The Whig and Tribune

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

D. M. WISDOM & CO.

*Office on Public Square, east of the Court House.*

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars per year, invariably in advance.

Single copies, ten cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Advertisements inserted for a less term than three months will be charged $1.50 per square of eight lines or less, for the first insertion, and $1 for each subsequent insertion.

**Local Notices 20 cents per line** for each insertion.

# Whig AND Tribune.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR. JACKSON, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876. NUMBER 45

ADVERTISING RATES.

| | 3 months. | 6 months. | 12 months. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 square, | $10.00 | $20.00 | $30.00 |
| 2 " | 20.00 | 30.00 | 40.00 |
| 3 " | 25.00 | 40.00 | 50.00 |
| ¼ column, | 30.00 | 50.00 | 75.00 |
| ½ " | 50.00 | 80.00 | 125.00 |
| 1 " | 80.00 | 125.00 | 200.00 |

One inch space constitutes a square.

Where advertisements are ordered to be normally displayed they will be charged for according to the space they occupy; one inch to constitute a square.

Sheriffs, Clerks and Rangers who send us their patronage will receive the Whig and Tribune without charge.

Announcing for announcing candidates for County Offices and the Legislature, $10; for Congress, $20; for Municipal and civil district offices, $5—all in advance.

## CITY AND COUNTY DIRECTORY.

### Madison County Directory.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Jackson Grange No. 6 meets 3d Tuesday in each month at 9 o'clock a.m.

W. P. TIMBERLAKE, W. M.

COUNTY COURT.

Meets 1st Monday in each month. S. D. Barnett Clerk.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Meets 1st Monday in January, April, July and October.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Meets 1st Monday in January, May and September. H. W. McCorry, Judge; John Shellington, Attorney-General; Richard A. Sneed, Clerk.

CHANCERY COURT.

Meets the 1st Monday in January and July. Henry W. McCorry, Chancellor; D. M. Wisdom, Clerk and Master; M. L. Veazy, Deputy Clerk.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

George G. Perkins, Sheriff; John L. Fry, Coroner; J. M. Hardage, Register; J. M. McRee, Trustee; E. S. Mallory, Notary Public.

### Masonic.

JACKSON LODGE NO. 45.

R. R. Harris, W. M.; J. C. Smith, Secretary. Meets 4th Friday in each month.

ST. JOHN'S LODGE, NO. 322.

L. E. Talbot, W. M.; R. A. Sneed, Secretary. Meets 1st Monday in each month.

CLINTON R. A. CHAPTER, NO. 9.

R. R. Harris, H. P.; W. P. Robertson, K.; W. P. Henry, S.; J. C. Smith, Jr., Secretary. Meets 3d Friday in each month.

ANDERSON COUNCIL, NO. 12, R. S. & S. M.

Court, R. R. Harris, T. I. M.; Com. A. C. Smith, Recorder. Meets 4th Monday in each month.

JACKSON COMMANDERY, NO. 15.

A. P. Jones, Eminent Commander; J. C. Smith, Jr., Recorder. Meets 3d Monday in each month.

### I. O. O. F.

MADISON LODGE, NO. 16

J. D. Rushing, N. G.; H. Tomlin, V. G.; John H. Haley, Secretary; J. T. Robb, Treasurer; Rev. E. E. Daly, Chaplain. Meets every Thursday night at Odd Fellows' Hall.

DAGNEY LODGE.

Meets every 2nd Thursday night in each month. John T. Hale, Secretary.

STATE ENCAMPMENT NO. 10.

E. T. Dawley, C. P.; J. D. Rushing, H. P.; J. T. Bolls, Scribe. Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday night in each month.

### Stonewall Lodge, K. of H.

Stonewall Lodge No. 109, K. of H. Meets the first and third Saturday evenings in each month in Fyffian Hall. H. W. McCORRY, Dictator.

JOHN C. SCHUTTE, Reporter.

### Knights of Pythias.

LANCELOT LODGE, NO. 13.

Stod Carnthers, P. C.; W. B. Spencer, C. C.; R. Nance, V. C.; H. C. Adams, Prelate; D. C. Parkes, K. of R. & S.; S. White, M. at A.; W. D. Moore, I. G.; J. H. Hensdale, M. at A. (2d term); Reed, K. R. S.; J. C. Schutte, O. G. Meets every Friday night in Castle Hall.

### United Friends of Temperance.

JACKSON COUNCIL, NO. 17.

