CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 43.--NO. 18. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,253.

BYERS keeps a complete stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Notions, Blank Books and Stationery, and is prepared to sell low at retail or wholesale.

W. H. TURNLEY. W. J. ELY
W. D. MERIWETHER, Jr.

TURNLEY, ELY & CO.

TOBACCO

—AND—

General Commission Merchants,

FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Advances made on Tobacco in Store.

We have secured the services of Mr. T. D. Leonard, the well-known auctioneer, who will sell all of our Tobacco for us.

We have erected a shed in New Providence, opposite the store of Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee, where we will receive tobacco and dray it to our warehouse free of charge or those persons who do not wish to haul it to Clarksville. Messrs. McDaniel & Barbee will receive, weigh and receipt for Tobacco delivered at our shed in New Providence.

Oct 1 '71-tf.

H. Q. GRINTER, of Todd Co., Ky. C. T. YOUNG, of Logan Co., Ky. J. L. WILLIAMSON,

GRINTER, YOUNG & CO.,

Tobacco

Commission Merchants

CUMBERLAND FIRE-PROOF WAREHOUSE,

CLARKSVILLE, - TENN.

Oct. 12, '72-6m.

W. A. QUARLES. W. M. DANIEL. G. M. QUARLES.

Quarles, Daniel & Quarles,

Attorneys at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties.

April 27, 1872-tf

EDMOND R. LURTON. CHAS. W. TYLER.

LURTON & TYLER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Will practice in the courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties

June 15, '72-tf.

JAMES W. RICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Will attend the courts of Montgomery, Stewart and Houston counties.

Office on Strawberry Alley.

Jan. 4, 1873-ly

BARKER & COURTS,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

LIQUOR DEALERS,

Franklin St., Sign of Sugar Hogshead.

Jan 18, '72-tf.

RICH'D ANDERSON. E. S. BRINGHURST.

ANDERSON & BRINGHURST,

DEALERS IN

COAL, HAY, GRAIN, BRAN, ETC.,

FRANKLIN STREET.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Dec. 23, 1871-ly

National Hotel,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

T. D. SCOTT, - - - Proprietor.

This house is complete in all its appointments, and the table supplied with the best the market affords, at reasonable rates.

Jan. 29 '69-tf

Chas. Lehman,

(Roths' Old Saloon)

Having purchased the popular

Saloon, Restaurant and Billiard Hall,

Formerly owned by G. A. Roth, has had the establishment newly painted and refitted, and is now open to the public, where all are invited to enjoy the best of

Wines, Liquors, Cigars,

and other refreshments. Everything kept neat and orderly.

Aug 10, '72-tf

S. OPPENHEIMER,

DEALER IN

Hides, Furs, Wool, Ginseng, and all kinds of Metal.

Public Square, CLARKSVILLE.

I am no candidate for office, but will pay cash for all articles in my line. Come along with them.

Sept. 28, 1872-tf

Central Hotel,

ERIN, TENN.

ARMSTRONG & BISSETT, Propr's.

The house is new and newly furnished, the table is supplied with the best, and the strictest attention paid to wants of guests.

Dec. 21, '72-3m

W. B. CROSS. R. J. GOOSTREE.

W. B. CROSS & CO.

(Successors to Geo. G. Willis & Co.,)

PROPRIETORS OF

SAW MILL,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.,

And dealers in Lumber of every description

Poplar, Gum, Pine, Oak, Walnut, Cedar Fence Posts, Shingles, and Sawed Lathes.

Prompt attention given to orders from a distance, at the lowest Cash Prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Feb. 1, '73-3m

J. J. CRUSMAN

Is now making large additions to his stock, and offers inducements to the Trade,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EXTRA GOLDEN SYRUP,

in kegs, half barrels and barrels.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES.

Crushed, Powdered and Granulated

SUGAR.

New Orleans, Clarified and Brown

SUGAR.

NEW CAROLINA RICE.

FLINT HOMINY

GRITS.

MACCARONI.

TAPIOCA.

OYSTERS.

PICKLES.

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

GELATINE.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

DRIED BEEF.

BEEF TONGUES.

PEACHES.

BLACKBERRIES.

TOMATOES.

CORN.

COLMAN'S MUSTARD.

PURE CREAM TARTAR.

PURE BI-CARB. SODA.

Pure Spices, of all kinds

Horsford's Bread Preparation,

PURE CATAWBA WINE

Pure Cider Vinegar.

Old Sour Mash Whisky.

Old Peach and Apple Brandy.

Old French Brandy.

300 Bus. Clover Seed.

TIMOTHY SEED.

Orchard and Herds Grass Seeds.

BLUE GRASS SEED.

With all other goods to make a complete assortment.

