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GEO. F. WEBB,

Attorney at Law,

Office in the Butler Building, Liberty, Amite County, Miss. 11-9-90

D. C. BRAMLETT,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

WOODVILLE, MISS.

Will practice in all the Courts of Amite and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court at Jackson. 1-9-91.

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SUMMIT, MISS.

Will practice in all the Courts of Amite and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson.

J. R. GALTNEY,

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All business confided to his care will receive prompt attention.

E. H. RATCLIFF,

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Will practice in all the Courts of Amite and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court at Jackson. 12-9-90.

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Attorneys at Law,

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Will practice in all the courts of Amite and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court at Jackson.

W. E. GILL,

Attorney at Law,

LIBERTY, MISS.

Will practice in all the courts of Amite and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court at Jackson.

R. L. ROSEBROUGH SON,

Marble and Granite Works

St. Louis, Missouri.

W. B. McDOWELL, Agent,

Amite County, Miss.

HOTEL

And Livery Stable,

LIBERTY, MISS.

THE undersigned begs to announce that he is now prepared to receive boarders and entertain the traveling public. Fare the best the market affords. He is also prepared to meet the wants of the public in the way of feeding, stabling and grooming stock which may be entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Give me a trial.

THOMAS WARING,

Liberty, Sept. 23, 94

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE

IN CHICAGO

AND NEW YORK

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BY ROMANIAN.



he personally had experienced a full share—when there was a rap upon the door.

"Come in," said Patrick.

The next moment a lovely vision stood before him. As Patrick slowly unwound his legs and recovered from his surprise, the vision resolved itself into a stately young woman, with flashing blue eyes, a shapely figure with an environment of lace in a gown, a stylish gift, magnificently gowned, who carried herself with a certain imperious air that quite overwhelmed the proprietor of the detective agency. Patrick arose with a start.

"Will you be seated, madam?" he said.

"Miss Hobson, if you please."

She took the chair he offered her.

"You probably know of me?"

"Hobson & Moore" interrogated Patrick.

"J. L. Hobson is my father."

Patrick became more obsequious than ever. Hobson was one of the merchant princes of the west, and this young woman sole heir to ten million dollars, more or less.

"What can I do for you?" stammered Patrick.

"You doubtless are surprised to see me?"

"Somehow, Miss Hobson."

"Well, I do not call about any domestic troubles."

"Ah!"

"There is no skeleton in the closet."

"No, certainly not, Miss Hobson."

"Do you know Jack Rowston?"

"Yes."

Patrick knew him well and he waited anxiously for his visitor to state the object of her query.

"Well, he wants to marry me."

"Indeed?" said Patrick, for want of something better to remark.

"Yes; he asked me four years ago, and I refused him."

"Oh?"

"He repeated his request two years ago, and I said no."

"Oh!"

"Last week he asked me again, and I reversed my decision."

"I understand."

"The trouble with Jack is that he is too slow; no life; no dash. He is too demure and quiet."

Patrick opened his eyes. This of spirited Jack Rowston?

"In fact, he is so conservative and different from other young men that I begin to suspect that he is a hypocrite—yes, sir, a hypocrite. He only talks to me about business and music and will hardly smoke a cigar with papa, and papa says: 'There's a steady, reliable young man. There's a young man without a flaw.' Now, I like good young men, but I can't help thinking that Jack exaggerates his virtues, for surely no young man was ever born who was quite so good as he would make me believe he is. In fact he is such an impersonation of perfection that I fear I am not enough of an angel ever to wed him."

"Really?" said the amused Patrick.

"I wouldn't for the world like to think him fast, for I like Jack; but if he only was a little more different—just a trifle less stupid—more entertaining and—and, you know."

"I think I understand," observed Patrick, with a grin.

"But I am convinced that he is a deceiver."

"Do you know Jack Rowston?"

He wants to win me by professing to have all the virtues, not knowing that if he were only a little more open—The fact is, this is a woman's age, and no girl wants to be treated like a doll. Now, if Jack only made more of a chum of me, if—Here her eyes flashed and her voice faltered. "But my business is this: I want you to write me, up a journal of all he does for a week."

"But my dear Miss Hobson—"

"Here is your first fee." And she laid a crisp one hundred dollar note on the desk. "I was intending to buy a spring bonnet with that, but I shall devote my pin money to unmasking Jack. Send me your report in a week. Remember, all about him, nothing extraneous. If I can only show him in his true colors, I—but good day, sir, in a week I shall expect the report."

