The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

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I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACK.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

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A NATION'S ADVANCE.

Progress of Japan During Last Year.

Fluctuations in Currency—Large Crops.

The Failure of Missionaries—Relations of China and Japan.

Correspondence of the San Francisco Chronicle.

YOKOHAMA, January 13.—The past year has been one that has satisfied the husbandman better than it has the merchant. Crops have been bountiful, but trade and commerce have been afflicted with stagnation. The debtor class have been tried as by fire. The paper currency of the country has appreciated from an average quotation of 160 to 128; and as all accounts are squared and liquidated at the end of the year, creditors have reaped a rich harvest in the fluctuation. The affairs of the empire are in a better condition apparently than they were one year ago. The balance of trade is largely in favor of Japan, exports being on the increase, while importations have decreased considerably. There is no demand for silver to exort for settlement of balances, hence the appreciation of paper. Given one year more of continuance of the current of trade in the direction it is now running, and paper money will be of equal value with the silver dollar, but in the process of equalizing the currency many a debtor will go the wall. Extra-territoriality will have to be obliterated from the treaties and all residents of the empire be subject to the demand of the laws of the land, or the retreat of the larger portion of the trading community will ensue. They will have to fold their tents and steal away for pastures new. This is so patent to the observing onlooker that it is strange beyond degree that the guardians of national interests—English, French, German and American—cannot appreciate the problem and solve it at once. It is the fashion to assert that the administration of Japanese law, where foreign interests would be in jeopardy, would result in spoliation and judicial robbery, yet it is all assertion and speculative vituperation.

THE FOREIGN PRESS IN JAPAN.

It is the shame of the times that the foreign press of Japan hold firm in their constant attacks upon the government and its capacity, constantly impugning its honesty and aims, thereby sowing the seeds of suspicion and discontent in the minds of the Japanese people. As censors of what should be, as well as what is, it is but natural that the Japanese press should become tinctured with the teachings of the foreign press, and especially that portion that is in opposition to the government as now established, and which is clamoring for representative government and the elective franchise. The foreign press of Japan seems to be possessed with a spirit that is near being pestiferous, and are constantly growling at the government. One exception there is in the Japan Mail; sometimes it can discover that it can commend, and because it does sometimes so commend, the other papers charge that it is venal and subsidized, and not at all to be considered a reliable exponent of the truth. "Time at last sets all things even;" time will surely bring its revenges for all who dare to be true to the dictates of fairness.

There is a dearth of current news of interest It is announced that Prince Hachisuka has been given his portfolio as minister to Paris, and that he will leave for his post during the coming month.

Admiral Ito will shortly proceed to Europe to purchase a number of steamers for the Kiodi Una Kwaisha, a new steamship company lately inaugurated by the government.

AFFAIRS IN COREA.

The latest advices from Corea indicate that the government will have to watch the movements of the people to guard against being made the victim of insurrection and avoid complications with the treaty powers, as there seems to be intense hostility on the part of large numbers towards the foreign irruption that has been sanctioned by the king. It is to be hoped that Christian aggression in attempting to proselyte the Coreans may not precipitate matters. It would be greatly to the advantage of the foreign populations settled in the far East if all clerical and missionary work were confined to the sphere of the demands of the foreign residents. The sooner the grand scheme of attempting to convert the peoples from their religious notions can be abandoned, the better. This may seem ultra and conflict with the aspirations of the churches, yet it must be the candid opinion of all who have watched the missionary operrtions in this country. The peoples of the far east, especially of Japan, are not untaught savages or cannibals; they have a religion that is founded upon a rock older than that of Christianity, but the base thereof is as broad and comprehensive as is needed for the structure, and the teachings of its founders as sublime as any to be found inculcated by Christ himself, and possibly the deviation from the cardinal principles taught by Confucius and the Buddhists has not been more marked than has happened in the Christian church. One divine injunction is not infringed by the people of Japan—they swear not at all. No oaths are in their vocabulary. The extremity of their swearing is reached when they call a man a beast. They damn no man's eyes, neither do they curse their God.

THE TWO RELIGIONS.

If an unprejudiced umpire were to arbitrate between the religion of the west and that of the far east, possibly he could find as much to admire in the one as in the other. It is a fact that the larger number of those on the ground in the far east look upon the missionary enterprise as a most tremendous waste of religious zeal, though a good thing for the missionary who comes to labor among the Japanese.

There are those who assert that the relations between Japan and China are strained to the verge of breaking. No doubt the wish is father to the thought; but those who should know best are not aware of any suspicion of trouble between the two governments. There is nothing to warrant the assertion that trouble is brewing; but the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, are acting on the motto, "In time of peace prepare for war." The Chinese have been strengthening their navy and the Japanese are about to do the same thing by the purchase of war vessels in Europe and the construction of others in their own dock yards. X.

THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM.

Down the Mississippi—The Negro Roustabouts on a Cotton Steamer.

New York Sun.

NEW ORLEANS, February 4.—Life on a Mississippi steamboat is monotonous. Winding in sinuous curves, the mighty river flows through a scene of almost absolute desolation. There are thickets of cottonwood trees on both the low shores of the river. Newly formed bars are covered with a dense growth of young trees not more than six or eight feet high, the growth of the previous summer. As seen from the pilot house, the young forests standing on newly formed land present distinct terraced lines, rising one above the other far back to the main land. The terraces mark the annual growth of the bar and of the trees with which nature seeks to protect the bank the river has created in obedience to her laws. At long intervals, plantations are seen on the river shores. At long intervals, ill-built, foul-smelling, and dirty towns are seen. At short intervals, on either bank are the shabby buildings that are erected at most of the steamboat landings. These consist, generally, of a store and a dwelling house; occasionally there is a small freight house, in which any goods received for the planters that could presumably be injured by lying in the mud or being rained on are stored. These landings usually belong to some neighboring plantation, and, if not kept by the owners, are rented to other parties, who keep little stocks of cheap goods and provisions and a few barrels of mean whisky to trade to the negroes. Another source of revenue is a toll of 25 cents per bale of cotton or heavy package, and 10 cents per hand package charged for every package shipped or received. Many of the landings, whose buildings would not sell for $500, rent for from $1,000 to $3,000 per year.

Back from the river, behind the levee and beyond the forest line bordering the banks, are the houses and cotton fields of the planters. Many, indeed most of these houses are far superior to the farm houses of the North. They resemble the summer houses built in the country by rich northern men. The grounds around these residences are generally well kept. Scattered broadcast over the land are the negro cabins. These are no longer built in long rows, as was the case in the days of slavery. The new order of renting land to the negroes has necessitated the breaking up of the plantation village.

The stories the pilots and boat officials relate as to the swinging to and fro of the river through the alluvial soil, here devouring land by the acre and cabins by the score, and there building up land and adding to the acreage of plantations, are appalling to men who have a firm belief in the stability of real estate At any point on the river an old Captain or pilot can tell, and truthfully tell, of great cotton fields once cultivated over where the boat is then moving. As I stood on the deck of the steamer, watching a flock of wild ducks feeding on a bar, a planter with whom I had been talking touched my arm to attract my attention, and when I turned to him he said: "When I was 12 years old I killed my first bear on a new plantation my father was then cutting out of a forest that grew directly over the waters of this bend," indicating with sweeping arm the waters we were steaming over. After a short pause he added: "That was a mighty good plantation, and there were a right smart of bears there, too." I looked around in bewildered amazement. There was a cottonwood-covered bar on one side of the river, and a high bank surmounted with large oak trees on the other. I could see no sign of a plantation. "Looking for the plantation?" my acquaintance inquired. "Yes," I replied. "That 1,000 acres of cotton land went into the Mississippi river years ago. Houses, cabins, everything excepting the personal property slid into the river and disappeared forever. Those oaks" pointing to the trees on the bank, "were two miles from the river when I was a boy," he explained. In reply to my question as to the value of the land he said: "When we owned the niggers it was worth $100 per acre." The loss of property caused by the erratic swinging to and fro of the Mississippi foots up to an enormous sum.

During the season of cotton shipping large steamers ply between New Orleans and "the bends." The steamers pool their receipts and district off the river. The great cotton producing region is "the bends," and the largest steamers on the river are engaged in carrying the cotton bales from that region to the export port of New Orleans These steamers also carry passengers. They are fitted up very comfortably, and the boats are far cleaner and much more sweet smelling than any of the hotels in the lower Mississippi valley. These steamers are managed by black roustabouts, who are hired in New Orleans for the round trip at a certain price per day, which varies as to the cotton crop. In productive seasons, when the price is satisfactory to the producer, and every landing is crowded with cotton bales awaiting shipment, and every planter is anxious to sell, the boats are driven to their utmost speed, and the work of the roustabouts is most arduous. Then they receive as high as $5 a day; but the usual wages are from $2 50 to $3 per day and board. The day is 24 hours long. A boat freighting from "the bends" to New Orleans during the busy season carries about 80 roustabouts. These men are armed with cotton hooks, with which they handle the cotton bales, two men to a bale, which they roll down the gang plank and into the interior of the boat, where the hot air is doubly heated by the furnaces supplying heat to the immense boilers. The hold filled, the cotton is piled, tier on tier, high above the lower deck, and in some instances on a level with the top of the white cabin. A large steamer can carry 7,000 bales.

