THE MORRISTOWN GAZETTE.

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THE expense of a trip around the world is calculated by the Railway Age, on the basis of 180 days at $849 for first class and $608 for second class accommodations. Under the first head are included these entries: New York to San Francisco, $129; sleeping car $22; meals on the road, $18; San Francisco to Sidney, $200; expenses in Sidney, $40; Sidney to Melbourne, $25; expenses in Melbourne, $40; Melbourne to Adelaide, $25; expenses in Adelaide, $40; Adelaide to London in sailing ship, $225; England to New York, $75. It is admitted, however, that a little extra money will not come amiss. No allowance is made for expenses in England.

THE gas men say that as electricity can not be stored like gas, the supply is therefore precarious and may at any time leave the city in the lurch were electricity depended on for light. "They say," said a reporter to the philosopher of Menlo Park, "one fatal defect is that you have no reservoir." "They don't think about it," replied Edison. "What is a reservoir but reserve force? What better force can you have than a modern steam engine? I shall always have a reserve of electricity. Forty five cities depend at this day upon modern steam engines, with their reserve cylinders, for their water supply. Reservoirs for water are getting out of date. What an absurdity to talk about reservoirs of electricity! Your engine is your reservoir."

SOME interesting experiments were made in Menlo Park which have determined Mr. Edison to reduce the size of, the carbon horse-shoes in the globes. Two lights, which have been burning constantly for nearly two hundred and fifty hours, were taken down in order to ascertain whether they had depreciated by combustion since first lighted. By means of the galvanometer an accurate test was made, and the result was compared with the original tests, No reduction had been made—that is to say, the amount of oxygen that had gained admittance had been so infinitesimal that the combustion of the carbon could not be measured by the finest and nicest test. It was found, too, that by reducing the size of the carbon horse-shoes one-third eleven lights could be generated per horse-power instead of eight. By increasing the resistance of the lamps from one hundred to two hundred ohms, Mr. Edison finds that he can still further increase the number of lights per horse-power. This, however, is found to increase the cost, and will not be attempted.

THE STATES of Alabama, Arkansas Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas are known as the Cotton States, since the cultivation of cotton absorbs the labor of the husbandman in that region of our country. The tota population of the ten States in 1870 was 8,272,223. The close of the war found them impoverished. Their property was destroyed. We of the North next overran them with carpet-baggers, who stole from them, interfered with their State governments, oppressed them in many ways. The inhabitants of the Cotton States waited as patiently as they had ought courageously, and at last regained the control of their own affairs. From that time the onward march of the cotton belt toward the most unprecedented prosperity has not faltered for an instant. The year of 1878 was a prosperous one for them, and they justly rejoiced over the result. For the year ending on June 30, 1879, the domestic exports from the United States amounted in value to a total of $717,093,777. Of this vast sum the ten cotton States, with their scanty population, are credited with $162,304,250 for their cotton alone. Over twenty-two per cent. of the value of our exportations was received for a crop grown by less than twenty per cent. of our population.—Pittsburg Post.

A Smoking-Car Episode.

In New York, the Third avenue horse car line runs special smoking cars. As one was coming down town with a number of passengers smoking, at Cooper Union, Miss Ferguson, Secretary of the Women's Employment Agency of New York, boarded the car. The smoke soon made her faint, and she appealed to the conductor. He told her it was a smoking car, and advised the lady to take the next. She said she could not be delayed, and stood on the platform. The passengers not only refused to yield to her evident distress by stopping smoking, but some of them laughed at her, and puffed harder than ever. At length two smokers rose to leave the car, the second of them being Mr. St. John Henriques, well known in business circles, and a member of the "Old Guard." As he neared Miss Ferguson, Henriques puffed smoke from his mouth in the direction of the lady. Overcome by her indignation at what she considered a fresh insult, Miss Ferguson lost control of herself, and struck Henriques in the face with her muff, jamming his cigar into his mouth. He threatened to put her off the car, and as he motioned toward her she struck him again squarely in the face. At the City Hall Henriques called an officer and had Miss Ferguson taken to the Tombs, where she was charged with assault. The justice fined the lady $5, but afterwards withdrew the fine, and held her to answer an indictment. After passing two or three hours in the Tombs pen, Miss Ferguson was allowed to go on parole. She did not know it was a smoking-car, but will look out for the sign next time.

An Outwitted Life Insurance Agent.

[Hackensack Republican.]

