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ADVERTISING RATES:

One Dollar per Inch for the first, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.
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The Pulaski Citizen.

VOL. 22. PULASKI, TENN., THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1880. NO. 27.

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—AND—
FAMILY SUPPLIES,
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Respectfully,
HENRY WAYMAN SMITH,
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Suggestion of Insolvency.

HAVING suggested to the County Court of Giles county the insolvency of the estate of J. W Mollard, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to file them duly authenticated with the clerk of said court on or before the 7th December, 1880, or they will be forever barred. Persons indebted to the estate are required to make settlement at once.
jun10-4t C. H. BENNETT, Adm'r.

SECRETS OF THE SEA.

Discovery of a Singular Settlement in the South Atlantic.

Chicago Times: Sooner or later the poles and Africa must yield up their little mysteries to the organization and persistence of modern exploration, and then there will be only one thing left to look for—a spot of ground large enough to be inhabited on which humanity has not its representatives The search may not be hopeless, but certainly up to this date the most eccentric and indefatigable globe-trotters have failed to discover any such place. The man, woman or child in this country of free schools, who knows of even the existence of the Tristan Da Cunha islands can scarcely be found; yet most maps show them, and in some cyclopædia they are recognizable in the few lines about Tristan Da Cunha. There are three islands in the group which lies in the South Atlantic Ocean, about midway between Africa and America, and nearly on a line from Buenos Ayres to Cape Town. It was on the largest of the group, containing about forty square miles, that the ship Mabel Clark, owned in New York, and sailing from Liverpool to Hong Kong, was driven ashore by stress of weather two years ago next May-day; and now, Capt. East, of her Majesty's ship Comus, has just reported his delivery of the presents sent by President Hayes to the islanders who succored the crew. They are one hundred in number, and are chiefly descendents of a certain Corporal Glass, who was one of a garrison placed on the island by England when Bonaparte was imprisoned on St. Helena, fifteen hundred miles away. The oldest inhabitant is Peter Green, a hale, hearty man, in his seventy-second year, and the youngest is his great grandchild, aged a few months.

There have only been four deaths in thirteen years, and no death in infancy was ever known among them. The perfect climate is probably the explanation of these facts. The community cultivate about 20 acres, potatoes being the chief crop, and usually get ten or twelve bushels from one of seed. They have five hundred cattle, five hundred sheep and any quantity of fowls. The little state is both orderly and contented, and Peter Green is looked upon as the chief, although he disclaims all pretentions to power. Doubtless the fact that nearly a majority of the population are related to him—he had sixteen children—accounts for the estimation in which he is held. Capt East recommended his son, William Green, for the Albert medal or the life-saving medal of the Royal Humane Society, and as he greatly distinguished himself on the occasion of the Mabel Clark's wreck the matter is one for somebody's attention in this country also. Some years ago the islanders begged some cats from a ship which, for some reason, stopped at Tristan Da Cunha, but the perverse animals preferred rabbits and chickens to exclusive mice, and now they run wild all over the island, while the mice are greater pests than ever. All the islanders want now is a clergyman. The chaplain of the Comus christened five children, who, doubtless, could have waited a year or two longer for the ceremony, but the case of expectant brides and bridegrooms is hard indeed. Contemplative persons without inordinate appetites for letters and newspapers may not find its picture attractive, but the genius of the age is all for restless competition, and most people will regard such a life as vegetation rather than existence, and will not cease to wonder that human beings should, of their own free will, choose to endure it.

Our Teachers.

For the Citizen.

I stepped into the county court room the other morning to witness the proceedings of the Teachers' Normal Institute that is now in session at this place, and during the short stay I made, Mr. Spencer D. Clack and Butler Abernathy were each illustrating his method of teaching English grammar, arithmetic and elocution. I was very much taken with the interest manifested by these young teachers in their profession and the pride they exhibited in having their pupils make a good showing—though I think they only wanted to make an honest exhibit and not a showing above their merits.

Mr. Abernathy had several of his pupils present by whom he illustrated his method of teaching the branches above mentioned, and I think he succeeded in showing that he has the correct idea of teaching, and he bids fair to be very useful in that line, and his efforts were highly creditable to himself and to the pupils he had present.

