CHURCH RULES FOR THE LADIES

JOE POT, JR.

Dress hard all morning, such is fate,
Then enter church some minutes late.

All eyes will then be turned to you,
And will observe your bonnet new.

Let humble modesty wreathe your face,
And take your seat with faultless grace.

Let all your thoughts be fixed on high,
And rearrange your cardinal tie.

Think how religion's prone to bless,
And criticise your neighbor's dress.

Let all your heart be filled with praise,
And notice Mrs. Miggle's lace.

Put from your mind all thoughts of sin,
And re-adjust your diamond pin.

Think of how good religion proves,
And then smooth out your buttoned gloves.

Catch well the precepts as they fall,
And smooth the wrinkles in your shawl.

Think of the sinner's fearful fate,
And notice if your bonnet's straight.

Pray for the influence divine—
That lady's basque, mark the design.

Let tender peace possess your mind,
And criticise that hat behind.

Reflect on christian graces dear,
And fix those curls behind your ear.

Let your heart warm with silent prayer,
And view that horrid green silk there.

Reflect upon the wicked's ways,
See if your gold chain's out of place.

Think of the peace the good shall find,
And wonder who are sitting behind.

Think of the burdens christians bear,
And notice those strange ladies there.

The last words hear with contrite heart,
And fix your pull-back when you start.

COUSIN SIDNEY.

"I've come to say good-by. I hope you will pardon me for leaving so abruptly, but I must make up my mind to go at once, or I can't tear myself away. There are so many attractions here for a man; I never knew there was such enjoyment in life until I came here. Indeed, I won't know how to content myself within the walls of the pent up city after this. Every day I will remember the hunting, shooting, fishing, your excellent dinners, and last but not least, your—shall I say it?"

"You know best," I answered.

I tried to speak carelessly, but Sidney Randall's laughing blue eyes were upon me, and I could not.

"Then I will; remember, last, but not least, your sweet self," he said, taking my hand in his.

The blood that had turned to ice in my veins when he told me he was going away, flowed in great hot waves to my face now. Was he in earnest? His voice was sincere enough, but he was smiling down at me, his eyes dancing provokingly.

Sidney Randall was an old college friend of my brother, who brought him to our house to enjoy a week's sport.

He was a stranger to me when he came, but his one week stretched into six, and during that time I learned to love him.

Fight against this love as I would, I could not conquer it.

I doubt whether any girl, domiciled under the same roof for six weeks, could help loving him.

Tall, handsome, fair, with laughing blue eyes, and always in a merry mood.

The sort of a man that walks straight into a woman's heart whether she wills it or not.

He was going home now, and taking my heart with him. If he left an equivalent I'd have no reason to complain, but whether he cared anything for me I could not tell. One never knew when Sidney Randall was serious or jesting.

When he took my hand in his, and laughed down in my face as he told me he would remember me every day, I thought I ought to be angry.

He was reading my very thoughts, perhaps, and making light of them.

"I have a favor to ask," he continued, still holding my hand.

"What is it?" I asked, and looked up in his face again. I saw that the smile had vanished, and for once his eyes shone with a steady light.

"It is that you will think of me sometimes."

My heart rose exultantly. I felt him press my hand more closely. I thought now that he returned my love.

I became suddenly independent, as all women do when they know they have a man's heart in the hollow of their hand to squeeze the life of it at their pleasure. I answered:

"Perhaps I will, and perhaps I won't.

"Favor number one not being granted, I suppose I ought not to ask favor number two."

I looked at him, all smiles now. I could afford to be, for he seemed awfully in earnest.

"What is the other favor?" I asked.

"Grant number one and I'll tell you."

"Well, consider it granted," I said after a little hesitation.

"Not for mere curiosity's sake?"

"No," I answered, "I mean it."

"I would like to come back to see you soon again; may I?"

My eyes sought the ground, but I answered:

"Yes."

"Then good-by for the present," he said, taking both my hands and pressing them; and the next moment he was gone.

Sidney Randall said he would come back soon. Of course I could not time his "soon" to the hour or day, but after a week I looked for his coming daily. But the second nor third did not bring him, and when a month passed away and he came not, my feelings can be better imagined than described.

Was it all a mistake on my part to think that Sidney Randall cared anything for me? I could not think that he was insincere the day he went away. I wandered around the house like some restless spirit. My feelings were worked up to a dreadful pitch.

Nearly two months passed away.

I was too proud to ask my brother any questions about Sidney Randall, but I knew I would never know another day's peace if I did not see him again.

