

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

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THE DEAD HAND.

A servant found it under the front door early in the morning—a large, coarse sheet of letter paper, intricately folded and sealed with a red wafer. The simple superscription, "Charles Glent, Willands," was legible enough, despite the cramped, irregular penmanship. So also were the following lines, despatch of date, address and signature.

"Years ago you did me a kindness, which I vowed never to forget. In return I now pen the warning that your house will be entered to-morrow night. It is well known to a certain thieving gang that you have a large sum of money by you. Be wise, and have it removed to a place of safety. Above all things employ some trustworthy person to act for you. So surely as this charge is neglected, suspicious will be excited, and your life possibly pay the forfeit of your folly."

"Be careful also to provide a good and open reason for any journey you may deem it advisable you should make, for I assure you every one of your movements are closely watched. And, lastly, do not be foolish enough to give battle. The money is all that is wanted, and no personal injury will be offered if you keep quiet. Whether or not your servants have been tampered with I can't say."

Heavy lines of anxiety marked Mr. Glent's fine forehead as he read, and it was not surprising the region being at that period a rough one in every way. Its locality and the circumstances which sent him there with his family, it is needless to mention.

"Strange how the thing ever leaked out," he muttered to himself, "but I suppose through Oscar's folly, and now what am I to do? Oscar will be off in ten minutes, glancing from the letter to the pale, faded countenance of his dissipated step-son, who stood at a little distance, making hasty preparation for a journey. "And perhaps it is well—those gambling hells have sunk him too low for any honest employment."

The entrance of the two remaining members of his family, with the hurried adieu and departure of Oscar Lynde, ended, for the time, his unvoluntary reflections. But the morning cup of coffee just then served, fully discussed, he passed the letter to his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Glent sat in a noble-looking creature of some 20 years, was stronger, netted. She read the letter slowly and critically. "To-morrow," she commented thoughtfully, "that may either mean to-night or to-morrow night, papa. You see there is no date. We don't know whether it was written twelve or twenty-four hours ago."

"You are right. That never occurred to me. We live even less than I supposed. But I see nothing for it but to let the money go."

"It is too badly needed, papa, to be quietly yielded to those wretches," Bessie answered quietly. "True. But what is to be done? If you and your mother were not here I would risk my life in taking it to the Bolton Bank. But, as it is, I can't conscientiously do so, and there is no one to whom I can call."

"Yes, there is; I will take it," "You!" exclaimed both parents, utterly aghast: for the moment.

"Yes, I am going," was the cool rejoinder. "You are demented, Bessie," cried her stepmother. "It is far better to lose the money than for you to run so great a risk." "Determined, mamma, to do that," said Bessie, as her father said: "You forget, Bessie, that you will have a drive of three miles over a road too lonely to make you feel quite at ease, considering the character of those about us."

ruled, and Mr. Glent, feeling also that there was no actual danger, at last fully consented. "Why not send for assistance, Charles?" suggested the not very perspicacious Mrs. Glent. "That would never do in such a region and under such circumstances, unless we intend to keep an armed force about us," Bessie answered firmly. Mr. Glent, echoing her opinion most emphatically.

Owing to various trying delays, nearly two hours passed before Bessie could start. As she left the sitting room for the light wagon at the door, a small hatchet which Oscar had that morning carelessly thrown on a chair attracted her eye. She picked it up half absently, and with a glance at the keen edge, slipped the handle under her belt.

"What are you going to do with that?" Mr. Glent asked, as she concealed it beneath her skirt. "I don't know," she laughed. "It had a friendly look, and I was seized with an irresistible impulse to take possession of it, without any actual reason for doing so. Somehow it is in high favor with me."

"You are brave girl, Bess," he said abruptly. "Plenty of mother wit in him, too, or he would not have eluded us so long. But he got pretty low down, and ventured back to our police, and last night at play got into a difficulty which ended in a bad wound. He is dying now, sir, and wants to see you."

