CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 45.--NO 17. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874. WHOLE NO. 2,304.

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 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 draw 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.

Captain Jack Captured!

Owing to the Breaking of a Worthless Bridle.

If he had purchased one of Joslin's make he could have bid defiance to Gen. Davis and the dynasty at Washington.

I have a splendid stock of Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Buggy Whips, Etc., of any kind desired at prices which defy competition. Nothing but the best material used, and none but the best workmen employed. So come along and get the worth of your money.

When you want anything in the above line, be sure to call on

M. L. JOSLIN,

Saddle and Harness Maker,
June 14, '73-ly. Clarksville, Tenn.

W. A. QUARLES. W. M. DANIEL

QUARLES & DANIEL,

Attorneys at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties.
April 27, 1872-tf

EMOND 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, 1873-1y

JNO. F. HOUSE. H. C. MERRITT

HOUSE & MERRITT,

ATTORNEYS---AT---LAW,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Oct. 11, '73-6m.

R. W. HUMPHREYS. B. D. JOHNSON.

HUMPHREYS & JOHNSON,

Attorneys at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE,

Will regularly attend the courts of Stewart, Houston and Montgomery counties and the Supreme Court at Nashville.
Jan. 10, '74 tf.

BARKER & COURTS,

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

QUOR DEALERS.

Franklin St., Sign of Sugar Hogshead.
an 13, '72-tf.

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

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

Dr. T. Berwick Legare,

DENTIST,

Graduate Baltimore College Dental Surgery

Rooms Third St., Next to Franklin,

On Lot of Wm. M. Daniel.
Aug. 30, '73-tf.

RICH'D ANDERSON. E. S. BRINGHURST.

ANDERSON & BRINGHURST,

DEALERS IN

COAL, HAY, GRAIN, BRAN, ETC.,

FRANKLIN STREET

CLARKSVILLE, - TENNESSEE.

Dec. 23, 1872-1y.

N. D. NORTHINGTON. J. H. McPHAIL.

NORTHINGTON & McPHAIL,

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, FRESH MEATS AND GENERAL PRODUCE,

(Cross' old stand, opposite Franklin Hall, Franklin street,

Clarksville, Tennessee.

Dec. 20, 1873-tf.

Books! Books! Books!—Go to Owen & Moore's for School Books, College Text Books, Blank Books and Stationery.

FURNITURE!

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

AT NO. 38 FRANKLIN ST.,

OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,

JNO. F. COUTS & SON.

UNDERTAKING!

In connection with our Furniture Business, we keep a full assortment of Metalic and Wood Burial

CASKETS AND CASES.

We have excellent Hearses for city and country use. Will furnish Hacks when desired, and supervise preparation of Graves.

Jno. F. Couts & Son.

Feb. 21, 1874-tf.

J. W. Keesee. M. C. Northington.

KEESEE & NORTHINGTON,

TOBACCO AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

CLARKSVILLE WAREHOUSE,

(Harrison & Shelby's Old Stand)

CLARKSVILLE, - TENNESSEE.

Special Attention Paid to Sampling and Selling Tobacco. Liberal Advances on Tobacco in Store.

References: D. N. KENNEDY, S. F. BEAUMONT, B. C. KEESEE, AND MERCHANTS GENERALLY.
W. L. WARFIELD, Receiving and Shipping Clerk. Dec.6, '73-tf.

HARRISON & SHELBY,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

GRACEY HOUSE,

(IRON ROOF,)

CLARKSVILLE, - - - - TENN.

SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO SAMPLING AND SELLING LEAF TOBACCO.
☞ Liberal Cash Advances made on Tobacco.
Jan. 3, 1874-tf.

T. HERNDON. L. T. GOLD. WICKLIFFE HESTER

HERNDON, GOLD & CO.,

TOBACCO SALESMEN AND GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

TRICES' LANDING, NEW PROVIDENCE, TENN,

Special attention paid to Inspection and Sale of Tobacco. Cash advanced on Tobacco in store.
Sept. 13, 1873-1y

STRANAHAN TOBACCO INSPECTION,

ATLANTIC DOCKS, BROOKLYN.

LOCKWOOD & CROXSON, PROPRIETORS,

J. F. & A. F. SMITH, Inspectors,

New York Office, 129 Broad St.

