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JONESBORO, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 17, 1897.

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Itching Humors Instantly relieved by CUTICURA.

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ST. LOUIS.

RATES: \$2.00 Per Day.

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Good Rooms. Good Meals. Good Service.

When you visit St. Louis stop at ST. JAMES HOTEL, BROADWAY & WALNUT ST.

Street Cars Direct to Hotel.

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Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Dried Fruit.

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L. W. KEEN,

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Office, SHIPLEY BLOCK, Up Stairs.

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Office over Hoss & McCall's Clothing Store.

Will be in his office every day.

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SPECIALIST IN

Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat and

SKIN DISEASES.

Office: Second Floor, Jonesboro Banking and Trust Company Building.

MILTON KEEN,

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A Full Line of CASKETS and CASES.

LADIES' ROBES and WRAPPERS.

Gent's Suits and Bachelors' Slippers always on hand. Will wait on you day or night.

DR. J. S. STUART,

General Practitioner of

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

Including Acute and Chronic Diseases, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Office and Residence, East Main Street.

JONESBORO, TENN.

Whisky Curse.

How many thousands of intelligent good hearted men are held slaves by the chains of alcoholism? Freed from the awful, pernicious habit, they would be noble, public spirited, family loving men. Instead of the degraded, brutal wretches they are. But, alas, so long have they succumbed to the insatiable desire for stimulant, and of their own free will, unable to shake off the iron that binds them. But don't despair; there is hope for you now; man need no longer say he can not rid himself of the drink habit.

The Bellevue Treatment

For Liquor, Opium and Tobacco Habits is the helping hand—the salvation of the unfortunate. It is quick, does not require a hospital, and is a simple, safe, and above all, is a will power cure.

For further information address

The Bellevue Liqueur, Opium & Tobacco Cure Co., Jonesboro, Tenn.

"BIG FOUR"

ROUTE

BEST LINE TO AND FROM

CHICAGO.

Solid Vestibuled Trains, with Buffet Parlor Cars, Elegant Coaches, Dining Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, and latest Improved Private Compartment Buffet Sleeping Cars, magnificently furnished with toilet accessories in each compartment. Best terminal station.

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Solid Vestibuled Trains with Buffet Parlor Cars, Coaches and Dining Cars, Entering St. Louis over the New Merchants' Bridge, avoiding the disagreeable tunnel.

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The only Through Sleeping Car line from Cincinnati.

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The "Southwestern Limited" Solid Vestibuled Trains, with Combination Library, Buffet, and Smoking Cars, Dining Cars, Cars, Elegant Coaches and Dining Cars, passengers in New York City at 42nd Street Depot. Positively no ferry transfer. Be sure your tickets read via "Big Four."

E. D. McCORMACK, D. B. MARTIN, Passenger Traffic Mgr. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

PAID THE PENALTY.

Simms Hung for Murder

of Young Walter Galloway.

THE DROP FELL AT 11:00 A. M.

Conduct of the Condemned on the Scaffold.

An Immense Crowd in Town—Disappointed at not Seeing the Hanging.



The Tragedy is Over.

The first chapter was the unprovoked taking of an innocent life, the second the famous trial of the murderer, and the close was the scaffold, that grim and ghastly instrument of death that stands in the yard of the Washington County Courthouse.

The blood stained soul of Isham Simms stands before the bar of the Righteous Judge.

The dire vengeance he meted out to his helpless and unresisting victim in an unrestrained fury of passion, the law metes out to him in its cold and pitiless justice, and his black corpse goes down into the narrow house of death where the mouldering form of the murdered Walter Galloway has lain for four months.

Had the murderer any moral sensibilities left after the commission of his terrible crime, the torturing anguish and haunted visions he experienced taught him before the black hood forever shut out the day and the fatal trap sprung that it is a most fearful thing to take human life.

