridge, and admitted them within the gate. As his eyes fell upon Harold, he started back and ejaculated:

"Who is this, father? Another Lord Arthur? If not, then Heaven help him, for it is his weird!"

Old Basil laughed at his Scottish superstition.

"Nonsense, Richard. This is Lord Arthur's son."

"What?" cried Richard "is this indeed the stolen infant?"

"It is he," replied his father, "Mr. Harold, this is my boy, Richard."

Without a moment's hesitation, Harold extended his hand and clasped that of the menial. And thus, for once, at least, patrician and plebeian met upon terms of equal footing. That one act of itself, raised Harold in the estimation of all Lord Arthur's retainers; from that moment, they both admired and loved him.

Basil led the way into the Castle, Lord Arthur met him; he was greatly changed; he had on rich robes suitable to his station, his long, luxuriant hair hung around his face in graceful ringlets, and his long, unshaven, silvery beard had been shaved off, leaving his face clean and bare. He appeared now just as he had that fatal night when he was missing and all hope for him given up. Looking at him at this moment, Basil could hardly realize that this man had been absent from home those seventeen long years. Harold felt at the first moment of seeing Lord Arthur, an instinctive attachment toward him; he felt that this man he could love and worship all his days. Lord Arthur was very nervous. He was anxious in the extreme as to the success of his message to the woods. Have you found him?" he queried, eagerly.

Basil drew Harold forward; Lord Sedonne gazed at him long and searchingly; then he gazed as long at Lady Alice's portrait, ever and anon glancing from the face of the dead to the face of the living; the comparison suited him; every feature, every line of Harold's face compared with those of his dead wife, only the eyes, the high forehead and the curving, finely-formed mouth, which were the very counterpart of his own; there was no doubt. As Lord Sedonne realized the truth of this conviction, he caught Harold in his arms.

"At last," he said, "at last! Oh, God, if she were only here. My son—my son. The lost is found—the grave gives up its dead."

These words thrilled our hero with a great joy; he felt, that at last he had indeed found a true father; none but a father could speak to him in that tone—that voice. Clasped thus to his father's breast, Harold told him all he knew of his past life—all confirming the fact that he was, indeed, Lord Arthur's son. When he had finished, Lord Sedonne said, as he pressed a kiss upon his lips.

"Come with me, my son; I have much to tell you; come you, also, Basil; I wish you, too, to hear."

He led them into the room where Cecil lay, prepared for the tomb.

Harold started back.

"Is it possible?" he asked, "Dead? Dead?"

"Yes," answered his father, sorrowfully, "he will never trouble you any more."

Harold went up to his dead Uncle, and pressed a kiss upon his icy forehead; it was the kiss of forgiveness.

"I owe him that much for revenge," he said simply.

No matter how much he had wronged him in the life, now, in the death, he freely and fully forgave him all. And then, standing by the dead form of his brother, Lord Arthur commenced:

"It was just seventeen years ago that I left this house; it was a pleasant night, and I had always been in the habit of taking a boat ride upon the sea at those times; I always took two of my men with me—Piedro and Robert."

At the mention of these two names, Harold involuntarily started.

"These two were to do the rowing; they had always been faithful to me before, so why should I fear treachery then? So I went, all unsuspecting. For awhile, all went well; then I noticed that instead of returning home, they were making straight for the open ocean. 'What are you doing?' I asked; they only laughed. At that, I grew very angry and commanded them to take me back; they refused; then I clenched my fist and struck Robert full in the face; I should not have done this, for the next moment they both sprang upon me, overpowered me, and cast me into the sea. I could not swim; the two wretches put off for shore as fast as they could; I called to them, but they would not listen; I cursed them; I said, 'May you both die the death of dogs.' Then I sank. Twice I rose from the water and—sank; after that, I remembered no more. When I recovered from my deep swoon, I found myself on board a vessel, bound for India; I implored her commander to take me back; he could not--he would not; so I went. A mutiny occurred on board; I thought the captain wrong and overbearing, and took the lead of the men opposed to him; the captain succeeded in quelling the mutiny, and because of my opposition to him, placed me in a boat with three days' provisions and water, and continued on his journey. I was left alone--to starve. I was tossed about by the waves for six whole days; I had been compelled to make the three days' rations do for six, and was almost starved. On the sixth day, however, I discovered an island, and landed on it; I had hoped it was uninhabited, but I was mistaken; there were natives on it, savages, but not cannibals. They called the island Oonoteka, in their language; that means the Haven of Rest; it was a haven of rest to me. Some of the savages were for killing me outright, and would have inevitably done so, had it not beeen for an old chief, Hahajariji, who interfered in my behalf. This Hahajariji adopted me as his his son, but nevertheless kept the strictest surveillance upon me; I could not escape. One day I killed a tiger--a few days afterwards another. Then the natives all called me a great brave, and named me Jzgatifr. This island prison of mine was obscure and isolated from the world, and vessels seldom if ever came near it; thus I remained lost and forgotten, for seventeen long years. At last a vessel, driven out of her course by wind and storm, sailed by and I hailed her. She came close to shore. When old Hahajariji heard of this, I was made a close prisoner, closer than before; he was determined that I should not get away; the men from the ship landed, and afar off I could hear the din of a great battle. Hahajariji and his host were conquered, and fled in all directions; I was rescued. The vessel was her majesty's ship, "Regina," and bound direct for London, where we arrived in due season. I called upon the editor of the *Times*—he gave me a notice, worded at my own dictation; I trust I may now be able to relieve his editorial mind of any mystery that may have enveloped it concerning me. I saw another notice in the same paper about the sudden and unexplainable absence of one Lord Cecil Sedonne and son. This startled me; I began to doubt. What if he had—. I determined to go at once to Sedonne Castle; I did so: I met Basil here, and he recognized me; I found my wife—your mother—dead. Then Cecil came; I upbraided him, and he made a confession of all to me, and with his confession yet ringing in the air, he rushed upon my sword in Basil's hand, and courted death. Cecil's last words were for me to scour the woods—that you were even then in the neighborhood. I did so—I found you. You are all mine, now, my son—my pride! I will love you with a love all intensified by our mutual past suffering. Would to God she were here this moment to crown our joy!"