On all Mississippi river steamboats, the civil rights bill is utterly ignored. Such negroes as may desire to travel first-class have a cabin to themselves. The cabin is built on top of the white people's cabin. The negroes cannot drink over the same counter the whites use. If they wish to drink at the white bar they have to stand on the deck outside of the cabin, and the desired liquor is passed out of a window to them. Under no circumstances are they allowed to set their feet inside of the white cabin, excepting to go to the office to pay their fare. In the hold of the steamer is a bar where the negro passengers and the roustabouts drink. The deck hands are stalwart men. They work under the direction of the first mate, a white man, of course, who has a gruff voice and a hickory club. They work on the jump. They move on the run. They are steadily sworn at, and the least sign of insubordination is promptly quelled by the active mate, whom constant practice has made perfect in club exercise. These mates are snappy, nervy men. They are often shot at or otherwise injured by the negroes; but they always "get away with the nigger." The cotton on a landing stowed on the boat, the gang planks are raised by machinery, and, if it is night, the electric lights are turned out, and the tired negroes fall on the cotton bales and are instantly asleep. Two, three, four miles, and then the hoarse whistle of the steamer resounds throughout the damp, heavy air. Instantly all hands are on their feet, alert and active. If it is night a blaze of light shoots forth from the electric lamps, and all is light as day. The boat swings to the shore; the immense gang planks are lowered. The instant the plank touches the land a column of black men run up it, and before the last man has set his feet on shore the first men are rolling cotton bales down the plank. There is no singing over this work. The work is too arduous to rejoice over And here, standing over them, is the mate, cursing and nervously swinging his club in a suggestive manner not calculated to cause a negro to burst into song. The last bale on board, the plank rises, and down fall the exhausted roustabouts fast asleep the instant they strike the cotton bales. Oh, how I pitied them.

After the steamer leaves Vicksburg on her down trip, no more large quantities of cotton are taken on board, that district belonging under the pooling arrangements to other boats. The down trip is one of idleness mostly. There are a few mail landings, where lean and apparently empty bags are delivered to dirty looking white men, the postmasters, presumably. And there may be a few packages of merchandise or some "plunder" belonging to black emigrants to be discharged or shipped; but of work there is none. After the last landing above New Orleans has been made, the roustabouts march to the outside of the office to receive the pay due them for the trip. The barkeeper is in the office with his account book. The mate is there with his time book and his club. He calls through the open window, into which many pairs of black eyes inquiringly look, the name of the man on the head of his list and the amount due him. The barkeeper calls out the sum the man owes him for whisky. That amount is deducted from the roustabout's wages, and the remainder is handed to the mate, who counts it to satisfy himself that it is correct. Then glancing at the negro whose outstretched hand is thrust into the office, he drops the silver pieces into his palm generally, accompanying with a pleasant remark. These mates abuse and knock the negroes about, but they see that justice is done to them, and they allow no others to abuse their hands. The negro grins in reply, and hastens below deck. He clambers over cotton bales in eager haste to the mess room of the roustabouts, and there he prepares to play "craps," the national game of Africa. As the other hands are paid, they, too, eagerly clamber over the cotton bales, and the game is at once begun. "Craps" is played with dice. They are shaken in the closed hand, and with a swing of the hand is opened and the dice roll down the dirty table. The game, I am ashame to say, surpasses the mental power of white men to grasp. I met no white man who understood it, and I utterly failed to understand the explanations of the negroes. This is the more humiliating as a "wild nigger," fresh from an alligator swamp, thoroughly understands the game, and plays it skillfully. The edge of the fiery desire that possesses all black roustabouts to gamble is taken off with "craps;" then Spanish monte and seven up are indulged in, and the gambling never ceases until all the money is in the pockets of five or six of the most expert gamblers. These men rush from the boat the instant it touches the wharf at New Orleans, and hasten to the lair of the tiger. When they escape from the clutches of that animal they are penniless. The men are paid off before the boat arrives at New Orleans for the avowed purpose of having them gamble and lose their money, so that they will be ready to ship again.

Smoking is strictly prohibited outside of the cabins on all steamers when they are loaded with cotton. Preeminent in enforcing this rule are the black roustabouts. Stories are told of their throwing black offenders into the river for this wrong that endangers the life of every person on the boat. The negroes dread a fire I suppose they realize that they would have to stand back until all the white people were rescued, and that their chance of escaping would be very small. I asked the mate if his steamer had ever been on fire. He told me it had. I was curious to know how the blacks behaved in the presence of so grave a danger, and inquired. "Well," he replied, "the last fire broke out in the hold, caused by some deck passenger smoking. When the negroes saw the smoke curling up from the bales they became panic stricken at once. They rushed forward to where I was standing, crying "Fire! fire! fire!" I shouted to the pilot to keep the boat in the middle of the river; then, turning to the negroes, I told them they could fight fire, roast, or drown. I clubbed them into obedience. In less than two minutes we had the hose laid and four streams of water playing. I took nine bales of burning cotton out of the hold and extinguished the fire in less than ten minutes. How those niggers bragged! When they realized that their lives depended on their subduing the fire, they fought with reckless determination. If the boat had ever touched shore, or even got near enough to make the attempt to swim to it through this cold water probably successful, every man of them would have left the steamer, and she would have been lost."