J. J. CRUSMAN,

First and Franklin Streets.

Jan. 4, '73-tf.

TO THE LADIES

Who read the CHRONICLE, (and of course all do who want to keep well posted in matters of interest,) I wish to say a few words in regard to the

Pure Mohairs and Bl'k Alpacas

regularly kept in my stock. They have now stood the test for several years. They have been pronounced the cheapest in the market. They are admitted to be the prettiest. My assortment is very complete. I ask you to try these goods. I have sold large quantities. Have just added a **New supply** for January and February Sales. If you will look I think you will be convinced that it is greatly to your advantage to buy.—Certainly no one can offer you greater inducements; few, if any, as great.

To one other Department I also beg your especial attention, viz:

My stock of

Carpeting!

which has recently been supplied for JANUARY & FEBRUARY SALES

—WITH—

New and Choice Patterns.

It is my purpose to enlarge this branch of my business and to sell at prices that will defy competition. In Oil Cloths, for halls, dining-rooms, fire-places, rugs, etc., you can always find choice patterns at low prices.

To those who have never traded with me, I beg a trial this year. It is well known that I keep the best general stock in this section of country, and no one even professes to sell any cheaper. I hope you will call.

Very respectfully,

B. F. COULTER.

A Happy New Year to All!

I beg to say to my friends as well as the trading public generally, that I am still with Mr. B. F. Coulter, No. 18, Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn., where I will always be glad to see and serve you to the best of my ability. My long experience in the dry goods business may be of some service to you in the selection of your goods. I think I can offer you inducements in the way of prices and by correct dealing, I still hope to merit your patronage. Orders entrusted to me will be carefully filled and promptly attended to.

H. MADISON ATKINS.

READ THIS BARGAIN LIST!

Bargains in Shawls.
Bargains in Furs.
Bargains in Cloaks.
Bargains in Scarfs.
Bargains in Hats.
Bargains in Trunks.
Bargains in Corsets.
Bargains in Gloves.
Bargains in Hosiery.
Bargains in Handk'chfs
Bargains in Dress Goods.
Bargains in Domestics.
Bargains in Carpetings.
Bargains in Shades.
Bargains in Damasks.
Bargains in bl'k Silks.
Bargains in bl'k Alpacas
Bargains in Bed ticking

At COULTER'S

All the time.

A CARD.

I thank my friends in Clarksville and country for their patronage given me personally, and hope they will continue to do so in future. I can always be found at the well known house of B. F. Coulter, and anxious to show a Stock of Goods always large and well assorted, and at the very lowest prices. All orders entrusted to my care shall have careful and prompt attention. Respectfully,

WILLIAM F. COULTER.

Gentlemen

For fancy Cassimeres, black Cloths, black Doeskins, Linen Bosom Shirts, Drawers, Undershirts, Handkerchiefs Socks, Suspenders, Gloves, remember that special inducements are offered by B. F. COULTER,

18 Franklin St., Clarksville.

Ready-made Clothing!

Call at Coulter's for Ready-made Clothing.

Bargains in Clothing!
Bargains in Clothing!
Bargains in Clothing!

At B. F. COULTER'S.

JOHN B. COULTER,

—WITH—

B. F. COULTER,

Dealer in Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Ready-made Clothing, Carpets and &c. No. 18, Franklin Street, Clarksville Tennessee.

Where he will be pleased, at all times, to wait upon his friends with inducements that cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

Jeans! Jeans! Linseys!

If you want Woolen Goods, don't fail to call on

B. F. COULTER.

Readers of the Chronicle,

There are many reasons why you should regularly visit my store. The main one is, you will generally find the best selection of goods in the market, and always at reasonable prices. I want your custom this year. I shall do my utmost to show you that it is your interest to buy regularly at my house. I expect to do all in my power to please every one.—When you want an article be sure to call. I keep a large line of goods not advertised.

Yours truly,

B. F. COULTER.

Clarksville, Jan. 4, 1873.

COULTER'S COLUMN.

To be Sold

In January, 1873!

A Large and Choice Stock of Bleached Domestics, Irish Linens, Bleached and Brown Sheetings 10-4 and 11-4, Sea Island Shirtings, Canton Flannels, Pillow Case Cottons and other Domestic Goods. All the above at Low Prices by

B. F. COULTER.

For Sale in Jan. and Feb.

1873.

A Large Lot of Choice GOODS and SHOES, For Men, Boys and Children. Full Stock of ZIEGLER'S Celebrated SHOES and other Choice Goods, at the Lowest Market Prices at

B. F. COULTER'S.

READER, Buy your Shoes of of me this Year. Buy your Boots also, I keep the best. I sell at low prices; no one can do better, very few can do as well. I am giving my Customers every advantage I can. I want to increase my business. To do this, I shall keep very large Stocks and sell at uniformly LOW PRICES. Be sure to call at No. 18, Franklin Street.