Harold could not utter a word. His heart was too full to find utterance; he would love his father, he would return measure for measure in his feeling for him.

* * * * * * *

Piedro was convicted and sentenced to penal servitude for life in Australia.

Old Basil died a free man, contented and happy.

Richard is still at the castle, in his father's stead.

Sir Charles Leslie has been re-elected to the House of Commons.

Near the sight of the gipsy camp there stands a tall, beautiful marble shaft bearing this inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of Hamek, the Gipsy. A generous man—a faithful friend. The end of Faith is the beginning of Heaven."

A subdued, blissful light beams in Zeta's eyes. A ring upon her finger tells the secret of her happiness. The ring is inscribed thus: "Harold and Zeta." They are to be man and wife when the young heir comes of age.

God grant that their happiness may never be alloyed by a single circumstance; God grant that they may live through life blessed and happy in each other's love.

[THE END.]

To the Readers of the Advertiser:

"Hamek, the Gipsy," is finished—my little sojourn in your midst is over, and I now bid you a kind adieu, hoping, that if I have not won your admiration and your praise, I have at least merited and received your friendship and approval; and the good opinion and approval of an honest, conscientious, reasoning Public is the limit of my ambition;—I desire to soar that high—no higher. There is no position on earth higher than that. If you have been interested in Hamek—if the perusal of it has afforded you any pleasure however small that pleasure may have been—I am more than gratified. Perhaps, at another time—not very far distant—through the medium of the columns of the *Advertiser*, we may see and speak with each other again.

With the kindest of wishes and hopes for *all*, believe me

Your Friend,
W. W. HOSKINS.

MASKS.

If we could only read each other's hearts, we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors, we should make allowances for them which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our heartpangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together, with "I love you" in either heart, and neither knows it. Either thinks, "I could be fond; but what use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part and go on their ways alone. Life is a masquerade, at which few unmask, even to their very dearest. And though there is need of much masking, would to heaven we dared show plainly our real faces, from birth to death, for then some few, at least, would truly love each other.

Drawbacks of the Shah.

The Shah of Persia has hitherto been unlucky in applying European civilization to his country. He was compelled to cancel Baron Reuter's famous concession, which would have given that enterprising Londoner a most unlimited control over the Persian finances and resources: he has not been able to utilize the large quantities of postage stamps ordered during the visit to Paris, simply because there are no postoffices in Persia, and we now learn that a mint, with all the necessary machinery for coining money, and an elegant English carriage, intended for the ladies of the harem, which had been shipped to Bushire, and were thence to be transported by caravan to Teheran, were at last accounts stuck fast in a mountain pass about a hundred miles from Bushire.

The Bulgarian Bandit.

Koustchou Ogiu, the great Bulgarian bandit, was a promising young man in a country village not many years ago. During his temporary absence from home, a Turkish Pasha seized his bride, for so a betrothed one is regarded in the east, and compelled her to become an inmate of the harem. She was released after a short time, a hopeless maniac. Her lover turned bandit, and adopted the inflexible rule of killing all Turks who fell into his hands. The unhappy girl wandered about among the hills of Bulgaria, feared yet cared for by the peasants, who regard maniacs and idiots as sacred beings.