If the conscience of the murderer did not go out with the flash of the fatal gun, though he may at times have tried to comfort himself with the hope that he would finally escape the awful judgment that has overtaken him, he keenly realized that he had forfeited his claim to human sympathy and association, and that if his own life was spared the furies of remorse would wreck his peace and chain him to endless and unutterable terrors. Death in any form was preferable to a life made hideous by the ghastly images that enframed his horrible deed and made inconceivably wretched by an ever present and overpowering sense of guilt.

Society must protect itself against the vicious and the lawless by a swift and condign punishment of their offenses, to reform, if possible, the offenders, and to terrify and restrain those who would be a law unto themselves. Hence the institution of law, the machinery of courts, jails, penitentiaries and scaffolds.

But Three Executions for Murder.

Several years previous to the hanging of the Deakins negro, a white man was executed for murder. In the early history of the State several men were hung for other offenses. In August, 1892, three men were hung in Jonesboro on the same day for horse stealing.

Although it has been considerably over an hundred years since Washington County was organized and its increase of population has been rapid, there have been but three instances of capital punishment for murder as we have been informed by those who have searched the records. The other case was that of a colored man, a slave, who killed his master, William Deakins, four miles from Jonesboro. This murder and execution occurred in 1848, near fifty years ago and there are few living who have a personal knowledge of the occurrences.

The List of Men Killed

in Washington County would be a long one, if a complete one could be furnished. Some of the slayers were never brought to justice, others were acquitted, and the rest, except in the cases cited, served in the penitentiary. There have been some murders where the perpetrators escaped detection entirely, as was notably that of a strange boy from Wilkes County, North Carolina, about twenty years ago. He was traveling afoot and struck Jonesboro about dark. He was horribly beaten up with clubs and stones that night and the next morning was found lying in a pool of blood in a box car, and unable to speak. He lingered in great agony for a few days, unable to utter a word concerning his destination, home, friends or the fiendish treatment that cost him his life. From that day to this, as far as the writer knows, the profoundest mystery enshrouds this diabolical deed.

Beside, old Jonesboro and Johnson City have been scenes of several blood curdling tragedies. The country, also, has furnished its quota of murders. The Dove feeds in which several members of the family lost their lives, are of too recent occurrence to require special mention.

Two Celebrated Cases of Murder and Insanity in the Long Ago.

Away back, probably in the thirties, Jo Bell killed his brother in law, Joel Clark, on the farm of Gen James P. Taylor, lying in the First District of Wash-

ington County. It was said that Bell shot from the bushes and no one witnessed the deed. The killing was not denied by Bell, and his learned counsel, the late Judge T. A. H. Nelson, put in a plea of insanity, which was established to the satisfaction of the jury and he was allowed to depart the court "with-out prejudice" and a free man. Bell executed his note to Judge Nelson before the trial for \$1,000. When the attorney, who had saved his neck, tried to collect his money, Bell replied that if he could not be held for killing Clark on account of unsound mind, he was not competent to make a contract, and thus the attorney was defrauded out of his fee, and he let the matter go as he was outwitted by an ignorant and unscrupulous mountain sharper.

Possibly about this time a man named Higgins was killed by

William Greer, the Hermit of the Bald Mountain.

Greer was an eccentric, dangerous character who loved solitude and evaded companionship, and lived under a high beetling cliff of rock near the top of the mountain. He killed Higgins for telling him a falsehood, a thing that no man could do and live. It was proved that he was insane and was acquitted, but afterwards was killed himself. And so it seems that the "insanity plea," where an alibi is impossible, is no recent innovation in the criminal practice.

Filial Love Stronger Than Fear of Death or Love of Life.

Several years ago a man was missing from his accustomed haunts in the neighborhood. The family could give no account of his whereabouts. The aroused neighbors, suspecting foul play, began a diligent and thorough search, which ended in finding his dead body concealed under his house. It was plain that he was murdered and that the older ones of the family knew the guilty secret. Suspicion rested on one of the sons. He was arrested, tried and sent to the penitentiary on circumstantial evidence which was just as convincing to the court and jury as the most positive proof could have been. But he was not the guilty one. For the love he had for his mother he had kept silent and borne the punishment, for she was the slayer. On her deathbed she declared her guilt and the innocence of her devoted son, and the pardon of the Governor opened the door of the State prison and the innocent walked forth into the free air and sunshine. He died a few years since, having lived to a good old age an honest, industrious and respected citizen.