R. L. Rozell, W. P.; J. W. N. Burkett, W. R. Meets every Tuesday night.

JACKSON LODGE NO. 573, I. O. G. T.—Meets every Wednesday night at the Temperance Hall on North Royal street, at 8 o'clock. W. H. C. Autry, W. C. T.; Miss Viola McAdoo, W. V. T.; E. A. Brooks, W. S.; J. T. Thompson, W. T.

### Church Directory.

First Methodist Church.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Rev. E. C. SLATER, Pastor.

Paine Chapel, (East Jackson.)—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m and 7:30 p.m. Rev. W. M. Patterson, Pastor.

Baptist Church.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p.m. Rev. C. S. HENDRICKSON, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Rev. E. McNAIR, Pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sabbath School at 9 a.m. Rev. W. R. McMAHEN, Pastor.

St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church.—J. A. Harrison, D.D., Rector. Morning Services 10:30a.m. Evening Services 5:30 p.m.

Roman Catholic Church.—Services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Father CRALE, Priest.

Christian Church.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School 9 a.m. Prayer Meeting Thursday 7 p.m. W. E. McCALL, Pastor.

Colored M. E. Church of America.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m., and 6:45 p.m. Rev. T. W. LANE, Pastor.

Baptist (col.) Church.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 a.m. and 6:45 p.m. Rev. T. WEBB, Pastor.

### N. O. ST. L. & C. RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Mail—Leaves . . . 3:19 p. m.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail—Leaves . . . 1:00 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Accommodation Train going South, Leaves M & O Junction at 8:20 a. m.

Returning, arrives at M. & O. Depot, at 11:00 p. m.

### MOBILE & OHIO RAILROAD.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail—Arrives . . . 2:40 p. m.

PASSENGER TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Mail—Arrives . . . 12:40 a. m.

### Post Office Directory.

Mail matter must be deposited in the Post Office (for delivery)

Going South by . . . 11:00 a.m.
Going North by . . . 2:00 p.m.

Mail matter for the country must be delivered at the Post Office 30 minutes before the departure of the carrier.

LEXINGTON

Mail leaves Jackson Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m.

Arrives at Jackson Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5 p.m.

SPRING CREEK.

Mail leaves Jackson Tuesdays and Saturdays at 1 p.m.

Arrives at Jackson Tuesdays and Saturdays at 12 m.

HUFFMAN.

Mail leaves Jackson Tuesdays and Saturdays at 2 p.m.

Arrives at Jackson Tuesdays and Saturdays at 12 m.

DENMARK.

Mail leaves Jackson Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8 a.m.

Arrives at Jackson Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5:30 p.m.

JULIA P. WOOLFORK, P. M.

### Foreign Postage.

TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

Letters (if prepaid) . . . 6 cts per ½ oz.
Newspapers (if prepaid) . . . 2 cents each.
Other printed matter . . . 6 cents for 4 oz.

TO FRANCE.

Letters . . . 10 cts per ½ oz.
Newspapers . . . 2 cents each.

TO GERMANY.

Letters . . . 6 cts per ½ oz.
Newspapers . . . 2 cents each.

TO ITALY.

Letters . . . 10 cts per ½ oz.
Newspapers . . . 2 cents each.

TO AUSTRIA.

Letters . . . 11 cts per ½ oz.
Newspapers . . . 2 cents each.

TO CANADA.

The postage on a single letter to or from Canada is six cents per half ounce, if fully prepaid; and ten cents if prepaid by insufficient stamps.

When the United States official postage entries on the letters received from Great Britain or the Continent of Europe are in sterling, the letter is to be considered as paid, and is to be delivered accordingly; when in black ink as unpaid, and the postage is to be collected on delivery.

LIVE BOOK STORE!

No. 33 Main Street,

Jackson, - - - Tennessee

J. G. CISCO

PROPRIETOR.

A FULL supply of **Books, Stationery, Music, Musical Instruments, Chromos, Frames, Toys, Etc., Etc.,** always on hand for the trade.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Special inducements to teachers. feb12-1y.

Sheriff's Sale.

Mat Beasley vs. Eli Fry et al.

By virtue of a Fi Fa to me directed from the Chancery side of the Common Law and Chancery Court of Madison County, Tenn., I will expose to sale to the highest bidder at the north door of the Court House in Jackson, Tennessee, on

Saturday, September 30th, 1876,

the following described real estate, lying and being in the county of Madison and bounded as follows:

Being Lot No. 5, Block No. 11, Butler's Division of the city of Jackson, Tenn. Fronting 60 a stake at the southeast corner of Lot No. 3, Block No. 19 on the west side of Totten street, runs south with said street 60 feet to a stake; thence 120 feet to the east line of John Tay-lor's lot, No. 4, Block No. 19; thence north passing the southeast corner of Lot No. 1, 60 feet to the southwest corner of Lot No. 3; thence east 120 feet to the beginning.