Shippers should be careful to have their Bills Lading read, "To be delivered at The Stranahan Inspection." [Jan. 17, '74-3m.

MILLINERY!

FALL AND WINTER '73.

MRS. HODGSON & MISS MACUIRE.

We are now prepared to exhibit a large and elegant stock of

Bonnets, Hats, Ribbons, French Flowers, Feathers, Velvets, Laces,

Also a Full Stock of

NECK RUFFLINGS, HAIR PLAITS, CURLS AND SWITCHES,

Leather Belts, Ties, Gloves, Scarfs,

and all the choicest novelties of the season. An examination of our goods is solicited.
Respectfully,
HODGSON & MAGUIRE.
Oct. 4, 1873-tf.

NOW, while the assortment is large and prices LOW

We are determined to reduce our stock of

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING,

Hats, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Ladies' Shoes of ZEIGLER BRO.'S and E. C. BURT'S make are a success of custom-made work.

CALL FOR

CABLE SCREWED and WIRE QUILTED BOOTS.

For the fine and best-fitting SHIRTS of

BALLOU & CO.'S MAKE.

Shawls, Cloaks, Furs, Cassimeres, Peacher's and Hillman's Jeans, Etc., at lowest figures. Everybody is invited and will be convinced that our assertions are true.

Our WHOLESALE Department

is yet complete and extraordinary bargains are offered. Our Salesmen are

A. SLOAN A. L. WHITAKER, G. LEHRBERG, L. STRAUS. W. T. AVERITT. RB'T MAINHART,

Look for Two Shade Trees in front of our Store, No. 11 Franklin Street.

BLOCH BROS.

Dec. 20, '73-tf

CLARKSVILLE, March 7, 1874.

V. L. WILLIAMS has gone East to buy his Spring Stock of Boots and Shoes. You may expect some remarkably durable, cheap, pretty goods on his return. Look out for his spring advertisement, giving particulars of his success. He will also buy a superb stock of Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishing Goods. He will be sure and offer some rare inducements to secure your patronage. His store room is No. 23 Franklin street. tf.

COAL! COAL!

Having been appointed Agent by the

HECLA COAL and MINING CO.,

Of Earlington, Ky.,

I am now prepared to furnish the celebrated Hecla Coal to the citizens of Clarksville in any quantity.

RATES:

Per Wagon Load.....20 Cents.
" Car Load, Delivered.....18 "
" " " at Depot.....16 "

Office on Second street, near Franklin Hall. Orders left at Settle & Son's will be promptly filled. W. A. SETTLE.

Dec. 6, 1873-tf.

NEW PROVIDENCE

Saddle and Harness

MANUFACTORY!

Having opened a house opposite Herndon, Gold, Brunty & Co.'s Warehouse for the purpose of manufacturing

Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Etc.

I am now prepared with a good stock of material to furnish the same in the very best style at moderate prices.

I respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. Repairing promptly attended to.

FRED. BOSTELMANN.

Nov. 29-1873-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

J. J. HAMLETT

Manufacturer and Dealer in

STOVES, TINWARE,

HOUSE-FURNISHIG GOODS, ETC..

Franklin Street—Dorris' old stand,

Clarksville, Tenn.

Every description of Tinware made up in good style.

ROOFING and GUTTERING promptly attended to.

Special Agent for

Wallace's Patent Grate

And Tilton's

Steam-Washer; or Woman's Friend.

☞ All kinds of repairing done.

☞ H. P. DORRIS will superintend the workroom.

Aug. 9, 73-tf

Depot for all Patent Medicines—Simmons' Liver Regulator, Vinegar Bitters, Hostetter's Bitters, Rangum Root Liniment, Danforth's Sanative Dentifrice, etc. We sell ALL PATENT MEDICINES, WHOLESALE OR RETAIL, at manufacturers' prices.

OWEN & MOORE.

White Lead, Oil, Paints and Painter's Material for sale low at Byers'.

For Pure Drugs, Chemicals Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Pure Wines, Brandy, Whisky, Fine Tea and Spices call on OWEN & MOORE.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat.

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dressy enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to befender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming
Just mischief enough to tease
Manners pleasant enough to be charming
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Contempt enough shown to assumption,
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy etherial,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material
That really good housewives are made.

Generous enough to be kind-hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

A CAVE AND A CORPS.

