

March 2nd 1889—H

The Headlight,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
AT GRAY, GEORGIA,
—BY T. R. PENN.—

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Communications for individual benefit, or of a personal character, charged for the same as advertisements.

Marriage and obituary notices, not exceeding one square, inserted without charge—over one square will be charged for same as advertisements.

Correspondents alone are responsible for opinions expressed by them through these columns.

TOWN AND COUNTY.

Cotton planting is in order. Don't be afraid to advertise your Spring goods.

What beautiful weather we're been having this week!

If you believe in dreams look out for Cycles and Mad dogs.

A shower of rain would help gardens and vegetation generally.

Snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches in Virginia last Saturday.

The ever jolly Henry Hunt, of Round Oak, was in our midst on Tuesday.

Jack Frost made us a very friendly(?) visit last Saturday and Sunday nights.

We trust the fruit has not been seriously damaged during the recent cold weather.

Confederate Memorial Day was observed last Sunday in New Orleans with great pomp.

Mrs. S. E. Morgan, of Macon, visited her son, Mr. H. A. Morgan, of this place, Tuesday.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Nervousness, Headache, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All druggists sell it. Get the genuine. The Headlight was honored last Wednesday evening with a call from Mrs. Richard Johnson of Clinton.

Mr. Clark Smith, one of Jones county's most energetic farmers, carried a fine load of cotton to Macon this week.

Miss Annie Lou Morgan, who is attending school at Sun Hill, was called home last Tuesday to attend the funeral of her little sister.

A severe blizzard and snow storm swept over some of the Northern States last Saturday which accounts for the cold weather down this way.

We appreciate very highly the efforts on the part of our contributors to add up to making the HEADLIGHT a new paper, and will welcome others to our columns.

Alice, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Morgan, of this place, died last Monday morning, after an illness of a few days, and was buried the following day. She was a bright and beautiful little child and will be sadly missed by her fond parents. They have the heartfelt sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

From the Covington Enterprise we see that President Estill, of the Georgia Press Association, has officially accepted the tender of an excursion to Kansas City and return by way of the Central's new line and excursions, given by Major Belknap, through Major W. L. Glesner, and Mr. Glesner is now enroute to Kansas City to make complete arrangements for the reception and entertainment and comfort of the Georgia editors. Mr. Glesner is arranging for a solid train to go, some and be at the entire disposal of the excursionists and every comfort or convenience that can be thought of will be added.

Notice to Debtors and Creditors.

All persons having demands against the estate of N. S. Glover, late of Jones County, deceased, are hereby notified to render in their demands to the undersigned according to law; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment.

W. P. GLOVER, Adm'r.
N. S. Glover, deceased.
Apr. 2nd 1899.

W. E. GARDNER, Asst. Local Editor.

CLINTON LOCALS.

Gardens are growing finely.

Mrs. Guss Stewart was in Macon Monday.

Mrs. H. S. Groves visited the Central City Wednesday.

Rev. W. F. Cook preached at the church in Clinton Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McKay and Miss Pearl Holmes attended church in Clinton Sunday.

Next week is regular Superior Court week for Jones county, and our old town will put on a few city airs with the best to attendant.

Mr. Benj. Barron and Mrs. R. J. Smith of Round Oak spent Sunday and Monday with the family of Dr. Jas. F. Barron and attended church Sunday.

Don't the new faces around the Parsonage look neat, and improve appearances? The energy and industry of the Pastor is assuming shape, and we are proud of him and his improvements.

The Editress made a flying trip, combining business with pleasure, to Athens on the 5th. A "detailed" account of it will be given next week, as our columns are crowded this issue.

Dr. W. F. Cook and wife, parents of Rev. Ellison R. Cook, spent this week at the Parsonage. Dr. Cook was the much loved President of this circuit some years ago, and is held in high esteem by the good people of Jones.