Levied on as the property of Mat Beasley to satisfy said Fi Fa in favor of said Mat Beasley vs. Eli Fry et al.

Sale within lawful hours.

JAMES ARIS, Deputy Sheriff.

sep2-4w.

AGENTS WANTED

For the only Complete and Satisfactory

LIFE OF DR. LIVINGSTONE

EVER PUBLISHED.

The whole story of the Great Explorer's early life, and of his Travels, Adventures and Wonderful Experiences in Africa, as told by himself, in his personal narratives and last journals. The best selling work ever issued. For terms and circulars, address

J. H. CHAMBERS & CO.,

nov27-1t. 205 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. I. W. BUDDEKE,

HOMŒPATHIC

Physician and Surgeon,

JACKSON, TENN.

SPECIAL attention given to treatment of diseases of the EYE and EAR.

Office, Main street, over Neely & Pybas' Drug Store. may29-1y.

DR. JOHN CHESTER,

Physician and Surgeon,

*JACKSON, TENNESSEE.*

☞ Office on the corner of Royal and Chester Streets, near Female Institute. ap8-1y.

DENTAL CARD.

WM. B. SPENCER,

Surgeon Dentist,

Office over W. F. Alexander's, corner Main and Market streets,

*JACKSON, TENNESSEE.*

jan28-tf

CHESTER G. BOND.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

JACKSON, TENNESSEE.

OFFICE on Baltimore Street, between Liberty and Church. feb12-1y.

HON. W. HAYNES. L. C. HAYNES.

HAYNES & HAYNES,

Attorneys at Law,

JACKSON, TENNESSEE,

Office on Main Street, over M. Roberts & Co.'s Drug Store. ap15-1y.

E. L. BULLOCK, Resid'ce, Jackson, Tenn. HENRY McCORRY WEBB Resid'ce, Lexington, Tenn.

BULLOCK & WEBB,

Attorneys at Law

AND—

Solicitors in Chancery,

WILL practice as partners at law in Circuit and Chancery Courts, (also in Supreme Court in cases carried from said Courts,) of Henderson, Decatur, Perry and Madison counties.

☞ Address Box 37

LEXINGTON, TENNESSEE. oct24-1y.

JOHN L. BROWN,

Attorney at Law

AND—

*SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,*

JACKSON, Tenn.

☞ Office in Toulin's Block. july31ly

FORTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

DR. C. McLANE'S

Celebrated American

WORM SPECIFIC

—OR—

VERMIFUGE.

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semicircle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headacie, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; fleeting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy & not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccough; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist,

DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE

Will certainly effect a cure.

IT DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; it is an innocent preparation, *not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.*

The genuine DR. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrapper.

DR. C. McLANE'S

LIVER PILLS.

These Pills are not recommended as a remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but in affections of the Liver, and in all Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia and Sick Headache, or diseases of that character, they stand without a rival.

AGUE AND FEVER.

No better cathartic can be used preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

As a simple purgative they are unequaled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated.

Each box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression D. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Each wrapper bears the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS.

Sold by all respectable druggists and country storekeepers generally.

$250 A MONTH—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. mar11-1y.

Illinois Central

RAILROAD.

100 Miles the Shortest Route to

CHICAGO

30 Miles the Shortest Route to

St. Louis.

No Change of Cars

From JACKSON, TENN., To

St. Louis or Chicago.

Only One Change of Cars

From Jackson, Tenn., To

Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and all points East. Milwaukee, Madison, Minneapolis, St. Paul and points North.

This is positively the shortest route to Decatur, Bloomington, Springfield, Peoria, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington, Rock Island, La Salle, Kendall, Joliet, Freeport, Dubuque, Sioux City, Omaha and all points Northwest.

Elegant Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars

Run through to St. Louis and Chicago. Baggage Checked to all important Points.

For tickets and information, apply at the Ticket Office of the Mississippi Central Railroad.

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

A. MITCHELL, Gen'l Superintendent, Chicago.

## The Farewell.

BY VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN.

Anchor was weighed, the sails were set;
The breeze from land was fresh and free;
And many a bright eye tear-drops wet,
When the sloop-stem cleft the swelling sea.

Leaning against the taffrel bar,
I marked a youth was sighing sore,
As he watched his love's receding star—
A blue-eyed fair one on the shore.

