

THE TRIADLIGET.

"OUR AMBITION IS TO MAKE A VERACIOUS WORK, RELIABLE IN ITS STATEMENTS, CANDID IN ITS CONCLUSIONS, AND JUST IN ITS VIEWS."

VOL. II.

GRAY, GEORGIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

NO. 14.

COUSIN ZOE'S VALENTINE.

I don't see what Cousin Zoe wanted to send a Valentine for, anyhow! She's awful old! Most nineteen, I guess. When I get as old as that, I'm certain I won't care about sending Valentines.

But she did, and she asked me to post it on my way to school. I had a good mind to refuse because she wouldn't let me see the Valentine she got the day before.

I thought it was real mean of her, when I showed her all mine. But I got to see it, anyway, for Cousin Zoe sent me to get a ball of line German-ton zephyr out of her drawer the same day, and there was the Valentine right beside it. I suppose I hadn't ought to, but I couldn't help taking just one peep at it; and then I knew why she didn't show it to me, for it was a comic one—the very comicallest one I ever saw.

It was a picture of a big, stout woman, with a long red nose.

Cousin Zoe's nose is a little long and she is sort of stout, for I know she hates to be stout, but for the years her dresses just as tight!

But I didn't tell her I looked at the Valentine. I knew she felt mortified about it. And she said if I would post the Valentine for her, and not tell a single soul about it, she'd give me a whole handbox full of silk scraps for my crazy-quilt.

I was real glad to get them, for I was afraid Susy Dawe would finish her quilt before I did. Her sister Cassy is a dress-maker, and so she gets lots of scraps.

So I said I'd take it, and I tucked it under my arm and started. But when I got to the post office, I wasn't there—the Valentine, I mean—and I went back three blocks to look for it, but couldn't find it, and I came near being late to school on account of it.

I felt so worried about it, too, that I missed my spelling lesson, and got kept in all recess. I told Susy Dawe about it at dinner-time. Of course, Cousin Zoe wouldn't mind Susy knowing it. Only she didn't want grandma and Uncle Dave and brother Robbie to know, because they'd be sure to tease her.

And Susy asked right away who the Valentine was to.

"Jo Hazard," I told her.

And then she said: "Why don't you buy another and send him, Bab?" (My name is Barbara, but everybody calls me Bab.) "He won't know but what it's the same one," she says.

Sure enough! I hadn't thought of that. Susy always was smarter than me. So I asked her if she would go to the store with me to buy one, and she said she would.

The store was right around the corner on Prairie Avenue, so we had time enough to go before school began again.

"Was it a pretty one or a comic one?" she asked, as we hurried along.

I hadn't seen it, of course, but I was most certain it was a pretty one. Jo Hazard and Cousin Zoe used to be great friends, and he was always coming to our house, and taking her to singing-school or sleigh-riding, and other places. But something happened—I never knew what it was. But I know Cousin Zoe and Jo had some sort of falling out, and he stopped coming.

And Zoe felt bad about it, too. I could see that plain as the nose on my face—and that's a pretty plain one, everybody says. But I don't care. I'd rather be smart than pretty any day.

And so I told Susy that I thought it must have been a pretty one.

"It's likely Cousin Zoe wants to make up with him, by sending him a real pretty Valentine," I said.

For I always judge other people by myself, and I know that's the way I would do if I wanted to make friends with anybody.

And so Susy and I picked out the very prettiest Valentine (that didn't cost too much) in the whole store. But there were such lots and lots of 'em, it was hard work to choose.

I found one that was bordered with a wreath of forget-me-nots, and in the centre was a silver dove, holding out a leaf, and on the leaf was written:

"Forgive and forget."

I thought that would be very appropriate. And Susy thought so, too.

So I bought it, and a big envelope to put it in; and, before I sealed it up, I put in one of Zoe's cards, that I happened to have in my pocket so he would be sure it was from her.

And then I got the lady we bought it to direct it to Mr. Jo Hazard because I always run the words down hill when I'm dropping an envelope.

And then we dropped it in a letter box, and ran to school just as the first bell was ringing.

I didn't feel quite right about it though; and I kept out of Cousin Zoe's way as much as I could when I got home.

I had had a mind to tell her what I had done, but then I was afraid she would be angry, and not give me the quilt-pieces. So I made up my mind not to say anything about it.

Cousin Zoe was in the kitchen helping grandma get supper, when I got home, and I slipped into the parlor and went to practicing my music-lesson till it was ready.

I believe I would have stayed away from my supper if I had dared. But I knew that wouldn't do. Grandma would be sure I was sick, and give me a dose of medicine and some gruel—and I hate gruel almost as bad as I do medicine.