"Who is he?" Mr. Glent asked, with a certain grave anxiety. "If you will excuse me, sir, he begged me to bring you without telling his name; the agent returned uneasily, and I never refuse the dying."

"For one instant they gazed into each other's eyes. It was enough; Mr. Glent went unquestioningly. He was taken to one of the low dens in which Bolton a-bounded, and to the bedside of the dying man.

"And so my secret fears are realized, it is you, Oscar?" he said, taking the wan hand, the poor wretch feebly and half-doubtfully extended. "This but don't reproach me!" he gasped. "I have enough of that now, touching his breast. "Too much! too much! Ah! if I could live over one year of my life—one little year!"

"That you cannot, my poor Oscar, but you can—" "I know—I heard it many a time from the preachers, but I don't believe it. I'm the man my deeds have made me. The life I have loved here I shall follow—'I love evil'! Goodness disgusts me even in the midst of fear!" And overcome by the excitement he sank back exhausted. Relying a little he panted—

"I wanted to tell you—I wanted to ask you to forgive me—forgive me for my mother, too—I would not kill her by bringing her here. You see that was a debt of honor, and I had to have the money by fair means or foul, and I wrote the letter. I wrote it very carefully—very carefully—and all happened as I designed, except—" And he moved the maimed arm significantly. After a moment's silence he resumed, with the same panting breath: "I supposed you would send the money to Bolton, as there was no other place, and I knew Bess would take it if I made it a matter of life and death for you to go. It was this way, you see: I did not want to fight it—I did not want to fight my stepfather. But I anticipated an easy victory over Bess by means of my superior strength. But she was too quick for me. Poor Bess! She got the hand that wrote the letter. 'Forgive me—my mother!'"

"That was all, death claimed him. Vick's Magazine recommends coffee grounds as a manure for plants. A lady in San Francisco lately received some plants from Mexico, and with the plant came the advice to fertilize them with waste coffee and coffee grounds. This was done, and the result was so satisfactory that the same treatment was tried on roses, and the effect was a healthy and vigorous growth, and more and better flowers and of richer colors.

The conference was continued a few moments longer, and then the matter was carried to the authorities. A plaster cast of the fair, muscular hand, which it was plainly evident had never graced the person of a rough, was quickly taken, and the agent soon at his secret work.

Not many hours later Mr. Glent was lifting Bessie and her well-filled basket from the wagon.

"I made the purchases, considering it safest to do so," she remarked, "but I suspect time will prove me needlessly cautious." And she briefly detailed the events of the morning.

"What of the return journey?" he anxiously asked—a deeper shadow on his face than Bessie thought the occurrence warranted. "I met with nothing to alarm—not a trace of the villain remained."

As Bessie expected, undisturbed quiet reigned night after night. But one day the little, keen-eyed agent made his appearance at Willands, and asked for Mr. Glent. He seemed uneasy and made his business known as quickly as possible.

"We have found our man, sir," he said abruptly. "Plenty of mother wit in him, too, or he would not have eluded us so long. But he got pretty low down, and ventured back to our police, and last night at play got into a difficulty which ended in a bad wound. He is dying now, sir, and wants to see you."

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ENTERING IN.
The church was dim and silent With the hush before the prayer, Only the solemn trembling Of the organ stirred the air. Without, the sweet still sunshine, Within the holy calm, Where priest and people waited For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open And a little baby girl, Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling In many a wavy curl, With soft cheeks flushing hotly, Shy glances downward thrown, And small hands clasped before her, Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened, Watching where to go, While like a wind-rocked flower, The form rocked to and fro; And the changing of her features In the little troubled face, As from side to side she wavered With a mute imploring grace.

It was but for a moment, What wonder that she smiled, By such a strange sweet picture, From holy thoughts beguiled? When rose up some one softly, And may an eye grew dim, As he bore the tender silence, He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing The sermon and the prayer) If, when sometime I enter "The many mansions" fair, And stand abashed and drooping In the portals' golden glow, Our God will send an angel To show me where to go!

