

THE HOME JOURNAL.

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The Home Journal.

BY W. J. SLATTER.
"Pledged to us Party's arbitrary way,
We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

AGENTS FOR THE JOURNAL:
S. M. PITTINGILL & CO., New York.
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Subscriptions for a shorter time than one year must be paid in advance.
Hereafter no club subscriptions at less than the regular price (\$2) will be received. However, when a club of five subscribers is sent us, we will allow an extra copy gratis to the get-up of the club.
Single copies sold at 10 cents.
When credit for the paper is given to the end of the year three dollars will be invariably charged.

Clubbing.—We will supply either Harper's Magazine, or Graham's, or Goddard's and the Home Journal, one year, for four dollars. Arthur's Home Magazine, or Peterson's, and the Home Journal, one year, for 3 25.

An Editor UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF GIN.—The editor of the Logan (Ohio) Gazette, having been presented with a bottle of old London Dock Gin, drank it, and then attempted to write a paragraph of thanks, with this melancholy result:

In conclusion, here's to "fire Fountain Company No. some," the Brass-fountain Belle Brand, and the rest of our home insulations and organizations including the ladies, and other branches of business (he) in and around town, and especially the Messident's Pressage, Monington Washment, etc. all of which may be had cheap at the Buck—Drook—Brook and Dug Store of Bininger's old London Dock Gin, for \$2 a year, if payment is delayed until the end of the Atlantic Cable.

THE BECKET.—It is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it. In the year 1035, some soldier of the Commonwealth of Modena, ran away with a bucket from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel, which was worked up into a long and sanguinary war. Henry the king of Sardinia, assisted the Modense to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was made prisoner.—His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years, imprisonment he was pined away! His monument is now extant in the couch of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of Modena, inclosed in an iron cage.

A man calling himself M. D. Bostick, who had in his possession a large amount of counterfeit \$100 bank notes, including \$2,700 on the bank of the State of Georgia, was arrested in Mobile on Friday.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Sun says that a runaway negro was caught in Black Hawk, a few days ago, with the hand of a white man in his pocket.—It is said the negro confessed that he had exhumed the body and cut the hand off the man's arm, to act as a charm in keeping the dogs from following his track, and on the strength of his confession he was hung. A white silk glove was on the hand when it was found.

A friend of ours—who by-the-by is a right sharp fellow—asked us the other day why a cook didn't eat her apron.

Being unable to answer ourself, he replied:
"Because it's against her stomach."
Wasn't that sharp!

STRYCHNINE.—The poison of strychnine is said to be completely neutralized by nicotine (the orbiculus active principle of tobacco). The most convenient mode of obtaining the nicotine is to infuse a cigar in a half pint of water, of which one table spoonful may be given every five minutes. A favorable change will be noticed before half of the infusion is taken in the spasms, and in the length of time which elapses between the spasms. The quantity of tobacco given to a healthy person, would produce serious effects, but in a case of poisoning by strychnine its effects are said to be entirely antagonized.—Louisville Courier.

The name of the pretty Chicago sewing girl who is heiress to an immense India estate is Lydia R. Schoolcy. Young men who may chance to be writing her, will do well to paste this information in their hats.

A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon on the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: "And let there be abundant of peace, while the moon endureth."

LINES ON THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

Dedicated to W. J. Slatter.

BY MRS. EMILIE C. S. CHILTON.
All hail the day that gave to earth
Our well beloved Washington,
'Tis crowned by a more glorious birth
Than princes ever gazed upon.
Well might the angels lower bend
From heaven, the infant chief to see,
Who in his cradle-voice could blend
The anthem notes to liberty!

All hail the day—the glorious day—
The chieftain in his swaddling clothes,
Who kept the Lion from his prey,
And shook perfume from England's Rose.
The first in peace—the first in war—
The Father of the noble free—
On earth the bright and guiding star
That decks the brow of Liberty!

This morn is consecrate thro' time,
As sacred to a nation's heart;
In every land, thro' every clime,
No swallow's wing can swifter dart
Than speeds the name that millions sing
In chorus of the happy free—
The name of WASHINGTON, will bring
New life to dying Liberty!

