

# THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

## EXTRA EDITION.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### PLANT A HOME.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Young beginners in life's morning,  
 Don't forget the rainy day;  
 Sunshine cannot last forever,  
 Or the heart be always gay.  
 Save the dime and then the dollar,  
 Lay up something as you roam—  
 Choose some blooming spot of beauty,  
 Some fair spot, and "plant a home."  
 You, too, having babes around you,  
 Coming up to take your place,  
 Give them something to remember—  
 Homestead memories let them trace.  
 Would you feel the pride of manhood  
 Let the sun your dwelling greet—  
 Breathe the blessed air of freedom,  
 And to Brown's now turn your feet.

#### THE KURNEL'S ROOM.

How Squire Skaggs got Skinned by the "Pharaoh Men."

[Savannah News.]

"You see," said the Squire, pitching his voice to an exegetical altitude, "it wuz sorter this way. Last Chuesday wuz a week ago, I sailed down from Gwinnett to Atlan'y with seven bags of cotton. Arter I sold 'em I kinder loafed roun' looking at things in general an' feelin' just as happy as you please, when who should I run agin but Kurnel Blasengame. Me an' the Kurnel used to be boys together, an' we wuz as thick as five kittens in a rag basket. We drunk outen the same gourd, an' we got the lint snatched outen us by the same bandy-legged school teacher. I was gitten as lonesome as a rain-crow afore I struck up with the Kurnel, an' I was glad to see him—durned glad. We knocked 'roun' town right smartually, an' the Kurnel interjuced me to a whole raft of fellows—mighty nice boys they wuz, too. Arter supper the Kurnel says:

"Skaggs," says he, "less go to my room whar we kin talk over the old times sorter comfortable an' undisturbed like."

"Greeable," says I, an' we walked a squar or so an' turned into an alley an' walked up a narer par of stars. The Kurnel gin a little rap at a green door, an' a slick lookin' merlatter popped out and asked us in. He wuz the durndest perlitest nigger you ever seen. He just got up an' spun aroun' like a tom cat with her tail afre. The room wuz as fine as a fiddle an' full of picturs an' sofys, and the cheers wuz as soft as lamb's wool, an' I thought to meself that the Kurnel was a lugsuriant cuss. Thar wuz a lot of mighty nice fellows scattered roun' a laffin an' a talkin' quite sosiable like. Aper-

## J. R. C. BROWN.

### IMPORTANT NEWS

TO THE CITIZENS OF

## Giles and Surrounding Counties.

### Great Reduction

in the prices of

# DRY GOODS,

# GROCERIES,

## BOOTS & SHOES, HATS & CAPS,

CLOTHING, QUEENSWARE, &c.

## Sale to Last 30 Days.

Beginning with 1st July, 1874.

Owing to the fact that the rear wall has to be taken out in extending my store rooms, and that the goods would be injured by the lime dust, in order to reduce my stock as low as possible before this is done I offer my entire stock

# AT COST!

No additions will be made to the stock during the time, so you had better call early and get first selections.

### READ PRICES ON THE THREE SUCCEEDING PAGES.

## J. R. C. BROWN.

ient, the Kurnel wuzn't much sot back, for he sorter luffed to himself an' then he says:

"Boys," says he, "I hev fetched up a fren'. Jedge Hightower, this is Squire Skaggs of Gwinnett, Major Briggs, Squire Skaggs, an' so on all roun'. Then the Kurnel turns to me and says:

"Reely, I wuzn't expecting company, Skaggs, but the members of the Young Men's Christian Soss-shun make my room their headquarters."

"I ups an' says I wuz mighty glad to meet the boys. I used to be a premetiv Baptis' myself afore I got to cussin' the Yankees, an' I hev always had a sorter hankerin' arter pious folks. They all luffed an' shuck han's over agin, an' we sot thar a smokin' an' a chawin' jest as muchuel as you please. I disremember how it come up, but presently Major Briggs gets up an' says:

"Kurnel, what about that new parlor game you got out the other day?"

"Oh," says the Kurnel, looking sorter sheepish, "that was a humbug. I can't make no head nor tail outen it."

"I'll bet I ken manage it," says Jedge Hightower, quite animated like.

"I'll show you how, Jedge, with pleasure," says the Kurnel, an' then he went to a table, unlocked a box an' took out a deck of keerds an' a whole lot of little whatyoumaycall-ems, similarly to horn buttons, some white an' some red.

Squire Skaggs paused and supplied his tireless jaws with a fresh quid of tobacco.

"It ain't no use to tell you any more. When them fellers got done larin' me that game I didn't have money enough to take me down stars. I 'low I looked a leetle wild, for when the Jedge closed the box he said:

"We hev had a pleasant evenin', Squire. You'll find the Kurnel waitin' for you on the steps, an' we'll give your money back."

"I ain't never laid eyes on the Kurnel sence, an' when I do thar's goin' to be a caze for the Kurriner—you mind my words. I seed Rufe Lester next day—you know Rufe; he's in the Legislature now, but I used to give him pop-corn when he wuzn't so high—I seed Rufe an' he sed I wuz tuck in by the Pharaoh men. Tuck in ain't no name for it. Durned if I didn't go to the bottom an' git skinned alive."

Corn has sold in Lincoln county at \$5 per barrel. The Fayetteville Observer is informed that in some localities there is hardly enough of the old grain to feed stock while doing the necessary plowing.