Mr. Clack had only one of his pupils present—a little Miss Hobbs, who looked to be ten or eleven years of age, and when Mr. C. proposed to illustrate his method of teaching those different branches with that little girl I think his audience was a little skeptical about his being able to succeed; but she had been on the floor but a short time before all that skepticism had disappeared. The readiness with which she worked the difficult propositions in arithmetic; her clear and lucid explanation of them after worked; the seeming thorough knowledge she exhibited of English grammar, and her splendid reading were all calculated to and did elicit the highest commendations of those present.

How much of this is due to Mr. C.'s instruction I know not, but there is one thing sure, if a great deal of the credit is not due to him, his little pupil is the more remarkable. Mr. C. said it just happened to be convenient for him to bring her to town, and he spoke as though he had quite a number that were equally as well trained. Well, he may have, but I doubt about his having many more of that age. Spencer must not test our credulity too far on that, though we are prepared to believe a great deal

I have only had the pleasure of witnessing the proceedings of the Institute a little while, and I was much pleased with it, and hope it will be the commencement of a new era in our educational interest in this county, and that it may result in great good to that cause.

SPECTATOR.

Guying Garfield.

The stories of Garfield's boyhood multiply. The statesman on the canal-boat whose horse power Garfield managed was found the other day at Cleveland, and, being asked what kind of a boy James was, said: "Well, I don't think he was any worse than common boys."

On one occasion the confederate and union armies were drawn up in battle array. "Stop a moment," said the leader of the former, stepping to the front and speaking through a trumpet. "If James A. Garfield occupies a position in the opposing lines I'll give him a house and lot if he'll come over and fight on my side." "Is there a carriage house attached to the premises?" inquired Mr. Garfield after a brief pause. The reply was "N-no." "Very well," said Mr. Garfield, rising in his stirrups, "then I spurn your base offer and will immediately proceed to knock thunder out of you." The two armies came together, and in a few minutes Mr. Garfield exhibited the head of the confederate leader on the point of a fence rail. "May this," he said, wiping the blood from his sword with the leaf of a burdock; "may this ever be the fate of tyrants!"

As a driver of mules on the canal Jimmie Garfield never drank, chewed tobacco or swore at the animals. His captain would frequently call out to him. "Now then, young feller, if you don't swear and swich that nigh mule over the ear she'll tumble into the canal," but Jimmie would say, "I cannot do it, sir—it would hurt my feelings," and instead would argue with the intelligent beast in the persuasive manner for which he is now so well known. One day the team, sure enough, did tumble in and were drowned. The captain swore what is called a streak—a streak that reached from Albany to Coxsackie, and was unusually broad and sulphurous. "I pray you," said Jimmie earnestly, "cease those awful words. Why, sir, you won't catch any fish." "Young man," said the captain sternly, "this is not a fishing excursion, and if it were, I ain't such a blamed fool as to use up two mules in baiting my hook just once." "Well, well," said Jimmie, hastily, "I don't care much about that part of the argument, anyhow. Let us return to the original amendment. I can not stand these continual oaths, and I beg you to give me my wages and let me go home to my ma."

"But who's agoin' to pay for them mules?" said the captain, wickedly. "That is the question before the house now." "You are mistaken, sir," replied Jimmie with the utmost firmness. "The question is that I want my money and I want to go home, and no other question can come up for argument until that is disposed of." The captain saw the force of the young parliamentarian's point, paid him in full, and was proceeding to the clause of the bill when Jimmie remarked quietly, "That, sir, settles the entire affair. This house is adjourned sine die. Good-by, old fellow," and he leaped the fence and vanished rapidly into the woods."

Better than Quinine.

For speedy and certain cure of all malarial diseases, no medicine has yet been invented equal to Dr. C. P. Duncan's celebrated Chill Tonic. It contains no arsenic, strychnine or quinine in any form; consequently it produces none of the bad effects which so commonly result from the use of those mineral and poisonous medicines. Dr. Duncan's Chill Tonic purifies and builds up the impoverished blood, giving tone and strength to the whole system—one bottle is equal to three dollars' worth of quinine. For sale by Grigsby & Anderson, Pulaski.

HE SNEEZED.