Nation's voice the name repeats,
Of all earth's sons the noblest—best—
A nation's heart in rapture beats
From North to South, from East to West,
To bless the day that gave to earth
The herald of young Freedom's sun—
The light that sends such glory forth
Was taught to shine by WASHINGTON.

All o'er this land the aged sire
Is kindling up the sacred flame,
In infant hearts—a holy fire
That burns while life itself remains,
An incense to the memory
Of noble deeds our fathers done—
The watch-fires of our Liberty
First kindled by a WASHINGTON.

And thou, my friend, who claim'st this day
As that upon which thou wast born,
No brighter star can guide thy way
Than beams upon this hallowed morn,
Be great by goodness—write thy name
In living letters that will gleam
When empty votaries of fame
Sleep in some long forgotten dream.

May many years encircle thee
From this the day thou'rt twenty-one,
May wrong before thy foot steps flee
Like dew before the summer sun;
And may thy grave when life is done
Be cherished as a sacred spot—
Thy epitaph, like WASHINGTON'S,
Be written where it falseth not.

NASHVILLE, FEB. 22, 1859.

A Selected Story.

HAMILTON KIRK'S CHOICE.

A curious old man was Hamilton Kirk and a good old man, said those who had the best means of knowing. Some shallow-brained men, who had wasted all their money, and then gone to him to borrow more, said he was a regular old Fudge; but the poor and needy in the neighborhood could have taken their oaths that he was a warm-hearted generous man.

Hamilton Kirk had gone abroad when a mere youth, having been thrown upon his own resources by the death of his parents, and he had remained abroad until he was forty-five, or thereabouts. Then he came home and having found a woman who could love him, he married her, and settled down. He built him a spacious house and laid out his grounds very beautifully, promising himself much comfort in the new phase of life upon which he had entered. But he was doomed to an early disappointment. In one short year his wife died, leaving an infant daughter to his care and protection. For awhile Mr. Kirk was very unhappy; but gradually he recovered from the stroke, and prepared to push forward alone. No—not alone. Ah, no. His child was left to him, and all his love was bestowed upon it, and thus kept active. He called the little one Myra, and as she began to prattle and play, and follow him into the garden, pluck flowers for him, he became as happy as a man could be.

And from that time the child never brought a cloud upon his brow by any act of hers. When she was a maiden, just blooming into well-developed womanhood, he was an old man with gray hairs. And she had repaid him well for all the care he had bestowed upon her during her childhood. She had paid him for his love by loving him in return with all truth and affection. She had paid him for the education of mind he had given her by her instructive conversation; and for the watchfulness and protection in the years that were passed, she had been his nurse, his companion, his counsellor, his light, and his joy.

But Myra was now nineteen, and the time for new scenes was drawing upon her. She was, in sober truth, a maiden of great personal beauty, and was the sole heir to an immense fortune.—Add to this that she was good, and modest, and kind, and true to her duties, and we shall not wonder that many longing eyes were bent upon her from among the youths of the neighborhood, and that many a bright castle was built upon the hope of securing her hand. But she had not abundant of peace, while the moon endureth.

her confidence, and even her most ardent admirers could find no solid foundation for hope, nor could they find a ground for jealousy.
Mr. Kirk had watched the course of events with a discerning eye, and as she saw the circle of her admirers narrowing down, he believed that the affections of his child must ere long be fixed. Her natural instinct of soul might lead her aright in her choice, but he preferred to make a choice for himself, and then, if her love could be led into the same channel, it would be so much the better.
"Myra," he said to her, as they sat in the library one summer afternoon, "I've been thinking that you will be wanting a husband one of these days."
"Then I wouldn't try to think any more," she said. But she didn't speak with such simple assurance as usual.
"I am serious, my pet," the old man resumed; "and now let us talk seriously about it. I am not going to give you up for the man that takes you must take my house, and me with it; or, I'll take him, just as you please.—But you know, as well as I do, that very soon you may be loving somebody, and then it would be too late to reason."
Myra didn't dispute him; but she only hung down her head and thought. So he continued.
"Now, it's all very well to marry for love, if other things are as they should be; but love is a curious thing, and very often brings bodies together that can have no more harmony in life than fire and water. I know that many people scout the idea of exercising reason in conjunction with love, but the ideas of the world are not always safe guides. I wouldn't have reason take too much of the ground, but I would have it go ahead and light the way, so that love may go on with more safety. Don't that seem proper?"
"Yes, father."
"And now—I'm coming nearer home. There's Joseph Vaughan.—Don't you think he would like to propose for your hand?"
"Perhaps so."
"Come, come, Myra—he plain with me."
"Well—I think he would."
"And Henry Walsh—wouldn't he?"
"Yes—I think he would."
"And Jacob Loramer?"
"I hope not," replied the girl with a shudder.
"Well, well—we'll throw him out, darling; I'm sure, however, that he would very quickly apply for your hand if he thought he could get it.—But as I wouldn't have him, and as I don't think you would, we'll consider him disposed of in advance. But there's Chauncey Stewart—how is it with him? Don't you think he would like to propose?"
"I'm sure I don't know," returned Myra, opening her book, and pretending to find something interesting there.
"But what should you think?"
"I never thought anything about it, papa."