Judge Lynch Has no Court in Washington County.

As a whole, the people of this county are quiet, orderly and refined. They have a profound reverence for the institutions under which they live, and the sanctity of the law. They receive without question the decision of the courts, whilst they are not slow to express their detestation of the outrageous violence and crime in a proper way. If a bad citizen escapes deserved punishment they punish him in the pillory of their contempt, satisfied with the penalty of social ostracism they are sure to mete out to him. Newspapers and school houses and churches in every neighborhood have lifted up the masses to the high plane of morality and education which would quell the mob spirit at the first sign of its presence. Our population is all native and to the manor born, and is wholly exempt from the lawlessness and phrensy common to mixed communities. Were this not so it is probable that Simms' trial would have been held in some nook of the woods and the fatal drop passed over his head by some misguided and infuriated friend of humanity and not by the Sheriff of Washington County. When the news of the dreadful tragedy spread over the country—over sections where neither the slain nor slayer was personally known or had ever been heard of before—there was a high pitch of excitement, a frantic eagerness to learn all the details, but when the full particulars of the revolting crime had come to the public knowledge, the people, in their love of decency, law and order said that the murderer must have a fair trial and be punished according to the forms of law. Even the relatives of the murdered young man pleaded for this, be it to their great credit said. Judge Lynch can never hold court among a people who have such a sublime faith in the adequacy of their laws and the courageous faithfulness of their judiciary. All the reports that there was a large mob of infuriated men in hot pursuit of the black fugitive, just after he had committed the deed, prepared to hang him if captured, turned out to be fakes of the worst variety.

The Crime.

At a late hour in the afternoon of the 8th of last July Walter Galloway came to the residence of William Boring on the Wataga River, near Flourville, intending to stay all night. He was a frequent guest and was always accorded a joyous welcome to the generous hospitality of this delightful country home. His affianced lived there and his visits were rife with cheer and hopefulness, suffused with the exquisite ecstasy of that divine passion which the presence and smiles of a loving and charming woman ever inspires in her adorer. With Galloway, who was in the thirties, the flush of life's spring tide had passed into the pride and glory of manhood's natural powers, and in view of his marriage that was soon to take place the future was all aglow with the most enchanting possibilities. When he alighted at the gate there was no premonition of evil; no signal of danger to warn him away. But death was there nevertheless, peering at him from its hiding place in the bowers from which his lady love may have plucked the roses which shone on her corsage and in the silken meshes of her coiffure with the beauty of eluding stars.

The Jury.

The following good and lawful men of Washington County served as jurors: John Whitel, W. A. Garber, Jos. Hunt, Carl McCurey, G. W. Cash, James Hale, Geo. McPherson, Samuel Blair, Samuel H. Albert, Morrell, J. A. Hartman, C. H. McAdams.

The Crowd.

John Robinson's shop would not have attracted more people. The hills and hollows for miles around were depopulated and throngs came from the neighboring towns. The multitudes began to pour in at an early hour and the streets and all the open spaces around the Courthouse and jail were packed to a jam and a crush. The stores and public resorts were overflowed. On the whole, the immense throng was good natured and orderly, but it was painfully evident that a considerable number had fortified their courage and braced their nerves with booze as a preliminary preparation for the sad and grave business on hand. The people should have known, and probably did know, that the execution was to be private; that the law does not allow the general public to enjoy a lawless luxury of witnessing the execution of the animal himself. After he had started to the barn Simms went into the house and procured a gun, and being asked his purpose, Mrs. Boring replied that he was going to kill Galloway. Miss Effie Boring heard the reply and screamed to Galloway to get out of Simms' way, that he had the gun and was going to shoot him. Galloway evidently feared no danger for he started from the barn to the house, Simms darted around the corner of an out house and when Galloway came up he drew down the gun to execute his murderous threat. When Galloway discovered his peril, he knocked up the gun and the contents entered his head. Galloway died the forenoon of the next day. Simms immediately made his escape, and soon a posse of neighbors were searching for him, but he eluded the pursuit. Simms went in the direction of Kentucky, and on Monday following Sheriff James S. Pritchett, who had failed to get on his track by the use of blood hounds, received the gratifying intelligence that the fugitive had been caught at Church Hill, Hawkins County, and lodged in the Rogersville jail. Sheriff Pritchett fearing that, in the intense excitement and indignation his revolting deed had occasioned, his prisoner might be mobbed if brought back to Jonesboro, carried him to Knoxville, where he was kept in jail until the time of his trial. At the time this was deemed a warranted precaution.