Jno. R. Ellis & Co., of Macon, are throwing bargains on their already full counters every day, and great sales are going on all the time. In domestic, hosiery, gingham and table damask they suit every body. Send them your orders.

The W. F. M. Society had an interesting meeting on Monday. Officers for the year were elected, or rather, the old officers were unanimously re-elected. The Society is few in numbers, though in collections will compare favorably with any in the Conference. Dues and contributions amounting to more than \$15.00 have been collected during last four months and its members are less than "a baker's dozen."

NEWS AND COMMENTS.

BY THE EDITRESS.

Rev. P. W. Edge of Twiggs county, but who owns property and once lived in Jones county, is dead.

Judge Gastin is holding court in Houston this week and will preside at Crawford Superior court next week.

The Y. M. C. Association of Georgia made a fine report at the State Convention held last week in Savannah.

Dr. Munnall, the celebrated revival preacher, who was in Macon last Spring, is again holding services in that city. He is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, who are gifted Gospel singers.

The C. & M. road has resolved to build to Griffin. There will be important railroads developments soon. Movements elsewhere will be met with eager movements. The pot is boiling, look out.—Ex.

Savannah sustained a fire Saturday night which is said to have been a loss \$500,000 to the beautiful city. The handsome Independent Presbyterian Church with its new organ, just put in at a cost of \$5,000, was entirely consumed. The loss on church, chapel and contents is said to be \$200,000.

Georgia has at last begun the early, but just tribute due the unimpaired veterans of the Confederacy, and proposes to build a Georgia Soldiers Home. There has been already subscribed \$23,000 and the contributions are flowing in. Messrs. Pat Calhoun and Jno. C. Calhoun of Atlanta have each given \$15,000.

Poor Welch, the humorous and well known writer, died in New York last week. For past few years he has been unable to talk at all, suffering torture all the while from a cancer of the tongue, and yet his words were framed words of wisdom and humor that caused thousands of his fellow men to smile. He has at last folded his weary hands, his pen at rest, his memory demands a tear. The Press is crying and so is his wife and family ones.

A PLEA FOR THE SPRING POET.

Written for the HEADLIGHT.

BY A SYMPATHIZING FRIEND.

Where is the Spring Poet of whom the editors seem to entertain such mortal dread? Have his tender wings been so often clipped and broken that he cannot essay a flight? Or are the breathings and pantings of his soul confined within the walls of that ignominious prison, the editor's waste basket? I stand forth as his champion. What is his offense?

There is a mysterious potency in the rays of the returning sun that awakens in the earth and sky a thousand charms; that fills the air with balm and flushes the earth with bloom; that fills the woods with music, and thrills our hearts with deep joy that seeks expression though it be inexpressible. The attempt to embody this beauty and the emotions it excites in fitting words is the sin of this hapless culprit; and worthy editors whose columns are open to the records of crime that sadden our hearts and terrify our dreams have no room for his expressions of innocence and joy.

Would it not be better for all of us if we should observe, even by proxy, commune with Nature in her secret haunts, and let our hearts grow fragrant in her serenity, and larger in her infinitude, and liberal in her beneficence? Would not crime itself be less frequent if more encouragement were given and more attention paid to the gentle fraternity whose hearts are attuned to beauty and harmony, and whose delight is in azure skies and golden floods of sunshine, and shady nooks and murmuring streams?

"They know the dells where the violets grow,
They know the hills where the soft winds blow,"

but they know not the haunts of violets; they know not the haunts of the gambler's den. Then let them live to enjoy the life of the innocent; to bring to the weary hearts sweet memories of childhood and youth, and suggest those of simple pleasures which are easy attainable. And if one of these "little ones" should again knock at the door of your sanctum, Oh, kind and courteous Editors, let him in. Let him once more tune his lyre, and if his song and music be imperfect remember it is but a trial strain and does not settle the question of his inspiration, for have not the greatest poets known what it was "to feel."

What they could not express
Yet could not all conceal?"