So I went to supper, and ate quite a good deal considering my conscience was troubling me so. But I couldn't help quaking every time Cousin Zoe looked at me.

She didn't say anything about the Valentine that night for I took good care not to give her a chance. But the next morning, just as I was getting to school, she pounced out of the parlor, with her sweeping-cap and gloves on, and said:

"All right, Bab?"

And I said:

"All right."

I hopped, away down in my heart, that it was all right, I thought it was, I'm sure. Anyway, I had done the best I could to make it right. But I couldn't get rid of a guilty feeling all day.

Even at recess, when Susy and the other girls were playing "King William" and "Oats, peas, beans and burley grow," I sat at my desk with my head on my arm, thinking how wicked I had been to lose Cousin Zoe's Valentine and then tell a story about it.

But that night, when supper was over, and I was studying my history lesson, Zoe came in with a big band-box full of the prettiest silk scraps, and emptied them out on my lap.

And then I broke down and commenced crying, and told her the whole story.

"I want take one of your pieces," I said, "if I never finish my silk quilt."

And Cousin Zoe'll never forget how she looked. But at that very minute the door-bell rang, and she hurried to open it.

I didn't learn much of my history that night, though I sat up later than when I had put away my books and gone up stairs to go to bed, Cousin Zoe came in and kissed me, and she looked so bright and happy I couldn't help asking what had happened.

And her cheeks got as red as if she was ashamed of something; but she said:

"Nothing has happened, only Jo Hazard has been here, and—and it's all right, Bab."

And I'm so thankful you didn't send the one I gave you; for it was that comic one I got the other day. I thought he had sent it to me, and I was going to send it back again. But he hadn't sent it, after all, and—and we were both thankful to you what you did."

"Oh Zoe, did you tell him?" I cried.

"Why, of course! I couldn't let him think I sent it, when I didn't," she explained. "But it's—it's all right, Bab, and he told me to thank you for him."

I didn't see why he should thank me, and I couldn't imagine what Cousin Zoe meant by looking so happy, and saying it was all right.

But I was glad it was, and my heart felt lighter than it had for two days.

When I went to school the next morning, and took out my atlas to study my geography lesson, I found the Valentine that I thought I had lost. And then I remembered that I had put it there after I started, so it wouldn't get crumpled, and had forgotten all about it. I hadn't used the atlas the day before, because we only have map-questions twice a week.

I took the Valentine home and gave it to Cousin Zoe, and she told me to keep it.

She has got two new silk dresses lately, and she gave me the scraps from both of them, and Jo Hazard gave me a pretty workbox with a silver thimble, "to pay for his Valentine," he said, and to use in making my crazy-quilt.

Last night, when I came from school, I found grandma and Cousin Zoe had tucked down a new carpet in the parlor, and were putting up some new curtains to the window.

I asked grandma what they were fixing up so nice for, but she only said school-girls mustn't ask questions. But I think I can guess what it's for.

Jo Hazard comes here often, but he never did, and Zoe wears a brand new gold ring on her finger.

And besides, I saw her reading a recipe for wedding cake, the other day.

THE PRIDE OF THE SOUTH.

If the question was asked every conscientious citizen of the South who feels an interest in his section and its development: "What periodical should Southern men feel a greater pride in than all others?" the invariable and enthusiastic answer would be "The Southern Cultivator." The reply would be just for the following reasons. It is the oldest agricultural journal in the South; it has never lost its individuality or its distinctive character; it unites the vigor and brightness of the present with the wisdom and experience of the past, blending together in a harmonious whole, new theories, new motives and new scientific developments with that which the test of time has proven to be meritorious; the experience of the many are brought out for the benefit of the many.

The February number keeps The Cultivator far in the lead of all others: Its many departments are filled to overflowing with the choicest matter suited to this section, and to enumerate them would fill a column. The Alliance Department of which Hon. W. J. Northern, President of the Georgia State Agricultural Society, devotes much of

his time and talent, affords one a splendid insight into the workings and progress of that organization, being very full and worthy of the special attention of the members of the Alliance. Hon. Felix Corput, President of the Georgia Alliance Exchange will have a very interesting article on the working plans, etc. of Alliance in the March number. In its make up, The Cultivator, the gem of Southern journals, and relying upon the merit of the journal itself and not the fame of one man or any set of men, it challenges the admiration of all as it is worthy the confidence and support of every citizen of the South who loves his section and cherishes its enterprises.

DR. R. A. JONES.

RESIDENT DENTIST

MONTICELLO GEORGIA

SAMPLE COPY OF THE

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

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Dec 6th 1 3m.