A Singular Coincidence.

Some years ago George Galloway, a brother of the murdered man and now living in Texas, was shot and from the spot where he was hit it seems miraculous that he was not killed. It was strongly suspected that the shooting was done by a colored man. He owned a store at Flourville in which he slept. One night an attempt was made to break into the building. The noise awakened Galloway and a friend, who was staying with him, and they prepared to make a brave resistance. The burglars on finding out that they were discovered fled precipitately. Galloway in pursuit, when he was shot by an accomplice stationed as a sentinel on the outside. After Walter Galloway was shot, in his delirium he thought his absent brother was present and exclaimed, "George, they have shot me, too."

A Double Crime.

Mrs. William Boring and her daughter, Miss Effie, witnessed the shooting of Walter. They were completely unnerved by the atrocious deed, but Miss Effie stood up bravely under the shock and her bereavement attended the funeral. When she returned home her great grief and physical weakness overcame her and she was compelled to take her bed. In a few short days she died from nervous prostration, the union of two hearts becoming a union in death only.

The Trial.

At the following term of the Circuit Court for trial, Hon. Tyler Campbell on the bench and Hon. Dana Harmon Prosecutor for the State. The presiding judge took occasion at the beginning of the trial, to say, in the presence of the throng that packed the court room, that Simms was a prisoner entitled to protection and a fair trial and the Court was bound to see that all the rights and privileges guaranteed him by the law were in no wise interfered with. If there was a mob spirit present, this judicial utterance effectually suppressed it. Simms was unable to employ counsel and the Court appointed Capt. A. S. Deaderick and A. R. Johnson to defend him. Mr. Johnson did his part most creditably, and rendered a good service. Upon Capt. Deaderick rested the chief burden of the defense and he discharged the unpleasant duty assigned him in a manner that evoked the highest praise. He brought into the case an unflinching earnestness and zeal, deep penetration and all the resources and powers of his logical and analytical mind. His argument was said to be one of the finest forensic efforts ever heard at the Jonesboro bar, and the atmosphere of this court room has vibrated with the eloquence of Aiken, Melvin, Maxwell, Haynes, Nelson, Britton, James W. Deaderick and other legal giants. He labored as earnestly and determinedly for his friend's acquittal as if he had been a lost and was to receive a fee large enough for the ransom of a king. The Prosecuting Attorney was at his best and had the very decided advantage in the way of testimony and public feeling. Simms was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung on the 21st of last September. His case was appealed. The Supreme Court found nothing in the verdict warranting an interference with the finding of the inferior court and sentenced Simms to be hung November 17, 1897.

The Death Sentence.

The death sentence of the Supreme Court, and all hope of rescue from the death penalty being cut off as far as the law was concerned, Simms appealed for mercy to Governor Taylor, but the Governor refused to commute the sentence.

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death penalty. Still, the morbid curiosity to be as near as possible to the hidden scene of agony and death gathered together the representatives of all ages, sizes, sexes, colors and conditions in a fearfully and wonderfully variegated mass of humanity. The crush amounted to an absolute congestion.

James S. Pritchett, the executioner, is a slim spare man, weighing about 140 pounds. Though strongly sympathetic to his nature, he is at all times a cool, collected, earnest, conscientious, courageous officer. He is 41 years old, was born and raised on Boone's Creek, four miles from Jonesboro. He is a married man, has five children and is a member of the M. E. Church, South. He is personally one of the most popular men in the county, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of all who know him. As a proof of this he is now serving his second term as Sheriff, notwithstanding the overwhelming Republican majority in the county.