B. F. COULTER.

Bargains at Coulters'

To Reduce Stock of Goods!! Extra Inducements Offered!! Begin the New Year at Low Prices!!

If you have never traded with me,

Try Me This Year!

My stock is unequaled in this section. My Prices are as low as the lowest.

I OFFER EXTRA BARGAINS IN

Carpetings, Oil Cloths, Damasks, Shades, Rugs, Mats, Table Linens and Towels. If you want Bargains call at

COULTER'S.

MAURICE STRATTON

Wishes his numerous friends to know that he is still at his old stand, in the well known house of B. F. COULTER, where he is ready to furnish them with dry goods at the very lowest rates. Call, and he will take pleasure in showing you through the stock.

I have just received a new supply of BLACK ALPACAS and Pure Bl'k Mohairs.

I confidently claim to keep the best line of these Goods, and to sell them on better terms. All I ask for you to call and examine them. They excel in color. They excel in Cheapness. Some of the brands I have sold for years, and I know they are choice and desirable.

It will be my aim to keep a choice line of plain and fancy Dress Goods at all times.

In BLACK SILKS, Real Bargains offered.

B. F. COULTER.

TO CLOSE OUT

Certain lots of Goods in Jan. and Feb., I shall offer THEM WITHOUT REGARD TO COST. Don't fail to look at them. These may be the very goods you want. The fact is many persons miss DECIDED BARGAINS by not calling at my Store.

My Stock Must Be Sold

(in order to make room for Spring purchases) and therefore in January and February, 1873, those who honor me by visiting my Store, may reap very decided benefits.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN,

you risk nothing, and are sure not to lose by doing so. No house can undersell me. You can always feel confident of getting the best general Stock to select from, and at prices low as the lowest, and in the Old Lots and Jobs, you are sure to get GOODS BELOW THEIR COST, some even at HALF their value.

Reader try my House this Year, my customers prosper. If you don't believe it, TRY ME. Money saved is money made. Time saved helps to save money. You save time by finding the Goods needed.

Wishing all a happy and prosperous New Year,

Yours Truly,

B. F. COULTER.

Jan. 4, 1873-tf.

For the Chronicle.

A BUFFALO HUNT.

The following narrative I have kept for some time, but being persuaded in my own mind, from its singularly amusing yet ludicrous nature, that it may prove to be an agreeable entertainment to many of your numerous subscribers, I have concluded to submit it to your views, and if you think it worth publication and will serve the end I anticipated, you can give it a place in your excellent, time-honored paper.

About eighteen months ago, four young men of Middle Tennessee, not a great distance from Clarksville, from a chain of calamities sustained during the late war and a zeal and ambition to overcome them and rise faster and higher on fortune's wheel than the advantages in their own native country promised, determined to seek their fortunes elsewhere. After reading many eulogistic descriptions of the west, with the many advantages offered in all the vocations of life, for acquiring fortune and happiness and from the dreams of its salubrious climate, its fertile soil, its rich mines of gold and silver, the grandeur of its high, glittering, snow-capped mountains, with their rich, verdant valleys, the picturesque beauty of its magnificently gorgeous landscape, its wide-spreading prairies and extensive plains wrapt in an exuberance of rich, waving herbage, upon which are grazing countless herds of buffalo cattle and deer, they agreed on a tour to those beautiful wilds.

I will withhold a description of three of the gentlemen as non-essential to the interest of the narrative; it is sufficient to say they were truly gentlemen. I will give a short description of the fourth, as he is the hero of the tale. He was a tall young man, with light sandy hair, large blue eyes, considerably goggled, with a blank inanition of countenance, displaying timidity, but possessing more intellect and nerve than his physiognomy indicated, and had infinitely more confidence in his own mental abilities than any one could have in him. He was kind and benevolent, and liberal to a fault. He was beloved by all who knew him; having but one prominent fault, that of bigotry, with a great deal of the native green.

The morning of the first day of September, 1871, was delightful. The three young men had congregated at the house of our hero, whom we shall denominate as Frank, for the purpose of taking leave of their friends and bidding adieu to their native land for the far west. They had determined on making the trip through Missouri to southern Kansas on horseback, knowing they would have a better opportunity of examining the country, and then let circumstances dictate their course, both as to the method of traveling and their final destination. After many adieus and kind wishes from their friends and relatives, they started, having a a long and tiresome journey, attended with no incident worth noting. They traveled over the fertile hills and plains of southern Missouri, and arrived, on the 18th, at the flourishing little city of Springfield.