An Encore That Cost a Man His Life—The Way They Do Things on the Plains.

San Francisco Post: Writers use such similes as "so still one could hear a pin drop," and "as silent as the grave," but for absolute awe-inspiring quiet commend us to that profoundly concentrated hush of a variety theatre audience as some "monarch of song" retires after perpetrating, say some fifteen "encores." At such a moment the entire house holds its breath with a common understanding, well knowing that the faintest sound that can be mistaken for applause—the scraping of a foot, the dropping of an opera glass—will precipitate another would be comic ballad upon their devoted heads. A friend at Deadwood writes the following apropos incident, which shows that in some cases the summary justice meted out in mining communities has its advantages. At the recent performance of a traveling combination at that camp, which endeavored to atone for the sparsity of its attractions by the length of the bill, one particular murderer of harmony had taxed the patience of the red-shirted audience to the last limit, and had just retired for the ninth or tenth time. The audience remained absolutely petrified with suspense. Not a whisper was heard, even the cigars were puffed as softly as possible. At this pregnant moment a young man in the front row, after a desperate struggle to restrain himself, sneezed. "Ping!" went the prompter's bell, and in rushed the cheek-coated "comique," bawling another stale ditty. This was too much. After a hasty conference with their neighbors, a committee from the dress circle invited the sneezer to step outside.

"Was that only an incidental sneeze, so to speak?" asked the chairman, "or have you a bad cold?"

The young man intimated that the latter was the case.

"Then you are liable to sneeze at any moment. Now, take our advice. Here is the price of your ticket. Take it and go quietly home."

"I don't propose to go home," said the young man. "I walked clear from Frog Hollow to see this show, and I mean to sit her out."

"Is that your final determination?" asked the committee, quietly feeling for their shooters.

"It is!"

"Bang!"

And carefully hanging the corpse over a fence where his friends could find it in the morning, the committee softly returned to their seats.

Burned Alive.

The tragic death of the engineer of a train on the Great Western railroad of Canada, recently wrecked near Simcoe, is thus described by the London Free Press: About three o'clock, train No. 31, driven by engineer Fred Chilcott, approached Simcoe from the east, running at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour. As it rolled through the yard the fireman was shoveling coal into the furnace, and the ill fated engineer was gazing out into the night, with his hand upon the throttle valve, little dreaming of the terrible destiny that awaited him. One of the brakemen, Alex. Thompson, was upon the engine, standing between the locomotive and tender, with his gaze fixed upon the track ahead, lit up by the glare of the head-light. Eagerly he scanned the track, and when a few yards from the scene of the disaster, the brilliant reflection of the light fell upon the misplaced switch. The young man observed it, and feeling that they were rushing on to inevitable death, he exclaimed, "My God, the switch is wrong!" and at once sprang off the train. Almost at the same time the wary engineer observed the open switch, and, glancing at his mate, he uttered the emphatic command, "jump!" while he grasped the reversing lever with both hands and endeavored to bring the train to a standstill. But the danger could not be averted. The fireman essayed to leap out, but ere he could accomplish it he heard the engine bumping over the ties; there came a crash and the mighty machine toppled over the embankment and became deeply embedded in the sand. The embankment at this point is over ten feet in depth, and car after car piled upon the engine, while the coal, debris and broken wood crushed down the unfortunate man beneath. The engineer manfully stuck to his post, and during the fall his arm became firmly caught between the lever and the boiler. The gauge had been broken by the concussion, and a volume of white dense smoke and scalding water poured forth upon the devoted engineer. The furnace door flew open and a stream of liquid fire surged around his body. Eagerly the flames licked up the light woodwork of the cab, and the over topping care and the coal became ignited. Unable to move, held down by the debris and coal, with the cinders falling upon him, the engineer lay, enduring the most terrible agony, and literally roasting alive, while, with feeble voice, he called for help, with none to hear his cries or afford succor in his appalling extremity. The shock had stunned the fireman, but upon recovering consciousness he found that he was buried in the coal. After a terrible struggle the courageous man succeeded in extricating himself, bleeding and almost exhausted. Approaching as near as possible to his unfortunate comrade, he inquired where he was fast. The answer was, "My God! my hand is under the lever! Hurry up and get me loose; I am roasting!" The fearful predicament of the engineer inspired his faithful comrade with almost superhuman strength. Grasping a ponderous crowbar, he endeavored to raise the lever, but all his efforts were futile, although the fierce strain caused the bar to bend almost double. Then fearful that the suffering man would be burned alive, he strained every nerve to rescue him, without avail. The fallen man asked him to cut his arm, and thus release him, but the fireman was unable to do this. His utter helplessness rendered him frantic, and, as he emphatically said, minutes seemed hours. The engineer faintly appealed for water, and his comrades at once issued forth to obtain it. In the meantime the conductor and others appeared on the scene. They could hear the cries of the engineer, but the fierce heat of the flames and dense smoke and escaping steam forced them to retreat and abandon their comrade to his fate. The flames swept steadily on, and when the fireman returned, his comrade was enveloped in flames, and the brave engineer and true man had succumbed to a terrible death. When the mass of debris had cooled sufficiently to permit a near approach, a search was instituted for the remains, which resulted in the discovery of a few charred bones and remnants of flesh. The body had been burned to a crisp, and of what had a short time previous been a strong man in the prime of his manhood, there now remained a handful of blackened flesh and bone.