But her father had thought about it and he fancied that when the erote dart came it would come with the heart of those three, whom he had mentioned, impaled upon its shaft.—Thus far in life she had been governed by his advice, and he resolved to qualify himself to advise in the present case. Later in the afternoon, as Myra walked in the garden, pondering very deeply upon something that had occupied her thoughts ever since her interview with her father she was startled by the appearance of an old beggar man in her path. He looked wan and weary, and his garb was scant and poor.
"Charity! charity!" he murmured, leaning upon his staff.
The maiden had not been at all frightened—only startled from her own busy thoughts—and she quickly forgot all else in her sympathy for the poor old man before her.
"Come with me to the house," she said; "and you shall find what you need. Come."
But—not there. Give me money here."
"I'll give thee rest and food first, good father."
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the old man, throwing off the wig, and the beard, and the false eyebrows, and shaking the crook out of his back. "Ha, ha, ha!—it's pretty good. If my own little robbin didn't know me who should?"
Myra was very much astonished when she saw her own father step back from behind the disguise, and she wondered exceedingly what his object could be in such a strange performance; but when she asked him

only told her to say nothing of what she had seen, and in good time she would know all about it.
"But you didn't recognize me, did you?" he said.
"I'm sure I didn't."
"Then it is all right."
That evening Hamilton Kirk went away, and he told his man that he should not return before the next day, and perhaps not until the day after that. He went in his chaise, and took a large bundle with him.
Joseph Vaughan was in his store, ready to wait upon his customers. He was a handsome young man, and his moral character was good. In fact, he rather prided himself upon his morality. His boy was engaged in putting away some clothes, and he was reading the morning paper, when he heard a step at his door, which was open to admit the soft balmy air. He looked up, and beheld a poor, forlorn looking man, who seem bent beneath the weight of years and infirmities, and whose garb was scant and ragged.

The old man asked for charity.
"I've nothing at all to spare," replied Vaughan.
"But I'm in need, kind sir. Help me if you can."
"I tell you I can't."
And the old man went away.
Henry Walsh also kept a store in the town, and he was in his place of for he had rivals in trade, and he found it necessary to attend closely to his own affairs. He was young and good looking, had the name of being generous and open hearted. He had just disposed of a customer, when the ragged, way-worn beggar entered the store.
"Charity," plead the applicant, trembling upon his staff.
"Eh—want help?" returned Walsh, examining the old fellow from head to foot.
"Yes, I am in need."
"Well how much do you want?"
"I ask not for much, kind sir."
"Here is a dollar. Will that help you?"
"Yes—very much."
"Then it's yours; and see that you make a good use of it." And thereupon the young man returned to his work, leaving the beggar to go when he pleased.

Chauncey Stewart was a shoe maker, and he not only employed quite a number of workmen in manufacturing, but he had quite a store, and sold a great many shoes at retail. He was some three or four and twenty, was very fair looking, and had the reputation of being one of the most steady and industrious young men in the village; but his character for generosity did not stand so high among his fellows as that of Henry Walsh.
Chauncey was in his front shop, packing some boots, when our old beggar man entered.
"Ah—good day sir," said the shoe-maker, stepping from his work.
"A good morning to you, fair sir," returned the old man, in a weak, trembling tone. "I don't want to trouble you, I only seek a little aid—such as you can afford to a poor, needy one like me."
Chauncey ran his eye over the old man's form, and then said—
"I must first know what help you need, good sir, and then I can the better judge of my ability to help you. Are you penniless?"
"All the money I have in my pocket is a poor pittance which I begged this morning."
"Have you broken your fast this day?"
"No."
"Well, you shall go with me and get something to eat, and then we will see what further can be done."
"But I would not trouble you, kind sir."
"It is no trouble. I can furnish you with food more readily than I can with money, though God knows I would not send a worthy sufferer away empty handed if I divided my last dollar.—But come. My house is not far off."