I watched her wave her kerchief white,
And could but deem her love was true,
Till distance barred the touching sight,
And the sweet maid faded from my view.

High in the Northern boldrick's air,
The clouds in wild commotion wreathed,
The strong power of the winds was there,
And there the storm's fierce spirit breathed.

One half the welkin dome was dark
With the black tempest in its maniac glee,
And in the other half a barque—
A cloud-barque sailed the upper sea.

As on the gallant vessel bore
Her freight of throbbing hearts and life,
How many dreamt of the fading shore,
Of gentle sweetheart, loving wife!

The golden fleeced clouds,
Were wreathing 'round the setting sun;
And the breeze was sighing in the shrouds
Like the voice of some fair widowed one.

I dreamed of Ocean's soundless deep—
Of gems its coral grottoes bear—
Where fable says the Nereids sleep,
While star-flowers hang their veils there.

I thought of many a love-star's sad eclipse;
Of misty night, and wreck and storm;
How the world-bee might sip its liquid lips
And swallow up the lover's form.

I wished when sailing from the strand,
Over the blue waves of the sea,
Though so sweet maid with lily hand
A farewell fondly waved to me.

I knew he went to rove afar
In sunny France, in gay Bordeaux—
And like the magnet to the star,
To me his heart would point as true.

That wheresoe'r his feet might roam,
Where'er his barque of life might float,
His soul would echo tones of home,
Like a sea-shell from its wave remote.

I wonder—on this cloudless day
In the warm South's voluptuous clime,
In the green year's resplendent May,
Which muffs with flowers the steps of Time.—

If, when I'd leave these scenes to rove
O'er foreign plain, or mound, or sea,
I'd leave, in hamlet, bower, or grove,
A heart to sigh with love for me.

## The Disinherited Child.

"He has made his own bed," said Major Martindale, "and he must lie on it."

Major Martindale folded up a certain obnoxious letter, as he made this mental remark, and, laying it in a little gilded letter-rack beside him, in company with a tailor's bill, a ticket to some forthcoming amateur concert, and a printed circular concerning "insurance policies," went deliberately on with his breakfast.

He was a handsome, elderly gentleman, slightly bald, with bright brown eyes, straight Roman features and one of those square, firmly-moulded mouths which betoken a decided tendency to have one's own way. And as he drank his coffee, and daintily mutilated his French rolls, broiled birds, and fresh strawberries, served in furniture of their own kind, he mused over the contents of this same letter.

"It's a great mistake to allow a servant to bring in one's correspondence at meal times," reflected Major Martindale. "It's almost sure to interfere with one's digestion. I'll never read another letter at breakfast time. What could possess my son to go and get married in this abrupt, unsensical sort of way? Says he feared it would be impossible to gain my consent. Well, he had good reasons for his fears. He'll find it still more impossible after marriage than before. He knows my ideas, and if he don't choose to conform to 'em it's his business, not mine."

And so, after finishing the strawberries, and daintily cleansing his filbert-nailed fingers in a ruby colored finger-bowl, Major Martindale wrote three words on a thick gray sheet of note paper, inclosed it in an envelope, affixed a stamp, and gave it to the servant to post. And the three words were these: "Consider Yourself Disinherited."

That was the way in which Major Martindale disposed of his only son.

Not that he did not love Harry—the bright, frank boy, who was all that was left of his young wife, the one romantic dream of tender memory of his life-time—but he liked his own way better. And it is astonishing how obstinate a man can be when he turns his full attention to the business.

* * * *

"Disinherited! O, Harry! And for me!"

Mrs. Harry Martindale, a pretty blue-eyed girl with light hair that showered itself around her face like sunshine, little dots of dimples in cheeks and chin, and a round fresh mouth like a baby's looked piteously up into her husband's face as she spoke.

Harry Martindale shrugged his shoulders; the momentary cloud passed away from his face, as he answered bravely:

"Never mind, Ariel. We can afford, you and I, to be independent of a crusty old gentleman's money. I'll see about that stockship in St. Louis."

"Half the world away from me, Harry."

"It won't be for long pet. Cheer up. I'll send for you when I've got well established, and we'll have a little birdnest of a home, without asking any favors of my father."

Ariel smiled through the dewdrops that sparkled in her eyes. She was easily consoled. A girl's heart at eighteen is blessedly elastic.

Major Martindale decided to go to Atlantic City for the hot weeks that season.