A gloom was cast over the brightness of our sanctum, yesterday, when the suave life insurance agent glided in and began to unfold his little scheme. When we asked him to insure us against loss from delinquent subscribers, he gathered up his duds, tightened the hold on his grip sack, and backed out of the office.

A LAST TALK.

Come out in the garden and walk with me,
While the dancers whirl to that dreamy tune,
See! the moonlight silvers the sleeping sea,
And the world is as fair as a night in June.
Let me hold your hand as I used to do;
This is the last, last time you know,
For to-morrow a wooer comes to woo
And to win you, though I love you so.

You are pale, or is it the moonlight's gleam
That gives to your face that sorrowful look?
We must wake at last from our summer dream;
We have come to the end of our tender book.
Love, the poet, has written well;
He has won our hearts by his poem sweet,
And at the end we must say farewell—
Ah! but the summer was fair and fleet.

Do you remember the night we met?
You wore a rose in your yellow hair;
Closing my eyes I can see you yet,
Just as you stood on the topmost stair,
A flutter of white from head to feet,
A cluster of buds on your breast—ah! me;
But the vision was never half so sweet
As it is to-night in my memory.

Here the viols cry, and the deep bassoon
Seems sobbing out in its undertone
Some sorrowful memory. The tune
Is the saddest one I have ever known;
Or is it because we must part to-day
That the music seems sad? Ah! me,
You are weeping, love, and your lips are white;
The ways of life are a mystery.

love you, love, with a love so true,
That in coming years I shall not forget
The beautiful face and the dream I knew,
And mem'ry always will always hold regret,
I shall stand by the seas as we stand to-night,
And think of the summer whose blossoms died
When the frosts of fate fell chill and white
On the fairest flower of the summer tide.

They are calling you. Must I let you go?
Must I say good-by, and go my way?
If we must part, it is better so;
Good-by's such a sorrowful word to say!
Give me, my darling, one last sweet kiss;
So we kiss our dear ones, and see them die;
But death holds no parting as sad as this!
God bless you, and keep you; and, so good-by

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"Never, so long as I live, will I forgive her, and when I am dead not a single penny of my money shall ever benefit her or any one belonging to her."

For the thousandth time old Job Grey uttered the same threat—the same in spirit, if not in words. It had become almost a part of his daily life, and appeared to intensify as the years passed. One would have thought, as the grave yawned more closely, he would have softened. But it was not so. His purpose remained unchanged and his will unbent. At first it had been a paradox to his neighbors how one who prayed so long and loudly at all church gatherings could thus harbor resentment and be unmindful of the forgiveness of which he would soon stand in need. But at last they became accustomed to his chronic state of mind, and knowing that, in the main, he was the possessor of a good and warm heart, simply smiled at it. Yet what could have made him burst out so suddenly and without apparent cause at that particular time sorely puzzled his old wife.

"Why, Job," she exclaimed, pausing in making the pumpkin pies that were ever the crowning glory of the Thanksgiving table, "what upon earth is the matter now?"

And it would have been a wonder to those more deeply versed in the mystery of the human soul than Susan Grey. Her husband had waxed rich; the world had gone well with him, his acres had increased, he was the owner of bank and railroad stock, his cattle and horses and sheep were many, and he was not without worldly honors. Yes, business had gone well with him, and why, upon that golden morning, when the soft sunny breath of Indian summer whispered peace and plenty and contentment, he should have turned back the ledger of life for nearly twenty years to look upon one dark, haunting page, could have been accounted for by none but himself.

"I was thinking, Susan," he said, and despite all the gall of bitterness within his heart he could not entirely keep his voice from trembling and something of mist from gathering in his eyes, "I was thinking of the day when our one child forsook her home to go away with a scoundrel."

The poor mother, who had never ceased to love their offending daughter, drew her apron over her tear-laden lashes and sobbed.

"He loved our child dearly and was very poor, Job, but always treated her kindly—always as long as he lived."

"He stole her away. She disobeyed her parents, and I could——"

"Don't Job—don't curse her Poor child, she has suffered enough, and we all have wandered like sheep from the right path. But what could make you think of her to-day of all others?"

"I had to do so. We are growing old without any one to care for us, and when we die all our wealth will go to strangers unless—"

"You leave it to some society."

"To have it fought over and squandered. No, no; never a cent will any of them finger and grow fat upon."

"But our daughter?"