Bringing Back the Prisoner.

Last Tuesday morning Sheriff Pritchett left for Knoxville on Capt. Ross Smith's train and returned with Simms on the vestibule that arrives at 3:30 P. M. On the same train was the Sheriff of Sullivan County with Mays, under sentence of death for killing G. D. Massengill, near Bluff City, a few months ago, who was, also, hung at Blountville today.

The Instruments of the Execution.

The rope with which Simms was hung was of sisal twine five and one eighth of an inch in size. The Sheriff had the pattern of the hangman's knot before him with instructions as to the manipulation of the rope and his first attempt to make one of these fatal connections was successful and an omen that the experience no difficulty when the time came for experiment to become reality. For days a new and novel annex to the southern side of the Courthouse was noted and commented on by all citizens of Jonesboro and visitors to the town. It was built at the window west of the Judge's seat, of two inch lumber, without roof, twelve feet square and fourteen feet high. In all the surroundings there was no coigne of vantage from which the execution could be viewed. Inside of this strong stockade was a scaffold eight feet square, built of timber five or six inches square. The structure was capped with a floor and in the center a trap door with a five foot fall. A heavy iron weight was attached by a rope to the trap door. The structure, under the direction of Sheriff Pritchett, was erected by Hugh Boyd, Charles Collins and John Keys and cost about \$50.

A Model Prisoner.

Simms did not worry or chafe under confinement. He gave his keepers no trouble. At times he was somewhat inclined to anger and complained of his treatment, but these moods soon passed away and he was as jovial and merry hearted as a child. At times he was harassed and depressed by the fear that he would be lynched, but when assured by the officers that there was no danger, confidence would be restored and he was seemingly as happy as a lark. Whilst in the Knoxville jail he spent most of his time laughing and singing, not seeming to realize the fearful fate impending over him. He made a profession of religion whilst confined there and frequently assured those administering to him in holy things that he was prepared to meet his God in peace.

Description of Simms.

Simms was about 22 or 23 years of age, and five feet and nine inches tall. He had a long chin, a flat nose, a retreating forehead and a very unprepossessing face. He had the general make up of a character essentially bad as far as facial features are an index to the inward man but those who knew him well say that he was not vicious and violent in his ordinary moods.

The Day.

The weather, clear, bright and with invigorating air, was not in sympathy with the sadness and solemnity of the occasion. It was an ideal day for a joyous public fete or the celebration of some happy historical event. Nature wore a smiling face, as if nothing out of the ordinary was to occur.

Simms in Jail.

After Simms was brought back and placed in jail yesterday evening he was visited by a number of parties. When the writer called to him in the corridor he appeared at once at the door of the iron cage in which he was confined, with no sign of fear upon his face. He talked calmly and deliberately. In reference to the terrible act for which he was executed today, he said he was sorry that he did it, but he thought he acted in self defense, that he believed Galloway intended to kill him, and he did what he did in order to save himself. He assured those who had called to see him that he had prepared himself for the scene of the morrow; that he had prayed long and earnestly for the pardon of his sins and that he felt assured that his prayers had been answered and he was ready to die. He assured the writer that he had no fears when he contemplated the event of the morrow and that he knew "the Lord would bring him through."

He spoke very highly of the treatment he had received while in the Knoxville jail, and said everybody had been good to him. He also said that he felt well satisfied with the defense Capt. Deaderick made of him, and considered him a gentleman.

Sheriff Pritchett took Simms to the Court House before daylight this morning, where he was kept until the hour of execution, and thus avoided the crowd and possible trouble.

Simms' Letter to Leach.

The following letter was dictated by Simms, this morning, to Esquire James M. Gresham, and indicates his state of mind a few hours before his execution:

Jonesboro, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1897.

