

Daily Tobacco Leaf-Chronicle.

VOL. 4. NO. 51

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 7, 1892.

FIFTEEN CENTS A WEEK

Something Nice for Children

DALY, PEARCE & GREEN have just received a beautiful line of CAPS and TURBANS for the little ones. Call and see them. Also another shipment of the

<Ladies' Perfection Shoes.>

Their line of MENS' SHOES, HATS AND FURNISHING GOODS ARE COMPLETE. Can fit any fom from the broadest to the narrowest, with PRICES TO SUIT ALL. The best line of

THREE DOLLAR SHOES

in Clarksville. Come and see for yourself.

DALY, PEARCE & GREEN



MILLINERY

AND

CLOAKS.

We are prepared to show our lady friends the largest and most stylish line of

Millinery & Cloaks

Ever brought to this city. DRESS TRIMMINGS, KID GLOVES, CORSETS, LACES & other novelties all

At Reasonable Prices.

Respectfully,

MRS. HODGSON & MAGUIRE.

Oct 7, dw, 2m

FOR THIS WEEK

WE WILL OFFER A SPECIAL

ALL WOOL HOME-MADE BLANKET

below its actual value. Also a good line of

CHEAP COMFORTS.

New DRESS GOODS

arriving this week. Our stock of Ladies', Misses', and Children's

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY

You will find the best in the city. LADIES' CLOAKS for LESS THAN COST.

R. W. ROACH

MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING & OVERCOATS CHEAP.

Fred. L. Smith & Sons,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in—

DOORS, BLINDS, SASH,

Flooring, Window Frames, etc.

Nos. 607, 609 & 611 Franklin St., near University Ave.

CLARKSVILLE, - TENN

A : NEW : THING

—IN—

LADIES' - SHOES.

No more creaking or stiff shoes, but

A WELT SHOE

that is just as flexible as the lightest

TURN - SOLE - SHOE

AT

STRATTON'S.

SAM JONES!

The Great Evangelist in Clarksville.

Three Thousand People Hear His First Sermon.

Sin and the Devil Catch His Fire.

"Clarksville Dying of Respectability," So Says the Evangelist—His Sermon in Full.

At 2 o'clock Sunday evening the doors of the Gracey warehouse were thrown open and three thousand people soon had secured seats in the vast building to hear the initial sermon of the Sam Jones meeting. They crowded in until nearly all the pews were full, and the audience seemed impatient for the services to begin. At 2 o'clock Prof. E. O. Excell arrived and took charge of the choir. The Y. M. C. A. orchestra was there; Dr. C. G. Wilson presided at the piano and Mrs. Frank T. Hodgson manipulated the organ keys. This, backed by at least one hundred and fifty voices, is what will make the music during the meeting, and it will be grand music. After a brief song service Rev. Sam P. Jones appeared on the platform and engaged the attention of the audience. "After the text had been read," said he, "Don't bring any one to the front. Perfect quiet we must and will have during this meeting. Any woman, I don't care who she is, who arrives after the text is read seat her in the rear. If she persists in coming to the front keep her bonnet and cloak. If some old red nosed colonel or judge says he is bound to come to the front, let him come if he will and I'll fix him when he gets here. If some minister has to go to a funeral and gets in late stop him. Don't let him come up here. Brother, if you don't like this stay at home. We must have quiet. Sam Jones is no respecter of persons, and if any man or woman misbehaves while he is preaching he'll catch it. If you do misbehave, you'll wish you hadn't. I have come among you asking your aid and leaning on the arm of God. I must have your aid or my preaching will be as sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. I believe a white man's as good as a nigger. If some of you white folks don't like this you can just get up and get." After saying this the evangelist pointed out seats for the colored people. After announcing the hours of service, 10:30 a. m., 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m. each day and night the minister read his text, which was the familiar passage of scripture, "I have fought the good fight, etc." "These words," said he, "are the last words of the greatest man God ever made. When a great man like Paul has something to say, especially when they are his last words, we should grip them. The last words of a mother are treasured as the memory of a precious dream. We cherish them and keep them alive. When a good man is bidding this world adieu we listen to catch his every word. When Paul uttered the language of the text he meant two things. He had come over on the Lord's side and he had come to fight. When he said he had come over on God's side he said a big thing. The great trouble all over the christian world is, that men are not on God's side. Members of the church are on God's side in some things, but on the devil's side in others. Some of them don't drink but they cheat. They don't drink whisky, perhaps, but they can't run their homes without a greasy deck of cards. The church is loaded down with members who can't see any harm in this or that. They are mixed up all along this line. We can't understand where men are. Come over on God's side. There is no such thing as being a christian this side of right. If a man steals he is not right. If he drinks he is not sober, and he is a damnable drunkard. We must draw the line. There is no such thing as victory without a fight. A line must be drawn. When I was a boy I read about Mason's and Dickson's line. I didn't know what it meant. The guns sounded at Fort Sumpter. All Southern men who were in the North crossed that line and came home. The Northern men who were in the South all went North. Then I knew what it meant. It was a fight which had no parallel. The lines had been drawn. A terrible victory was the result of drawing that line. There is