"Hush! As she made her bed, even so must she lie in it. Didn't she steal hundreds of dollars from me?"

"Thank heaven, they were married, Oh! the consolation that has been to me. But I wouldn't think of it to-day, Job; to-morrow is the blessed Thanksgiving, and we ought to prepare ourselves to meet it in a proper spirit. Certainly we have very much to be thankful for."

"Well," he continued, "this picture of our Mary—take it away, wife, or it will drive me mad."

"The woman raised it from the floor, where it had fallen, tenderly brushed away the dust, kissed it, and having laid it safely between the leaves of the Bible, he continued:

"Happening to come across the face once so dear to us, I thought of wha our home might have been had she married as we wished; how she and her husband and bright-eyed laughing children would have made the lonely old house ring to-morrow. But it will never be, never be."

His wife had sunk into the rocking chair, sobbing aloud, and even he was moved as she had never seen him before, as he went on:

"It can never be now, Susan, but you might yet have somebody to save your old footsteps—one who would perhaps grow into our hearts, become as a child to us, and to whom we could leave our property when we are called beyond "the river."

"Job!" she almost gasped in astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," he said hastily, and as one uncertain even of himself, "we might adopt some girl."

"Gracious! But old Martha? She has been with us these many years, and like ourselves, is about worn out. You could not have the heart to turn her out now?"

"No, Susan. She shall be cared for even unto death. But she is failing fast. You cannot but have noticed it, and if I am not deceived she has something heavy upon her mind."

"It must be her son."

"No; he is dead. But yesterday I brought her the news—blessed news, I should say—though ever since she has wandered around muttering strangely and weeping and wringing her hands. No; she shall be taken care of. But how about the child, Susan?"

"I don't know what to say, it has come upon me so sudden. I will think over it, and we will talk of it again this evening. I haven't time now. As you say, Martha has become useless, and I have so much to do to get ready for dinner to-morrow. You know you invited the Domine and his wife to come home with us after church."

"Yes, yes, and I've got a considerable amount of choring around to do myself."

All that day there was great stewing baking, and baking in the home of Job Grey, but his wife went around with a lighter step, pleasanter face, and brighter eyes than usual, and ever and anon her old lips bubbled over with song, while Martha sat moping in the chimney-corner, working her hands nervously, or wandering up and down stairs.

"Poor Martha," said Mrs. Grey to the woman she had summoned to assist her in the lavish preparation, "she takes the death of her son hard. I fear it has upset her reason."

"He never was a good son to her; always caused her trouble and disgrace. Dear knows she ought to be thankful he has gone," was the almost unfeeling remark.

"But still he was her child," said the good dame, thinking of her own wandering, home-denied one and tears trickled down her face. I wonder where he died and what was the matter. I forgot to ask Job. But we must hurry up. I declare to goodness it is almost noon, and I've got so much to do and so much to think about."

"What is all this fuss about?" questioned Martha, suddenly raising her head from between her hands and apparently noticing for the first time the unusual disturbance in the domestic arrangements.

"Have you forgotten that to-morrow is Thanksgiving and the Domine and his wife are to be here?" asked her mistress. 'But don't fret about it, Martha. You are not well and we'll manage to get along without you."

"I shall never be well until I am in my grave," replied the old woman, solemnly.

"I know, I know Martha—you are thinking of your poor boy. But you must remember that he is—"

"In the pit of fire and brimstone where I—" she glared around defiantly for a moment and then continued—"where I soon shall be Oh! heaven, that I should have—" The rest of the sentence was inaudible, and she flung herself back in the chair, bent down her head, and sobbed aloud, as she rocked uneasily backward and forward.

The mistress soothed her and hastened on the work. And early in the afternoon the pantry-shelves were loaded with the most delicious-looking pumpkin pies, a great fat turkey, prepared for the spit, a massive bowl of ruby cranberry jelly, a huge chicken-pie, waiting the oven; a cake crowned with the most delicate frosting—in fact, everything in as much forwardness as could be, and a hungry soul would have rejoiced even in expectation of the feast. Then the house was made tidy, swept and dusted, fresh asparagus sprays hung in the corners, vases filled with bright-colored chrysanthemums, and the mistress, giving over the rest of her "help," announced her determination to run in and see the Domine's wife a bit.