Thus saying, Chauncey led the way from the shop, and the old man followed him. The house was soon reached and the youth introduced his companion to his widowed mother, who received him kindly, and at once proceeded to set a substantial breakfast before him. While the beggar was eating Chauncey tried to find out how he could best help him.
"Have you any friends in this region?" he asked.
"I think I have," replied the old man. "If I could raise money enough to pay my fare in the stage I might reach them."
"I might find a better way than that," suggested Stewart. "I shall not use my horse to-day, and I could have you taken ten or fifteen miles on your

way without any expense to myself. I can find a boy who will be glad to drive for the sake of the ride."
And so the shoe maker went on, trying to find out what the old man's most pressing needs were that he might meet with the most ease and readiness. Finally the beggar said that if he could be carried to the adjoining town he thought he should find friends there who would know him.

So Chauncey went out and harnessed his horse, and rapidly found a faithful boy who would drive over and come back with the team. He asked the old man if there was anything more he could do for him, and when assured that there was not, he bade him good bye, and saw him off.
"Well, Myra," said Hamilton Kirk, taking one of his daughter's hands, "I have been on a mission in the beggar's garb."
"What—been away in that guise?" exclaimed the girl in surprise.
"Yes. I called upon Joseph Vaughan and upon Henry Walsh, and upon Chauncey Stewart."
"O, father! what must they have thought!"
"Why—doubtless, that I was what I appeared—a poor beggar."
"But didn't they know you?"
"Did you know me?"
"No."
"Nor did they. I went to try them—to see what kind of souls they have. I knew beforehand that they were young, of good characters, and they were upright, honest, and intelligent. But I wanted to know more. I wanted to know just what kind of a foundation each one had for the loves and affections of earnest life. So I tried them. Would you like to know the result?"
"Yes," whispered Myra, with a slight pallor about the nether lip.
"Then listen: You must know that the pale, wan color which I applied to my features, taken in connection with my observation that I was not a drunkard; so they could have no fear of trusting me on that account. Well, I called upon Mr. Vaughan first. He received me very coldly, and turned me away without even seeking to know my needs. He had nothing to spare. His heart I found to be as hard as a diamond, and it may be as pure. Are you not disappointed in him?"
"No, father—not at all." She spoke as though she felt relieved in a measure.
"Well—next I called upon Henry Walsh. His heart opened in a moment, and he threw me out a dollar. He was generous, he was warm-hearted, but the feeling was an impulse, and not a principle. He didn't seem to care for my forlorn condition, nor did he betray any sympathy beyond the mere flash of generosity. He gave me of the only font of charity he possessed, his money. His heart is warm, but the heart would not stand much testing, without injury by blasts and storms. In short, such a heart would be very apt to prove a spendthrift in its affections. What think you? Are you disappointed?"
"No."
"Next I called upon Chauncey Stewart. I found him with his sleeves rolled up, and hard at work. He greeted me kindly, and I asked him for charity. He studied me from looks awhile and then sought to learn how he could best help me. He did not offer me money, for he confessed that he had little to spare; yet he would divide the last dollar ere he would send me away empty handed. He learned that I had not broken my fast, and he took me to his home, and his mother prepared me a good meal. Then he learned that I wanted to go to W.—and he harnessed up his horse and sent me on my way. Such a heart is not only true and warm, but it may be relied upon in the hour of need. Its impulses are only circumscribed by the boundaries of humanity. It cannot become bankrupt, because its issues are sure to be upheld by a permanent fund of offense and reason. What think you my darling?"
But Myra made no reply. She bowed her head and trembled violently.
"Can't you answer me? Ah, tears! What, precious one, have I hit so near! Had your heart already singled him out?"
And Myra whispered—
"Yes."
"Well, well," returned the old man, "I am not sorry for the pains I have taken. For it has proved to me that the heart of my child is in the right place, and its instinct safe."
In course of time Joseph Vaughan