With that the vision vanished. Then Patrick leaned back in his chair and cooed with laughter. He forgot all his matrimonial troubles. "Haw! haw! haw!" chuckled Patrick.

Ten days later Miss Hobson was seated in her boudoir, perusing in an amused way a long report. There was a smile upon her lovely features. She looked particularly beautiful that night in a dainty evening dress, and undoubtedly she looked all the more beautiful—because she was expecting Jack.

"Oh, the wretch!" she exclaimed.

The servant entered with a card and

then the young gentleman himself came in. His hair was parted in the middle and he had a somewhat staid, reserved manner.

"How pretty you are looking this evening, Margaret," he said, in a conventional tone.

"What a matter-of-fact way you have of paying compliments!" she retorted. "By the way, Jack, I haven't seen you all week. What have you been doing?"

"We have been very busy at the store, Margaret."

"You look tired, Jack."

"Yes; business worries are wearing, and—"

"What did you think of the races on Tuesday, Jack?"

"What?"

"Yes; I hear you were there."

"Why, how?"

"I really hope you did not bet."

"Oh, Jack, how could you?" And to like one hundred dollars! At least you might have bet on the winning horse."

"Margaret, let me explain—"

"No explanation is necessary. And Wednesday night, Jack, how did the banquet go off? So you responded to the toast, 'That Old Sweetheart of Mine.' They tell me Jack, your face was—yes, just a little flushed, when you said: 'I tell you, gentlemen, a sweetheart is like wine. She improves with age.' Was that me, Jack, you had in mind? It was really a pretty

"I GUESS NO BETTER GO, MARGARET."

sentiment—prettier than any of your commonplace compliments. Why do you keep all those pretty things from me? Is it because I am a woman? Oh, I know all about your toast. I have a stenographic report of it. Let me see: 'New faces—new voices—new charms! What are they? How may they compare with the face indelibly imprinted on the heart of that great artist, Time! How may they compare with the glances of that old sweetheart of mine whose eyes are stars steadfast as the shining planet whose beams may guide the mariner o'er the stormy sea? Cloistered in my heart she grows more dear, like the wine of the monks kept in their dingy cellars.' Dear me, Jack, and I thought you stupid. Where did you learn such eloquence? Oh, you are like the other boys; you shut your heart to your sweetheart. And you talk sentiment, Jack! So be a bacchanalian! I am ashamed of you. 'So, quaffing this rare vintage, I drink to the girl of old; to her eyes of blue and her golden hair—not quite golden, Jack—' Out of the passing years her charms grow greater and I, her servant, pledge anew to that old sweetheart of mine."

Jack looked dumfounded; then amazed.

"Well; this is a pretty go," he said to himself.

"And how about Friday night at the club, Jack? Saturday night at the opera—a front seat, too, and then leaving the theater between every act? Then that wheat drink! I thought you regarded all speculations in a high and mighty way of disapproval? What about those fast horses of yours? And is it true you have stock in the new track? Oh, Jack, I have found you out. Hypocrite, what have you to say?"

Jack arose with consternation. He really looked frightened.

"I guess I'd better go, Margaret. I—good-by forever!"

"Well, let us part friends, at least."

She extended her hand with a bright smile. He kissed it with deference and she looked deep into his eyes.

"Why not my lips, Jack?"

In a moment she was in his arms.

"Then you love me?"

"Yes; since I know you."

"But how?"

"Never mind how. You would not give me your confidence, and so I found out myself."

"And you will marry me, Margaret?"

"Yes, if you will promise—"

"What?"

"To make me your confidante—your chum—not to try to keep anything from me. For, trust me, Jack, a woman always finds out what she wants to know."

"I promise."

"One word more, Jack. Was I—was I—that old sweetheart of yours?"

"You were; I have loved you all these years, Margaret."

"And I, Jack, have loved you—not the Jack you showed to me, but the Jack I believed you were. This is the nineteenth century, Jack, and woman is man's companion, not a playing or a doll. And now sit down, Jack, and I will play you that dashing new dance of Chamade. She is a woman, Jack, and women have their place to-day in the business world and in the field of art. Is not this motive charming? It is like an accompaniment to her voice: 'A true sweetheart is like wine, and improves with age.'"

—Detroit Free Press.

For Others.