But she saw the Domine as well, and they had a long and earnest consultation. The trouble which old Martha was in was discussed at length, and then they drifted into other matters, until at last, warned by the lateness of the hour Mrs. Grey thrust her needles into the ball of yarn, rolled up the half finished stocking, put it in her spacious pocket, and said she must go home and get tea.

"You won't forget what I said, and be sure to come," she said at parting, with a strange combination of smiles upon lips and tears glistening in eyes.

"Never fear," answered the Domine warmly, "and I will pray for a blessing."

"Oh! it would make the day one of such fervent and holy thanksgiving, Domine."

"Yes, a soul saved; a lost sheep gathered again within the fold would be as a benediction. No, I shall not fail to remember, and I will add works to faith. Strange what could be the matter with Martha."

An hour later Job Grey came in from his work and found a loaded table waiting, lamps lighted, and a hickory fire blazing and crackling cheerily upon the sitting room hearth.

"Bless me, Susan, you are beginning Thanksgiving early," he said.

"I thought you'd be tired and hungry, Job, and we might as well be comfortable."

"So I am. What, waffles!" he exclaimed, as his wife placed upon the table a huge dish of the delicious preparation, crisp, golden-brown, rich and covered with the freshest of butter, whitest of sugar and daintily sprinkled with nutmeg. "Yes, I knew you liked them, Job," replied his wife quietly, though her old eyes sparkled with pleasure and the red flush on her cheeks could scarcely have been accounted for by the heat of the fire.

"Like them, you dear old soul? There is nothing I like better. And such nice ones! I don't believe you ever made better in all your life, and I know no women can beat you, Susan."

Pleased with the praise, Mrs. Grey told of her visit to the parsonage; that the minister said he would try and find out what was the matter with Martha, and comfort her; and that she also talked about their proposal to adopt a girl.

"And what did the Domine say?" questioned her husband.

"Oh! he approved the plan, and wondered why we had not thought of it before."

"Thinking was easy enough; the right kind of a girl is the trouble."

"The Domine believes he knows one that will suit us—the child of a widow—and he would drive over and see about it."

"That accounts for his being on the road so late. I saw him going alone as I came in, and feared some one must be dying. When will he let us know?"

"To-morrow."

"I wonder who it can be? Oh! I guess I know. It's that Smith child, and a smart youngster. Well, whatever the Domine does is always about right, but we needn't have anything to do with the girl unless she suits us."

"Of course not. It is not every one I would be willing to take into my house much less my heart."

"Early to bed and early to rise" was with them the custom of a lifetime, and as the next day would be an uncommonly busy one they acted upon it, and the house soon became quiet, save as now and then could be heard the walking and groaning of old Martha.

The husband slumbered heavily, but the good wife scarcely closed her eyes. The anxiety for the morrow, the disturbance caused by the old servant, the responsibility attached to the adoption and bringing up of a child, and the conversation had with the minister combined drove away slumber, and before the day she was astir.

But Martha had arisen even earlier. As her mistress entered the kitchen she found her bending over the fire, shivering, bonneted, shawled, and her dabbled dress telling she had been abroad.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed; "where have you been, Martha, and you sick?"

The woman looked at her sharply, even fiercely, but made no direct reply, though her mistress caught a muttered threat about doing something even if killed for it, and, looking upon her as one bordering upon insanity, refrained from further questioning, and was careful not to cross her.

But as the morning progressed Martha appeared her former self, though more reticent. She took her usual interest in what was going on, attending to the household duties, and never gave a sign of the cause of her recent trouble, save it might have been in a casual word dropped about her not being "wanted very long."

That was the ray of light that solved the mystery of her actions for Job Grey and his wife. She must have learned their purpose, and presumed she would be discharged.

"Poor old thing," said the husband; "go and comfort her, Susan; tell her she shall never want a home as long as I have a roof over my head. She has been too good and faithful a servant."

Mrs. Grey did as her husband requested. The woman stared at her defiantly for an instant, and then broke down entirely and sobbed bitterly.

"The good news was too much for her," said Mrs. Grey to her husband when she returned. "If I had only known the cause of her trouble at first how much suffering I might have saved her, poor thing."

Certainly Martha seemed cheered, and as soon as the breakfast things were out of the way and her master gone to his out-of-door employment, she sought her mistress and said:

"So you are going to adopt a child in your old age?"

"Yes, Martha, we are talking of it."

"Who?"

"Domine Armstrong says he knows a girl that will suit us."

"And he is right, Listen to him."

Martha turned away again, and even more earnestly than before did up the work.