Here they met with a company of pleasure seekers, going out to southern Kansas to spend the fall, hunting buffalo. The company being favorably impressed with the young men, insisted that they lie over a day or two, and they would accompany them and show them how to kill buffalo. This suggestion delighted our young Tennesseeans, and as their horses needed rest, readily accepted the invitation. Our hero, Frank, from his little eccentricities, facetiousness, and vivacity of spirit, made him quite an acquisition to the hunting party, as he had been to his former company, keeping up a mirthful state of feeling all the while.

They were on their journey in a few days, with wagons to carry their camp equipage. The slow moving of the wagons gave those on horseback a good deal of leisure time, which was spent in hunting near the road. Our hero enjoyed it remarkably, but could never kill a deer on account of the intense excitement that would suddenly seize him at the time, but he told them, to never mind, when he got into the buffalo region he would show them how to kill beeves.

In about ten days, they arrived at their camping ground, on the west of the Arkansas some fifty or sixty miles, on a little stream called Good River.

The next morning the camp was all in a ferment, boiling over with excitement for the chase. Frank could hardly restrain himself. He would push back and forth, as busy as a bee, doing nothing, but rolling his big goggle eyes, making the most odd and laughable expressions, to the extreme merriment of the crowd. Finally they started. An old hunter led the way, and all were to strictly obey his orders. They went in a southwesterly direction, soon emerging from the wood into an immense prairie. They continued their course for a few miles, then turning south near the border of the timber, seeing occasionally small groups of buffalo and deer. Presently they saw an immense herd of buffalo, about four miles distant, to the windward of the timber west of them. The old hunter viewed them through his eyeglass, then handed it to another and another.—Finally it came to Frank. He applied one of his goggle eyes to it, but could not shut the other, which produced a general titter. He then put one hand over the other, and turned the glass in various ways; at last they were brought in view. As soon as he saw them, the glass dropped from his hand and he jumped back appalled. All roared with laughter. They rode forward within about two miles of them; then taking the timber as a covering, proceeded until opposite the herd, then turned eastward, entering the prairie at the top of a considerable eminence, west of them, and about half a mile distant. They halted to contemplate its immense number, and hear the instructions of the captain, which were that they were not to approach nearer than fifteen or twenty feet, and to divide on either side; when in position to commence shooting at one particular one, and continue to do so until he fell, and then select another, all being armed with navies and prepared for six or twelve shots each.

While giving his orders, the buffaloes, one by one, commenced throwing up their heads, snuffing the air and perambulating as though they knew there was danger, but did not know its direction. The old hunter gave the order to charge. They all put spurs to their horses and were fast diminishing the distance which intervened between them, when they discovered the approach of the enemy and started eastward, with the roar of a tornado. On the hunters went, our hero in the lead, and on rushed the mighty herd, like a dark, rapidly receding cloud; on the hunters sped with increasing impetuosity. Overtaking them in about two miles, they divided on either side (as directed) and all selected their prizes except our hero, who pushed on, going at the top of his horse's speed, until he got in advance of them, and having shot the last charge from his navy, turned, galloped off from the herd about half a mile, jumped from his his horse to reload his pistol in order to renew his pursuit. So great was his excitement that he rammed in all the balls without any powder, not making the discovery until he had put in the last bullet. He then mounted his horse and went galloping back to see how many he had killed. They had all been successful but him.

They dressed their beef and repaired to camp. The next morning, notwithstanding they had sent their mules and wagons about ten miles back to a settlement, lest they should be stolen from them, thought it advisable to move their camp about eight miles further up the river, and were compelled to pack all their provisions and camp equipage on horseback; they had three or four sacks of flour and as many of salt. However, they succeeded in moving. Our hero sat upon a sack of salt.

On the next day they got a very early start, and directed their course eastward, passing through a skirt of woods about two miles wide, emerging into a large prairie, with a gradual ascent for a mile, which brought them to the top. The landscape, at that point, was sublimely magnificent. The prairie formed an immense level plain, as far as the eye could reach, covered with a rich, waving herbage, the top of which had been yellowed by the recent frost. A few fleecy clouds with a glittering fringe of silver floated in a canopy of blue around the portals of the east, as messengers to welcome the grand luminary of the day, that was just raising his broad disk in splendor, as from an ocean, sending his bright horizontal rays over the immense plains, and being reflected and mellowed by the yellow tinge of the herbage, gave to the surface a rich covering of purple and gold lending to the horizon a peculiar splendor, resembling the colors of the rainbow. Tho several glittering herds in the distance were adorned with a dazzling halo of the same transcendant tints. The exalted, pleasing grandeur of the scene impressed the beholder with a sense of profound veneration for the Author of nature.