no line between, the church and the world in Clarksville; you've wiped it out. Any man of any sense knows that. That old brother out there gets down on his knees and asks God to turn on the guns. You old fool, they would kill your old wife at the first volley. Draw the line, then comes a fight, and there will be a victory for one side or the other. Draw the line and make issues. Have you got any issues? You have your political issues. You have your Democratic party and your party of the third part. Some of you holler for Pete, some for Buck and some for East. Who is for God? Some say the preachers are. Get on the right side and let them know where you stand. Your wife don't know how you stand. My wife knows where I stand. Many of you old fellows thank God that you have been in the church forty years and haven't been turned out. How can you turn a dead horse out of a corn field? You may open all the gates, let down all the fences but still that dead horse is in the field. Methodists and Presbyterians are powerless with a dead member, but Baptists and Campbellites can float them out sometimes. If solemn preaching could save a town Clarksville would be on wings. Brethren, if I fish in a hole six months and catch nothing I will either change my bait or my hole, one. I am here to do you good. Thank God for the co-operation of preachers. Some wonder if the preachers will endorse Sam Jones? I never ask a preacher to endorse me. I wouldn't hardly endorse myself. If I had been in Clarksville as long as they have and done as little good I would not ask for endorsement. Co-operation is what we want, not endorsement. Some wonder if Sam Jones will take in Clarksville. Wouldn't it be bad if he didn't take. Why, I could put your little town in my pocket and wouldn't know it was there unless I wanted a toothpick. Don't bother about how I take. Some old sister will be displeased. She will go off talking about Sam Jones. When you find one of them who can't talk you may know she has gone to that land of pure delight where saints immortal reign. Some of you old Baptist brethren sing, 'Surely the captain may depend on me.' For what? To shoot and cut. Shoot home and cut under the bed. No good soldier will go out in time of a fight and lay down his gun. Many men in the church say you may count on me if it don't cost anything. Any town that has seventeen nasty, stinking saloons needs't turn up its nose at me. Turn up your nose at the saloons, sister. If you can put up with saloons you will have to put up with me. Some of you are afraid you will lose some rent, or that it will hurt the town if the saloons are closed. If all the church members get to heaven we will have to sleep with our breeches under our heads. Some of the meanest men in the world are in the church. There are some good and some mean. Some of you rent your houses for saloons and get the biggest rent you can. Sometimes an officer in the church does this. A victory for God in Clarksville means a fight. It means blood, hair and the ground torn up. A man who fights on the devil's side can't fight on God's side. Where do you stand? Some men can't come to meeting at 10 o'clock on account of business. They put me in mind of an "O" with the ring rubbed out. When you rub that ring out what have you got? Some of you will be chasing nickels all over town. I could scatter nickels in front of some of you and lead you to the devil. You will go home with a lie in your mouth to tell your wife why you didn't come to preaching. Quit lying and have a good time. Some of you go to political gatherings and shout yourselves hoarse. We can't muster even the church officials to the help of God. Some of the best doctors in the city attend my meetings. A little fellow who don't have three cases a week is too busy. Good lawyers come, but the pettifoggers stay at home. If the devil gets you he won't get much. Some of you believe in moral suasion. Did you ever try to call a hog out of a corn field? You can't toll him up, but if you set the dogs on him he will come a humping. Set the dogs on. Some of you have been saying, I want Sam Jones to come. Ten thousand people will be here. Merchants will sell goods. How many of you have been down on your knees praying God to save the town? I've kept the faith. He's the right kind of man. Some little fellow who has never traveled 500 miles says he has found no such man as God. Bore him for the holler horn. His trouble is above the eyes. One trouble in the church is, that there are too many quitters. Old Sister Quilter is sitting out there now. She ain't worth killing. You remind me of the farmer who bought \$500 worth of goods from