FROM WAYSIDE.

Wayside has organized a "fishing club," and our tackle is being got in readiness. We are not however to make annual trips to Saile river, but will confine our depredation to local streams. Henry Hunt with his oar will furnish our canoe.

Mrs. Curry, who has been quite sick for several weeks, we are glad to know convalescing.

Mr. M. W. Smith one of Substantial farmers has in course of erecting a neat four room residence.

Our town is still on a boom. Mr. T. J. Green has finished a commodious wood and blacksmith shop in which his ingenious talents are daily called upon to requisition.

Mr. Green has recently completed for Mr. J. M. Hunt an ox cart, which for finish and workmanship cannot be excelled.

The undivided time of Prof. D. H. Barfield is occupied in "Teaching the young idea how to shoot." He has a flourishing school of 38 pupils.

Miss Minnie Evans of Monroe county is visiting the families of J. P. Hunt and J. A. Walker.

Mr. John Greer of Jasper is on a visit to his Sister Mrs. J. B. Walker.

Mr. W. H. Greer has shipped several cars of popular and oak lumber to Macon recently.

Madam Rumor reports that cupid has been at work in this neighborhood, it savors of a Gretia Green affair.

made to kill him, but he defies them all. We have crawled on our back five miles in the last two years in our efforts to overtake him.

During the high winds of Saturday last, a wild duck seemingly exhausted was picked up near here.

The farmers are well up with their work, and have exerted undue diligence in preparation of the lands for the coming crop. Very little commercial fertilizers bought. All report excellent stands of corn.

Mr. Wiley Finely planted twenty acres in cotton in March.

FROM PIPPINS.

Mr. Editor—Will you please allow us space in your columns to speak a word in behalf of our almost forsaken section of country? We live among the hills, our fields are small and rugged, yet but little soil to sustain their fruits, still our people breathe the atmosphere of health and freedom, and the motto eat, drink, and sleep at home seems to prevail with them.

Our farmers are through planting corn, and are going about preparing and planting cotton.

Most of the farmers of this section will not use guano this year as it did not pay them well. This is a very wise step, although some will not take it.

Our neighborhood is blessed with three good schools, and it is to be hoped that the good teachers will do all they can to impart to the minds of their pupils such information as will fit them for the great battle of life.

Our good justice of the peace Mr. J. A. Childs is ever ready, and seems to be delighted in explaining such points of law as will promote the happiness of his neighbors.

Mr. T. B. Pippins says that he is so near up with his crop, that if he loses a few days this week in fishing or horse trading it will scarcely be missed.

Mr. A. N. Smith will probably attend court in Houston next week on business.

There has been found in our neighborhood within the last few months several mysterious letters, which have been picked up prominently in fields and woods. Their date extends from 1890 to 1891. Now they are they to be accounted for? They may have been brought here by a storm, still its strange, they are dated far in the past.

MRKE.

(Communicated.)

Dear HEADLIGHT—Many are the times that I have thought of writing you a letter and you would have received a communication from your wiregrass friend some time ago, but for the one fear, that of the "wiregrass." But to a certain extent I have subdued the fear and now hope that you will look upon this with favorable eyes.

First permit me to give an expression of my enjoyment of the HEADLIGHT, which comes to me weekly. It is with much eagerness that I peruse its columns, and at the completion of such a performance I feel as if I had conversed with a friend from the "old red hills." Indeed so great is the pleasure derived from this, our good Jones County paper, that the wiregrass life would not be half so sweet without it. The "dots" from Round Oak are especially enjoyable and my advice to the genial writer would be, continue in your well doing.

Mr. Vernon is a small town situated near the center of Montgomery county, is the county-seat, and otherwise unnoted. The nearest R. R. point, Lumber City, being twenty miles distant, it has no much communication with sister towns. It is quite a favorite place with drummers however.