Mr. Deluze: I have just been looking over the books in your parlor, doctor, and I am surprised that a man of your scholarship and intellectual tastes should care for such a lot of absolutely worthless trash.

Dr. Pulser: Oh, I don't. They are to amuse my patients while they are waiting for me.

—Puck.

"The less of government the better, if society be kept in peace and prosperity."

—Channing.



GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Founder of the Young Men's Christian Association. The first society of this organization was called into life June 6, 1844, at London. The semi-annual of this event will be celebrated in grand style in London and New York. Mr. Williams, the founder, will participate in the exercises at London.

TORPEDO BOAT NO. 2.

Built for the United States Government at Dubuque, Ia.

The First War Vessel Constructed at Yards Located Over a Thousand Miles from the Seaboard—She Will Be Named the Erickson.

(Special Dubuque (Ia.) Letter.)

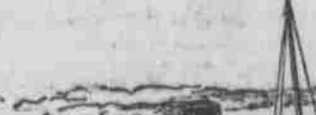
Marine architects and the many interested in our new navy have centered their attention on torpedo boat No. 2 to be known as the Erickson.

Reaching completion in the yards of the Iowa iron works of this city. This interest is but natural when the fact is considered that although designated as No. 2, it is the first experiment in torpedo boat building in this country worthy of the name. The Cushing No. 1 is in no particular up to the standard.

general stroke of the piston of sixteen inches. The twin screws are made of manganese bronze and are four feet seven inches in diameter. These engines are expected to develop two thousand horse power.

The steam supply is to come from two Thornycroft boilers, one placed in the section immediately front and the other aft of the engines. They were built here under royalty to the English patentees, and are remarkable in more ways than one. The principle on which these boilers are constructed is not new, but is seemingly carried to the limit. The flues or the tubes connecting the sections number in each boiler over twelve hundred, giving an enormous heating service. These are covered with a casing of manganese and galvanized steel, and with these and the machinery in place and fuel in the bunkers the little craft has a full cargo.

U. S. TORPEDO BOAT NO. 2, THE ERICKSON.



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and in build, machinery, speed and the anticipated effectiveness in action furnishes no gauge for comparison. The Cushing is purely a Herschhoff product, reaped to torpedo uses, while the Erickson is the result of careful study by the naval department, and has been built after the designs drawn by men versed in that branch of naval construction. So it will be seen that there never has anything been completed in this country from which comparison may be drawn, and it is sufficient to demonstrate the Erickson's excellence by saying that England and France, with at least 200 each of these boats, have nothing superior, and it is doubtful if anything they have produced will ever equal this native craft.

This boat is 100 feet in length and 15 1/2 feet beam in the widest section. She will have a displacement of 180 tons, and, while like all of her class, will sit low in the water. Yet, when ready for sea, she will need about 4 1/2 feet of water to safely navigate. In her after sections she resembles the whaleback, with graceful lines drawn in to the cigar-shaped termination, but forward she holds her depth well, giving her smooth and unbroken lines to the stem, and so sharply drawn that the least possible resistance is provided.

No greater care could possibly have been taken than has been lavished upon this vessel, every piece of material being subjected to a thorough and scientific inspection, and nothing else than apparent perfection was allowed to go. Her frames are of steel and the plating of galvanized steel from three-sixteenths to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. The work in completing the hull has been slow on account of the excellence required, and, as finished, is pronounced a masterpiece by experts and government inspectors.

In no part of her construction is so much interest taken as in the machinery. Bearing in mind that the speed requirement is twenty-four knots, it follows that the propelling power must be something more than ordinary, and it is doubtful if a finer set of engines was ever built in this country. And no boat of the size of the Erickson has ever been provided with greater developed power.

She has two engines of the vertical inverted cylinder, quadruple expansion type, which, together, make a remarkable amount of machinery for a boat of its size. The high pressure cylinder has a bore of eleven and one-half inches; the first intermediate, sixteen inches; the second intermediate, twenty-one and one-half inches, and the low pressure, thirty inches, with a

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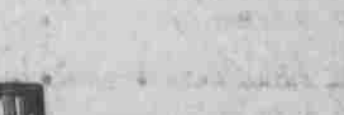
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USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Poison Cakes.—Roll and press six sweet potatoes, mash them until they are perfectly free from lumps; add a little salt, then knead it out—adding a little flour—until it is an inch thick. A griddle is the best to bake on and the cakes should be cooked lightly with a fork. This prevents them from blistering. Butter them while quite hot and they are delicious. —Prairie Farmer.