a merchant on a credit and then decided to quit. If you don't feel like a hound you don't feel natural. Of all the contemptible animals that ever comes across my eyes these quitters are the most contemptible. The Methodists know they've got religion but are afraid they'll lose it. Presbyterians are not certain they've got it but they know they can't lose it. Its highcockalorum and lowcockahurum. I'd come in and stay. Methodists have more religion and keep it a shorter time than any people. Presbyterians don't have much but they hold to it."

Mr. Jones closed his sermon with an earnest appeal to his hearers to get on God's side and stay there.

THE NIGHT SERMON.

More people were at the 7:30 service than at the first. The music was excellent, and the evangelist was on his mettle. His text was: "Wisdom is better than weapons of war; but one sinner destroyeth much good." The LEAF-CHRONICLE has not the space at command to follow him through this sermon. He preached over an hour and the sermon was a terrific arraignment of the whisky traffic and society, so called. His central thought was that wisdom as used in the text meant religion. A wise man is a religious man. Religion is the best weapon of warfare. Religion is the best thing in life, the best thing in death and the best thing in eternity.

SOME OF HIS SAYINGS.

Sin bankrupts a man here and damns him in eternity.

A great many people in Clarksville have found something better than religion. They go about dressed, combed and perfumed for hell. The devil can smell you coming.

A horse and saddle are good things to have if the horse is headed the right way.

Clarksville is dying with respectability. Some of you are polished in swearing you don't cuss twice in the same sentence. You never swear before a preacher. You have more respect for him than you have for God.

These little society Bucks go around perfumed to kill. They are as rotten as damnation. Some of them get mad and threaten to kill me. If I live until I am killed by any of them Mathusalem will be a baby by the side of me. I could tie both hands behind me, put my toes in my mouth and whip a cow pen full of them. If you cuss to-morrow I'll set it down that you are one of the dogs I have hit. If you fool with me I'll just spit on you and drown you.

The biggest objection I have to girls is that they will mix with boys they know are not clean. Girls ought to be as select in their associations as boys. If the boys know you are not clean they won't associate with you. I'm talking sense to you, little dudines. You are good girls, but you are silly. Your trouble is above the eyes. When the trouble gets there you are a gone fawskinn.

If you are a clean boy I'm your friend. If you are dirty I'm here to wash you in soap suds. I don't know what I will do with the suds when I get through. If what I say hurts you, it's not you, it's your system.

My illustrations are not elegant but they illustrate.

Saloon keepers are here because you patronize them. What sort of animals are you? You need a cowhide, you low down devil.

If I was your wife I would as soon sleep with a wet dog as to sleep with you when you are drunk.

I heard a preacher take a good text one time. I thought the fur would fly. He wormed among his hearers like a snake and didn't hit a one. I wanted to holler 'Shoot Luke or give up your gun.' There wouldn't be any saloons here if you preachers would load right.

I never cut a monkey's tail off an inch at a time. The poor thing would bleed to death. Cut it off behind the ears at the first whack. It won't bleed to death then.

Some of you fellows are fit for nothing but to be butted to death by a goat. I would hate to be the goat.

This is a mighty bad time to be advising you to quit drinking, right on the heels of an election. Some of you will be drunk before Tuesday night.

SERVICES TO-DAY.

About 1,500 people assembled at the Warehouse this morning at 10:30 to hear the evangelist. His subject was Paul's consecration to God. Man's first and great duty is total consecration. He recounted many examples of individual consecration, making John Pettijohn, of Lynchburg, Va., his ideal in the present day. Illiberality caught his fire, and it was red hot. His finale was that a pauper on earth is a prince in heaven.

Rev. Geo. Stuart will preach at 3:30 o'clock, Mr. Jones at night.

Handsome stock of cloths in the city at Howerton & Macrae's. n5,d2w

A Dream Fulfilled.