Coon vs. Dog.

Being in a tobacco store on Gravier street, New Orleans, Colonel Sam Boyd fell to praising his blooded dogs of the terrier and bull species. His extravagance provoked the remark from Colonel D. A Wilson, a bystander, that his colored porter owned a coon that could whip any dog in the city. The talk became a dispute and the dispute grew and out of it came a wager. The fight took place at Nelligan's once the great sporting center in New Orleans. The rules of the combat were drawn up regularly. Boyd led out a bull terrier named Sam. The dog weighed thirty five pounds. He was a terrible thing of bone and teeth. The coon was a veteran, with long claws and teeth, and heavy fur. The bets ran: A thousand dollars to five hundred that the coon would give in in ten minutes; one thousand to two and fifty in ten minutes; one thousand to one hundred in one half hour by the watch. Several buckets of water were placed in the ring for the coon's benefit. By the time that all was in readiness fifty thousand dollars had been staked on the result, and the betters were all men of position in society. A member of congress, the sheriff and all the city officials were present. The fight was opened by a dash of the terrier. For a full minute the beasts rolled in deadly embrace over the arena and the fur flew. At the end of the first round the dog wasn't such a favorite, though he still led. Round after round was fought until forty-five minutes had been consumed. The coon with singular cunning upset the buckets of water in the saw dust so that the dog slipped here and there. The fight ended in the complete discomfiture of the dog, which died on the following day from its wounds.

A Peculiar Will.

New York Times: Dr. Wilson J. H. Burch, who recently died at Phillipsburg, left a peculiar will. Among other things it provides for a monument of granite to be erected at his grave at a cost not to exceed $50,000 or less than $40,000. It also provides that $10,000 be invested for the establishment and maintenance of a brass band, to be called the "Burch Cornet Band of Phillipsburg." The sole duty of this band will be, on the anniversary of his death and on legal holidays, to march to the monument and there perform a funeral march and such other appropriate music as the leader of the band may designate.

SEE the date upon your paper. If your time is out for the CITIZEN, please remit before we are compelled to stop it.

IDEALS.

Model Husbands, Wives, Journalists, Politicians, Babies and Clergymen.

The ideal husband is a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attention to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round shouldered, grizzly looking fellow, who buys the second quality of butter for the table, eats his meals at a down-town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest, and who just "slats" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the back yard fence with the neighbors.

The ideal newspaper man is a man whose brain is crammed solid full of all things classical, social and political, whose pen can reel off poetry, sentiment and sense to order, and into whose presence we should come with feelings of awe inspired by overpowering genius; the real newspaper man is a worn out fragment of humanity, who carries a sickly smile significant of hope deferred and financial depression, and wears a seventy-five cent alpaca coat.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism, and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position with big pay and lots of nothing to do.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo" and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders; the real baby is a young wad of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle down, and as for angel's wings, well, they don't fasten them on with safety-pins.

