CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 43.--NO 30. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1873. WHOLE NO. 2,265.

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 Col. W. F. Young, the well-known auctioner, 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 for 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.

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
QUOR DEALERS.
Franklin St., Sign of Sugar Hogshead.
Jan 13, '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

JOHN MANNING
Is Always on ☞.

JOHN MANNING has discovered that the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country needed a specific in the rarest gaude of the season, served up in European style on ten minutes notice, and as the canvass for the Presidency has now fairly opened, he keeps constantly on hand the choicest Wines, Liquors, pure imported Havanna Cigars and Cincinnati Lager Beer, to nerve all candidates on to victory. Restaurant and Saloon open night and day, where the most fastidious may be more than pleased.
Feb. 8, 1873-6m

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

McCORMAC'S!

Pictures For Everybody!!!

While thanking my friends and the public generally, for the very liberal trade extended to me heretofore, solicit a continuance of their patronage, and do my best to deserve it by bringing my profession to a level—in prices—with any of the large cities of the north or east, and by excelling them in the *quality of work*. My arrangements now for work are such that I can make at one sitting 4, 8, 16, or 32 photographs, to suit the wishes of my customers.

Four of the popular little Gem pictures made and beautifully colored for One Dollar!

I will guarantee the best work ever done in Clarksville. Come up and see.
Respectfully,
W. J. McCormac.
May 10, 1873-tf.

The finest selection of imported Colognes, Handkerchief Extracts, Hair Oils, Toilet Soaps, Combs and Brushes of all kinds for sale by OWEN & MOORE.

J. J. CRUSMAN

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

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

EXTRA GOLD N SYRUP,
in kegs, half barrels and barrels.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES.
Crushed, Powdered and Granulated

SUGAR.
New Orleans, Clarified and Brown

SUGAR.

NEW CAROLINA RICE.

FLINTHOMINY
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.

WALTER McCOMB & Co

WHOLESALE

GROCERS

Franklin Street,

Clarksville, Tenn.,

Are daily adding new supplies to their large and well assorted stock of

Staple and Fancy

Groceries !

which they sell as low as they can be bought anywhere in the South or West.

They invite especial attention to their very large Stock of the Best Brands of Robertson County Whisky, Old Brandy and Pure Wines.

We are

SOLE AGENTS,

IN THIS MARKET, FOR

DRAUGHAN'S

CELEBRATED

Robertson County

Whiskey

particularly suited to those who want a pure article for medicinal or other purposes.

Orders promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

Walter McComb & Co.
March 22, 1873-tf

V. L. WILLIAMS,

Would call your attention to his new spring Stock of Boots & Shoes, just in store. The assortment in every grade is very complete. Also new styles in Ties, Collars, Cravats, Scarfs, and Gents' Underwear. All goods sold at the very lowest cash prices.--Please call and examine them at No. 23 Franklin Street. April 5-tf.

W. M. POLLOCK. SAM'L JOHNSON.

POLLOCK & JOHNSON,

GENERAL INSURANCE

—AND—

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

(Office Up Stairs)

CORNER FRANKLIN AND FIRST STS.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

Fire and Marine Insurance. The best and cheapest Life Insurance in the United States. The

OLD AND RELIABLE

New York Life Ins. Co.,

no new-fangled, untried, or experimental company, but one time tried and tested and ever found worthy. Undoubted indemnity at the

LOWEST KNOWN RATES CONSISTENT WITH SECURITY.

Be not deceived and misled. The best is the cheapest. If you wish to insure your life, choose a company of age, experience and ability, and you will select the "Old Reliable" New York Life.
Will give our attention to the buying, selling and renting of real estate,
March 15, '73-tf.

J. J. HAMLETT. H. P. DORRIS.

HAMLETT & DORRIS,
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Tinware, Castings,
Grates, and House Furnishing Goods.
Every description of **Tinware** made up in good style.
ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.
☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.
Feb. 1, 1873-tf

SETTLE & SON, Ag'ts,
CROCERS,
And Dealers in
Country Produce Generally
FRANTLIN HALL BUILDING,
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
We keep every variety of
FAMILY SUPPLIES,
which we offer at the lowest market rates.

WANTED.