Buckingham county has a sensation. A wonderful cave has been discovered there, which a writer in the Farmville Mercury tells about. After describing several chambers, the account continues:

"We had satisfied our curiosity and were about to leave the cave, when behind a large rock, or rather a spur of the main rock which formed the bottom, my son discovered a larger passage than any we had before seen. This we entered, and after following some six or seven feet merged into an apartment of immense size. The light of our torches, falling upon the stalactites revealed a scene of beauty which was fairly dazzling. The size of this apartment I cannot tell, as the roof and sides were lost in darkness. We penetrated to a considerable distance, keeping close to one of the sides so that we might easily find our way back, and would have gone farther but for finding in a recess, some seventy feet from where we entered, lying directly under a shelving rock, the body of a man wrapped in some dingy cloth-like substance. We did not know it was the body of a man at first, and were not positive it was until we had gotten it outside of the cave.

"Mr. Boyd discovered the body, and when we moved it from under rock my son found several large and beautiful pebbles where the body had lain, and a small round vessel some four inches in diameter and about two inches in hight, shaped very much like an inkstand with a handle; this and the stones or pebbles he put in his pocket. We took the body and at once went out of the cave. The clothes with which it was wrapped were very rotten, and when we had laid the body down after leaving the cave, they had nearly all been rubbed from it. What were left crumbled like burnt paper.

"We brushed the body clean and found it to be the dried up remains of a man who had evidently been of more than ordinary size, for I found it to be by actual measurement five feet nine inches in length. It is dried and withered something like dried meat, only the skin is tightly drawn over it. It is hard to the touch, and wherever there is a wrinkle it is hard like parchment.

"It is impossible to form any idea of what color the man was or what his features were like. The body now is a sort of smoky color, and the hair, though there is very little of it, is intensely black. On the second finger of each hand and on the thumb of the right were large square rings, round on the inside to fit the finger. These rings and the small vessel I have referred to were evidently composed of gold, with a large quantity of some kind of alloy which gave them a very peculiar appearance.

"We took the body to my house, where it is now. When we arrived with it there, my son bethought him of the pebbles he had found, and showed them to us. There are seven in all; five are richly colored and unlike anything else I have seen. The other two I think, are diamonds; they possess in a very high degree the powers of reflection and refraction, and are about the size of a cornfield pea."—*Lynchburg Virginian.*

Bad for the Candidates.

The Indiana correspondent of the Courier-Journal writes:

The candidates for office this fall are going to have a hard time of it between the temperance movement and the Grange movement. They will find it no easy matter to occupy an independent position, and, if they attempt it, the chances are they will be beaten; and if they take sides they are beaten certain. The fact is, they will be "damned if they do, and they will be damned if they don't." We have paid but little attention to the candidates' struggle which is now going on in this county, but, from the general observation, we are satisfied that our candidates are having a rough time of it, and don't know in the morning but what they will be wrecked before night on the temperance or Grange platform.

Resist the Beginning.

The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window where he was sleeping.

"It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in."

The nose was let in and then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller became inconvenienced by the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The moral of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even the smallest degree will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worst than the first.

Borax for Colds.

A writer in the The Medical Record cites a number of cases in which borax has proved a most effective remedy in certain forms of colds. He states that in sudden hoarseness or loss of voice in public speakers or singers, from colds, relief for an hour or so, as by magic, may be often obtained by slowly dissolving, and partially swallowing, a lump of borax, the size of a garden pea, or about three or four grains, held in the mouth for ten minutes before speaking or singing. This produces a profuse secretion of saliva, or "watering" of the mouth and throat, probably restoring the voice or tone to the dried vocal cords, just as wetting brings back the missing notes to a flute when it is too dry.

THE Eddyville Telegraph mentions the following case of unnatural justice:

The foreman of the grand jury in Livingston county, which recently found an indictment against Thomas L. Sullivant for the murder of Nathan Marks, was Sullivant's natural father. When the old man presented the indictment for murder against his son, and the jurymen were asked if they all agreed to it, the old man hung his head and was silent.

IRA EATON'S GUN.

How a Down East Man was Taken in and Done For.

The other day I ran against Charles Yeomans, an old Californian, who is keeping a restaurant in Salt Lake City. After listening to his stories of the early days of San Francisco, I said:

"Mr. Yeomans, do you ever remember of meeting a man named John K. Hackett in San Francisco?"