To the south, between the skirt of wood and the top of the prairie, a distance of about two miles, could be seen three or four buffaloes quietly grazing, and several large herds in the east. Frank, having been unsuccessful in the chase heretofore, was anxious to try his stratagem alone on that small group, and so expressed himself. The hunters laughed at him, and told him he could not kill one, if it was tied, but he knew better, he said. They all consented for him to try. He was delighted, and started back to the wood, using it as a cover, until he thought he was far enough to be opposite the buffaloes, and then rode into the prairie, and to his surprise, not a buffalo could be seen. He had taken the leeward and been discovered.

He now thought he would hasten to the top of the hill and see if he could discover his company. In doing so he saw some brown looking object, ensconsed in the high grass. He rode around it and after scrutinizing it for some time, discovered it to be a buffalo calf. He was perfectly delighted. He rode off about twenty paces, alighted, threw his bridle reins upon the ground, removed his hair rope from his horse's neck, soliloquizing: "I will surprise them this time. They say that I can't kill a buffalo. Humph! I will show them, when I carry this little fellow into camp alive."

He doffed his coat and pistols, leaving his horse to graze, while he performed the delightful operation of tying the calf—rope in hand, he advanced cautiously to the snug little bed, the calf's head was toward him, his eyes glistened in the straw like polished jet; he examined it closely with feelings of delight and ecstacy. The little fellow appeared to diminish in size, and scarcely to breathe; as he advanced so great were his feelings of triumph. When he had gotten sufficiently near, he stopped and debated in his own mind the best method of capturing him. He first thought he would fall upon it and seize it in his arms, but finally concluded, lest he should hurt it by that method, he would seize it by the ears and commenced slowly stooping, parting the high grass with his hand, the calf's eyes fixed upon him, at last he thought he was near enough to make the grab; as he did so the calf made a sudden bound, ran under him, turning the confidential young hunter a complete summersault, whirling around in an instant, and as the young man attempted to recover himself, his head being towards the calf, and as he raised his goggled eyes, it came at him with a bound, butting him completely senseless. When he recovered from his stun, he raised his big eyes and the calf standing off about four feet, with his eyes glittering with rage and triumph, and fixed upon him, with the most threatening look, as if to say, "you must not move." The look of the calf completely cowed our hero, and he was utterly surprised at the course matters had taken. He now determined to practice some of his strategem upon his pet, by slowly and imperceptibly, rising upon his hands and feet, preparatory to a hasty retreat, the calf closely eyeing his manuvers, while engaged in these sly movements, he failed to keep his eye upon the little demon, and just about the time he had gotten in position, to make a sudden movement, exactly the position to suit the calf, it came upon him with another stunning, but throwing him flat of his back, with his head down the hill. When he had recovered his senses, the second time, he raised his head, and there stood the calf at his feet, with the same indomitable gaze, and discovering that his feet were where his head should have been, was rejoiced to think that he had changed his front, and thought he would be able to make his escape, for he had become greatly alarmed, lest its mother should come and gore him to death with her sharp horns. He now thought he was sure of escape, slowly turning himself, face downward, intending to get upon his hands and knees and crawl away down the hill, believing that as soon as he showed a disposition to retreat, the calf would let him alone; but the poor fellow was doomed to another disappointment; just as he had gotten upon his hands and knees, and made the start, the calf came upon him, with a tremendous bound, raising him about two feet in the air and sending him about four feet down the hill, by the time he would touch the ground, the calf always being in position, would raise him again and again, carrying him down the hill, leap after leap, like some monster frog, his goggle eyes projecting from their sockets; finally throwing him some seven or eight feet upon his face. He lay there for some time, completely outwitted and frightened almost to frenzy, thinking its mother would surely be there directly. Presently, an idea came to his relief, and he thought he would surely fool the calf this time, which was by imitating an animal, a few degrees lower in the scale of animated nature than a quadruped. He extended his arms as far as could reach, taking hold of the grass near the ground, dragging his body down the hill, like some huge serpent. After a number of such movements, he peered over his shoulder, and to his great dismay found that the calf was not to be fooled in any such a manner, for every time he moved the calf moved also, preserving the same distance at all times. About this time he heard its mother coming, blowing and snorting with rage, his blood appeared to chill in his veins, the cold perspiration to exhale from his skin as dew, his hair stood erect—his dear parents, all the loved ones he had left behind, the passed, the future, his destiny, all crowded into his mind in an instant. She bounded up in about six feet of him and stopped suddenly, fixing her eyes upon him, with the ferocity of a wild beast, whose offspring was threatened with danger. She stood a few minutes, panting and tossing her head, scattering the foam that was issuing from her mouth, then advanced slowly, a few feet, lowering her head, as our hero thought, for the fatal plunge.—The perspiration now stood in beads upon his whole body, his head grew dizzy, his heart sickened, he tried to repeat in his mind, a short prayer his mother had taught him when a child. After standing a few moments, she advanced another step, still lowering her head, snuffing and gazing at our hero, who was lying as close to the ground, face downward, as it was possible, cringing every time the cow moved, expecting every moment to be killed; but at the same time, trying to play the dead man. She continued to advance, slowly, smelling and snuffing the air, and moving her head up and down, until she was nearly over him. She remained for some time smelling and shaking her head; presently she gave a light touch of her tongue to the seat of his pants—he nearly fainted. Presently it was repeated, again and again with less caution and more relish, increasing her operations a little faster and a little faster, and finally she attempted to get the loose part of his pants in her mouth. Our hero could not imagine what she was doing, whether he was being eaten up or not, and commenced slowly raising his head and turning it, in order to learn in what way he was most likely to go. He at last got his head raised, his large eyes nearly popping from their sockets, turned full upon the cow, and witnessed the operation of mastication for a few moments, with utter disgust; then gradually lowered his head and passively submitted and thought to himself, "that d—d bag of salt is the cause of this."