Why, he did not especially particularize to himself. Saratoga was dull; at Newport one was half a mile away from the beach; Long Branch has fallen upon his fastidious taste. So to Atlantic City he went, rather enjoying the very perceptible nets and snares spread for him by the various widows, old maids and gushing damsels who were there engaged in the great husband-hunting campaign.

"I wonder if they think I am a fool," said the Major, as he strolled on the beach with a couple of his admirers.

But one day the Major found himself forced to give up a picnic on account of a strange and unusual feeling of lassitude and languor, and the next he was in bed.

"This looks serious," said the Major to himself. "I've heard of a low fever hanging about here, but I never thought of it's attacking me."

The doctor came, twirled his watch-chain, wrote a prodigious Latin prescription, and shook his head.

People made haste to vacate the rooms in immediate vicinage of No. 99, and the Major began dimly to comprehend, through a mist, that was slowly gathering around his brain, that it was likely to go hard with him.

"I will stay and nurse him, doctor. I have had the fever, a year or two since, and do not fear it, and I am handy with such people."

"But, my child, you've no idea what you are undertaking."

"Yes, I have," answered the soft, low voice; "and we must not let him die for want of proper care."

"Is your aunt willing?"

"Quite so."

"Then you may try; but take my word for it, you'll back down at the end of the first week."

Major Martindale heard these words, spoken, as it were out of the clouds, as he might have heard the thunder of the waves on the beach outside, or the ringing of the church bells, without at all connecting them with himself. Strange what a world of dreams and shadows his brain and soul had entered into.

But one day he came back out of the darkness and immensity and the reckless whirling to and fro of the waves of life, weak and white and helpless as a baby.

And there, sewing by the window, sat a young girl, all the while, with glimmering hair, long lashes, and delicately rounded features.

"Pardon me," hoarsely uttered the Major, with a little souvenir of his old-fashioned courtesy and politeness; "but I don't know who you are."

"Hush!" said the young lady, gently. "You must not talk. I am here to nurse you."

And he found himself taking a draught from her practiced fingers, and then drifted off to sleep.

"I have been very ill, haven't I?" said he, when the doctor came as usual.

"You have been close to the Valley of the Shadow more than once as a man can be in this life," Dr. Delagood answered gravely.

The Major shuddered a little—heathen sybarite as he was. The idea of death appalled him, and he scarcely cared to hear how near he was to the solution of the great problem.

"But you pulled me through," said he, with a long breath.

"Yes, I and your patient little nurse, who has just gone for half an hour's sleep."

"Who is she?" asked the Major, anxiously.

"She is the niece of one of the lady boarders. Martha I think they call her. Her aunt went away as soon as the fever declared itself—in fact, it riddled the hotel pretty nearly—but this girl would not allow any one to suffer for want of care and nursing, so she courageously remained to take care of you."

"Why did she do that?" asked the Major, a little lump rising in his throat.

"Why did Florence Nightingale go out to the Crimea? Why are all women born heroines at heart?" retorted the doctor.

"God bless her!" muttered the Major. And then he turns his head to one side, and a big drop or two splashes down on the pillow.

Day by day he lay there in slow convalescence, while the pretty young nurse administered to him.

"My dear," said the Major one day, "I think I am beginning to realize now what the blessing of a daughter would have been had God given me one. I have grown very fond of you."

The soft blue eyes beamed smiling down upon him as he spoke.

"And I of you," answered the girl in tender accents.

"Are you much attached to your aunt?—Mrs. Fessenden, I believe her name is."

"Yes," said the girl half doubtfully, "I suppose so; I never saw her before she asked me to spend the season with her at Atlantic City, last month."

"Is that all you have been with her?"

"That's all."

"Then," said the Major, "I shall ask her to let me adopt you. Will you be my daughter henceforth?"

She threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed upon his breast.

"Do you really love me? Do you really want me?" Asked she.

"I am alone, my child," said the Major. "And you will be the sunshine of my house."

"But you have a son."

"Yes," answered the Major slightly frowning. "Poor Henry! but he has estranged himself from me."

"Forever?"

"Yes, forever!" Sickness, you see, had taken none of the inherent obstinacy out of our old hero's character.)

"Papa!"—she knelt beside the satin-pillowed invalid chair, which had been wheeled out into the sunshine on the broad veranda—"I am to call you papa, am I not?"

"Of course you are, dearest."

The Major's hand stroked down her bright hair with a tender touch, as he spoke.

"Then, papa, tell me why you are estranged from him?"

"He married in disregard to my wishes," the Major sternly replied.

"Is that such an unpardonable crime?"