Country Produce of all kinds, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, etc., for which we will exchange Groceries or pay cash.
SETTLE & SON.
Jan. 25, '72-tf.

COAL! COAL!

We are delivering St. Bernard Coal, within the limits of the city, for 18 cents per bushel. Pittsburg Coal, for 30 cents per bushel. Terms cash.
F. P. GRACEY & BRO.
Sep. 2, 1871-tf

ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER
—AT—
LIGON & ELY'S.

We have opened our Ice Cream Saloon for the season, and are prepared to furnish any quantity that may be desired.

We have on hand a large and varied assortment of

CONFECTIONERIES,
FIREWORKS,
MASKS,
DOLLS,
TOYS,

and everything in our line that can be desired. Call and examine our stock.

LIGON & ELY'S BAKERY

is in full operation. Fresh Yeast, Bread, and every variety of Cakes, fresh from the oven every day. All orders promptly filled.

LIGON & ELY,
No. 33 Franklin Street,
Clarksville, Tennessee.
May 17, '73-tf.

☞ **Blanks of every description, for sale at this Office.**

THE OLD COAT OF GRAY.

It lies there alone—it is rusty and faded—
With a patch on the elbow, a hole in the side,
But we think of the brave boy who wore it, and ever
Look on it with pleasure and touch it with pride.
A history clings to it—over and over,
We see a proud youth hurried off to the fray,
With his form like the oak and his eye like the eagle's
How gallant he rode in the ranks of the "Gray."

It is rough, it is worn, it is tattered in places,
But I love it the more for the story it bears;
A story of courage in struggle with sorrows
And a heart that bore bravely its burden of cares;
It is ragged and rusty, but ah! it was shining
In the silkiest sheen when he wore it away
And his smile was as bright as the glad summer morning,
When he sprang to his place in the ranks of the "Gray."

There's a rip in the sleeve, and the color is tarnished,
The buttons all gone with their gliter and gold,
'Tis a thing of the past, and we reverently lay it
Away with the treasures and relics of old
As the gifts of a love, solemn an unspoken
Are cherished as leaves from a long vanished day.
We will keep the old jacket for the sake of the loved one
Who rode in the van of the ranks of the "Gray."

Shot through with a bullet—right here in the shoulder,
And down there the pocket is splintered and soiled,
Ah! more, see the lining is stained and discolored!
Yes, blood drops the texture have stiffened and spoiled.
It came when he rode at the head of the column,
Charging down in the battle one deadliest day,
When the squadrons of foemen were broken asunder,
And victory rode with the ranks of the "Gray."

It's memory is sweetness and sorrow commingled
To me it is precious—more precious than gold,
In the rent and the shot hole a volume is written,
On the stains on the lining is agony told.
That was ten years ago when in life's sunny morning
He rode with his comrades down into the fray,
And the old coat he wore and the good sword he yielded
Were all that came from the ranks of the "Gray."

And it lies there alone; I'll reverence it ever
The patch on the elbow and the hole in the side,
For a gallanter heart never beat than the loved one,
Who wore it with honor and soldierly pride.
Let me brush off the dust from its tatters and tarnish,
Le me fold it up closely and lay it away
It is all that is left of the loved and lost one,
Who fought for the right in the ranks of the "Gray."

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Lenox Ray sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down the West in a flood of golden glory, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of new mown hay, and dewy with the approaching twilight.

"Well, this is rather purer than London air!" sighed Lenox, drawing a deep breath of delight, as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old-fashioned farm-house, carrying his valise in his hand. "I wonder if Nannie got my note, and is looking for me. Hollo!"

This last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big, ripe cherry, which, descending from above somewhere, came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there, perched like a great bird upon the bough of a large cherry tree, and looking down at him, with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and wilful enough to set a man crazy.

"How do, Lenox? Come up and have some cherries!" was her mischievous greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her crimson lips.

"Nannie! Is it possible?" exclaimed Lenox, sternly.

"What! that? Why, cherries are ripe? Yes, and splendid, too! Have some?" returned the nymph, coolly holding out a great ruby cluster.

"Nannie, will you come down from there?" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherries.

"Yes, to be sure, now you've come, and I have had all the cherries I wanted."

And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down from her perch, and lit on the grass at his feet.