—Spanish Buns.—Mix together one pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of butter, four eggs beaten separately, one teaspoonful of liquid yeast, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, cloves, allspice and nutmeg, cut into small pieces, then roll out and cut into large buns, and set them to rise in a warm place. When well risen, bake them like rolls. As soon as they are taken from the oven sprinkle with sugar over them. —Christian Science.

—Columbus Eggs.—Roll hard, any number of eggs you desire. Heat the yolks carefully, and while hot, and mash fine and mix with them to your taste, fresh butter, salt, pepper, mustard and a suspicion of finely chopped onion. Fill the empty whites with this mixture, take care not to lay the so that they will look like a whole egg. Cook small pieces from one and so that each will stand alone, as Columbus' famous egg did, and serve them standing in a dish surrounded with parsley. —Woman's Work.

—German Cabbage.—Shred red cabbage to fill a quart measure, closely packed. Put in water. Heat in a saucepan two level tablespoonfuls of butter, with a little salt and pepper. Put the cabbage in with only as much water as will drip from the bowl, and simmer for twenty minutes stirring occasionally. When done, add one tablespoonful of vinegar and let heat. Heap on a platter, and squeeze mashed potatoes through a rose tube, around the edge of the platter. The roses of potatoes around the cabbage give a beautiful, decorative effect. This is an excellent way to cook white cabbage also. —Good Housekeeper.

—Good Housekeeper.—Pour over a pint of grated bread a pint and a half of warm milk. Stir it well together, and then add half a pint of cream, the grated peel of one lemon, three ounces of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and the yolks of five or six eggs, well beaten. Mix all together thoroughly, pour into a dish and bake carefully. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add three ounces of powdered sugar, and the juice of the lemon and stir well. When the pudding is baked, put a layer of apricot preserves over the top, pile the whisked whites over it, and put in the oven to brown lightly. —Boston Budget.

HER SPRING DIET.

Hints for the Woman Who Really Respects Her Digestion.

Now is the time to bring down the proud head of the butcher and to make his spirit rise within by ceasing to patronize him much. The days of greens and vegetables have come, and the woman who practices vegetarianism during the spring months is the woman whose temper will be good, whose step will be springing and whose complexion will be a thing of beauty later on. The "spring tonic" to which most people unfailingly return at this season will not be needed if meat is also banished from the bill of fare.

In all probability the hygienic woman has all winter been eating oranges before she attacked the catarrh and the ailment of her morning report. Oranges are still in order, but they may be varied by grape fruits, and before long by strawberries even. Strawberry and cream, by the way, is not a fit dish for a morning meal, but the berries alone, with a little powdered sugar, will make a delicious beginning for breakfast.

Outmeal is also to be banished from the breakfast table, and hot bread and heavy cakes. Let cold Graham bread, with delicious butter, be substituted, and let a little piece of broiled shad, with plenty of watercress, be added, and there is a breakfast dainty enough for the most epicurean taste and hygienic enough even for a nineteenth century woman.

For luncheon she should have more fruit—dates, figs or any other sort—more cold whole wheat or Graham or rye bread, olive, a crisp lettuce leaf or so and a cup of fresh-made, fragrant tea. The deadly eclaire and fatal cream puff must be tabooed in the hygienic spring luncheon.

A dinner hot, clear soup, a very little well-cooked meat, plenty of fresh vegetables, a green salad with French dressing, fruit and a "thimbleful" of black coffee will make a goodly repast.

And the woman who eats these things will be blooming like the rose within three months. —N. Y. World.

Enslavery.

With a sweet smile she took his hat and cane. "Dearest," she cooed when they were seated in the gloaming, "I have something to tell you. Summertime is his favorite time, he has been speaking of it for some time."

"Dearest," she proceeded, "a delicate flush overspread her cheek, 'papa has at last consented to our marriage.' He was too deeply moved to express himself for about forty-five minutes. When at last he found voice the latter thrilled with emotion."

"That—!" A gentle pressure of the hand told him she was listening. "—is what I get by monkeying with an opal ring." His eyes rested upon the fatal jewel with a fascination of horror. —Detroit Tribune.

A Madest Request.

Judge—Is there any special work you desire to do during your term of imprisonment?

Pr