Behind, though slow and somewhat "behind the times" this is a good country. Farming is the principal occupation, though the turpentine stills are being increased yearly. The farmers, as a general thing, are energetic and thrifty; they also take great interest in the "Alliance."

A considerable amount of the population of this county consists of immigrants from North Carolina, having exhausted their means of distilling the spirits of turpentine they came to these low Georgia counties

where the tall and stately pines reign untroubled. The state policy of boxing the trees has just passed and in nearly every direction can be seen trees with little angular boxes, being rapidly filled with turpentine which the tree produces. The process of distilling the spirits is quite as interesting one.

My position here is one of much responsibility, that of teacher for the Adamsville children. (This section of the County is called Adamsville from the numerous amount of Adams that reside here.) About three miles from Mt. Vernon, amidst the pines and the ever invincible wiregrass, is located a small one room building. (But, by the way, this wiregrass is very pretty at present, having gone through a process of burning it is now coming out fresh and green.) Here teacher and sixteen pupils assemble every morning at eight o'clock and remain until two, having a short recess at eleven. Here the "young idea is taught to shoot" and when certain little fellows become too unruly, it is here that the rod is administered. But we really get on very nicely together, despite the conflicts that will come now and then and though I have an experience of only six months, I think I can safely say that I like teaching. It requires a great expenditure of time, labor and patience, and is a constantly busy life, but can there be one of us who prefers idleness to work?

Before making my letter unnecessarily long, I must tell you of a most delightful event that occurred two weeks ago—the effect of which was to break the monotony of my life here. For several weeks Miss Addie Adams, my young lady friend of this family, and I had contemplated a trip on the boat which makes weekly voyages from Lumber City to this place. We were disappointed several times but at last our plans were not simply thought of but realized. Bright and early on the morning of March the 23rd we went to Adams Landing and after waiting there, in a wilderness-like place, an hour or two the little white steamer arrived; at that moment two happier girls could not be found than we who had waited so impatiently. The Captain, Mr. Charlie Phillips, was on the deck and he at once greeted us with a "good morning." He conducted us to his cabin and after the signal "all aboard" was given, the "Tommy Day" set sail for Lumber City.

Smoothly and pleasantly did we plough the placid waters of the Oconee—I had never witnessed such a scene before and the novelty of it perfectly charmed me. Now the distance from here to Lumber City is, by water, about sixty miles and as our rate of travelling was a slow one, we had sufficient time to take in the surrounding objects. My friend and I were the only passengers on board, save one old man who was on his way to see "my son John," so we spent most of the day in the pilot room with Capt. Phillips, there he kindly explained the mode of navigation, made us somewhat familiar with nautical parlance, also pointed out the things of interest on the way. In many places the scenery was exceedingly picturesque. One moment we would have full view of a large sloping hill, pieces formed a back ground and then would come willows, oaks and most beautiful magnolias. The trees were laden with new buds and from their branches hung, gracefully the gray moss that is so abundant here. On the ground could be seen many modest violets, peeping timidly from beneath their bed of leaves and grass. Then just as we were exulting over this scene there would come one of much contrast a low marshy place with here and there a small island.

For about forty miles we continued our course down the Oconee and then we came to the place where the Oconee and Ocmulgee rivers unite to form the Altamaha, after turning the bend at this junction we sailed up the waters of the Ocmulgee. That was a grand sight, the union of those two rivers, the waters present a striking contrast and after the union is formed this difference in color is visible for a great distance.

Among other things of interest that came under our view were four rafts of timber that were being floated down the river.

ed so Durien. They are indeed curious objects to an unacquainted person.

But alas! this day of pleasure and novelty was destined to a close and with it, all our fond hopes and anticipations. But though it passed from our eyes, the whole thing had been so wonderfully realized that the memory of the "boat ride" will ever live in our minds.