It was the hope of seeing him again that prompted me to visit my aunt in New York.

The first evening of my stay in the city, I went with my relatives to the theater.

How fortunate my going there. I was scarcely seated when in a box opposite I noticed two gentlemen, and one of them was Sidney Randall.

For a moment my heart stood still, then it began beating furiously. I could hardly realize that it was he. I leaned back in my chair and raised my glass.

He was greatly changed since I last saw him—much paler and thinner, and his eyes were no longer dancing in merriment.

His features were in perfect repose, but it was he.

My heart was filled with pity. Surely he must have been sick, or had some great trouble that caused those altered looks, and that was the reason why he had not "come back" soon.

What relief those thoughts brought me, and turning to my aunt, I said: "Do you know the fair gentleman opposite?"

"Yes," said my aunt, "it is Mr. Sidney Randall. Why do you ask? Are you acquainted with him?"

"Yes; he spent a few weeks at our house," I answered carelessly, but he looks greatly changed since I saw him. I think he has grown thin, and his expression is grave, sad."

I said this thinking my aunt could give me some information. And she did give me some information—information that stunned me, that made audience and performers and gas jets and footlights dance around me until my brain was in a whirl and I thought I should go mad.

How I sat it out that evening, how I reached home, I can never tell.

I have a vague idea of making my way to my room and falling upon my bed, and knowing no more until I awoke next morning with a dull, heavy pain at my heart, and remember my aunt's information. I knew what it was to be utterly wretched for the first time in the nineteen years of my life.

My aunt told me that she did not notice any change in Sidney Randall, and a man ought to look anything but sad on the eve of his marriage.

He was to be married on the following Wednesday.

Sidney Randall had come down to our place for sport, and he had it at my expense, I thought, bitterly.

But even now I could not rid myself of the vain belief that he loved me.

He was about to marry an heiress of great wealth.

Perhaps it was not a love match, and it was thoughts of me that caused such a change in his appearance.

But I put this thought from me, and I tried to scorn myself for grieving for this man who was so unworthy of my love.

Everything that I had taken out of my trunk but yesterday was under lock and key.

I was all ready to go home but to put on my outside wrap when a servant brought me a card. Sidney Randall's name was upon it, and he was waiting to see me. Down stairs I went. I would let Mr. Sidney Randall see I cared nothing for him.

The moment I entered the room he came forward to meet me with both hands extended.

I stood in astonishment as my eyes fell upon him.

Had my eyes deceived me last night or was it the gas light? My aunt was right; Sidney Randall was not changed. The same smiling face, the same dancing blue eyes. What deceit, I thought, lurked beneath that fair face.

"I saw you coming out of the theatre with your aunt last night, and I had to come down the first thing this morning. I would have been down at your home more than a month ago, but business of great importance called me away."

"Down at home! What for, pray?" I said, icily, at the same time moving away from his proffered hands.

"Why you told me I might come," he said, surprise creeping into his face.

"It is a strange freak of Mr. Randall's to wish to come to see me on the eve of his marriage. Shall I offer my congratulations now, or will they be more acceptable at church next Wednesday?"

"Congratulations! What——"

He paused suddenly and burst out laughing.

"There is some mistake here," he said as soon as he could control himself. "It is my cousin Sidney, not I, that is to be married next Wednesday."

"Your cousin Sidney! Were you not sitting in one of the boxes last night?" I cried.

"Pon honor, I was not. I passed the theatre with a friend last night as your party was coming out. It was only half an hour before that that I arrived in the city. But Sid was there. Confound him, it was not the first time he has been taken for me. But, and he laughed again, I don't see how you could have made such a mistake, for I'm so much the better-looking of the two. Haven't lost any of my conceit, you see."

I knew he was talking lightly to make me forget my painful position, but I could not. I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hand.

An arm stole around my shoulders, and a voice said, gently, kindly:

"Think no more about it; it's all a mistake."

On the following Wednesday I offered my congratulations to Cousin Sidney.

I said Cousin Sidney.

Well, he is my cousin now.

Odd Epitaphs.

Near San Diego, California, a tombstone inscription thus reads:

"This yere is sakrid to the memory of William Henry Skaraken, who calm to his deth by bein shot by Colt's revolver—one of the old kind, bras mounted, and of sutch is the kingdom of heaven."

A stone cutter once received from a German the following epitaph to be engraved on the tombstone of his deceased wife:

"My vife Susan is dead; if she'd had lif till Friday she'd been dead shust two weeks. As a tree falls so she must stand. All things is impossible mit God."