There have been few physical experiences of more interest and possible value to research than these connected with the sickness and death of the late John C. Bundy, editor of The Religio-philosophical Journal. A very striking one is given in the memorial number of the journal which has been connected with for many years. At the time of Mr. Bundy's approach to the other side of life's veil his eldest sister, Mrs. Frances Bundy Phillips, was in Colorado, whither she had gone seeking health and strength. Though aware of her brother's protracted illness, she did not know how very serious that illness was, but on the night he passed away she had two singular physical experiences. All the evening she felt a remarkable sadness and depression of spirits, so much so that because of it she refused to join a party of her friends at the hotel, who asked her to share in some social pastime going on among them. She went to bed at the usual hour, and dreamed that Mr. Bundy had passed away and that she was present at his funeral, many of the particulars of which her dream forecast correctly—for instance, in her dream she heard distinctly one of the musical selections rendered by Miss McDonald at the services at St. Charles—viz., "Lead, Kindly Light."

When she rose next morning she glanced at the clock in her room for the time and discovered that it had stopped. She examined it to discover the reason for its stopping, but could find none. This fact and her dream so worried her that, though she had promised and intended to accompany a party into the mountains for a pleasure trip in the morning, she felt so sure that a telegram with bad news was coming for her that she declined going, and remained at the hotel waiting the news, which came before noon. The telegram gave the hour when her brother departed, and the time at which the clock stopped was the same hour, allowing for the difference between Colorado and Chicago time.—Boston Transcript.

Harriet, the Modern Moses.

Just outside the limits of the city of Auburn, N. Y., stands an unpretentious little house, surrounded by a motley yet picturesque collection of tiny cabins, sheds, pens and kennels.

This modest home shelters a varying crowd of lame and blind, widows, orphans and wayfarers, all dependent for care and support upon an old black woman, whose heroic deeds in plague stricken camps and on bloody battlefields are so aptly, as deliverer of her people and defender of the oppressed, have been compared to those of Moses.

This woman, a full blooded African, thick lipped and heavy eyed, with the signs of her seventy years set fast in deep wrinkles and stooping shoulders, has perhaps done more than any single individual to free her nation and hasten the "crash of slavery's broken locks."

After making her own escape, by almost superhuman efforts, from slavery, taking her life in her hands, she returned to the south nineteen times, bringing back with her nearly 400 slaves to the land of liberty. As the beginning of the war she went to the south by Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, to act as scout and spy for our own armies. She was a trusted friend and confidante of John Brown, who drew up his constitution at her house, and who used to refer to her as "General Tabman."

This woman was a personal friend of Thomas Garrett, Gerritt Smith, Wendell Phillips, Fred Douglass and William Lloyd Garrison, who delighted to introduce her to a cultivated Boston audience as his "foster sister, Moses."

When in Concord she resided with the Emersons, Alcotts, Whitneys, Manns and other well known families, who respected her as one of the great ex-ordinary persons of her race.—Household.

Iron Casks.

According to experiments which have been conducted by Herr Arthur Holle, of Munich, with a view to manufacturing iron casks suitable for transport purposes, it is demonstrated that simple coating of the interior of the barrel with various kinds of lacquer, enamel, and also tinning, zincing, nickeling and coppering are unsatisfactory. In the end the German technologists found that the lacquered sheet-iron was best adapted to the object in view, but he endeavored, at the same time, to secure a fitting insulating coating by means of an insulating layer. Strong paper, it was shown, became decomposed; the use of thin gauze material was also pronounced to be impracticable. The best intervening agent proved to be silk paper.

The operation of applying the coating was as follows: The interior of the barrel was first lacquered; the tissue paper was then evenly put in position with the aid of some varnish, and finally it was furnished with a finishing coat of lacquer. The covering thus obtained resisted the influence of heat, moisture, and of acids which were much stronger than those contained and developed in beer. It is to be noted that a special kind of lacquer is used, so that the fluid may not savor of the varnish.—London Iron.

A Thoughtful Chipmunk.

I was visiting a farmer, and had gone with him to the middle of a field where he was planting corn. A mischievous horse in the adjoining pasture attempted to get some of the seed corn, and in reaching over the fence for that purpose overturned a bag of seed.

We hurried to the spot and found that the chipmunk had already begun to gather the scattered grains. He was very busy, and his conduct showed that he understood the situation thoroughly. The treasure would be within his reach for a very short time, so instead of filling his pouches and hurrying to his burrow he set about hiding as much as possible of the corn within a few yards of where it had been spilled.