The mate left me. I was alone on the deck. I sat late into the night, watching the waters of the river swirl in tiny whirlpools or boil in vast bubbles, dark and dangerous looking. I listened to the mysterious voice of the flowing water calling loudly to the alluvial banks to rejoin the waters that had created them. Obedient to the calls, great slices of the bank would fairly jump into the river with a loud splash. I slept in my chair, and when I awoke I was in New Orleans.

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THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price, 25 cents per box. For sale by C. F. Goodman.

BOB TOOMBS' WRATH.

He Disinherits a Favorite Grand daughter Because She Married a Poor Young Man.

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 8.—"I have no answer to make," was the sententious reply of Gen. Robert Toombs to a messenger who handed him a note from his granddaughter, Mrs. Calley in which she asked the privilege of visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Toombs, who is likely to die at any moment. Mrs. Calley, nee Miss Camille Dubois, was the general's favorite grandchild. Mrs. Calley was raised in the same neighborhood in Wilcox county Between him and Miss Camille love developed, ending in an engagement. Calley was poor, and this was a mortal sin in Toombs' eyes, and he forbade communication between them. He read his will to Miss Camille, in which she was remembered to the extent of $60 000

"I will make it $90 000 if you will break off this engagement," said Gen. Toombs. The lady offered to remain single during her grandfather's lifetime. Growing violent, he declared if she intended to throw herself away on a poor man he would give her 48 hours to leave his house. This brought matters to a crisis which Mr. Calley and Miss Dubois settled by getting married immediately. Gen. Toombs at once disinherited her, and refuses all communication. The young couple are applauded by the community. Gen. Toombs is blind in one eye, and the other is almost out. An Atlanta oculist is to operate on him next week.

Durkee's Salad Dressing, a ready-made, rich and delicious dressing for all salads of meat, fish or vegetables. Cheaper and infinitely better than home-made. No sauce equal to it.

RINGS FOR BRIDES.

Concerning the Prices, Size and Style of the Charmed Circlet.

From a Chat with a New York Jeweller.

Are wedding rings expensive? Well no; they vary in price, but the dearest of them wouldn't break a comparatively poor man. This is the cheapest we have, fourteen carats and not very thick, and it only costs $4. This again is the most expensive I have in stock, weight tolerably heavy, you see; is of the finest gold used for manufacturing purposes, twenty-two carat and costs $15. Seems almost too heavy to wear doesn't it? But a ring that would gall and weigh down a woman's finger wouldn't be unsuitable to some marriages after all. Yes, I sell quite a few of the cheaper ones. You would naturally think that as a man only buys one, or at most two such articles in the course of his life, he would not mind spending a few dollars on it. But that's according to how they feel, too.

Some men aren't overburdened with sentiment. Why, a man bought a ring in September last, haggled over the price, and chose one at $7. Day before last Sunday he came in and wanted the size altered straight way. He was dressed in mourning and looked like a well-to-do clerk. He explained that his first wife had died in November, and he was going to be married again on Christmas day, and as the ring was "hardly worn" he thought it was no use buying another. Rings are broader and heavier than they were thirty years ago, but as a rule the purchasers' choice is guided pretty much according to how the lady feels about it. They say that in England the thin, old fashioned ring is coming in again; but in New York, as I say, the ladies mostly prefer a rather broad and heavy one, and before marriage, anyhow, a man generally is guided by his future wife's inclinations and everything is done according to how she feels about it.

COLORLESS AND COLD.—A young girl deeply regretted that she was so colorless and cold. Her face was too white, and her hands and feet felt as though the blood did not circulate. After one bottle of Hop Bitters had been taken she was the rosiest and healthiest girl in the town, with a vivacity and cheerfulness of mind gratifying to her friends.

Free of Cost.

All persons wishing to test the merits of a great remedy—one that will positively cure Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any affection of throat and lungs—are requested to call at C. F. Goodman's Drug Store and get a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, FREE OF COST, which will show you what a regular dollar-size bottle will do

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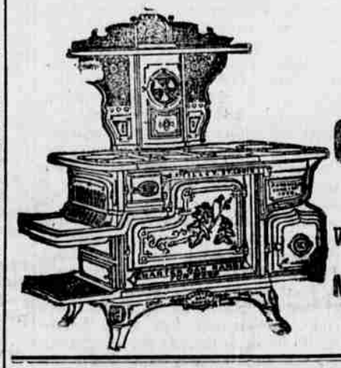

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