From a tombstone in Cornwall, England:

"Father and mother and I
Lie buried here asunder;
Father and mother lie buried here:
And I lie buried off yunder."

A tombstone at Saratoga bears the following:

"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda C——, and wife of Theodore S——, died Aug. 10, 1868, Æ. 26 yrs.; leaves five children, married too young against her father's will. Single women take warning."

In the churchyard at Chilwald, England, is this stanza:

Here lies the bodie of John Smith,
Buried in the cloisters;
If he don't jump up at the last trump,
Call "Oysters."

Another in the same cemetery reads:

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen,
The most amiable of husbands, and excellent of men."

P. S.—His real name was Woodcock, but it wouldn' come in rhyme. His widow.

On a tombstone in South Carolina:

"Here lies the body of Robert Gordin,
Mouth almighty and teeth according;
Stranger, tread lightly over this wonder;
If he opens his mouth you're gone, by thunder.

A CONSIDERATE MAN.—The last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the folloming effect:

A countryman, armed with an immense club, presents himself before the president of the society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to describe the act of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I have saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might easily have killed him with this bludgeon," and he swings his weapon in the air, to the intense discomfort of the president.

"But where was this wolf?" inquired the latter. "What had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The president reflects an instant, and then says:

"My friend, I am of the opinion that you have been sufficiently rewarded."

MONSIEUR THIERS has a beautiful library lighted from the top, where he sits at work with some 20,000 volumes massed around him. His 80 years have hardly slackened the rate of his labor. He is up at the first peep of daylight and brews his own coffee, and is closeted with M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire when the busy quarter round about him is still silent. He is a great economist of his time and health, and sleeps regularly twice in the course of the day.

The Registrar General of Great Britain has recently published his report for 1876. He says the area of London is 122 square miles, with 1,500 miles of streets, 2,000 miles of sewers and 417,766 inhabited houses. The population proper is nearly three and one-half millions, but including the outlying districts the population is 4,286,607. During the year the deaths were 91,171 and the births 153,192. The death rate was 21.3 per thousand.

Bordering on the Miraculous.

A patent has just been granted to Loring Pickering, one of the editors and proprietors of the Evening Bulletin and the Morning Call, newspaper of San Francisco, for a method of rapid telegraphing of facsimiles of stereotyped plates. It is claimed that by this process an entire page of a newspaper can be transmitted by telegraph in from 15 to 30 minutes, delivering the copy directly from the instrument in such a form that it can be handed immediately to printers. In other words, the copy will be a substantial reproduction of the original, except that it may be given in a larger sized letter if so desired. The stereotype plate requires no preparation for the purpose of telegraphic transmission, other than the filling of all its depressions, or spaces between the faces of the letters, with a nonconducting substance which may be quickly applied. The faces of the type being left clean by means of an equally simple process. The plate thus prepared is placed upon a cylinder arranged to revolve rapidly, so as to present each successive letter to fingers attached to a traveling frame. As the cylinder bearing the plate revolves, the frame gradually advances by the operation of a screw; and thus each and every line is successively presented to the fingers or magnetic points already mentioned. Necessarily the circuit is open when the points are passing over the non-conducting surface; but as often as the metal type presents itself to said fingers the circuit is closed, and the corresponding magnetic points or pens at the receiving station make the record there in the same letter as the original, delineated in a series of fine lines, either upon chemically prepared or ordinary paper, fixed upon a corresponding cylinder at said receiving station.

Privelege of Priests.

Our Dublin correspondent writes:—"The Court of Common Pleas gave judgment on Tuesday upon a demurrer of a novel character. An action for slander was brought against the Rev. Mr. Finn, P.P., of Newcastle, in the county of Tipperary, by a parishioner named M'Grath, who complained that he told the people at a 'station' held in a farmhouse to 'let no man, woman or child keep his company or speak to him, and if he came into a townland to tie a kettle to his tail as the people used to do of old.' He also, as alleged, insinuated that the plaintiff stole his mother's cows, and threatened to induce his mother or his landlord to get him to leave the country. Among the defences to the action was the plea of privelege, that the defendant was preaching a sermon, and that before doing so he had been informed that the plaintiff had been guilty of conduct which rendered his presence in the country a public scandal; therefore he used the language on a priveleged occasion. Mr. Justice Keogh remarked that it was a very unusual proceeding to condemn a man publicly without hearing him. Chief Justice Morris observed that the defendant was forbidden to name any person from the altar, and it could not be argued that he was discharging a moral duty while actually disobeying his spiritual superior. Mr. Heron, Q.C., for the defendant, replied that it did not appear that the plaintiff had been referred to by name, and if this power was denied to a clergyman his powers for the suppression of vice would be greatly diminished. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., for the plaintiff, argued that a clergyman had no more privelege than an ordinary person to bring a public accusation against a man's private character unless he was able to support it by proof. The Chief Justice, in giving judgment, said there was no precedent for the privelege claimed in the case, and nothing would be gained by the public by extending the privelege. The demurrer should, therefore, be allowed. Mr. Justice Lawson remarked that such a privelege was never claimed under the law of England. There was a time when ecclesiastics were not subject to our civil law, but that had passed away.—*London Times.*