My dear Sir: As I did not get to see you before I left there I thought I would write you a few words. I have been

studying about your trouble and your destiny. I heard you was not prepared for death, I hope you will get reconciled over the matter and prepare to meet God. I heard you said you could not forgive the women who swore against you. If you want to make peace with God, you must forgive them. I want to meet you in Heaven; but unless you get the malice out of your heart you can not meet me and God in Heaven in peace. I talked with Mr. Mays as we came up. He said he was prepared to die. I am prepared to die. Yours truly,

ROBERT SIMMS.

The Last Scene.

Simms was led onto the scaffold at 11:30 o'clock, and the drop fell at 11:50, and his swaying body dangled in the air 3-1/2 feet below where he last stood in life. Life was pronounced extinct in 15 minutes. Thus was the law avenged on the slayer of Walter Galloway, and indirectly, of Miss Boring.

His Last Words.

On the stand he said to the crowd:

"I go to Heaven, gentlemen; if you come there you'll see me."

At 10:40 he sang with the half dozen ministers present, without a tremor, the hymn: "He's the brightest of 10,000 to my soul."

In answer to a query he said he made no threats to anyone against Galloway.

He sang, "By faith I see my Savior dying on the tree," after which he said, "God bless you all," and shook hands with those present.

He stepped on the trap door with a smile on his face, and in response to the Sheriff's inquiry if he was ready, said: "Yes, all is ready."

The rope was cut and Simms' neck was broken by the fall.

His body was removed from the enclosure and prepared for shipment to his friends in Bluff City.

NOTES.

Milton Keen took charge of the remains.

The crowd was immense and remarkably quiet.

Every point from which the enclosure could be seen was occupied.

Hundreds of women were in the jam.

Carter, Johnson, Unicoi, Hawkins and Greene Counties were well represented.

Not in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has there been such a crowd in Jonesboro.

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey cures coughs for young and old. Most cough medicines simply helps you cough. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey helps you not to cough. See the difference? Would you like to try it? 25 cents gets you the biggest quarter bottle of cough medicine you ever saw. It is particularly valuable for those who can not stand the strain of coughing. Ask your druggist for it. Take no substitute. There is nothing as good as Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey.

The Chrysanthemum Show.

At the Chrysanthemum show, the premiums awarded to the babies were: First premium, to the two year old lot of Mrs. Tom Peoples, and was a large, beautiful doll, given by the genial proprietor of the Palace Dry Goods Store, R. M. Mav; the Baby of Mrs. Kirkland, of New Orleans, received the second prize, a silver cup, given by the Mayor Druggist, F. E. Britton. There were hosts of pretty babies entered at the show, and it was hard for the judges to decide, as each little winsome face had its own peculiar charm. Next came the bread and cake. Pearl Britton, aged 13, received the prize on bread, a bottle of perfume, given by our enterprising druggist, Mathes & Patton. The prize for cake went to Clara Brownlow, and was a box of confectionaries, given by our substantial grocer, W. P. Colley. First premium on best collection of Chrysanthemums was awarded Mrs. J. B. Simpson, and was a cracker jar, and given by the popular grocery firm of Fink & Hickey. Second premium on collection went to Herbert McPherson, and was an elegant pair of cuff buttons, given by the clothing firm of Hoss & McCall. Third premium on collection belonging to Mr. Osborne was a pair of scissors, given by the hardware merchant, Jas. S. Byrd. First premium on best single plant was awarded Dr. Whitlock, and was a pearl handle knife, given by one of the brothers in law of the W. C. T. U., the hardware man, J. B. Simpson. Second best single plant awarded Mrs. J. B. Simpson, a beautiful book, given by our accommodating druggist, J. S. Mathes. Best terminal bloom, Dr. Whitlock. Best necktie, given by the affable clothier, D. L. Wilds. Second best terminal bloom, Mr. Osborne, necktie given by the proprietor of the "Happy Home" Clothing Store, A. C. Britton. Best cut flowers, Mrs. Whitlock, box of toilet soap, given by the new grocery firm, Britton & Boyd. The beautiful chamber set that was given to