Presently he heard the sound of horse's hoofs against the ground.—The cow instantly threw up her head, listened a moment, moaned to her calf and they both darted to the adjacent woods. Our hero jumped up, feeling himself very much relieved, to receive the congratulations of his hunting friends.

ONE OF THEM.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A Railroad Must be Located Before a Subscription Can be Voted.

We have already in our columns made allusion to the important case between certain citizens of Smith county and the Tennessee and Pacific Railroad Company, involving the issuance of $300,000 in bonds of Smith county, by order of the Smith County Court.

The opinion in the case was read in the Supreme Court yesterday.

The decision was put upon the ground that the law requires certain things to be done before the County Court is allowed to submit a proposition to subscribe stock in a railroad to a vote of the people; that one of these conditions precedent was, that a sworn statement of the company's engineer shall be filed with the court, showing the location of the road from one end to the other, with certain estimates, etc. In this case it seems the engineer's statement only showed the location of the railroad from Nashville to a point seventy-five miles eastward, and not its entire length. This was held to be a fatal defect, and that without the full statement and estimates which the law required, the County Court could not order an election.—Therefore all the proceedings were void.

It must not be concluded that this decision operates to invalidate the county bonds issued by Davidson and Wilson counties. The bonds of these counties having been actually issued and sold into the hands of third persons, they are protected by the law of negotiable paper. The Supreme Court of the United States has, in many recent decisions, held such bonds to be binding, and unaffected by any infirmity in the performance of the conditions precident to their issue.—*Nash. Banner, 2d inst.*

The Times says that there is great excitement in Chattanooga on the subject of spiritualism.

BE A WOMAN.

O't I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty,
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy things and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be woman.

Mother, then unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than of mere fashion's lady;
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—bright model
Of a high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body,
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty.
Raise the world from all that's low.
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow!
Lend thy influence to each effort,
That shall raise our nature human,
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

CAPTAIN KATE.

I had just told Fred. Gorman, my chum and companion, that I had determined to leave town that afternoon. "I am going down to the lake shore, where it's nice and cool and quiet, and where I needn't work, or ever think, but do just as I please."

Fred looked blank. "Don't go this afternoon," he said; "I wanted you to go with me to Madame W.'s tonight, and to be presented to Captain Kate, the new belle."

"Thank you," I responded, "but no more girls of the period for me, if you please—I had rather be excused."

"Oh, but you must see Captain Kate!" he went on, "that's what they call her, because of the followers she has; she's worth seeing."

"I know the style," I said, with a majestic wave of the hand. "Bold eyes—blue, perhaps; black, probably—rather tall, immense chignon, laughs and cracks jokes like a trooper, and never says one word of sense, I repeat, my friend, not any for me!"

"But just wait—" began Fred I interrupted, with another wave of the hand.

"My friend, I shall leave town this afternoon, for the lake; should like your company, but if you choose to stay, I go alone. I want nothing of this Kate or any other woman."

"Pon my soul!" cried Fred, widening his blue eyes. "What has come over you, the king of male flirts? Been bitten, eh?"

"No, simply disgusted," I answered, loftily, "I'm tired of work and am going to leave both. Will you go?"

"Not till next week; then I'll follow."

"All right," I said, and we parted.

"King of flirts," Fred had called me, and that term needs some explanation, for I should regret having any of my friends think me that most detestable afair, a man butterfly.