asked for the hand of Myra, and was refused. Then Henry Walsh tried his fortune, and he, too, was sent away disappointed. At length Chauncey Stewart, when he saw that she still remained free, tremblingly told her of his love; and ere he left her he had not only been assured that his love was returned, but her curious old father had frankly given his consent to the proposed match.
Vaughan and Walsh never knew who was the old beggar man, the one whom the first had turned coldly away; and to whom the other had given his dollar, and it was not until Chauncey had been married several years, and had given continued proof of his nobleness of heart, that he was let into the secret.

THE MAPLE GROVE.
BY WM. F. BRANNAN.
In memory lives the blessed night
We wandered down the maple grove,
When Luna with her mellow light
Shone sweetly on our plighted love
While stars within the azure dim
Grew pale in gazing on our eyes,
And scenes no alien art could dim
Became our transient paradise.

With arms encircled round thy waist,
Thy head reclining on my breast,
With gentle force and eager haste
My lips to thine were fondly pressed;
What blessed heart-throbs then were ours,
What heavenly rapture—joys divine—
What bliss was born within those bowers,
For thou wast mine—forever mine!

From vine-clad slopes the streamlets
dripped
A music on the charmed air,
As sweet as thy dear voice that filled
The holy night with heavenly prayer;
Lost ecstasies, unaware,
I stood thy guard, with jealous care,
And clasped thee safe within my arms.

Twice there, and thus, I told my love,
"Twas then we pledged our truth for aye,
Beneath that blooming maple grove
Upon a golden night in May;
The stars that gazed upon our eyes—
The moon that looked so pale and lone,
Were fading in the azure skies
That rounded up that morn'ning morn.

What yearning hours have passed away,
Since we were wandering side by side,
Adown the maple slopes of May
Upon a blessed eventide;
Yet in my dreams I clasp thy form
And kiss those ruby lips of thine—
Still press thee to my heart as warm,
And revel thus in joys divine.

"THERE'S AN HEIRESS IN TOWN!"
That's a fact, is it? Well, then, you may depend upon it, every fortune-hunter, anywhere within the bounds of a marketable age, will draw on his marriageable boots, adjust his matrimonial dicker, give an extra cue to his hair, an uncommon luster to his boots and enter the combinal race-course. Happy he who understands the art of running well, and is long-winded enough to stand a good race. She has the glittering "rocks," and just notice what a halo of brightness encircles her fairy form. She carries her own torch, and you may be sure she will draw about her every little buzzing, whizzing, stinging insect that's about; and some of them venture so near that they sting their dainty little wings; what a pity!
Now, young man, you are most assuredly *miss-taken* if you for one moment imagine that you must secure a good round fifty thousand in order to be a happy married man. This is altogether a false idea, and yet it is a most lamentable fact, that at the present day scarcely a young man is to be found, who does not distrust his own ability to support a wife, at least we must judge that this is the case, from the number of fortune-hunters, which are constantly on the chase. Where does the fault lie, on whom does the blame centre?

Just cast your eye over the whole married kingdom! Who are these mothers "that put their children out to nurse and tend lap-dogs"? Who these wives that lie abed till noon, that don't know a darning needle from a crow-bar and wonder where apple pies grow? Who these pale sickly inmates of the drawing-room and parlor, with pinched up waists and painted faces? Who these fashionable wives, that think it very ethical to fret and scold the rest of the bands and smile on all the rest of the whiskered tribes. Who these gracious mamma's who never know the age of the first born and think babies great pests, anyway? Mark you, in nine cases out of ten, these are the very wealthy heiressees which so fascinate and charm all fortune-hunters.