"I have everything in order," she said, when called to go to church, "but have got to stay and attend to the dinner."

"What, not going, Martha, and this Thanksgiving?"

"No, not to-day. I am not well, and there is too much to be done."

She retreated within, carefully closed up the house, and went up-stairs, remaining there for a long time; in fact going and returning until dinner absolutely required all her attention. And Job Grey and his Susan, and the Domine and his wife found everything ready when the long service at church was over. The table was set and garnished, the great chicken pie steamed apetizing odors, the pumpkin pies as flaked gold, and the turkey dripping unctiousness from its well-browned sides. Had the mistress of the mansion attended to every matter personally there could have been no improvement. But one thing a trifle surprised her. There were two more plates and two more chairs than the number warranted, and she questioned Martha as to the rerson.

"I didn't know who you might bring home. Somebody is always being asked, and this being Thanksgiving I thought very likely the table might be crowded, especially as there was so much cooked."

"And you were right, Martha," said the Domine approvingly. "There is indeed plenty, and room for more. Oh! that all the sorrowing, stricken children of the earth could partake of such bounty; that every wandering son and daughter of the earth could gather around their parents' board, and forgiveness, love and happiness reign in every heart."

Job Grey looked up at his wife uneasily, and his wife was forced to wipe away tears. His words had touched the hidden fount of feeling within their hearts far more than his labored sermon upon charity had done, and for a moment the silence was painful. To Job Grey his oft repeated prayer arose accusingly. It was known to all present, and for the first time he felt not only its absurdity but its sin. Yet he was the first to rally, and commanded Martha to remove the extra plates and chairs.

The old servant looked questioningly at the minister. He came to her relief saying:

"Now, that they are placed you might as well permit them to remain, my old friend. Blessed are they that give, and—"

"You promised me the girl would be here," interrupted Mrs. Grey.

"So I did, and if present she would fill one place."

"And her mother the other," said Martha.

She flung the door wide open and revealed a woman in the prime of life, holding a beautiful girl by the hand and both looking through tears, shrinking and afraid."

"Mary! Oh! God be praised, my daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, springing forward and clasping the elder one in her arms, and covering her face with kisses. "My daughter and your daughter! Father in heaven, I thank thee."

Job Grey stood as a lion at bay and glared fiercely around. He saw that a trap had been sprung upon him; that the minister he revered, the wife he loved, the old servant he felt kindly toward, had all conspired against him. But his almost daily oath stared him in the face, and he put an iron heal upon all of natural affection and ground it into the dust.

"Go hence," he said, "vagabond and wanderer that you are. Go, and take your child with you. No daughter of mine are you. Go, and quickly, before I turn you out of doors."

It was a terrible moment for all. The old, silver-haired minister stood with hands upraised to heaven; Susan Grey clung to her child and grandchild as one clinging to life; the wife of the minister sobbed pitifully; the daughter, driven from the home of her childhood, grew pale as death, and old Martha stood firm and waiving her hands as addressing unseen spirits.

"Go!" continued Job Grey. "The homestead won by honest toil shall never shelter you or yours."

"For the sake of mercy, remember the day; remember it is the holy thanksgiving. As you hope for forgiveness, show it to others," pleaded the minister, trembling before the storm he had raised.

"Be still!" commanded Job Grey, himself whiter than snow. "Had she only disobeyed me I might have forgiven her; but a thief, never!"

"Father," said the poor, heart-broken widow, breaking silence for the first time, as she rushed forward and threw herself a supplicant at his feet, "I never took aught from you—not a single penny. I only followed my heart."

"You speak falsely! The very night you fled hundreds of dollars went also. Go! You beg in vain."

"Not one step!" exclaimed Martha, springing forward and confronting the angry man. "Hear me! Your child is as innocent as a babe unborn. It was I stole your money! My son had to fly to escape prison. I stole your dollars to save him."

"Martha!"

"I speak truth—can prove it. Now, Job Grey, work your will with me; send me to prison and let me rot there. I care not what becomes of me. I had hoped to save and repay it, but that wretched boy took all—all. And I had prayed to be spared this. The thought of proclaiming myself a thief in my old age nearly drove me mad. But for the sake of her whom I carried in my arms, for her child, I have told all—told the truth."

Job Grey looked around as one dazed by a sudden vivid flash of lightning. Many things before misunderstood were plain now. Then human nature and a parent's love could no longer be restrained.