The ideal clergyman is a man born too good for this world, with the virtues of christianity bristling all over his character and shining forth like the rays of the noon-day sun; the real clergyman is a man who preaches his best sermons "on an exchange" in the hope of getting a call with a bigger salary.

The Democratic Nominees.

WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.

General Hancock is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Montgomery county, in that state, on the 14th of February, 1824. He graduated at West Point in 1844, and served mainly on frontier duty until 1845, and afterwards in the war with Mexico, being brevetted as first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Cherubusco. From 1848 to 1855 he was again employed in frontier duty, and from 1855 to 1861 was quartermaster of the southern district of California. In August of the latter year he was recalled to Washington, and when the army of the Potomac was transferred to the Peninsula in 1862, he was already a brigadier general, with the appropriate command, in the Fourth Corps. His first opportunity to make a mark occurred at Williamsburg, and he made a brilliant one. He next distinguished himself in the battle of Frazier's farm, and subsequently took an active part in the campaign in Maryland, at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. Being made a major general, he commanded a division at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg he did magnificent work. On the first day of the battle, July 1st, 1863, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a dicisive battle should be given, or whether the army should fall back. He reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command until the arrival of Meade. In the decisive action of July 3d he commanded on the left center, sustaining the terrific onset of Longstreet's confederates, and being severely wounded. The thanks of congress were formally tendered him for his coduct in these engagements. Being disabled by his wounds, he was on sick leave until March, 1864, being meanwhile engaged in recruiting the Second Army Corps, which was placed under his command. At the opening of the campaign of that year under Gen. Grant, he took the active command of this corps, and bore a prominent part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spootsylvania Court House and North Anna, the second battle at Cold Habor, and the operations around Petersburg, until June 19th, when, his wound breaking out afresh, he was for a short time on sick leave. He afterwards resumed command, and participated in several actions, until November 26th, when he was called to Washington to organize the first corps of veterans.

The name of every great battle in the East is inscribed on Hancock's flags. After the close of the war he was placed successively in command of the Middle Deparment, the Department of Missouri, of Louisiana and Texas, of Dakota, and of the Department of the East. He has his headquarters on Governor's Island. In the democratic national convention of 1868 he received 144½ voters for the presidential nomination. In 1876, in the national convention of the same party, he received 75 votes for the same nomination.

General Hancock has uniformly maintained the doctrine that the military power should in time of peace be subordinated to the civil law. This was particularly shown in his address to the court of inquiry constituted to try General Babcock, in 1875, in which he urged that that officer having been formerly indicted at St. Louis, it was right and proper that the military inquiry should be adjourned in order that the ordinary civil processes might take their course, which suggestion was duly adopted. In 1868, while in command of the Fifth Military District, General Hancock, in a letter to Governor Pease, said: "On them (the laws of Texas and Louisiana), as on a foundation of rock, reposes almost the entire stucture of social order in these two States. Annul this code of laws, and there would be no longer any rights, either of persons or property here. I say, unhesitatingly, it it were possible that Congress should pass an Act abolishing the local code for Louisiana and Texas, which I do not believe, and it should fall to my lot to supply their places with something of my own, I do not see how I could do better than follow the laws in force here prior to the rebellion, excepting wherein they relate to slavery. Power may destroy the forms, but not the principles of justice; these will live in spite of even the sword."

Hancock, in personal appearance, is tall, well-formed and very handsome. His height cannot be less than six feet two inches, and he weighs fully two hundred and forty pounds. He will make the finest-looking President who ever sat in the White House, except, possibly, George Washington. His form towers above other men, and he attracts attention by his mere looks wherever he goes. His eyes are blue and have a benignant and mild expression when in repose, but inspiring when in danger. His manner is dignified and knightly, and he is courtesy itself. He is always magnetic, and draws men to him by his kindness and gentle interest in their affairs. His sympathies are easily aroused, and he becomes intensely concerned for the sorrow and misfortunes of others, striving in every way to relieve them, as though their trouble were his own. Hancock's kindness to his subordinates always won not only their love but their confidence, and caused them to rely on him as a friend as well as commander. He gave a man a good opinion of himself, and made each one feel he was of more importance than he ever before suspected. It was this which caused him to have such power over his officers and men in battle, and made them prefer rather to die than forfeit the good opinion of their leader.

WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

The Democratic candidate for Vice President was born in Scott county, Indiana, on the 27th of August, 1822. He is, therefore, something less than two years the senior of General Hancock, who is in his fifty-sixth year. Mr. English, after receiving a common school education, entered the University at South Hanover, where he remained three years. His public life began in 1843, when he was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives of Indiana. Upon the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency Mr. English obtained an appointment as clerk in the Treasury Department. He was afterwards made clerk of the Constitutional Convention of Indiana, which assembled in 1850. He was next chosen to the lower house of the legislature of his state, over which body he presided as Speaker. He served in Congress from 1853 to 1861, the beginning of the civil war, since which time he has devoted himself exclusively to his private affairs and by dint of superior abilities and remarkable energy of character, has amassed a large fortune. His record on the financial question is sound, and his views decidedly on the hard money order. The long retirement of Mr. English from politics, embracing a period of nearly twenty years, relieves the canvass of the discussion of any record that he might have made for himself during that long interval.

His nomination insures Indiana for the Democracy, as he is quite as popular in that state as Hendricks. He has never been defeated in an election before the people.

A Pretty Picture of Devotion.

Bob Burdette: While I was lecturing in Washington I saw a lady with a pretty, intelligent face and bright, eloquent eyes that were rarely lifted toward the speaker, and then only for a flash of time. They were bent upon her husband's hands almost constantly. Brilliant and accomplished a few years ago, she had gone down into the world of voiceless silence, and now all the music and all the speech that comes into her life comes through her husband, and as I talked I watched him telling off the lecture on his nimble fingers, while her eager eyes glanced from them to his sympathetic face. It was a pretty picture of devotion. They were so young to have this cloud shadow the morning skies of their lives, but as I glanced from the voiceless wife to the husband I thought how beautifully the sunlight of his devotion was breaking through these clouds and tinting even their affections with a tender radiance. This discipline of attendance upon suffering is a good thing for a man. It rounds out his life; it develops his manlier, nobler qualities; it makes his heart brave and tender and strong as a woman's.

One of the leading poultry men says that the cotton crop of 1877 was valued at $155,000,000; sheep, cattle and swine at $400,000,000; the hay crop at $340,000,000; the poultry and egg crop, at a very low estimate, for family consumption would reach over $400,000,000, not taking into account all the eggs, fowls, chickens, turkeys, geese and ducks used by hotels, restaurants and confectionery manufacturers. Including the latter aggregate, they would reach a cash value of over $500,000,000.

When it once comes to pass that a politician who gains a vote by whisky, thereby loses two from the sober class of citizens, there will be a genuine political reformation in these United States—[Christian Advocate.

A PATRIOTIC TIME PIECE.

A Wonderful Specimen of Mechanism Bid for by a Boston Church.

The South Church of Boston, it is said, has offered $45,000 for a clock, which is on exhibition in New York. The price demanded is $50,000. The clock is said to be superior in mechanism and the variety of its performances to the famed Strasburg astronomical and apostolic clock. It was constructed at Detroit by Professor Felix Meiers, a gentleman who has devoted his entire life to the study of astronomy and mechanics. It is called the American national astronomical clock, and it is probably the most complex and ingenious horological work that the hand of man has ever produced. The clock is eighteen feet high, eight feet wide and five feet deep, and weighs 4000 pounds. It is wound once in twelve days, and is run by weights of 700 pounds. It shows the local time in hours, minutes and seconds, and the time of thirteen other cities of the world, among which are Washington, San Francisco, Melbourne, Pekin, Cairo, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, London, Berlin and Paris. It also denotes the movements of the planets and measures their movements by seasons, years and cycles for 200 years, including leap years. Concealed in its interior is a music-box, which plays when Death strikes each hour. At the same moment the figure of Washington, seated in a chair beneath a canopy, rises to his feet, holding the Declaration of Independence in his right hand. A livery servant sitting at his right hand also rises and opens a door, through which come all the presidents of the United States, who march in review before the effigy of Washington, saluting him as they pass. The procession disappears through a door on the opposite side of the platform, which is opened and closed by a servant in gorgeous livery. The likenessess of these figures, including that of President Hayes, who is in the rear, are said to be excellent. As soon as the door is closed, the figure of Washington resumes its chair of state, and all is quiet until the hammer of death again sounds the gong when the extraordinary scene is repeated. The quarter hours are struck by an infant, the half hours by a youth, and the three quarters by a man.