I was thirty and not bad looking and a well to-do young lawyer, possessed of a nice little property. I had a due appreciation of woman—liked most of them extremely well; loved none; paid them some harmless compliments, chatted, walked and drove with them. But as for flirting—why I spoke no word of love; gave no fair lady any reason for thinking I was in love, and still Mrs. Grundy gave the appellation of "Male Flirt." Well, never mind; I didn't.

I went down to the lake shore that afternoon and engaged rooms at a private dwelling."

"We have three boarders now," the pleasant little lady said, "and expect one more to-morrow afternoon—a young lady relative from the city—and there are just rooms for one more."

Those I engaged and domiciled myself immediately in my quarters. But not at all pleased with the prospective young lady. There were two already, but harmless individuals, I mentally observed at the table; one a studious damsel who wore spectacles and looked at the ceiling; the other an invalid; and the wife of the male boarder. But this "coming girl"—who was she, and what did she want to disturb my coveted peace and country quiet for? No doubt she would be a dashing, slashing, panier-and-sash-end style of a girl, who would dare me into making love to her, and give me no peace until I did. Flirtations might be all very well, but a fellow didn't want to be dragged into it, when he was in search of peace and quiet. This was my mental style of soliloquy until the "coming girl" came. I watched her from my window as the hack set her down.

Small, dressed in gray, and veiled. That was all I saw, save two moderate sized trunks. All, until two hours later I saw her at the table end, took a private inventory. Rather below the medium height and slender in figure, fair, with a faint color in the cheeks; hair, dusky brown, curling, or rather waving, not quite to the shoulders, and tied with a blue ribbon from the smooth brow; eyes, a quite brown, and clear as a summer lake. That was all, I think I noticed. No; the mouth was very sweet, and pretty, and totally devoid of that society smirk and hauty curl, which are so decidely repulsive in women. I remember thinking of that, and then quite forgetting Miss Whiting until the following day.

"A very quiet, sensible-appearing and rather pretty young lady," I had said to myself, "and not one likely to molest me in any way."

I strolled out to a little arbor the next afternoon, with a book in my hand, and found Miss Whiting with gone all summer and never dreamed of flirting; knowing you to be Captin Kate, I shall suspect you of malicious intentions every move you make. Therefore, let us agree to a flirtation, and all will be well."

"I agree," she said archly, "and here is my hand upon it. She gave me her hand—I remember how soft and shapely it was—and I raised it to my lips.

"Would your heart come with it?" I said, and she laughed merrily.

"Bravo! a good beginning! I see you are no amateur!" she cried, and so we launched on the sea of flirtation.

I told Fred of our arrangement the following day. I thought he looked pleased.

"All right, old fellow," he said shaking my hand heartily. "I am glad to know you are not my rival, for I am in earnest. I want to marry Miss Whiting, if I can, and I didn't like to think I was fighting against you. You are quite sure you are in earnst?"

"Quite sure," I answered. "Go on, my dear boy, with my blessing; but don't marry her until I leave, and spoil our flirtation."

"Oh, no! I shouldn't think of it under a year. My business won't permit, and I suppose she will be willing to wait," and Fred looked as grave and thoughtful as if it were settled.

"No doubt she will wait any length of time you suggest," I said, so dryly, that Fred looked up quizzically. Seeing me perfectly serious, he continued.

"And, Ben, couldn't you—as you have no intention yourself—couldn't you speak a good word for my prospects? Speak about that uncle of mine, that went to India about twenty years ago, and has never been heard of since. You needn't put that in though, just say he went there, and I am the only heir."

I assured Fred that I would do so. "Just as well as not," I said. "Will bring your perfection all to light and say nothing of your failings." Fred thanked me warmly, and we parted.

Captain Kate was in the garden when I returned. She was dressed in a blue, thin gauze stuff, and a frill of lace at the throat and wrist. She looked exceedingly pretty, and I told her so.

"Good!" she cried, bringing her shapely hands together. "I dressed purposely to make you pay compliments and have succeeded. Am I really, truly pretty?"

"And my eyes are not bold, and I do not seem a trooper?"

"Your eyes are the sweetest in the world, and you seem like an angel."

She breathed a long breath.

"How nice! Now, where have you been?"

"To see Fred—the finest young fellow alive. Got a rich uncle in India, somewhere, and is his heir."

"Does that constitute his firmness?" he said, scornfully.

"According to a woman's idea, yes. But that is not all. He's a splendid fellow, good, intelligent, steady."

"Rather a pleasant fellow," she acknowledged, "and he waltzes like an angel."

"Are angels proficient in that accomplishment?" I laughed.

"Well, I suppose," retorted she.—"You call me an angel, and I waltz beautifully."

I should never have recognized Miss Whiting for the girl I had known before. She dropped her quiet, calm, child-like self, assumed the gay, dazzling mask of Captain Kate.