"John K. Hackett?" repeated Mr. Yeomans. "Oh, yes, I recollect Hackett, and George Barnard, and George Wilkes, and George Butler, and John Scranton, of New Haven, and that whole crowd. They were mighty lively fellows, all of them. Lem-me-see? (in a musing way.) Lem-me-see? why, Hackett is a judge, or something of that kind, in New York now. I seen a fellow about six months ago, that told me he made a first-rate judge—fifty per cent. gold, forty per cent. silver, and ten per cent. copper. Hackett was a wonderful shot—wonderful! I've seen him drive tacks in a door-post at thirty and forty feet, and never miss a tack. All the boys took off their hats to him. He could shoot the toes off a fly. That was a great crowd—that crowd in California—in those days."

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his shirt-sleeves and mixed a cocktail for Mr. Gordon and Capt. Dinwiddie, of Camp Douglas. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued:

"In those days, you see, I tried to keep a place just outside of San Francisco, called the Ocean house. I had a partner. His name was Barnard—not the judge. It was—let me see—it must have been—yes, it was—in 1857. All the boys used to ride out and see us, and the thing, first and last, panned out a good deal of coin. It used to be a great place for high-toned sports to come out and shoot pigeon matches and eat those big California shrimp, and a little draw, drink wine, and such things."

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his shirt-sleeves and mixed a cocktail for Major Wheeler and the Hon. Sam. Merritt, ex-delegate to Congress from Idaho. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued:

"Well, the Ocean house used to be a great place of resort for the boys. They were always playing practical jokes on each other and having a good time generally. I remember one morning there was Cook and Schenck, the great marketmen, Ward Eaton and Ira Eaton in the saloon, having a high old time, laughing, drinking and telling stories. Ira Eaton had one of these here fancy double-barreled shotguns under his arm, and was bragging about the game he was going to shoot before night, when who should come in but John Hackett and John Scranton. You oughter have knowed Scranton, for he was one of the best fellows that ever scratched gravel."

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his shirt-sleeves and mixed cocktails for the Hon. Oscar G. Sawyer, Mr. Sloan, the five-wived editor of the Salt Lake Herald, and Major Howell, of Camp Douglas.

"Scranton had on a brand-new beaver hat. It was as glossy as ebony. He had just given fifteen dollars for it, got himself shaved and his clothes brushed, and looked as neat as a game rooster. The first thing I knew, Ira Eaton stood his gun up in the corner, and went out doors, saying that he would be back in a few minutes. After he was gone, Schenck looked at the gun and said, 'By George, it's loaded.' So Hackett, and the rest of them, they got around and looked at the gun, and sure enough it was loaded. Then Ward Eaton said, 'Let's put up a cold deck on Ira while he's gone. We can draw the charges from his gun, and then bet him a basket of wine that he can't hit John Scranton's hat at forty yards. The joke took immensely. Schenck drew the charges out of the gun and they all stood around the bar, chuckling and waiting for Ira to come back.

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his shirt-sleeves and mixed cocktails for George A. Smith and Bishop Stenhouse. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued:

"Well, you see, in about five minutes Ira he came back. They all began talking and laughing, and Ira began bragging about the game he was going to shoot. Hackett stepped up to the corner and picked up Ira's gun. He turned her over and sighted her two or three times, and then asked Ira what kind of a gun she was. Ira said that she was a pretty good shooter; that he had used her a half a dozen times, and that he didn't have any fault to find with her. 'What did you pay for her?' says Hackett, still turning her over. 'Well,' Ira says, 'she cost me a hundred and seventy-five dollars.' At this Hackett laughed, and began to ridicule Ira, telling him that the gun wasn't worth a dose of tanzy and bitters, and that a man could buy a cart load of such guns in New York for two bits. Of course Ira was mighty indignant. He told Hackett that he talked like an infernal fool, and advised him to go to a gun-shop and learn something about a gun before making an ass of himself.