"Unpardonable? See here, Mary, if he had not made such an idiot of himself, he might have been your husband. You might have been my daughter in very truth! Stranger things have happened."

"But that couldn't be."

"Why not?" demanded the Major.

"Because he is my husband already! O, papa dear! dear father!—forgive me! I am not Mary Martindale, and yet I am. My name is Mary Ariel Martindale; and Harry away at St. Louis, is my husband. I only came here to stay with Aunt Fessenden, until he could make that little home for us which we have both hoped and dreamed so long. Will you forgive us both, papa, for my sake?"

"I suppose I shall have to," said the Major, in extreme bewilderment. "Kiss me, dear. Upon the whole, Harry isn't quite such a fool as I believed him to be! and you know who I was all the while?"

"Of course I did."

"And you kept dark! Sly little puss! Well Mary—I mean, Ariel—"

"Yes, papa."

"We'll telegraph to Harry to come right back. There's only three of us. Let's try and be happy together."

So, through Ariel's blue eyes and heaven-sent face, Harry Martindale was disinherited, and through her he was received back again into his inheritance.

"Own up, sir, that I knew what I was about," said Harry, as he stood there with Ariel leaning on his arm.

"Own dog!" said the old gentleman, facetiously poking him in the ribs, "you've got the prettiest little wife going."

## Negro Suffrage in Tennessee.

Cincinnati Enquirer: The white Republicans of Tennessee are in a curious predicament. At their recent State Convention, the party being in a hopeless minority, it was decided to make no nomination but with the implied understanding that the entire Republican vote should go to the support of Isaac H. Thomas, a pseudo Democrat, who is running as an Independent candidate for Governor. By this means it was hoped to compass the defeat of Governor Porter, the Democratic nominee, and this result would undoubtedly have been claimed as a Republican victory, as has been done heretofore in the case of several Independent candidates in the South who have been elected by the assistance of Republican votes. There was, however, a very disorderly colored delegate in their convention who insisted upon the nomination of a full ticket. He was suppressed at the time; but it appears that he will not down, and he has been giving great trouble to his party associates. Yardley is his name, and he has been a protege of the great and good Brownlow. He promptly repudiated the action of the convention after its adjournment, and it has even been whispered by the alarmed Republicans that he might announce himself as a candidate for Governor. This a telegram this morning tells us that he has done in very truth, and that is why the Tennessee Republicans are in a peck of trouble. For among the Republicans of Tennessee, as in Kentucky and Missouri, there is a decided prejudice against the negro in any other political attitude than as a voter. He will not down, however, as a voter. In all the first-named States especially, no negro has ever, to our recollection, been nominated by a State convention, although in the colored vote is vested the brawn and sinew of the party. On several memorable occasions in Kentucky it has been only by frantic efforts that aspiring colored politicians have been squelched, and there has been a great dissatisfaction among them thereat. Yet, as Isaac Taucred said in Tennessee, shold Republican opinions and wish to give them expression by the ballot are brought face to face with a dreadful alternative. If they vote for Thomas, they can never again hope to command the negro vote; and if to vote for a colored man is something which the Tennessee Republican would as soon be shot as to do. This is not consistency, but it is the solemn truth. And what they will do about it we are not prepared to say, except to express the belief that the vote for Mr. Yardley as a candidate for Governor will be from his own people alone, and that his quondam white allies will find it inconvenient to go to the polls at all on election day.

A Connecticut farmer finds guinea hens the best potato bug destroyers he has tried. He keeps 50 of these fowls, and they do the work thoroughly.

## TENNESSEE NEWS.

The colored people have organized a Tilden and Hendricks club in Nashville.

The Democratic convention at Greenville, Tenn., Tuesday, nominated Hon. Wm. McFarland for re-election to Congress.

Interested parties broke into the Knoxville Circuit Court office Monday night, stole all the indictments and threw them into the river. They were recovered.

Hon. David T. Patterson, ex-United States Senator and son-in-law of President Johnson, has openly avowed his purpose to vote for Yardley for Governor.

Dresden Democrat: As we go to press, we learn that the grist and saw mill belonging to A. J. Swain was destroyed by fire on Wednesday night. Said to be the work of an incendiary.

Dresden Democrat: The Dresden cornet band has been engaged to furnish music for the Hickman fair, and are in daily training, having procured a professor to instruct them in some excellent pieces.

Dyersburg Gazette: John Wright, for counterfeiting nickles, was sentenced to three years imprisonment in the penitentiary by the Circuit Court, last Wednesday.