"Mary, my daughter, God forgive me," and opening his arms his long and sternly condemned child was clasped within one of his arms and lay sobbing upon his breast, her daughter within the other, and the wife and mother hanging upon all.

For a little time heavy sobbing could alone be heard; then silence settled upon all. They felt that any ordinary speech would be a sacrilege, and it was as a millstone lifted from every heart when the minister kneeled and said, in a trembling voice:

"Let us pray."

It was a simple, loving petition he offered, and acted as oil poured upon troubled waters; it accomplished what nothing else could have done, and when finished joy lighted every face as sunshine breaking through black clouds, and the angels of Peace and Love hovered with white wings and songs of rejoicing around the hearth-stone of Job Grey.

There was the widest forgiveness for all, even poor, old Martha, and around no board was gathered a more happy, loving family, and from no home went up as glad a hallalujah and triumphant song of Thanksgiving.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

NOTHING in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman.

WHEN two women with new hats on pass each other on the street there is a pair of back stairs made immediately.

QUILTED satin petticoats in colors to match costumes bid fair to displace felt and cloth balmorals for mid-winter wear.

IT is often a more meritorious act for a woman to allow something good to be said of another woman than it would be for her to say it herself.

THE popular fur-lined wrap is the circular. It is easily put off and on and does not crush the dress. Squirrel fur is mostly used for lining.

THERE is no widow so utterly widowed in her circumstances as she who has a drunken husband—no orphan so perfectly destitute as he who has a drunken father.

A TON of gold makes a fraction over half a million of dollars, and when a man says his wife is worth her weight in gold, and she weighs 120 pounds, she is worth $30,000.

A YOUNG artist has painted the picture of a dog under a tree, and the work is so artistically done that none of the connoisseurs can tell the bark of the tree from that of the dog.

"What do you do when you have a cold?" asked a man of Simpkins, yesterday. "Cough," was the sententious reply.—*Philadelphia Sunday Item* Doad't you ever blew you dose?

MRS. LANGTRY is described as having been in her girlhood "a lovely little creature with floating golden hair, who used to dash about the island of Jersey on her little pony in most daring fashion."

A GREAT many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin! But they spend a pile of money and lay around the house and let their mothers do the work.

THE web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.

SEVERAL girls were recently brought before a justice in Scranton, Pa., on a charge of stoning a peaceable old lady. Their defense was that she was a witch and they believed it to be their duty to stone her to death.

SHYLY he bent over the shining head,
And "Won't you—won't you?"
He softly said.
Pleading to the bright-eyed miss
Just for the loan of one sweet kiss.
The maiden tossed her pretty head,
And "No, I won't you!"
She saucily said.
"How foolish he is," thought the little miss;
"He should not ask for, but steal the kiss."

WE'VE got another one—hold on! keep your seats. What is the difference between a blind mule and a man who never reads a newspaper? Well, there isn't any difference. Entered according to act of Congress, etc.

THE Lockport *Union* thinks 9 is next to nothing. Why, Ives, we thought you had been there often enough to know that "nein" was nothing—but, come to think, perhaps Lockport people never do decline anything.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A GENTLEMAN who had been dining out the night before went into a barber shop to be shaved. He saw that the barber had been taking more than was good for him, for his hand shook very much; and, naturally indignant, be began to give him a little moral advice by saying: "Bad thing, drink?" "Yes," said the barber, "it makes the skin awful tender."

THE amount of silk worn each year in Switzerland amounts to more than $40,000,000; and the larger part of this is woven by women in their homes, using looms very similar to those used by our grandmothers. They also spin both flax and cotton and with the threads they knit, net, crochet, bolts of fanciful articles. Their embroidery is famous for its beauty and delicacy.

A GENTLEMAN not extremely given to piety was dismayed by being asked to say grace at a strange table. To refuse and explain would be embarrassing; to comply would be equally so; but he chose the latter, and started off briskly enough with, "Oh, Lord, bless this table——." Just here, being unused to the business, he nearly broke down, but by a gigantic effort pulled through with, "World without end. Yours, respectfully, amen."