About the time that "old Sol" with all his splendor, was sinking to rest, we anchored at Lumber City. With a long vigilance at the "Tommy Day" we left her. The kind jovial little Captain escorted us to the house of Dr. Reynolds Miss Addie's brother-in-law and there we were received very cordially by the hostess. A visit of two days could not be more pleasant than our stay in L. C. Sunday we met many of the elite of the place, had a drive over the city and took in things generally. On Monday I returned to my duties here, for several days "sweet visions of the past" would come to me. I have stored away the thoughts of those pleasures and am am once more traveling the same old path.

My letter is already too long so I close. But I must let me offer a sincere wish for the success of the HEADLIGHT.

BEILE STEWART.

Mt. Vernon, Ga. April 5, 1899.

A DELIGHTFUL OCCASION.

DEAR HEADLIGHT—On the night of the 8th inst. Mr. Jno. Bradley, Jr. gave to his many friends a birthday party at his hospitable home at Bradley's. "Light fantastic" and "wee sma' hours" are words too tame and altogether inadequate to express the magnitude and "hang on" of this delightful occasion. "Dance all night till broad daylight and go home with the girls in the morning" was the order from 7 o'clock p. m. until old Sol harnessed his steed and bid the weary participants of Terpsichore come forth. A first class string band from Macon made music wherever light feet kept time till ten o'clock when supper was announced and a table loaded with "substantial" was opened to the view and onslaught. "Enough for all" with several baskets of fragments evinced the fact of Mr. Bradley's well known generosity. Supporter, couples paired off on pian, etc., and while the sedate and elderly resorted to pipes, gossip and chaw-gum, the more sentimental indulged in love's inspiring words of flattery and general small talk until dancing began. We overheard one pretty young lady make a thrust at an admiring escort and then as an enigma it with a glance swept enough to take it all back. We offered a ton of chaw-gum for just such a look, but got for comfort the reply, "Bring the gum and you'll get the look!" From the first "balance all" till the last "good night" the best of decorum was observed. Only one thing marred the occasion and gave cause for regret, some malicious person cut up a new buggy cushion and several sets of harness. "A piece of diabolical meanness," we heard a certain young lady remark. "Well, come or go, John!"

"J."

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PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

SOAP VS. LAW.

IT HEADS THE LIST.

The April number of *The Southern Cultivator* is unquestionably the handsomest and best agricultural journal ever issued in the South. Its shining excellencies are so numerous that to enumerate them would require columns. Its list of contributors embraces of Southern talent in addition to many able and experienced writers in other sections of this country and in Europe. Each issue is a volume in itself worth double the price of subscription. At \$1 per annum it is the cheapest journal in this country. We heartily commend it to our readers. Send us your dollar and name to The Cultivator Publishing Co., Drawer 8, Atlanta, Ga.

PIMPLES, SORES, ACNES AND PAINS.

When a hundred bottles of sarraquilla or other pretentious specifics fail to eradicate is-born scrofula or contagious blood poison, remember that B. B. R. (Botanic Blood Balm) has gained many thousand victories, in as many seemingly intenable instances. Send to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., "Book of Wonders," and be convinced. It is the only TRUE BLOOD PURIFIER.

G. W. Messer, Howell's X Roads, Ga., writes: "I was afflicted years with sores. All the medicine I could take did me no good. I then tried B. B. R. and 8 bottles cured me sound."

Mrs. S. M. Wilson, Round Mountain, Texas, writes: "A lady friend of mine was troubled with bumps and pimples on her face and neck. He took three bottles of B. B. R. and her skin got soft and smooth pimples disappeared, and her health improved greatly."

Jas. L. Rosworth, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "Some years ago I contracted blood poison, I had no appetite, my digestion was ruined rheumatism drew up my limbs so I could hardly walk, my throat was cut several times. Hot Springs gave me no benefit, until I gave B. B. R. trial, and surprising as it may seem, the use of five bottles cured me."

If you want to prevent your by-draw from overflowing and filling the cellar, don't pay your water tax. Take the money and buy a New Home Sewing Machine and the New Ham Company will warrant the Machine and guarantee that you will have no Water.