Chattanooga Commercial, Sept. 12th: Julius Brown, a German, suddenly fell dead while sitting in front of Mr. Shuenemann's saloon, about 9 o'clock last night. Dr. C. Wheeler was called and gave it as opinion that the cause was some organic disease of the heart.

Appeal: The business outlook for Memphis was never better, and merchants were never so much encouraged as they are now under the impressions which reach them from all quarters that the worst is over, and the evil days have passed away forever.

McMinnville New Era: We learn that Miss Lydia Northcut, living on Collins' river, in this county, committed suicide last Saturday by poison. Some parties, it is said, started a slanderous tale on the young lady, and, rather than live with the tongue of slander lashing innocence, she sought relief in death.

Dresden Democrat, Sept. 15: Hon. Em. Etheridge will speak here next Monday for Hayes and Wheeler. He will be followed in a few days by W. R. Scott, colored, editor of the Maryville Republican, who will speak for Tilden and Hendricks. Scott is for Yardley for Governor, but says he knows Tilden and Hendricks are the men to oust this crowd of corruptionists from around our National capital.

Benton Banner, Sept. 15: Miss Martha Parker, of the seventh civil district, while out one day last week getting an armful of wood near the house, was shot by some one from the bushes, about seventeen buck-shot taking effect. It is thought she will recover. We can give no further particulars.

Murfreesboro News: The Shelbyville Commercial has been the happy recipient of a big sweet potato, which he says lays our little three-pound tuber in the shade. His potato weighs 4 pounds, and measures 13½ inches in circumference and 11 inches in length. Rutherford won't let you off that easy, friend Russ. Wait till we get our premium potato.

Murfreesboro News, Sept. 15: Mr. Jas. Herrod of this county killed two large rattlesnakes Wednesday morning about five miles on the Bradyville pike. He was coming to town in his wagon, when his attention was called by a negro to the snakes in a field. He got out of the wagon, and with the assistance of the negro, killed the snakes with rocks. One of these had seven and the other six rattles.

Rutherford Herald: Rufus Todd, born in 1773, fought the Creek Indians, and was at New Orleans. Five years ago his children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, &c., amounted to one hundred and eighty. He has been married twice, and is the father of twenty children.—His last wife, with whom he is now living and by whom he has had ten children, is seventy-five years old. He says he cuts his own wood and does his own work. He is well and hearty; has never used tobacco or drank coffee, and but very little whisky; has lived on his present farm, amounting to one hundred and fifty acres, for sixty-two years. The only medicine he ever took was given him by a surgeon in Gen. Jackson's army, and he regrets that he ever took that. He lives twelve miles from town, and rode horseback to town yesterday, arriving at the toll-gate just as the sun was rising.

Murfreesboro News, Sept. 15: Last Friday morning Chas. Ferrill and Jas. Carnehan got into a difficulty which resulted in the death of Ferrill. It seems that the two the day before had a misunderstanding at a picnic in Cannon county. After Carnehan and his brother had returned from the picnic, Ferrill rode up to the house and called for them. Mrs. Carneham, the mother of the boys, told Ferrill to go away. As he started off Jas. Carneham followed him, overtaking him a short distance from the house. Here they renewed the difficulty, and were soon joined by Carneham's brother.—Mrs. Carneham saw them scuffling, and afterwards saw Ferrill fall to the ground. She immediately went to the spot and found the brothers pouring water on Ferrill's head, in the vain attempt of reviving him. One of them had struck Ferrill on the head with a large rock, causing his death. The Carnehams left soon afterwards, and have not yet been heard from.

## KENTUCKY.

Greenville children have the diptheria.

A Kentuckian has married the divorced wife of his son.

Wm. Fry, of Leesburg, is the owner of a horse thirty-four years old, that is still serviceable, and looks young and sprightly.

The Madisonville Times man prepared his mouth to whistle, and wrote, "present prospects indicate a large persimmon crop."

The Press reports a flattering opening of Kentucky Universities. The various schools have opened with good attendance, especially the Agricultural College.

Buck Neeley, prisoner in the Columbia jail, picked a visitor's pocket to the sum of $200 the other day, but a little boy saw him, and the money was recovered.

A country paper never loses the opportunity of paying an idiot a lot of compliments whenever he gets to fooling with a sensible pistol and it goes off and shoots the stuffing out of him. Served him right, we say.

Jas. Fief "laid" the champion egg of the season on the table of the Richmond Enterprise. It has a Tilden and Hendricks flag on the shell. Jim may now suspend active operations and go to "sitting" at once.