Mormon Marriages.
[San Francisco Call.] An intelligent gentleman, who has recently spent several weeks at Salt Lake City, gives us the following facts: The Mormons have four kinds of marriages, viz., for time only, for eternity only, for both time and eternity, and by proxy. If a Mormon marries a Gentile woman, it is for time only. At death he goes to heaven, and she goes to purgatory or perdition. He can call her out and up if he chooses, but her union with him does not insure her salvation, as it would were she a believer. If a Mormon wants to save an unmarried woman, but does not wish to add her to his harem, he has her sealed to him for eternity only. After the ceremony of sealing with each other, or reciprocal rights and duties in this life. But in the life to come, the Mormon maiden secures a place in heaven through her union with a masculine believer; for the Mormon theory is, that unmarried men and women are imperfect, and as such are not immortal. Marriage is necessary to complete a personality that will survive the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

The usual Mormon marriage is between believers and for both worlds, and the more wives a Mormon has the holier he is. But this does not apply, vice versa, to the women. The proxy marriages are based on the provision of the Mosaic code, that if a man dies childless his brother should take his wife and raise up seed to his deceased brother. An old Mormon dies without children. This fact is supposed, in some way, to offset his celestial felicity. So in order that his bliss may be perfected, some young Mormon takes his wife, as a proxy, in addition to whatever wives he has already, hoping that children may be born who will be counted not only as his, but as belonging to his deceased brother Mormon. Wonderful are Mormon ideas of marriage!

A Singular Asset.
"I am a peaceful man," said the intruder, grasping his club with both his hands, "but if you don't come down with \$18.50 damages for my lacerated feelings, the bombardment will begin at once."

The owner of the dog paid down the money, as he was afraid the other fellow might exasperate him if he hit him with a club of that size. The owner of the dog also said that he was sorry the dog had bitten the intruder's son.

"Why, he ain't my son," said the intruder. "Whose son is he, then?" asked the astonished owner of the dog. "He is a son of a friend of mine who owed me \$17.50, but he is poor and the only available assets he has are these dog-bites on his body, which he turned over to me for collection."

Carolina's Sweet Sixteen.
A curious petition was that addressed in 1733 to the Governor of Charleston. It ran thus: "The humble petition of all the maids whose names are underwritten. Whereas, we, the humble petitioners, are at present in a very melancholy disposition of mind, considering how all the bachelors are blindly captivated by widows, and our own youthful charms are thereby neglected; in consequence of this, our request is that Your Excellency will for the future order that no widow presume to marry any young man till the maids are provided for; or else to pay each of them a fine for satisfaction for invading our liberties and likewise a fine to be levied on all such bachelors as shall be married to widows. The great disadvantage it is to us maids that the widows, by their forward carriage, do snap up the young men, and have the vanity to think their merit beyond ours, which is a great imposition on us, who ought to have the preference. This is humbly recommended to Your Excellency's consideration, and hope you will permit no further insults. And we poor maids in duty bound will ever pray."

The forlorn sixteen would have very much approved the edict of the Portuguese King, which forbade widows more than fifty years old from remarrying, on the ground that experience taught that the widows of that age commonly wedded young men of no property, who dissipated the fortunes such marriages brought them, to the prejudice of children and other relatives.

Utilizing Elephant Power.
Almost all the vehicles and other property of the London circus, which arrived in Bridgeport Saturday night, have been hauled. One feature of the work of getting the effects under cover was novel and interesting. Some of the chariots are very heavy, weighing several tons, and were sunk deeply in the soft soil. Too many horses to be used conveniently would have been required, and accordingly the elephant-trainer brought two of the sixteen elephants of the herd into requisition. It was interesting to see how intelligently the beasts did what was required of them, and to observe their tremendous power. Twisting their trunks about the hubs of spokes, they lifted the vehicles out of the ruts, and after carrying them into the building, shifted them to any position desired. One of the chariots, which they picked up with ease, weighed five tons. It was not always easy for them to take hold of their load so that it balanced well between them, but they invariably succeeded after a while in getting every thing adjusted.