T. W. BOND'S BAR AND RESTAURANT

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THE BEST OF WINES LIQUORS

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS

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General House Furnisher.

Dealer In

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Notice.

Notice!

C & M

R R.

GRAY. GA.

My business still goes on and I am prepared to sell to my friends and customers goods at prices that will astonish them. I will sell everything in my line, for the next 30 days cheap for cash; Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Groceries.

I have in Stock a full line of

Gents, Ladies, Misses and Children's

SHOES

that I am going to close out regardless of cost. In addition to the above, I carry a Full Line of hardware, Crockery, Tinware, Woodenware, and many other articles generally kept in a first-class store, all of which I will sell at Rock bottom prices.

Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean business.

D. D. HOISENBECK.

A Missouri constable rode out to a farm near St. Joe, armed with a subpara for a woman who was wanted as a witness in a case in court. He found her in her back yard, busily engaged in stirring a boiling, bubbling mass in a large black kettle. He stated his business, and she said:

"I can't go to-day."

"What you busy?"

"Why, court's in session, and the case is now on trial. They want you by noon."

"Well I ain't going. You think I'm going off and leave this hull little o' soft soap to spile, just to please your old court? No sirree!"

"Why, my dear madam, you must. You really don't seem to understand."

"I understand that I've got a big kettle o' splendid soap grease on to bile, and it'll make thin, sticky soap if it ain't finished to-day. You go back and tell the judge so."

"You'll be fined for—"

"You! I'd like to see the Missouri jury that'd fine a woman for not leaving her soap bile! When it was at a critical point, as one might say. Tell the judge I'll come to-morrow, if we don't butcher our peeps then; and if we do, I'll come some day next week."

"But I tell you that won't do. You must come now."

"Lookee, young man, you think I'm a fool? I reckon you never made any soap, did you? If you had, you'd know that—"

"What does the judge care about your soap?"

"Well, what do I care 'bout the judge, if it comes to that? Law's law and soap's soap. Let the judge tend to his law, an' I'll tend to my soap. The good book says there's a time for everything, an' this is my time for a bar'l o' soft soap."

"Well, madam, if you want to be fined for contempt of court, all right. You'll be fined sure as—"

"Bab! I know all 'bout the law, an' there ain't anything in it, nor in the Constitution of the United States, nor in nothing else that says a woman's got to leave a kettle o' half-cooked soap, and go off to court when she ain't a mind to. I guess I know a little law myself.—Tid-Bits.

TAX NOTICE.

SECOND ROUND.

I will be at the following places to wit:

Wallace Dist. at J. C. Dumas Monday April 23rd.

Pope Dist. at Haddock's Station Tuesday April 23rd.

Lesters Dist. at V. B. Clark store Wednesday morning April 24th.

Ethridge Dist. at Jesse Miller store Wednesday evening April 24th.

Tranquilla Dist. at Stewart Store Thursday April 25th.

Barroo Dist. at Bradleys Station Friday April 26th.

Barron Dist. at Round Oak Monday April 29th.

Saunders Dist. at M. V. Tyner store Tuesday April 30th.

Hammock Dist. at T. C. Pippens store Wednesday May 1st.

Hammock Dist. at Dunes Ferry Thursday May 2nd.

Finney's Dist. at R. A. Gordon's store Friday morning May 3rd.

Pope Dist. at Five Points Friday evening May 3rd.

Davidsons Dist. at James Station Monday May 6th.

Levi Kinglow store Tuesday morning May 7th.

Burdette Dist. at LaFayette Bank Tuesday evening May 7th.

Grasoldville Wednesday morning May 8th.

Roberts Dist. at Jackson Roberts Thursday May 9th.

Hawkins Dist. at T. R. Stripling Friday May 10th.

I am in Clinton every Saturday.

WILLIAM T. MORRIS,
Tax Receiver of Jones Co.
March 11th 1889.—4f.

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