Paris Kentuckian: The hemp crop this year will be about two-thirds of last year's crop. Hemp now dull at $5. The corn crop promises to be immense, and the prices are very low: Old corn $1 75 and $2 per bushel; new corn at 75 and 95 cents in the field.

The True Kentuckian says W. S. Haviland, of Harrison county, has a cow that has produced seven twin calves in succession. We can't understand how she managed to make the number just seven, but Craddock is good authority on impossible monstrosities.

Glasgow Times: Tobacco is looking very fine and is maturing rapidly, and promises a very heavy leaf. The quantity growing is, of course, small, but the quality is highly spoken of. It is maturing rapidly and cutting is very forward, and is being vigorously pushed.

The picket-line seems to be getting in its work. The Leesburg correspondence of the Paris True Kentuckian says: Two of the fifteen negroes who left here for Ohio, it was supposed to vote at the November election, have returned, and they say that the others are coming home.

The Liberty correspondent of the Owen News says the prize-fight roughs who shot Garvey relieved that place of all its extra whisky, cigars, preserves, &c., besides taking a lot of plates, silver spoons, forks, &c. Garvey, in addition to a dangerous wound, was peculiarly damaged to the amount of $100.

The Lexington Press, in an article on the Cincinnati Southern railroad, says: It was generally conceded that the present trustees have no power under the law to operate it. The law upon that subject seems to be defective, and new laws will perhaps have to be enacted before the road can be put in running trim.

Glasgow Times: There's nothing so sweet for a young man to lie down with at night as a good conscience.—Ex.

The man who wrote that is a wretched, old, lying, mumbling bachelor. Good conscience, indeed! We wouldn't give one sweet little—well, never mind, we wouldn't argue a question with a man who hasn't any better sense.

Madisonville Times: Very little is said now about the strike at Earlington. The coal company has put to work about sixty new hands, and some of the old force have gone to work at the reduced wages. For a while it was thought there would ensue, but that apprehension appears to exist no longer, and it is thought that the current will run in smooth as smooth again.

Frankfort Yeoman: The shooting match at the Capital base-ball grounds, on Tuesday last, between Capt. T. J. South, of this city, and Mr. Fred. Wheale of Cleveland, Ohio, of 100 birds each, $250 a side, resulted in a tie of 99 birds each. The contestants left on the 2:48 train for Richmond, Indiana, where the match was to be decided on "neutral ground" yesterday afternoon.

Describing the doings of a negro camp-meeting, a correspondent of the Richmond Examiner says: The church, the fields, the woods were all strewn with mourners, and their supplications could be heard at almost all hours of day or night. One of them woke me one night praying very hard for his Heavenly Father to feed his children. I suppose his prayer was answered, as the next morning the contents of the milk bucket was gone, one chicken was missing from the coop, and the sweet-potato patch showed marked signs of filibusters.

## TEXAS.

Twenty-seven car loads of cattle left Fort Worth in one day.

Senator Ed. T. Randle died at Austin a few days ago.

There are seven public schools in Brownsville.

Lieut. Gov. Hubbard will not take the Gubernatorial chair until January next.

W. H. Sims was taken from his ranch last Thursday, in Burnet county, and hung. The mob consisted of seven men who were painted. It is not known who they were.

Three Mexican lions have been prowling around Whitville, in Comanche county, lately. Some men had a great track measure nearly seven inches.

Grape culture is attracting some attention in the neighborhood of San Antonio.

The worms have literally cleaned up the cotton in the lower portion of Gonzales county.

Eastland, the county site of Eastland county, is a thriving little town with 300 population.

Coleman county is improving very rapidly. Five business houses have been erected at the county site.

J. P. Olive, of Williamson county, and his brother, Robert Olive, and a man by the name of Samuel Carr, have all been arrested for killing negroes, and bound over for their appearance at the next term of the District Court.

A cotton seed oil factory is now being constructed at Calvert. It is to have six presses, and a powerful engine.

The two Brooking brothers are said to have resisted McNelly's men, in Goliad county, recently, and were killed on the spot.

Col Tom Scott and his railroad party have reached Sherman. Gen. Walker horribly mutilated. C. Brown, of Tennessee, were of the party.

A lady in Wise county dreamed she saw a new grave in the yard; near the grave was a woman laid out in burial apparel, whom she recognized as herself.—She related the dream to her husband, describing everything minutely, and soon afterwards a rat ran into the house, the husband snatched up an old pistol, and snapped it at the rat. While examining the treacherous fire-arm, it was accidentally