Orthographical.
"Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to request that he will keep his pigs from trespassing on his grounds."

"Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in the future he will not spell pigs with two ees."

"Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter to the last word in his note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady."

"Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter in opened, the imperipens it contains being only equalled by its vulgarity."

Ultimately.
[Galveston News.] A gentleman who has a bill against Gilhooly has been bothering that distinguished Galvestonian for weeks for a settlement. The other day he called on him and said: "Now, Mr. Gilhooly, I want you to tell me when you will pay that bill."

"Didn't I tell you I was going to pay it ultimately?" "Yes, but I want you to set some day, so I can make my calculations." "I'll pay it ultimately." "Can't you be more definite? When will you pay it ultimately?" "Well, I will pay it very ultimately. Now, I hope you are satisfied."

Women have cheek enough to wear men's hats on their heads, but there is one thing they do not do. Not one of them dare remove their hats in public and dust off the bald spot.

Who Made the Taxes.
The republican party has been wont to accuse the democrats while in power of adding enormously to the public burden, and vaunts itself upon its economy in public expenditures. An investigation of the claims of the republican party may be of some interest as well as surprise to some of our readers.

The war burdened the country with an enormous public debt and a grievous system of taxation. These matters demanded at the hands of faithful representatives in congress a rigid and effective system of reform and retrenchment in the public expenditures. With this immense debt overhanging us and a burden of taxation that it was almost impossible to pay, the republican party having the executive, and control of both houses of congress, on the 3rd of March, 1873, the act commonly known as the "salary grab" was passed, the same being reported by Gen. Garfield, then chairman of the committee on appropriations. By this measure the salary of the president was increased from \$25,000 to \$50,000 per annum, cabinet officers to \$10,000 a year, chief justice of the supreme court to \$10,500 and the nine associate judges to \$10,000 a year each; the salary of the speaker of the house of representatives to \$10,000, and that of each senator and member of the house to \$7,500, upon the 31st day of March, 1873, when congress was just expiring, the members of which had already served their two years, at a fixed salary of \$5,000 a year. This act was made retroactive, and gave to each member of congress \$5,000 extra for the two years just served in addition to the \$5,000 stated salary. The unjust and unwarranted measure was enacted when the nation was groaning under an already enormous burden. The amount of this salary grab can be summed up as follows:

\$5,000 additional to 395 members of congress.	\$1,975,000
Additional to the presidents salary.	25,000
Addition to the judges of the supreme court.	18,000
Addition to cabinet officers.	14,000
Making a total increase of these salaries of	\$1,987,500

Besides this the salaries of all the employees of the house and senate were increased, so that as to aggregate \$60,000. So that the increase in salaries made in '71-'73 amounted to round numbers to \$2,000,000. The compensation of the senators and representatives in congress was formerly fixed at \$3 per day and mileage. In 1857 it was made \$3,000 a year and mileage. In 1866, both houses and the executive being republican, the compensation of senators and members was increased to \$5,000 a year and mileage, but in 1874 it was restored to \$5,000, but only done so to appease the howl of their tax ridden constituents. For many years the salary of the judges of the supreme court was \$4,500 and the chief justice \$5,000 per year. In '67 this was increased to \$6,000 and \$6,500. In '71 to \$8,000 and \$8,500, and at the same time nine circuit judgeships were created at a salary of \$6,000 each, aggregating \$54,000. The salary of the president was increased to \$50,000 per year, just at the expiration of Grant's first term, giving him the benefit of the increase on both terms of \$200,000 in all. In the meanwhile the expenses of the executive mansion under republican rule from a mere nominal sum run up to \$75,000 a year and one year of Grant's administration they reached \$79,000. This is republican economy with a vengeance. The presidential office costs the country \$125,000 a year. This together with the large donations and subsidies received by the president from wealthy parties and corporations made the presidential chair in a financial point of view, an enviable one. Not only have the expenses of our government been greatly enlarged under republican rule, but what is still worse the pure and elevated bearing and patriotism that has formerly surrounded the executive chair, has given away to greed, fraud, vice and violence.