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E. J. Sanford, W. W. Woodruff,
Joseph H. Earnest, A. Caldwell,
A. J. Albers, M. L. Ross,
J. A. Mountcastle, F. W. Taylor sr.
W. A. Anderson, J. Fulkerson,
S. T. Logan, G. W. Palmer,
R. C. Jackson, S. B. Luttrell,
W. P. Chamberlain, M. J. Condon,
D. T. Boynton, Chas. H. Brown,
J. Y. Johnston, Hugh Martin,
James L. Gaines, C. E. Lucky,
T. S. Webb, B. E. Earnest,
W. P. Washburn, R. T. Wilson,
John E. Chapman, Thos. O'Conner,
Jos. T. McTeer, John G. Earnest,
R. C. Powell, N. Bogart,
S. Saltmarsh, R. M. Rhea,
Thos. L. Williams, J. W. Lillard,
J. B. Hoxsie, D. F. Ross,
aug14'79-1y

J. S. MILLER,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Morristown, Tenn.
First-Class Work,
Graceful & Stylish,
No Misfits.
Having adopted Morristown as my future home, I solicit the patronage of a generous public. With an experience of 28 years, I feel safe in guaranteeing perfect satisfaction. Gents' and boys' garments cut and made equal to any in the State. Ladies' coats and habits exquisitely cut and made. Prices as low as good work can be done for in this section. Country produce taken in exchange for work. Cleaning and repairing neatly executed. All work done with precision. Punctuality a specialty. European and American fashions constantly on hand. I invite all to call upon me at my shop, nearly opposite Commercial Hotel, Main street.
jul16 79—1y J. S. MILLER.

TONSORIAL.
By Mack Fulton,
At the Grigsby House,
MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE.
I solicit the public patronage, and would say that I can give satisfaction either in a clean, neat shave hair cut, hair dress, clean shampoo, or an elegant whisker or moustache dye. Terms moderate.

FOR THE

NORTH AND WEST!
Do not fail to see that your Ticket reads by the
NASHVILLE,
CHATTANOOGA &
ST. LOUIS R. R.
FOR speed, safety and comfort, you will find this line to be unrivaled. For the celebrated Springs and Summer Resorts, Round trip tickets can be purchased at all principal offices. Emigrants wishing to go West, either to locate or as prospectors, will find it to their advantage to go by this route. Round trip emigrant ticket on sale to Texas points. Through coaches are run from Chattanooga to Columbus without change. Sleeping Coaches on all night trains.
Good Coaches, Good Road and Quick Time.

Leave Chattanooga	11 00 am	2 40 pm
Bridgeport	12 10 pm	10 05 pm
Stevenson	12 31 pm	10 35 pm
Cowan	1 33 pm	11 40 pm
Decherd	1 45 pm	11 55 pm
Tullahoma	2 15 pm	12 30 am
Wartrace	2 45 pm	1 05 am
Murfreesboro'	3 42 pm	2 15 am
Arrive Nashville	5 00 pm	4 00 am
Leave Nashville	5 10 pm	6 00 am
Arrive McKenzie	11 10 pm	11 40 am
Martin		2 13 pm
Union City	4 30 am	6 55 pm
Memphis	5 00 pm	5 10 am
St. Louis	5 25 pm	6 15 am

For maps, time tables and all information in regard to this route, call on or address
W. L. DANLEY, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Nashville, Tenn.
WM. T. ROGERS, Pass Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn.
A. B. WRENNE, Trav. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.
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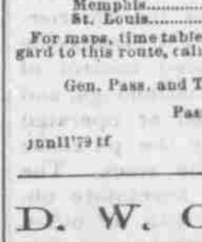
D. W. C. DAVIS,

Watch Maker
AND
JEWELER,
Morristown, Tenn.
Announces to the public that he is now prepared to do all kinds of work in his line at the most satisfactory prices.
REPAIRING
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of all kinds attended to with promptness and in the very best style. Any article of Jewelry ordered on short notice and satisfaction guaranteed. aug27'79 1y