"Now don't look serious, Lenox, dear!" she said, slipping her little hands into his with a coaxing motion. "I know it is Tom-boyish to climb the cherry tree, but then it's such fun."

"Nannie, you should have been a boy," said Lenox.

"I wish I had! Then I wouldn't have everybody scolding me if I happened to move. No, I don't either; for then you wouldn't have fallen in love with me. What made you, any way, dear?" she said, with a fond glance and a caressing movement.

"Because you are a sweet darling!" answered Mr. Ray, melted in spite of himself. "But I do wish, Nannie, you would leave off these hoydenish ways and be more dignified."

"Like Miss Isham?" asked Nannie.

"Miss Isham is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you if you would copy her in some respects," said Lenox, coldly.

The tears sprang into Nannie's eyes at his tone; she loosened her arm from his, and dropping down on the emerald grass at his feet, began to braid a bracelet of the long blades, in silence, with a grieved expression around her sweet mouth which he did not see.

"There!" cried Lenox, pettishly. "Now you look more like a five year old baby than a well-bred young lady."

Nannie threw away her bracelet and got up again. "I didn't mean to vex you. Shall we go in?" she said.

They went into the parlor, and Mr. Ray took a seat in the great arm chair while Nannie flung open the window and dropped down on her knees beside it, letting her glossy curls fall in a great shower on the window sill.

"Now, don't do that!" exclaimed Mr. Ray, drawing a chair near his own. "Come here, and sit down like a rational being."

Nannie gave a rueful glance at the stiff backed chair, but giving her curls a toss backward, obediently went and sat down.

"I wish you would put those fly-away curls and dress your hair as other young ladies do," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Nannie, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you; but in truth, my dear, my wife must have something of the elegance of refined society. Your manners need polish, my dear."

Nannie reddened, and her scarlet lip curled a little; but she said nothing.

"A few weeks in fashionable circles will be a great benefit to you, and I wish you to have the opportunity. In short, dear, I came down to tell you that my sister Laura is making up a party to visit some noted watering place this summer, and she wishes you to be one of the number. And I wish you to accept the invitation. Nannie."

"Are you going?" asked Nannie.

"No; my practice will not allow it. But I shall see you several times. You will go."

"Oh, Lenox, don't make me?" sobbed Nannie, hiding her face on his shoulder, as a vision of his stylish and hauty sister rose before her. "I don't want to go! I hate fasionable society! I don't wan't to be polished! I'd rather stay here in the country, and not wear any bonnet, and climb trees every day."

"Nannie! I am surprised at this display of childishness! I must insist on more self-control," said he, coldly.

"But don't send me away! Don't Lenox!" she pleaded.

"I must!" he returned, but more gently, softened a little, by her agitated eagerness. "It's for your good Nannie, and you must conset to go. Will you?"

The supper bell rang at that instant, and anxious to escape before the rest of the family came in and saw her tears, Nannie hastily answered, "Yes, let me go, Lenox!" and ran out of the room, and up stairs to her own chamber.

They were at supper before she came down again, with smooth curls, and no trace of tears, but with a bright light in her brown eyes, and a firm look on her pretty face; and she went through the hall out to the vine-shaded porch where the tea-table was set, she murmured, "Yes, I'll go! And I'll teach you one lesson, Mr. Lenox Ray. See if I don't."

It was Lenox Ray's intention to join his sister's party in July, but his law business prevented him. When Nannie received the letter expressing his regrets, she only smiled, and said to herself, "All the better! I shall have time to learn my lesson more thoroughly by September, Mr. Lenox!"

It was nearly the middle of September before Mr. Ray, heated, dusty, and weary, entered his room in the Scarborough hotel, where his sister's party was stopping.

"Dear little Nannie!" he said, as he made a careful toilet, before going down stairs. "I'm dying to see her, and I know she'll be glad to see me. A moment of her sweet naturalness will be quite refreshing after all these artificial women. They don't know I've come, so I'll go down and surprise them."

As he entered the apartment, amid the flash of jewels and rustle of silks and laces, he met her sister Laura.

"Lenox! you here?" she said, giving him two white hands.

"Yes. Where's Nannie?"

"She was on the terrace talking with a French Count, a moment ago. Ah! there she is by the door."

"Ah!" said Lenox, dropping Laura's hand and making his way toward the door.