Compensation of Census Enumerators.

The Secretary of the Interior has rendered a decision overruling the construction heretofore given to the compensation clause of the census act by the superintendent of the census. The secretary's decision is of direct pecuniary interest to all of the 36,000 enumerators now employed throughout the country. He says (after quoting the clause in question): "In the view of this department the framers of the provision quoted intended thereby to fix a basis of compensation which should not be exceeded, and to direct that the enumerators for districts east of the 100th meredian should not be paid at a rate exceeding $4 for ten hours actual field work, or 40 cents an hour, and that enumerators for districts west of the 100th meredian should not be paid a rate in excess of $6 for ten hours work, or 60 cents an hour, without regard to the number of days over which their services should extend. The law evidently contemplates that if an enumerator should be employed in actual field work for twelve hours a day during the whole term required to complete his work, he should be paid for twelve hours' work each day at a rate not exceeding $4 for ten hours' work, or 40 cents per hour in districts east of the 100th meridian, and a rate not exceeding $6 for ten hours, or 60 cents an hour, for districts west of the 100th meridian. On the other hand, if the enumerator should average but eight hours per day of actual field work for his whole term of service, he should be paid for eight hours' work a day, at a rate per hour not exceeding 40 or 60 cents, according to the district in which he was employed.

A Depressing Nomination.

Washington special to Baltimore Sun

Business people in Washington complain very bitterly of the depression and dullness which has set in since the Chicago nomination. Whether well founded or not, there was a general impression among all classes here that the nomination of Gen. Grant would be a great thing for Washington, and Democrats showed quite as much anxiety on the subject as Republicans. Notwithstanding that the personal influence of the President and the members of the administration was exerted in favor of Secretary Sherman, the great majority of the office-holders here were also in favor of Grant. They had an idea that Grant could be elected. But the election of Garfield is considered as involved in doubt and uncertainty, and business men say, in consequence of this, all the office-holders in Washington have shut down, and are making nothing but absolutely necessary purchases. As is known, not a gun was fired in Washington over the nomination of Garfield. Subscriptions had been made for the firing of a thousand guns over the expected nomination of Grant, but the subscribers declined to permit their money to be spent in salutes over any one else. From advices received here from the South it seems that the same feeling of disappointment exists there among the colored voters over the failure to nominate Grant. In many towns and villages extensive preparations had been made to celebrate the nomination of Grant, but Garfield they had never heard of, and every thing fell stillborn on the announcement of his nomination.

Lamar's Defense of the South.

In the United States Senate last week Mr. Lamar defended the South against the aspersions of Windom, of Minnesota, who had attributed the negro exodus to the "barbarous and dissolute condition of affairs" in this section of the country:

To show how flimsy was the charge of negro oppression in the south, Mr. Lamar read the testimony of men who, as he put it, had not testified with reference to party results. The first was Sir George Campbell, who traveled through the south last year for the purpose of studying the relations of the whites and blacks, and in the book he afterward wrote on the subject had given as his deliberate judgment that the blacks ranked in all respects with the best laboring and farming classes of England. Mr. Lamar's next witness was Bishop Simpson, who, in a recent interview on his return from a southern trip, had declared that the blacks in the south were in excellent condition, and that, had his friends asked him twenty years ago what his utmost wish was for the colored people, he should not have dared to express the hope that they would ever be so far advanced and so prosperous as they are to-day. Rev. Mr. Hatfield, of the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, and Mr. Talmage were also quoted to the same effect, as were also several speeches made by General Grant during his recent trip through the south, to offset a quotation from something on the same subject, but to the contrary effect, put by General Grant at the close of his Presidential term into a message, and which Mr. Windom had read with a great flourish. Toward the close of his argument, which had abounded in the choice figures and striking language for which Mr. Lamar is noted, the senator said that in his opinion the so-called exodus had very closely resembled a northern strike, and was no more nor less than a strike. Yet upon this labor trouble the closest scrutiny had been brought to bear for the sole purpose of defaming the south. That it had not utterly demoralized southern hopes and industry only showed upon how firm a basis in that section capital and labor stood. Through all the trouble and defamation the industries of the south had flourished and the very products raised by negro labor had steadily increased. Wages were as good there as anywhere else for labor, and the condition of the laboring classes was better than elsewhere. They were happier and more contented; they had more privileges and immunities. Yet an assassination in one place, an angry mob with neither head to think nor heart to feel in another, both common enough in the north, had been sufficient to turn the eye of the country upon that whole peace-loving, law-abiding people, and shutting out from public gaze all that was virtuous and heroic among them, to affix the name of murderers to them and call upon the world to behold the revolting spectacle. Mr. Lamar's voice gave out at this point, and shortly afterward the senate adjourned. Mr. Conkling, who had kept his committee-room early in the day, entered the chamber soon after Mr. Lamar had begun speaking, and listened attentively to him to the end.