If it be then, is one great bane of domestic life—and here, too, is a crying evil, which keeps so many of our young men from entering the matrimonial ranks. They are afraid to do so, without an ample fortune ahead. Formerly, in the good old-fashioned days of our grand mothers, it was the height of a young man's ambition to "litch traces" with a hale, ruddy, energetic laas whom he loved, and hand in hand they would commence the battle of life—they could rejoice in the privilege of being the carvers of their own fortune, and joyous and happy own they dug up the jagged steps of life together. Rough winds and rude blasts did not but a part of the program; they were made out at the commencement; there were no harsh words of rebuke, or reproachful upbraidings for squandered money which "my father gave me on my wedding day," for a

dime, mayhap, constituted the sum total of their joint capital and that surely was not worth quarreling about, and the fortune that they accumulated was the result of mutual toil and economy.
Young man! What do you think of the picture? Is not the domestic landscape brought out far more beautifully by having a dark background first on the canvas? Is not a true, skilful oarsman, who runs up stream against the current, with adverse winds, and with perhaps, but a single voice at his side to bid him "God speed!" Is not glorious to battle on with a brave heart, and finally unbuckle your armor, in the enjoyment of a happy home, which your own giant energy has helped to acquire?

Young man! if you like the picture, just sketch one for yourself on your own life's canvas. Just spring to your feet, hold up your head, clap your hands together, inflate those big lungs of yours and drive ahead. If you can't get round a difficulty, retreat a little, take a good start and jump clean over it. Have a giant will and an unbending energy. Fix your target in mid-heaven and fire away at it; you will surely shoot higher than if you fired at a load-stool. Get you a good pair of pants, a good vest, a good coat, if you can, if not, have the old ones well patched up, then fix your heart (not your eye, alone) on some energetic, good-natured, affectionate girl, and whether she has money or not, marry her, if you can, and as sure as you are a living man you will be as happy as a mortal well can be. You will envy no man, but have a little world of light, of happiness and of love, all your own, in which you shall stand as the sun and shield, while a nucleus of little dancing, shining lights shall revolve about you, owning and blessing you as the source of their domestic joy and happiness.
—Chattanooga Advertiser!

ONLY TIGHT.
"How flushed; how weak he is! What's the matter with him?"
"Only tight."
"Tight!"
"Yes, intoxicated."
"Only tight!" Man's best and greatest gift, his intellect, degraded; the only power that raises him from brute creation, trodden under foot of a debasing appetite.
"Only tight!" the mother stands with pale face and tear dimmed eye to see her only son's disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the bitter woe of which this is the foreshadowing.
"Only tight!" the gentle sister, whose strongest love through life has been given to her handsome, talented brother, shrinks with contempt and disgust from his embrace, and brushes away the hot impure kiss he has printed upon her cheek.
"Only tight!" and his young bride stops in the glad dance she is making to meet him, and checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in terror on the reels form and flushed face of him who was the "god of her idolatry."
"Only tight!" and the father's face grows dark and sad, with a bitter sigh he stoops over the form of his first born.
He has brought sorrow to all these affectionate hearts; he has opened the door to a fatal indulgence; he has brought himself down to a level with brutes; he has tasted, exciting the appetite to crave the poisonous draught again; he has fallen from high and noble manhood, to babbling idocy and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mother, distrust to his sister, and almost despair to his bride, and bowed his father's head with sorrow, but blame him not for he is "only tight."

KINDRED HEARTS.
There are hopes that never blossom,
There are joys too soon our east,
Smiles that light the pensive bosom,
Smiles that beam too bright to last.
Transient as the summer flower,
Fleeting as the twilight ray,
Joy shines out its little hour,
Then forever fades away.
Care may shroud the soul in sadness,
Yet, despite the present pain,
Do we not in future gladness,
Of deceased, still hope again!
Memory, in the darkest hour,
Loves to trace each by-gone scene—
Thus, if joy's a fleeting flower,
Hope is still an evergreen.

LOOKOUT!—Counterfeit \$20 bills (red back) on the Bank of Hamburg, S. C., are in circulation. We saw one at the Bank here yesterday. It will deceive nine persons out of ten. The Railroad arch on the counterfeit is bold—on the genuine not so. The counterfeit is not so bright in appearance as the genuine, but its whole is good—very. The plates and lettering on the genuine bill can be seen and read on the back, while they do not show through on the counterfeit unless you hold it up to the light. The signatures are almost perfect. It is a very dangerous fraud to the careless.
—Huntsville (Ala) Advocate.

The publication of the Palashi (Tenn.) Citizen has been suspended until the Editor can rustle up enough patronage to make it pay!
A regular diet cures more people than physic.
Never trouble other people for what you can do yourself.