But it was difficult, even when he drew near, to see in this stylish, stately lady, whose hair was put up over a monstrous chignon, and whose lustrous robe swept over the floor for a yard, his own little Nannie of three months ago.

Lenox strode up with scarce a glance at the bewhiskered dandy to whom she was chatting, and held out his hand with an eager exclamation: "Nannie!"

She made a sweeping courtesy, and languidly extended the tips of her fingers; but not a muscle moved beyond what accorded with well-bred indifference.

"Ah! good evening, Mr. Ray."

"Oh, Nannie! are you not glad to see me?" said Lenox, feeling his heart chilled within him.

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray—quite glad. Allow me to present Count de Beaurepaire. Mr. Ray, monsieur."

Lenox hardly deigned a bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to Nannie.

"You will walk with me a little while?"

"Thanks; but the music is beginning, and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair."

"But afterwards!" said Lenox, the chill growing colder.

"Thanks again; but I am engaged to Captain Thorton."

"When, then?" demanded Lenox with a jealous pang.

"Ah, really my card is so full I hardly know. I will try to spare you a waltz somewhere"—with an indifferent glance.

Lenox bent down, and spoke with bitter reproach in her ear, "Good heavens, Nannie! What affection is this?"

She favored him with a well-bred stare.

"Pardon! I do not understand you."

And taking the arm of her escort, she walked away with the air of an empress.

Lenox sought his sister.

"Laura, how have you changed Nannie so!" he demanded.

"Yes, she has changed—greatly improved. Isn't she perfect?"

"Perfect! Rather *too* perfect to suit me."

"To-morrow I shall see more of Nannie!" he thought.

But to-morrow, and to-morrow, and "that elegant Miss Irving," as they styled her, was always in demand. She played the *role* of an accomplished lady, and icy hearted coquette, to perfection; and poor Lenox, from the distance at which she kept him, looked on almost heart-broken, varying between wrath, jealousy, pride, and despair.

"Nannie!" said he, one morning when he found her alone, "how long is this to last?"

"How long is what to last?" asked Nannie, innocently.

"How long are you going to remain the conventional creature you are?"

"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society?" she said, coldly.

"But Nannie—"

"Your sister thinks I have been an apt pupil."

"Yes, too apt, by heavens!" cried Lenox.

"Well, if you ain't pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me, Mr. Ray; I am going to ride with Count de Beaurepaire."

And with her sweetest, hollowest smile, she made a graceful gesture of adieu, and left him sick at heart, puzzled and disgusted.

That afternoon, as Laura and Nannie were about dressing for the evening, Lenox, walked unnounced, into Laura's little parlor, where they sat alone.

"I thought I'd drop in and say good-bye before you went down stairs," said he. "I leave for London to-night."

Laura elevated her eye-brows a little.

"Sudden, isn't it? But since you are going I will give you some commissions."

"You needn't. I shall only stay in town for a day."

"Indeed! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know," was his savage reply.

Laura gave him a look of cool surprise.

"At least you will take a note to George for me."

"Yes, if you get it ready," said he, ungraciously.

"Very well; I will write it."

Laura went to her own room, and Lenox stood moodily at the window. Presently Nannie, who had not spoken one word, came and stood near him.

"Are you really going away?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," was the short answer.

"And won't you tell me where?"

"I don't know myself—neither know nor care," he growled.

She slipped her hand in his arm, with the old caressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke gently, using his first name for the first time since he came.

"But, Lenox, dear, if you go away off somewhere, what shall I do?"

He turned suddenly and caught her to his heart.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie!" cried he passionately, "if you would only come back to me, and love me—if I could recover my lost treasure, I would not go anywhere. Oh, my lost love, is it too late?"

She laid her face down against his shoulder, and asked, "Lenox, dear, tell me which you love best, the Nannie you used to know or the fashionable young lady you found here?"

"Oh, Nannie, darling!" he cried, clasping her closer, "I wouldn't give one precious toss of your old brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world. I wouldn't give one careless ring of your merry laugh for all the polished belles in society. I would not, my darling, I would not."

Nannie laid her arms caressingly around his neck, and said, softly, "Then I think you will have to take your Nannie back again, and pet her and love her as you used to do; for I am as sick and tired of the fashionable young lady as you can be, Lenox, dear."