The Garfield-DeGolyer Matter in a Nutshell.

Washington Cor. of New York World.

One of the most notorious of the many corrupt contracts made by Boss Shepherd, was that awarded to DeGolyer and McClellan, of Chicago, for laying a wood pavement. This contract covered 200,000 yards, at $3.50 a yard, which the superintendent of the contractors swore could be put down at $2.50, every item of cost included. So there was a clean profit of $406,000 to be divided. To further this job, which was preliminary to others to follow, the sum of $97,000 was expended. It was given out in the spring of 1872. At that time Richard C. Parsons was Marshal of the Supreme Court and had converted that office into a headquarters for the lobby. He was known to be an intimate friend of Garfield, and the ring wanted Garfield's aid as Chairman of the appropriations. The agent of the contractors employed Parsons, with a fee of $15,000 as "counsel," although there was no contest of any kind and no tribunal to appear before. It was a sham to throw dust in the eyes of the public. Parsons paid Garfield $5,000 as his share July 12, 1872, for which he was forced to admit before the investigation that he made no argument, oral or written; he never appeared before the board of public works, and had only once spoken to Boss Shepherd on the subject. The "fee" was a bribe out and out, and nothing else, as was subsequently shown. Garfield became the agent of the ring, and through his influence and activity $3,500,000 was voted to Boss Shepherd and his confederates in less than sixty days, between the 9th of January and the third of March, 1873.

Nutmegs a Narcotic.

The fact that nutmegs have a strong narcotic property has long been known, but they are in such common use and are so favorite a condiment, being used in small quantities, that their dangerous nature, when taken in large quantities has been overlooked. A physician reports the case of a nurse insisting on a female patient drinking nutmeg tea, in which one and a half nutmegs were used, the whole of which she drank during the day. About ten at night she began to get drowsy, and by four o'clock the next morning was in a profound stupor. By ten the next morning it began to wear off, and by four in the evening she had recovered. The symptoms were about the same as if opium had been taken,

TRY Dr. C. P. Duncan's celebrated Vegetable Liver Pills—a sure cure for headache, swimming in the head, bad taste in the mouth, pains in the side, back, chest, and limbs. Nothing better for constipated bowels, sour stomach and tenderness over the region of the stomach. One box will go further than two boxes of any other pill. Will act on the liver as well as blue mass or calomel. (Warranted). Try them. For sale by Grigsby & Anderson, south side square, Pulaski

It is stated that in 1879 twelve persons in the United States and Europe gave an aggregate of $3,000,000 to the cause of the foreign missions. Yet, with all this outlay, there are still many heathen unsupplied with chromos and illuminated pocket handkerchiefs.—[Detroit Free Press.

Now beware of hot biscuit. A saleratus factory has been the scene of an explosion, and the public cannot be too careful. Imagine a man coming down town after having eaten four or five hot biscuit; the sun's rays or the rapid strides of the pedestrian shakes up the saleratus in the partially digested biscuit, and—well, good-by, biscuit eater.

Stop That Pain.

Cramp Colic, Diarrhœa, Flux and all affections of the Stomach and Bowels can be relieved by using *Dr. Duncan's Liniment*. It never fails to cure Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Ne