GEO. WALKER,
FASHIONABLE TONSOR.
MORRISTOWN, TENNESSEE.
Having fitted up and opened a new Barber Shop on the railroad, next door to Newman's Beer Hall, I am prepared to accommodate the public in my line of business and respectfully solicit a share of their work. My prices will be reasonable, and all work guaranteed to please. Keen razors and clean towels will be a leading feature. Also my bureau at all times will be supplied with the best oils and perfumeries that can be had. In fact, I propose to dispatch work in artistic style, but to be convinced come and see me.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. W. WOODRUFF. W. E. GIBBINS.
1879.
W. W. WOODRUFF & CO.
WE HAVE DECIDED TO ADD TO OUR REGULAR HARDWARE business a line of *AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS*, and are now prepared to furnish everything in that line at Factory Prices.
We shall aim to keep only such articles as stand the test of experience as being the VERY BEST of the kind in use.
We had the honor to introduce the OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, and we are sure we have the gratitude of 5,000 Farmers, who are now using them in this section.
Every article warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
Circulars and Prices sent on application.
Correspondence solicited and all information on Machinery cheerfully given.
Send for Circulars and Prices to W. W. WOODRUFF & CO., for the following implements:
WHEELER & MELICK'S
CHAMPION THRESHER AND CLEANER, 18 INCH CYLINDER, $150
CHAMPION THRESHER AND CLEANER, 22 INCH CYLINDER, $200
THE BEST AND LOWEST PRICED THRESHERS & CLEANERS IN ANY MARKET.
RAILWAY and LEVER POWERS, CLOVER HULLERS and CLEANERS
SHINGE MACHINES,
HORSE RAKES, PULVERIZING WHEEL HARROWS,
Wholesale Agents for the
HOWE SEWING MACHINE COM'Y,
SEND FOR CIRCULARS AND PRICE LIST.
Brennan & Co. Kentucky Grain Drill
This Drill will work in lands where other drills will fail. The only Drill that will not choke or clog in FILTHY LAND; of less draft than any other; requires but one man and two horses. We believe this will work as great a revolution in Grain Drill as the Oliver Chilled Plow has among other Plows. Send for Circulars and Prices to
W. W. WOODRUFF & CO
Cider Mills,
Sinclair Straw Cutters.
Wheat Fans,
Oliver Chilled Plows,
Double-Shovel Plows, wood or iron beam,
3-Roller Cane Mills, 2-Roller Cane Mills,
Patent Galvanized Evaporators and Furnaces,
Lawn Mowers,
Circular Saws,
Hall's Fire Proof Safes,
Fairbank's Stock Scales,
Mill Findings, French Burr Mill Rocks Old Quarry,
Gum Belting and Packing,
Double and Single Spout Corn Sheller,
Dexter Sheller and Separator.
Our stock of General Hardware will be kept complete and full, and will meet competition from any quarter. Orders by mail promptly filled.
W. W. WOODRUFF & CO.,
KNOXVILLE, TENN.

GEO. BROWN
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
General Agent for the Sale of the
CELEBRATED SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOW,
Which is fast superceding all other two and three-horse Plows.
THE BEST PLOW IN THE WORLD!

Has the sole agency for the sale of the STUDEBAKER WAGONS—price reduced to $72.00, including brake on box and running gear and spring seat.
Sole agent in East Tennessee for the sale of RUSSELL & CO.'S "NEW MASSILLON" THRESHERS, Horse Powers and the repairs for the same. This new machine of Russell's has a clover huller and cleaner attachment, which can be attached at any time at a cost of only $50.00, and is far the best machine on the market. Send for circular.
We keep a large stock of all kinds of Agricultural Implements and repairs, including
Mowers, Reapers, Self-Binders, Grain-Drills, Avery's Steel Plows,
At factory prices, John Deere Steel Plows, Coate's Lock-Lever Rakes, Sinclair Straw Cutters, Fish Bros. Wagons (very cheap), Double-shovel Plows, and steel shovel and bull tongue Blades.
GRASS SEEDS.
Clover, Timothy, Orchard Grass and German Millett. We keep the Largest Stock of Seed kept by any house in the West, and sell for the very lowest cash price.
Commission Merchant,
Sell all kinds of country produce and make liberal advancements.
MILL MACHINERY of every kind furnished, also Steam Engines.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
GEO. BROWN.
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P. M. WILLIAMS.
WHOLESALE
PRODUCE & COMMISSION MERCHANT
DEALER IN
WHEAT, CORN, OATS, HAY, FLOUR, LARD, BACON, DRIED FRUIT, &c.
Cash Advanced on Produce in Store.
Warehouse: Old Virginia Depot, on Railroad Track,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
may28'79 1y

J. W. GAUT & SON.
Wholesale Produce and Commission Merchant
No. 203 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.
Receives Consignments of all kinds of Produce, and Buys
WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, HAY, BACON, LARD, FLOUR, DRIED FRUIT, FEATHERS, &c.
For which the highest market price is paid. When desired, liberal advances made on consignments, Charges liberal and satisfaction guaranteed. aug20'79-1y