And Lenox passionately clasping her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all the hot-house flowers in Christendom.

"Laura!" Lenox called, tapping on Laura's door a little later.

"Well?" answered Laura.

"You needn't write your note. I shan't go to town to-night."

"Lenox, I never saw such a fellow to take fancies!" cried Laura. "Are you crazy?"

* * * * * * * * * *

Lenox and Nannie have been sedate married people for several years; but I never heard that Lenox complained in the least of his wife's want of conventionality, or even wished to pursue the acquaintance of the fashionable young lady whom he met at Scarborough.

American Iron Ships.

A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger says: A few weeks ago the steamer Wilmington, of Clydes's line, built at Wilmington, Del., of American iron, ran with great force upon a reef off the Florida coast, while on her way from New York to Havana with a full cargo. Seventy feet of the length of the ship was on the reef, where it "pounded" for twelve hours, every time the sea lifted the hull and let it fall. After some of the cargo was thrown overboard, the ship thus lightened was backed off, and she went on her way to Havana, where her condition was examined. It was found that, while the heavy "pounding" she had gone through when aground on the reef had dented and bulged some of her iron plates, not one of them was broken, and only one of them in any degree cracked. A small patch was all that was immediately required, when she took in a heavy cargo, carried it to New York, and then came around to Cramp's ship yard to have the dents taken out of her iron plates. This is all that happened to the American built ship, whose plates, or at least that portion of them subjected to the strain, are of Pennsylvania made iron. The plates were simply bent out of shape, and so slightly damaged that they were rerolled cold and put back again. The great tenacity of the iron resisted that tremendous "pounding" on the reef for more than half a day without breaking. It is this invaluable quality which the owner of a Delaware river built ship gets for his additional 15 per cent of cost.

The Hebrew Quarter in Amsterdam.

A correspondent, writing from Amsterdam, says:

The Jews' quarter is worth seeing, if only to note the difference between them and the Dutch people in form and face. We were told that we should know when we got there by their faces, and we did. The whole population seemed to be in the street. Their goods were spread out for sale far into the middle, and the people filled the rest. Some of them are among the wealthiest men in the city, and the art of cutting diamonds is almost entirely confined to them. They have many large establishments worked by steam engines, which set in motion many small wheels whose cogs, acting on regular metal plates, cause them to revolve 2,000 times a minute; powdered diamond is placed in these, and the stone to be polished fastened in a metal cup, submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. Four can be polished in one wheel at a time. We visited the largest establishment, and were extremely interested; but, although they employ five hundred men, we only saw one operate as all are at the same kind of work.

Reorganizing His Wife.

"I never attempted to reorganize my wife but once," confessed Artemus Ward. "I shall never attempt to do it again. I'd been to a public dinner, and had allowed myself to be betrayed into drinkin' several people's healths; and wishing to make 'em as robust as possible, I continued drinkin' their health until my own was affected. Consekence I presented myself to Betsy's bedchamber late at night with considerable licker concealed about my person. I had some somehow got possession of a horse-whip on my way home, and rememberin' some cranky observation of Mrs. Ward's in the mornin,' I snapped the whip putty lively, and in a very loud voice said: Betsy, you need reorganizin' I have come, Betsy," I continued, crackin, the whip over the bed, I have come to reorganize you." I dreamed that nite that somebody laid a horse-whip across me several times—and when I woke up I found she had. I hain't drank much of anything since; and if I ever have another reorganizin' job on hand, I shall let it out."

HERE is the whole arguments in favor of cotton-mills at the south: The Columbus, Georgia, factories have taken thus far this year six thousand two hundred and eighty bales of cotton, against four thousand nine hundred and eleven last year. If this cotton has been sold at eighteen cents per pound it would have realized five hundred and fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars. It was passed through the Columbus mills, its value trebled, and sold to the country north, south, east and west for one million six hundred and seventy thousand one hundred and sixty dollars. Thus, Columbus cleared one million one hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and forty dollars, and retains the money here because she has the spirit to erect and maintain factories. *Appeal.*

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.—The Chatham Tribune well says:

We lay it down as a rule, to which no exceptions are to be known, or should be recognized, that in the coming election, no conservative gentleman will allow himself to be named as an independent candidate for office, and if any are selfish enough to try it in this part of Virginia, the Tribune now announces that he shall be treated as and classed with the enemy, as even worse than a radical. No man deserving office will seek to win in this way, and he who does betrays the fact of his own weakness, and traitor-like, as Judas did, will sell his birthright dearly, even though he secures his election.