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his shirt-sleeves and mixed cocktails for Judge Hemingway, of Kansas, and Judge Peter Clinton, of Salt Lake. After the cocktails had disappeared, he continued:

"Well, just as Ira and Hackett got to cussin' one another, John Scraton he stepped up and sculled himself into the row. Of course he took Hackett's side, declaring the gun to be nothing more than a pop-gun, and wondered that a man of Ira's sporting reputation would carry such a gun. Ira was wild. He had no suspicion that the boys were not in earnest. There was a jolly row. It lasted two or three minutes. Then Scranton asked Ira if the gun was loaded. Ira said she was. 'Then,' said John, winking at the boys, 'I'll bet you a basket of wine that you can't hit my hat on top of that barrel,' pointing to a barrel about forty yards distant. At this Ira hesitated. He looked at Scranton's new beaver, and said that it would be a cussed shame to ruin such a hat as that. If some one would put up an old hat he'd take the bet. But John Scranton insisted on putting up his hat, and accused Ira of trying to crawl out of it because he knew there were no old hats on the premises. This fired Ira up again. 'Put up your hat,' he said.' 'I'll take a pop at it for a basket of wine.'"

Here Mr. Yeomans shoved up his sleeves, and mixed cocktails for Bishop Farr, of Ogden, and Col. Woolley, of Cheyenne. They were large cocktails. After they had disappeared—the cocktails, not the bishop and the colonel—he continued:

"So John Scranton went out, and put his fifteen-dollar hat on the barrel. When he came back he was nigh bursting with laughter. All the boys were nudging each other, and had as much as they could do to hold in. Ira he raised the gun, took good aim, and pumped away with both barrels. The hat jumped into the air about ten feet, and then fell to the ground perfectly riddled with shot. Everybody roared but John Scranton and Hackett."

Here Mr. Yeoman shoved up his sleeves, and mixed cocktails for Warren Hussey and your correspondent. They were small ones—the cocktails, not the men. After they had disappeared he continued:

"You see, it was a job put up on Scranton and Hackett before they came in. There were four charges in the gun, and Schenck only drew out two of them. Scranton only said, 'holy smoke!' and ordered the wine."

DISSENSION IN THE CAMP.

A Republican Senator's Opinion of Grant—The War for the Succession.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Sun writes as follows:

I was somewhat surprised a few evenings ago, while talking to a Republican Senator on the political prospect of 1875, to hear him declare that Grant was "a political abortion." My friend was not the Republican member of Congress I have of late heard express sentiments very similar to this.

"You would not dare to make that declaration in public," said I, hoping still further to draw him out. "You are too much fettered by the chains of party."

"Party or no party," he resumed, "the fact is too transparent, and the sooner we acknowledge it the better. He is the worst political abortion the country has ever had in the Executive Mansion."

"To what do you attribute this signal failure?" I inquired. I was indeed anxious to know what had produced this change of opinion in a Senator who had heretofore earnestly supported all that Grant did.

"He seems to have no respect for public sentiment," was the answer. "The fact is his West Point training, and habits acquired in the army, have totally unfitted him for the proper administration of civil government. I regard his administration as a trial for West Point, which has been found wanting. Grant has two dangerous weaknesses. One is an intense love of money; the other I will not mention. These have led him to make associates of and be influenced in his public acts by men no President should take into his confidence. It is only too true that Mosby, the guerilla, would have more influence over him to-day than I could expect to obtain."

I interrupted him here by asking: "What, Senator, can Grant expect to gain by this strange friendship for Mosby? He certainly cannot expect much political strength for such men as Mosby and Butler in laying pipe for a third term?"

"Not at all," he quickly resumed. "The question of a third term I regard as definitely settled. It never had any consideration except among a few prominent office holders. Grant understands that perfectly. He knows that he has lost the repect of the great body of the American people, and that to allow his name to be used would be sheer folly.

"Many of the leaders of the Republican party have mistaken Gen. Grant's real character. There exists under that quiet exterior an intense ambition, love of power, and spirit of intrigue. He has also that fondness of display common to all parvenues. This of itself has seriously injured him among thinking people. Public sentiment is undergoing a revolution at this time such as it has not undergone for many years."

"To what do you attribute that, Senator?" I inquired, interrupting him.

"To the simple fact that the people understand Grant and his administration better to-day than they have ever understood him before. There is no disguising that," he replied, with emphasis.

This very Republican Senator, during the last campaign, supported Grant with all his stregth and ability, because, to use his own words, he "was afraid of Greeley." Two years ago this very same Republican Senator insisted that Grant was stronger than his party—scouted the prediction that Grant would yet be found the heaviest load the Republican party had to carry. He also scouted the prediction, made to him by the writer, that the time was not far off when the Republican party would have to defend itself against the idol it had set up.