Brooks county shipped something over a thousand carloads of melons last year, about eleven thousand bales of cotton and a large quantity of pears and vegetables, to say nothing of other freights.

A man by the name of Pierce threw a sign through the window of a passenger coach on the Chattahoochee and Columbus railroad at Buchanan last Sunday a week ago just missing a lady passenger. He was arrested and a true bill obtained him the next day, and before night he was sentenced to the penitentiary for four years.

Quite a number of the papers of Georgia are speaking favorably of Hon. Thos. Hardeman as Governor Gordon's successor. The Hawkinsville Dispatch says: "Why not elect Colonel Tom Hardeman, the old war-horse of Bibb, next Governor of Georgia?" The Constitution of a few days ago says: "The Hardeman suit may or may not be ordered out, but if it is we may look for smoke from the ramparts of Macon before long."

A level-headed farmer was hoeing hard on his patch of land when one of those town loafers approached the fence. "Hello, Farmer B, what do you think of the outlook?" "What outlook?" "Why the business outlook?" "Didn't know there was one." "We are talking about it down at the store and they sent me up to hear what you had to say." "Oh yes I see. Well, you tell 'em if they will stop talking and go to hoeing that the country will prosper without any outlook. Do you hear?"

The Social Circle correspondent of the Walton News has the following: The wedding that Ma'am Turner spoke of in a recent issue of the News has come to pass. The wedding took place in Atlanta at the home of the parents of the bride. Capt. Boykin Smith is one of Social Circle's best citizens, and the woman he has chosen for a life's companion—Miss Maggie Barrett—is worthy of the husband she gets. The happy couple came back to Social Circle Thursday, after spending a week in Atlanta.

The Southern Cultivator for February is promptly on our table. It fills the bill exactly, being true to its name in every detail. It is one of the handsomest and best, as it is the oldest agricultural periodical in the South. We note specially the full Alliance Department, covering a wide range of information concerning the progress of that organization, although there is no lack of matter in all of its departments. The Southern Cultivator should be in every home.

The price is only \$1 per annum. Address The Cultivator Publishing Drawer 8, Atlanta Ga.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS
Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invert occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambition depends on you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Appletree's Journal.

MAJOR KEY ELECTED PRESIDENT.

It affords us great pleasure to note that Major J. C. Key, of Monticello, was elected president of the Covington and Macon railroad, at a meeting of the board of directors, in Macon, on the 5th inst., to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Douglas Green, of New York.

Major Key has been a director of the road from its inception, and was elected vice president of the company last year. He is an honest and faithful worker, and possesses the confidence of the company and the public generally.

The election of Major Key to the

presidency of the company is a deserved compliment to the worthy gentleman, of which he may well feel proud.

Major Key has always been a strong friend to the project of completing the road to this place, and we trust, now that he has been promoted to the presidency of the company, we may soon hear from him on this subject.

Capt. E. C. Machen, the energetic builder of the road, was elected vice president and general manager for the company, by the directors, at the same time.

The election of Major Key and Capt. Machen to the management of the Covington and Macon railroad augurs well for the success of this new and important line. They are both energetic and progressive business men, and the Star pronounces them "the right men in the right place."—Covington Star.

Covington & Macon R. R. TIME TABLE, No. 1.
To take effect at 5:00 a. m. Monday December 10th, 1888.

BETWEEN MACON AND ATHENS (North Bound.)

STATIONS	5.	6.	7.	8.
	Acorn. Sun. only.	Loc'l Pk't. x Sun.	1st Daily.	2nd Daily.
Ly MAcon			7:00am	
Massary Mt		9 24	7:30	
Way Barnes		9 12	7:16	
Way Barnes		9 12	7:16	
Mortons		10 30	7:55	
Georgetown		10 48	7:42	
Way Barnes		11 24	7:54	
Way Barnes		11 48	8:05	
Way Barnes		12 28	8:19	
Way Barnes		12 52	8:27	
Way Barnes		1 23	8:42	
Way Barnes		1 48	8:58	
Way Barnes		2 03	9:19	
Way Barnes		2 30	9:32	
Way Barnes		2 36	9:42	
Way Barnes	4 59	3 36	10 35	
Way Barnes	4 59	4 55	10 35	
Way Barnes	6 31	6 08	11 21	
Way Barnes	6 31	7 08	11 41	
Way Barnes	6 59	7 58	11 59	
Way Barnes	7 14	8 14	12 19	
Way Barnes	7 41	8 41	12 17	
Way Barnes	8 20	9 20	12 35	