Jas. B. Clay, Esq., grandson of Henry Clay, has forwarded to Regent Bowman, for the Museum at Ashland, the coat which the great statesman wore at the treat of Ghent, in the year 1814. It is a rare and valuable relic, elegantly wrought, and trimmed with silk and braid, and will be of historic interest to the thousands who visit his old homestead and who so eagerly seek to see some mementoes of the illustrious sage.

An Illinois girl, having six lovers, offered to marry the one who should "break up" the most prairie in three days. The result was that she got a smart husband, and her father found his new farm ready for planting free of cost.

MARK TWAIN'S GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

In as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following resume can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he toook a fresh start, and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but, hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within forty miles of Sherman's headquarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sheaman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fullfiled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died:

The United States in acc. with John Wilson Mackenzie, of New Jersey, deceased.

To thirty barrels of beef for Gens. Sherman, at $100	$3,000
To traveling expences and transportation	14,000
Total	17,000
Rec'd pay't.	

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office when Death, the great leveller came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on him also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul! Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grurdge against me for a long time; but in his last moments he sent for me and forgave me everything, and weeping, gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said:

"Well sir, what can I do for you?"

I said:

"Sire, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef——"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence, kindly but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary, of State. He said:

"Well, sir?"

I said: 'Your Royal Highness, on or about the 10t day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman, the sum total of thiriy barrels of beef.——"

"That will do, sir—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said: "Speak quickly, sir, do not keep me waiting."

I said: "Your Royal Highness on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef——"

Well, it was as far as I could get. He had nothing to do with beef contracts, or General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for the beef. The following day I went to see the Secretary of the Interior.

I said: "Your Imperial Highness, on or about the 10th day of October—"

"That is sufficient sir; I have heard of you before. Go—take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army."

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster General; I beseiged the Agricultural Department; waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. They had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent office.

I said: "Your August Excellency, on or about——"

"Perdition! have you got here with your incendiary beef contract, at last? We have nothing to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"Oh, that is all very well—but somebody has got to pay for that beef! It has got to be paid now, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it."

"But My dear sir——"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I recon, and, liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury.

I said: "Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken——"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corne-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but without success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room writing in books, and their seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage belle. Two or three of the clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth Assistant Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two or may be three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading:

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me awhile, and then went to reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if I got through before another New York mail arrived. He had only two more papers left. After awhile he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored imbecil, on or about——"

"You are the beef contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he fonud the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it to me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?, said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed?"

"How?"

"Tommahawked."

"Who tommahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school did you?"

"No, an Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! I don't know his name." Must have his name. Who saw the tommahawking done?"

"I don't know."

You were not present yourself then?"

"Which you can see by my hair, I was absent."

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I know he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well you must get him. Have you got the tommahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tommahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tommahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death must be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It may possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for the purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate.'

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia and America with that beef, after all his trials and tribulations and transportations; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love that bright creature yonder, with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her—but you are poor. Here hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her, and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all that I know about the great beef contract that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocution Office of Washington and find out, after much labor and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocution Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.

That's What They Call It.

One of the strongest temperance men connected with the Chicago press has a penchant for mixing up "drinks" which cheer but do not inebriate. His latest discovery in this line is plain soda lightly flavored with aromatic spirits of ammonia. While out on Madison Street at the extreme west end the other night, our journalist felt the approach of a headache, and stopped in a convenient drug store to indulge in his favorite tipple. A boy, about knee high to a toad, was in attendance at the fountain.

"Give me plain soda and ammonia," was the request.

The boy assumed a knowing look, and replied: "All right sir."

And then placed a glass under a suspicious looking tap, when the journalist, who didn't understand this business, said, "Hold on there! What are you about? I want soda and ammonia!"

"That's all right," said the knowing urchin. "I'm giving you a little old bourbon'; I know what I am about. That's the name that all give it!"