Now mark the change and look for the result. He frankly admitted that that time had come already. By probing down a little further, I discover that something more than appeared on the surface was disturbing my Senatorial friend's political equanimity.

"Do I understand you to admit, Senator, that Grant's administration has been a failure?" I inquired.

"I regard it as a misfortune to the Republican party—decidedly. The very worst feature of it is that he has allowed himself to get involved in these venal rings, and to be used by corrupt men, who have no respect for the principle of any party, but attach themselves to the strongest for mercenary purposes. Instead of adding dignity to the executive office, and preserving it above reproach, he has dragged it down into the dirty pool of real estate speculation."

"Was not that the natural result of what you call his intense love for money?" I interrupted

"I suppose it may be attributed to that," was the quiet reply. "That infirmity is what has given the independent press of the country such power over his administration. Grant's says he does not like politicians; and yet no one that knows him intimately will deny that he loves to dabble in politics. Why, sir, here he is, not content to retire quietly and peacefully from the field at the end of his second term, attempting to dictate who his successor shall be."

"What object can he have for that, pray?"

"Well, he fancies there may be irregularities in his administration which a captious and unfriendly successor might be inclined to inquire too closely into, especially if backed up by an unfriendly Congress. I do not myself think he has anything to fear from that."

"Has he expressed any choice as to who shall succeed him."

The Senator smiled and continued; "It is very well known that conferences on the subject have been held between him and a number of prominent office-holders. His candidates are Washburne and Roscoe Conkling. But, thinking Washburne hardly available, Conkling is his great card, and he intends to play it like a skillful general putting his forces properly in the field. The combinations now being made to this end are very well understood here. Conkling has bowed before his idol with such reckless adulation, and has flattered his vanity to such an extent, that Grant feels he can only pay the debt by working for his nomination. This is what has stimulated the Blaine men to action recently. They understand the President's movements, and are already concocting measures to defeat them. The old feud between Blaine and Conkling has never been healed, and never will be. Conkling never will forgive Blaine, and Blaine never will forgive Conkling. And now the Blaine men are already sounding the alarm, measuring the field, and marshaling their forces. They contend, and I think correctly, that if either Conkling or Washburne is put on the track as Grant's choice, there will be another split in the Republican party, which will be fatal to it.

Alphabet of Requisites for a Wife by an Elderly Batchelor.

A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, graceful, generous, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenuous, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, mannerly, neat, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, pure, peaceable, quiet, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed and young.—When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites I will marry.

Foote's Duel with Prentiss.

The Paris Kentuckian is reminded by the recent wordy duel between Henry S. Foote and Jefferson Davis, of the account which the late Sargent S. Prentiss gave of the causes of the two duels between him and Foote.—A friend of Prentiss was at the point of death from an attack of *mania-a-potu.* For a week his physicians had essayed every known remedy to put their patient to sleep, but in vain.—Prentiss knew that Foote had made a visit to Texas. He was visiting his sick friend, when a consultation of the doctors was held, and they announced that the case was hopeless, unless the patient could be put to sleep, but that they would exhaust all means known to the profession. Prentice sprang from his seat, and said to the doctors, "Damnit, give him Foote's book on Texas to read, and I will insure its soporific effect." The remark of Prentiss was too good a joke to be kept, and it reached the ears of Foote, who challenged, and Prentiss was too much of a southern cavalier to decline, and they met, and Foote was wounded and the parties made friends.

It happened that the meeting was so notorious that a very large collection crossed the river at Vicksburg to witness it, and among them a number of boys, who were so anxious to get a full sight, that they climbed up many of the trees about the grounds. When the seconds had planted the parties, Prentiss looked around and saw the boys in the trees, and jestingly remarked: "Boys, you had better take care; Foote shoots mighty wild."—This remark was published in the papers, and annoyed Foote to such a degree that he again challenged Prentiss, who met him a second time as a gentlemanly solace to Foote's wounded spirit. At the meeting Foote fired and missed, and Prentiss fired his pistol in the air, and the parties were again reconciled.

Foote's Texas dropped still-born from the press, and it is believed it would be hard to find a copy, valuable as it might prove as a narcotic.

A Good Old Age—Oldest Preacher in America.