The Russian Artillery.

It is stated by the Cologne Gazette that the Russian army has gone into the field with guns that are in all respects equal, if not superior, in precision and force to those used by the German armies in the last French war. Their gunners have had ten years experience of these guns. The material used is partly bronze, partly steel. At first a great number of steel barrels were obtained from Messrs. Krupp, but various experiments with bronze barrels having produced satisfactory results, the latter material only was used; so that the normal artillery consists of bronze guns, the steel ones being kept as a reserve. The Russian field-guns are all 4-pounders and 9-pounders. The lighter guns are for the horse batteries and one-half of the foot batteries, and the heavier ones for the remaining half. Both kinds are rather heavier, both as regards the shot and the barrel, than the German guns of corresponding size. This makes them less movable, but better suited for the present war, which will chiefly consist of attacks on fortified positions. The Russian 9-pounder, which represents 45 per cent. of the whole field-artillery, may be regarded as a siege-gun.

Loneliness of an Invalid's Life.

Few are they who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within in four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any response to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wearies of its ministry, and mercenary attendance must seek relief from its burdens. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle dreaming, aspiration, regrets, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great, silent heroisms are wrought out in intervals like these, more wonderful than the common imagination can conceive; or great moral disasters are suffered from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—toward cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-bouyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into nectar or vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing when it hung in clusters upon the vine.—*Dr. Holland.*

THE contract awarded by the Turkish Government to a single corporation in Rhode Island is said to involve the enormous sum of 17,000,000. The Providence Tool Company is now employing 2,500 men, and manufacturing 600 Martina-Henry rifles a day. A packing-box company at South Hadley Falls makes 20,000 boxes a year for the Providence corporation, and in these the rifles are packed for shipment to Turkey.

M. THIERS is now writing an account of his prodigious career, and finishing his long projected history of the Medici. It is noticed that he is descended from a Marseilles family of cloth merchants, who were ruined by the Revolution, and fate made the family a sufficient compensation by appointing the son historian of the event which wrecked their fortunes.

1847. 1877.

Jno. F. Couts & Son,

UNDERTAKERS!

The undersigned have been engaged in the undertaking business for many years, and are at present supplied with a large stock of

METALIC AND WOOD

CASKETS AND BURIAL CASES,

both for adults and children. We have good teams and good hearses, and are prepared to attend all calls, both from city and country.

THE CLAY CASKET.

This new casket is made of Red Cedar and is named after Kentucky's great Statesman.

Cool and Healthy.

THE PALACE

REFRIGERATOR!

is said to be the best known to the trade. It KEEPS ICE, keeps cool, and keeps milk and butter as it should do in warm weather. Call and examine them.

JNO. F. COUTS & SON.

May 2, 1877-tf

CLARKSVILLE DISTRICT — TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

Fourth Round of Quarterly Meetings.

Springfield, —— July 7, 8.
Saline, at Duck Springs, July 14, 15.
Montgomery, at Asbury, July 21, 22.
Blooming Grove, at Wiley's Chapel, July 28, 29.
Cheatham, at Shaw's Chapel, August 4, 5.
Red River, at Wartrace, August 11, 12.
Asbury, at Bethlehem, August 18, 19.
Barton's Creek, at Mt. Zion, August 25, 26.
Providence and Bethel, at Bethel, September 1, 2.
Dickson, —— September 8, 9.
Palmyra, at Tarsus, September 15, 16.
Cedar Hill, at Cedar Hill, September 16, 22.
Antioch, —— September 22, 23.
Clarksville, —— 29, 30.

W. BURR, P. E.

CLARKSVILLE

CITY MILLS

FOR SALE.

On Saturday, July 7th, 1877,

If not sold privately beforehand, I will sell to the highest bidder, on the premises, the celebrated

Clarksville City Mills!

formerly operated by Seat, Kropp & Co.