The above is but one of the many expensive luxuries of a republican administration. Dress according to your business, but so far as circumstances will permit, with neatness and good taste. It pays, if paid for.

Drumming Around the World.
Some of the large manufacturers of tools, machinery, hardware, and other kind of goods in Connecticut, send men to South America, Europe and elsewhere in the same matter-of-fact manner that smaller houses might send to Syracuse or Canajoharie. A firm of carriage manufacturers in New Haven send a man around the world. They sell many carriages in New Zealand, Austria, and South Africa. On his last trip their traveler drummed the trade up the Red Sea and along the south shore of the Mediterranean. He sold some carriages in Egypt, but none in the countries to the westward, where the British and Continental manufacturers yet retain command of the market. On his next trip he will again tackle the carriage buyers of that region. He overcame British opposition in South Africa, and expects to accomplish the same result in North Africa.

Growth of the Hair.
There are three reasons why women's hair is longer than men's: First, she has no hair growth on her face, and so has a larger supply of hair-forming material for the scalp; second, the diameter of her hair being larger, it is less liable to break; third, being usually less engaged in mental labor or business worry, she has a more constant and even supply of blood to the scalp. In nations where the hair of the men is usually worn short, the fashion of long hair in the male is regarded as a protest against church and state, and against general customs, taste, and thought; in Austria it is made a political offence to be so attired.

The growth of the hair is the most rapid in the young and middle-aged, and in those living an out-door life. At the age of eighty, if a man lives so long, and if his hair and beard have been close-trimmed, he has cut off six and a half inches of hair annually, or almost thirty feet in all.

The hair is the least destructible part of the body. The hair of the ancient Thebans is, after a lapse of 4,000 years, found to have survived the tomb. The Pyramids and the Sphinx are crumbling, but some of the wigs of human hair, exposed to the mold and moisture of their entombed apartments, are less decayed than the monuments themselves.

There are three coloring pigments to the hair—yellow, red, and black, and all the shades are produced by the mixture of these three colors. In pure gold yellow hair there is only the yellow pigment; in red, the red mixed with yellow; in dark, the black mixed with red and yellow; in the hair of the negro there is as much red pigment as in the reddest hair, and had not the black been most developed—perhaps by the action of the sun—the hair of all negroes would be as fiery a red as the reddest hair of an Englishman.

Church Directory.