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Rates of Advertising:

One square (8 lines), 1 insertion, $1.50 each subsequent insertion, $1.00. Cards of 1 square 1 year, $10.00; 2 squares 1 year, $25.00; 1-5 column 1 year, $35.00; 1-4 column 1 year, $45.00; 1-3 column 1 year, $55.00; 1-2 column 1 year, $80.00; 1 column 1 year, $150.00. Local notices, ten cents per line, each insertion.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One copy one year, (in advance), $2.00.

Single copies ready for mailing ten cents.

DOWN STREAM.

BY ELLEN P. ATHERTON.

I see a boat drift lightly by;
The stream is wide, the current slow;
No ripples break the sunbeams' glow;
Yet well I know that, ceaselessly,
The great fall thunders down below.

I see the boatman idly lean,
With listless hand, upon his oar,
Unheeding that the sunny shore,
With safe still coves and banks of green,
Recedes behind him more and more.

I watch him—and I hold my breath,
He seems like one wrapped in a dream,
While swifter rolls the narrowed stream,
And, bending o'er you gulf of death,
I see the baleful iris gleam.

Why floats he so like one asleep,
While nearer sounds that awful roar?
Awake, O friend! take up thine oar,
And stem the rapid's fatal sweep.
Turn hither, hither, I implore!

I stretch my arm and loudly cry;
I call until the welkin rings,
At last he hears, the frail boat springs,
Trembles a moment, doubtfully,
Then slowly, slowly, landward swings.

Saved, saved at last! adrip with spray,
I see him stand upon the shore;
And then my senses swim; the roar
Comes like a murmur far away.
Would I might hear it nevermore!

Ruskin on Heraldry.

Mr. Ruskin, delivered a lecture on precious stones in London recently. It related principally to an explanation of heraldic stones and colors. "Heraldry," he said, "was despised by modern science but yet, as understood by our ancestors, it had a deep and important meaning. Or, or gold, which was represented by the topaz, stood between light and darkness; ecarlate was the sacred color of the living flesh, as represented in the blush of the virgin and the flush of valor on the cheek of the young warrior. Vert was the green of the emerald, and gules was rose-colored, from the Persian word 'gul;' a rose azure was the clear, sacred blue of the sky, typical of the joys of Heaven. The ruby and sapphire were, in fact, the same stones, and in combination produced the *purpura*, or purple, which formed the covering of the tabernacle. Out of the above colors came the combination of the rainbow. Argent typified the silver color of the hoar frost, and sable meant sand, in which the diamond was always found. Gray was the color of the pearl, and suggested humility; and thus all the phrases of heraldry which applied to color and to precious stones, although now looked upon as jargon, had a deep symbolic meaning." At the close of the lecture, the parts of which from the causes before mentioned were rather loosely connected, Mr. Ruskin advised the ladies to have all their gems set uncut, and he cited the ruby in her majesty's crown as the most beautiful specimen of an uncut precious stone in the world.

Activity is Not Always Energy.

There are some men whose failure to succeed in life is a problem to others, as well as to themselves. They are industrious, prudent and economical; yet after a long life of striving, old age finds them poor. They complain of ill-luck. They say fate is always against them. But the fact is that they miscarry because they have mistaken mere activity for energy. Confounding two things essentially different, they have supposed that if they were always busy, they would be certain to be advancing their fortunes. They have forgotten that misdirected labor is but a waste of activity. The person who would succeed in life is like a marksman firing at a target; if his shots miss the mark they are a waste of powder. So in the great game of life, what a man does must be made to count, or it might almost as well have been left undone. Everybody knows some one in his circle of friends who, though always active, has this want of energy. The distemper, if we may call it such, exhibits itself in many ways. In some cases the man has merely an executive faculty when he should have a directive one; in other language, he should make a capital clerk for himself when he ought to do the thinking for the business. In other cases, what is done is not done either in the right time or in the right way. Energy, correctly understood, is activity proportioned to the end.

Aim High.

It is aim that makes the man; without an aim man is nothing, as far as the utter destitution of force, might and even individuality among men can reduce him to nonentity. The strong gusts and current of the world sweep him this way and that without steam or sales to impel or helm to guide him; if he is not speedily wrecked or run aground, it is more "luck than good management." We have never heard a more touching confession of utter weakness and misery than these words from one singularly blessed with the endowments of nature or of providence: "My life is aimless." Take heed young man of an aimless life, take heed also of a low and sordid aim. A well ascertained and generous purpose gives vigor, distinctness, and perseverance to all man's efforts. A well-disciplined intellect gives character, influence, tranquility and cheerfulness within; success and honor without. Whatever a man's talent may be, with no aim or a low one, he is weak and despisable; and he cannot be otherwise than respectable and influential with a high one.