The Jonesboro Herald and Tribune of the 12th inst., has the following items:

There is a widow lady, living near St. Clair, Hawkins county, Tenn., named Mrs. Rachel Headerick, whose age links together the three last past generations. She was born in Pittsylvania county, Virginia, October 11th, 1779, and has therefore attained the remarkable longevity of ninety-five years. Her maiden name was Barnard and she married John Headerick, Dec. 24, 1801. Ten children blessed this union, the eldest now Peggy Phillips and still living, was born in 1802 and is now seventy-two years old. Elijah H. Headerick was born July 17, 1804, and is seventy and still living. The youngest child was born Dec. 24, 1824. All the children are a sprightly group of hopeful scions, whose locks are whitening unto the final harvest of death. But it is of the central figure of this family circle we wish to speak more particularly, Mrs. Headerick, herself. She has sixty-two grand children, sixty-three great grand children, and six great-great grand children. She never drank a cup of coffee in her life, using milk and chocolate in its place. Her sight is unimpaired, and she reads a great deal. Her mind is active and vigorous, and she vividly recollects the scenes and events of her early childhood, and recounts them in the clearest and most entertaining style. She has been a member of the Baptist Church since 1805. The infirmities of age bear lightly upon this relic of the Revolutionary era, and she performs a considerable amount of manual labor, but her chief employment is spinning fine flax sewing-thread. Mrs. Headerick is certainly the oldest as well as the most remarkable inhabitant in our section of the country.

Rev. Thomas Smith, of the Baptist Church, who lives at Parrottsville, in Cocke county, Tenn., is one hundred and one years old. He still preaches and rides horseback to his appointments. He was the pastor of one church forty-four years, remembers the battle of Brandywine; quotes scripture rapidly; memory unimpaired; never missed a meal on account of sickness; never took but three doses of medicine; was always temperate; enjoys good health; eats heartily, and reads without glasses and never did use them. He is probably the oldest preacher in America.

The Temperance League.

The ladies of Dayton, Ohio, recently met in session, and formed themselves into an association to be known as the 'Woman's Temperance Praying League of Dayton." After a debate of some length, they adopted the following pledge, thirty-eight ladies affixing their signatures thereto:

"We, the women of Dayton, seeing the growing evils of intemperance in our midst and the need of active energetic work to counteract these evils, hereby pledge ourselves to unite our labors without regard to church or creed to do everything in our power to exterminate them. Among the various means that we believe may be used to benefit, we recognize:

1st. The power of God as the disposer of all events and the hearer of prayer.

2nd. Private influence in our families and among our friends, discountenancing the making or using of domestic wines or the use of any intoxicating liquors in our families unless presented by a reliable or competent physician.

3rd. By using our influence as becomes Christian wives, mothers, or daughters in all practicable ways for the election of such men to our public offices as will justly and faithfully administer the laws, and by aiding in meeting a fund to forward the interests of the temperance movement.

4th. By standing by and encouraging any woman who shall prosecute the liquor dealer for selling to her husband, son, or relative.

The Editor's Reward.

Editors who labor and literally wear themselves out in the service of the public are seldom favorites with politicians, a fact that has been many times proven, and whenever, especially, they are candidates for office. We have two cases in point just now, in Madison county, where we understand there is considerable opposition to Messrs. Don Cameron and W. W. Gates, who for many years have been citizens of Madison county, and, as a correspondent of the Jackson papers has asserted, "have done more for it than all the rest of her citizens combined. They have burned the midnight lamp in writing line upon line upon the character of her society, the fertility of her soil, and liberality of her citizens. They have paid out thousands of dollars to have these facts printed and scattered over the world. They have seen her population double, treble, and quadruple under their labors. They have caused all kinds of property to advance fourfold by this advertising. What has been their reward? Don Cameron, in old age, is as poor as a church mouse, and W. W. Gates is not much better." This ought not to be so.—Having the necessary qualifications, they ought to be elected to the offices they aspire to as some requital for years of anxious, unrequited toil in behalf of the public.—*Mem. Appeal.*

IT is averred that the reason American girls refuse to enter domestic service is that they object to anything approaching menial employment—what they seek is hymeneal.

AN INJURED WIFE.

The Folly of Writing Love Letters.