Presbyterian, Fayetteville—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 and night, Rev. W. H. Groves, pastor; Sunday school, 8 a. m.
Methodist—services every Sabbath at 10:30 and at night, Rev. S. M. Coble, pastor; Sunday school at 8 o'clock.
Cumberland Presbyterian—services every Sabbath 10:30 and at night, Rev. W. G. Templeton, pastor; Sunday school 8 o'clock.
Methodist, Pleasant Plains—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath each month at 11 o'clock; Rev. F. S. Fetway, pastor, Sunday school at 9 a. m.
A. B. Presbyterian, New Hope services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 11; Bethel, 2nd and 4th Sabbath at 11—Rev. S. S. Sloan, pastor, Methodist, Mulberry—services 1st and 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 and at night, every Sunday night, Rev. W. J. Collier, pastor, Sunday School at 9.
Baptist, Mulberry—services 1st Sabbath in each month at 11; Rev. H. H. Hiett, pastor, Cumberland Presbyterian, Mulberry—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 11 and night; Rev. W. G. Templeton, pastor.
United Presbyterian, Lincoln—services every Sabbath at 11:15 a. m.; Rev. David Strong, pastor, Sunday school at 10.
Liberty Grove—services 2nd Sabbath at 11 a. m.; Rev. L. Darnell, preacher in charge.
Methodist, Shady Grove, (Shelton's creek)—services 2nd Sabbath in each month at 10 o'clock; Rev. M. T. Tucker, preacher in charge.
Cumberland Presbyterian, Sulphur Springs services 2nd Sabbath 11 o'clock; Rev. W. E. Hill, pastor.
Methodist, Oak Hill services 4th Sabbath each month at 10 a. m.; T. Darnell, preacher in charge.
Cumberland Presbyterian, Oak Hill, Rev. J. B. Tucker, pastor, 1st Sabbath before 2d Sunday, every month, Rev. B. T. King, pastor.
Hester's Creek—services before 4th Sunday, each month, Rev. J. B. Tucker, pastor.
Methodist, Fayetteville—services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 a. m.; M. E. Bernon, (Mt. Pleasant) services 1st Sabbath at 10:30 a. m.; M. E. Bernon, (Mt. Pleasant) services 3rd Sabbath at 10:30 a. m.—Rev. F. C. Carpenter, preacher in charge.
Union, 1st Sunday; Providence, 2nd; Liberty Grove, 3rd; Oak Hill, 4th; Rev. T. L. Darnell, preacher in charge.
Shiloh, Methodist, near Millville—preaching on 2nd Sunday in each month at 3 p. m., and on Saturday at 11 and night, Rev. J. B. Tucker, pastor.
Cane Creek Church, 1x miles north of Fayetteville, services every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Rev. J. B. Tucker, pastor.

Mail Directory.

Fayetteville Post-Office.
Railroad—leaves every day except Sunday at 9:15 a. m.; arrives at 6:30 p. m. Supplies the following offices: Kelo, Lincoln, Fayetteville, Oregon, Geneva, St. George, Huntsville, Glasgow, Winchester and Dechord.
Shelbyville—arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 a. m.; leaves same days at 2 p. m. Supplies the following offices: Burg, Booneville, County Line, Shelbyville, Huntsville stage—leaves Monday and Friday at 8 a. m.; arrives Tuesday and Thursday at 8 p. m. Supplies Gooden, Hazle Green, Meridianville and Huntsville.
Shelbyville back—leaves Monday and Thursday at 8 a. m.; arrives Tuesday and Friday at 8 p. m. Supplies Narria Creek, Clifton Ridge, Blaine, Cash, Point, Parkersburg—arrives every Tuesday and Friday at 11:30 a. m.; leaves next day 6:10 p. m. Supplies Ostrum, Millville, Fish Creek and Blaine.
Blanche horse—leaves every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 p. m.; arrives same days at 11 a. m. Supplies Camargo, Melton, Cold Water, Blanche, Cash, Point, B. H. Hill horse—arrives Monday and Saturday at 12 m.; leaves same days at 12 p. m.
P. R. horse—leaves same Tuesday and Friday at 8 a. m.; arrives at 7:30 a. m. day. Supplies Rowden Station and Petersburg. Money Orders can be obtained at this office upon post offices in all parts of the United States. A list of Money Order offices may be seen on application. Rates of commission for Money Orders are as follows:
Not exceeding \$15..... 10 cents
Over 15 and not exceeding \$50..... 15 do
do 50 do do do..... 20 do
do 40 do do do..... 25 do
W. R. BOUTWELL, P. M.

County Officers.

N. P. Carter, County Judge.
W. B. Martin, Clerk of Circuit Court.
W. C. Morgan, do Circuit do.
P. D. Boyce, do County do.
E. T. Holland, Sheriff.
G. W. Counts, W. A. Cunningham, Deputies Sheriffs.
Henry Henderson, Trustee.
B. B. Thompson, Register.
J. H. C. Moore, County Surveyor.
F. J. West, Capt. of Public School.
J. B. Marzan, Comptroller.
J. D. Wallace, Ranger.