She dressed becomingly and elegantly, yet with no show or glare of color, or else it would not have been becoming. She studied my taste in all things, and fairly dazzled me with her wit and beauty. Yet I think I missed Miss Whiting sorely, for a few days after her departure and Kate's advent. We walked, we sat, we drove, we talked together. Fred occupied the spare moments, and, few as they were, he seemed very hopeful; for Fred was always hopeful about all things, though he never succeeded in anything. He had paid his undivided attention to three young ladies, at different times, and been certain of success, and each time failed. He was not cast down, however, but was now looking confidently forward to his union with Captain Kate.

"You have helped me a great deal, Ben," he would say, and I thank you heartily for your kind words. When I am settled, consider my home yours."

"Certainly," I would respond, "I will, Fred."

So three weeks slipped by, and in two more I should depart. Our flirtation continued unabated. Kate was bewildering, and I sometimes trembled for my own safety. Once, when standing very near to her, my lips somehow came in contact with hers, and I never felt quite safe after that day. "Kissing provoketh love," I said, "and I will avoid that hereafter."

So I did, and we sailed, and rode and flirted deliciously through the remaining two weeks, and one morning I arose with the uncomfortable feeling upon me that it had all come to an end, and I was to leave on the forenoon train. I also arose with another knowledge—that I was very much in love with Captain Kate; yes, decidedly, irrevocably in love. I had an odd feeling, too, that it was just what Captain Kate intended; and I determined to keep my secret locked in my breast. So I complimented in her in the old mock way, through the morning, and was conscious that under all her gayety there was a lurking disappointment. And then I nerved myself for it, and went to the arbor to say the last farewell.

"With my most heartfelt thanks for the pleasant flirtation you have indulged me in, and hoping you all happiness in the future, I will say good-bye."

"And who will I dress for now, and who will pay me pretty compliments and admire me?"

"Fred will serve as a substitute, won't he?" I asked, but she shook her head gayly.

"Fred is not frivolous enough."

"Thanks for the compliment," I laughed. "And now may the Fates provide for your return to the town."

So I left her with greater pain in my heart than I ever had before, a pain that grew deeper and deeper every step I took till at the foot of the hill it became unendurable, and I turned about and walked defiantly back to the arbor—Captain Kate's face was in her hands, and tears were falling upon her dress.

"Kate," I said softly, "What is the matter?"

She started violently and then laughed through her tears.

"I hurt my finger with a thorn, and it made me cry."

"Let me extract the thorn," I said, putting my arm around her waist. "And I came back to tell you that I I was tired of 'make believe' and want to play love in earnest; will you?"

"Why—I suppose I could—only—"

"Only what, Kate?"

"Why, about the grand flirtation!"

"We will end it in a grand wedding," I said.

"I guess that would be a good a book in her hand, seated in said arbor.

"I beg your pardon, "I did not know the place was occupied."

"Make believe that it isn't," she said, "and come in. There is ample room, and I am so much interested in my book, that I shall not even see you."

Feeling decidedly complimented at the closing sentence, I seated myself on the opposite bench and opened my book. But I did not progress rapidly. Miss Whiting was so interesting in repose, made such a pretty good-looking picture sitting there, that I could not but watch her.

How interested she seemed to be in her book, and how utterly oblivious of my presence! Was I such a nonenity then? I began to feel very uncomfortable. If she would only glance at me! but she wouldn't. Once she picked some crawling thing from her dress and tossed it out at the door, but never glanced at me.

"Miss Whiting," I said at length, "pardon me, but I am tired of making believe. I had rather think the arbor occupied."

"Miss Whiting kept on reading, and answered quietly:

"Very well, consider me here."

Not to be worsted in this way, I said coldly:

"Well, but I want you to talk to me."

She closed her book, keeping her slender hand between the pages, and lifted her childishly calm eyes to my face.

"It is a very pleasant evening, Mr. Lester," she said with perfect gravity.

"Decidedly," I responded.

"Much cooler since the shower," she observed.

"It is," I assented.

"Looks some like rain in the East," she remarked.

"It does," I said, and then we both laughed.

"Now," she said, "I hope you will let me go on with my book. It is Dickens' 'Great Expectations,' and if you have ever read it, you can understand my interest."

"Do you like Dickens?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I love him.—From the opening to the 'Finis;' his books are gardens of delight to me. He interested you in his meanest character, and enlists your sympathies not with one, but with all. He is inimitable—he is incomparable. Others may, in their style, be as interesting, but to me there is none like him."

A deeper flush had come into her cheeks, and her eyes grew wider and darker.

"Decidedly pretty now," I informed myself, "and really quite an intelligent little person."

[*Concluded on Fourth page.*]