A piece of bark, a chip or a sod served as a temporary hiding place, and in a short time he had gathered all the grain that the farmer could not conveniently collect, and began to transport it to his permanent granary. I noticed several places where he had put a mouthful, and found afterward that he did not overlook any of them when removing the spoil to his storehouse.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

The King and the Queen of Song.

Patti has been writing her memoirs and reminiscences with great frankness. On one occasion, she says, she was actually embarrassed by the late King of Spain. He was conducting her over the palace in company with the present queen. Every four or five seconds his majesty called the singer's attention to some picture or trinket and exclaimed mournfully, "That he longed to my dear Mercedes" (his first wife). The queen and the artist tried to change the subject, but Alfonso XII was so fixed on his subject that he led the conversation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FALL INTO LINE.

New York Abandoned By The Republicans.

They Also Concede Indiana and Connecticut to the Democrats—Every Democrat Must Vote.

Chairman Carroll, of the State Executive Committee, telegraphs Judge Tyler from Nashville as follows just at the time of going to press:

"The National Committee telegraphs: 'New York abandoned by the Republicans.' They concede New Jersey and Indiana; that Cleveland will carry Connecticut, and make certain that every Democrat in Tennessee votes. Line up the Democrats in your county. See that every one votes early and votes his neighbor."

PADUCAH, KY., Oct. 18, 1890.

This certifies that a few months ago my little son was afflicted with chills, and, after using quinine without effect I concluded to try Lemon Chill Tonic, and am pleased to say that a few doses, in accordance with directions, completely cured him. Other members of my family have used Lemon Chill Tonic with perfect satisfaction; hence I cheerfully recommend said remedy, being confident that it will do all that it is claimed for by its proprietors. E. B. JONES, Dep. Clerk McCracken County Court. For sale and guaranteed by Clarksville Drug Co., Edwin Thomas, Jr., Manager.

A PRETTY SCHEME.

But It Will Not Work This Time at Least.

It has leaked out in Memphis that the purpose of the Populites is to defeat both Cleveland and Harrison, not by the election of Weaver, but by forcing upon the Republicans the alternative of election of either Senator Teller or Senator Stewart or going to defeat.

CLARKSVILLE DISTRICT.

Tennessee Conference—First Round of Quarterly Meetings.

Wiley's Chapel, Nov. 2.
Stamper's Chapel, Nov. 3.
New Providence, Nov. 4.
South Clarksville, Nov. 5, 6.
Antloch, Nov. 7.
Mallory's Chapel, Nov. 11.
Ashland City, Nov. 12, 13.
St. Bethlehem, Nov. 15.
Saddlersville, Nov. 16.
Cedar Hill, Nov. 17.
Wartrace, Nov. 19, 20.
Springfield, Nov. 26, 27.
Mount Carmel, Dec. 3, 4.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy.

If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will cure you.

If you wish to try, call at our store, 119 Franklin street, and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and that will prove our assertion. Tadhope Drug Co.

Final Rally.

The final Democratic rally of this campaign is being held at Pulaski to-day. A forty-foot flag was hoisted on the public square Saturday, and the town was decorated from top to bottom. It will be a great wind-up for a great campaign.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggists to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Owen & Moore's drug store. Large size 50c, and \$1.00.

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, simplest, surest. 50 doses, 25 cts. Samples free at Owen & Moore's.

The world is always interested in the cure of Consumption; yet its prevention is of far more importance. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is guaranteed to cure Coughs and Colds. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. For sale by Tadhope Drug Co.

The Rev. Wm. Stout, Wiaraton, Ont., states: "After being ineffectually treated by seventeen different doctors for Scrofula and blood disease, I was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters. Write him for proof. Sold by Tadhope Drug Co.

S. B. Durley, mate of steamer Arizona, had his foot badly jammed. Thomas' Electric Oil cured it. Nothing so good for Scrofula and blood disease. Sold by Tadhope Drug Co.

Come and see our ladies' and children's underwear. HOWERTON & MACRAE. n5,d2w

Ladies, bring your little girls and get them a nice little jacket maker. Age four to ten years. Reasonably, sep21,d2w MRS. ROSENFIELD.