A tired husband went home from his work last night, and taking off his coat, requested his wife to mend a rent in the sleeve, then sank upon the sofa behind the evening paper. Wife-like, she took up the coat; woman-like, she dived into the pockets. From the inside pocket she drew forth a letter, directed, in delicate chirography, to her husband. With darkening brow, she quickly took the suspicious-looking missive from the envelope, and, without noticing the date, began to read:

"DEAR GEORGE: I am lonely, oh, so lonely, since you left me last Thursday night."

"Ah, ha! that was lodge night, he told me;" said the now thoroughly interested woman, as she glanced viciously over at her husband, who appeared to be just falling asleep. "Oh, how can you sleep with the weight of this deep sin upon you? But I'll see what more the brazen huzzy has to say, if it kills me." With one hand pressed to her throbbing heart, she read on:

"I know I am foolish, darling, but when you are away there seems to be a barrier between me and all that is bright and lovely. The sun does not shine half so bright; the moon is but a white spot in the sky, and the stars stare coldly down, when you are not with me, lord of my life and heart."

"Was it for this? was it for this?" moaned the unhappy wife.

"Fortune speed the day when we may be united in those indissoluble bonds that are sacred in the eyes of Heaven and earth—"

"What mockery! Does he or she consider that his vows made to me are not sacred? What are they going to do with me, anyway, I wonder? Poison, perhaps. Oh, false, false, perfidious man! Oh, wicked, hellish, designing wanton!" Still the suffering woman read the letter, though each word burned to ashes a thousand hopes and joys; "when we need no more meet clandestinely, and tremble in each other's embrace—"

"I'd make you tremble, if I had you in my embrace a minute!"

"when my head may be pillowed in safety upon your breast—"

"The fiendess!"

"and your arms twine in loving pressure about me—"

"Furies!"

"and our lips smother the tender words that would escape between them."

"Oh, the sirenic she-devil!" hissed the woman, as she tried to keep down the boiling rage within her. She crushed the letter in her hands, then threw it upon the floor and sprang upon it with her heels, as though it were a snake, and ground it into the carpet. Then with clenched hands and compressed lips, she strode rapidly back and forth across the room, ever and anon making a move as if to spring like a fury upon her husband, who, with a paper over his face, was apparently sound asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of the wicked temptress that had come between him and his fond wife. Presently a reaction took place, and the wretched woman sank into a chair and found relief in that blessed panacea for female ills—a flood of tears.

Grown calmer after awhile, she picked up the rumpled letter, smoothed out the creases, and with an air of mingled despair and resignation, looked at the signature.

"Your ever loving and devoted, but poor, apprehensive—"

"What's this! Flut—flut—tering birdie, A-D-A—ADA. Why bless me! this is one of my old letters to George. What a fool I—"

A sound from the sofa, first like escaping steam, and then like a car rattling over the stony street, assured her that her ridiculous actions had been witnessed by her husband. Burning with shame, the foolish woman flew to her room, and locked herself in, and she is almost as miserable now as when she felt that she was a wronged and deceived wife.—*Brunswicker.*

A Disheartened Insurance Agent.

A family named Kemper moved into a house in our row last week, writes Max Adler, and Benjamin P. Gunn, the life insurance agent, who lives in the same-row, was the first caller. He dropped in to see if he could not take out a policy for Mr. Kemper. Mrs. Kemper came down to the parlor to see him.

"I suppose," said Gunn, "that Mr. Kemper has no insurance on his life."

"No," said Mrs. Kemper.

"Well, I'd like to get him to take out a policy in our company. It's the safest in the world; the largest capital, smallest rates and biggest dividends.

"Mr. Kemper don't take much interest in such things now," said Mrs. K.

"Well, madam, but he ought to, in common justice to you. No man knows when he will die, and by paying a ridiculously small sum now, Mr. Kemper can leave his family in affluence. I'd like to hand you for him a few pamphlets containing statistics upon the subject; may I?"

"Of course, if you wish to."

"Don't you think he can be induced to insure?" asked Gunn.

"I hardly think so," replied Mrs. Kemper.

"He is in good health, I suppose? Has he complained lately of being sick?"

"Not lately."

"May I ask if he has any considerable wealth?"

"Not a cent."

"Then, of course, he must insure. No poor man can afford to neglect such an opportunity. I suppose he travels sometimes; goes about in railroad cars and other dangerous places."

"No, he keeps very quiet."

"Man of steady habits, I 'spose?"

"Very steady."

"He is just the very man I want," said Gunn, "I know I can sell him