This mill is in splendid repair, ready for grinding; has the capacity of making

100 BBLS. OF FLOUR PER DAY,

and its brands stand at the head of all markets where offered.

TERMS—One-third Cash and balance on liberal time, to suit purchaser.

June 16, 1877-1w S. B. SEAT, Agent.

City Ordinances.

Be it ordained by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Clarksville, Tenn., That an ordinance prohibiting shooting within the city limits be, and the same is hereby amended, so as not to apply to any member of any organized shooting club shooting on the grounds of Walter Drane, in the rear of his garden, the shooting to be towards the pond in Stewart College lot, provided, the owner of the grounds do not object; shooting to be with guns at glass balls out of traps. Passed its last reading June 5, 1877.

M. SULLIVAN, Mayor.
W. A. JACKSON, City Recorder.

Be it ordained by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Clarksville, Tenn., That the City Recorder shall be allowed $2 00 for making out all necessary papers and trying each case for the violation of any city ordinance or regulation, to be taxed as costs in the said causes.

M. SULLIVAN, Mayor.
W. A. JACKSON, City Recorder.

Be it ordained by the Board of Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Clarksville, Tenn., That said Mayor and Aldermen shall have the power to release any and all fines; provided, it be so recommended by the City Recorder.

M. SULLIVAN, Mayor.
W. A. JACKSON, City Recorder.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as Administrator of S. C. Harris, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present them within the time prescribed by law, or they will be forever barred; and those indebted to his estate must come forward and make payment, or they will find their claims in the hands of an officer.

W. C. HARRIS,
Adm'r of S. C. Harris dec'd.

June 9, 1877-1w

Receiver's Notice.

All persons indebted to the late firm of H. P. Norris & Son, will please call at the shop of E. R. Glasscock within three weeks and settle, as all claims will be put into the hands of an officer after that time.

POLK G. JOHNSON,
June 16, 1877-1w Receiver.

BAKER & BRO.,

Manufacturers of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES

AND SPRING WAGONS,

CLARKSVILLE, - - - TENN.

All of our work is hand made and of the latest style. Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular. Repairing neatly done. Our brother, N. L. Baker, late of Hopkinsville, is our authorized agent, and solicits his friends to call at our factory and see him. Any one desiring Buggies or Carriages repaired by dropping a line to us will be waited on at their homes.

May 5, 1877-tf

CRISTADORO'S

HAIR DYE

Cristadoro's Hair Dye is the CHEAPEST and BEST; it acts instantaneously, producing the most natural shades of Black or Brown; does NOT STAIN the SKIN, and is easily applied. It is a standard preparation, and a favorite upon every well appointed Toilet for Lady or Gentleman. Sold by Druggists.

P. O. Box, 1,532. J. CRISTADORO,
May 26, 1877-3m New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address, REV. E. A. WILSON 194 Penn st., Williamsburgh, N. Y. jal3 6m

Errors of Youth.

A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and direction for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence JOHN B. OGDEN, 42 Cedar street, New York. Jan13-6m

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES and Blotches, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address BEN. VANDELF & CO., Box 5121, No. 5 Wooster st., N. Y. Jan13-6m

Established 1814.

THE

Clarksville

CHRONICLE!

Published every Saturday by

Neblett & Grant,

AT

$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CLUBBING RATES:

The Courier-Journal and Chronicle at $3 40.

The Nashville American and Chronicle, at $3 75.

The Nashville Banner and Chronicle, at $3 25.

The Rural Sun and Chronicle, at $4 10.

The New York Herald and Chronicle, at $3 25.

Godey's Lady's Book, Chronicle and the beautiful chromo "The Mother's Joy," for $4 50.

Cincinnati Enquirer and Chronicle, at $3 75.

Demorest's Magazine and Chronicle, at $4 50.

Subscribers living out of this county will have to pay 15 cents in addition to above prices to pay the postage.

Address

NEBLETT & GRANT,
Clarkville, Tenn.

A New Outfit.

We have just received a large and varied assortment of new material, consisting of Type, Inks, Cards, Cap, Letter, Note and Bill Head Papers. Our assortment of

NEW TYPE

for Cards, Circulars, etc., embraces the latest and most approved styles. The inks are the best and of various colors. In the choice lot of papers and cards may be found

VISITING CARDS

of the neatest and most elegant make and colors, besides a new style of

WEDDING CABINETS!

that we can furnish at extremely low figures, printed with new and beautiful type. Visiting Cards, printed in the best style of typographical art, and furnished at cheaper rates than ever before offered in this city. Our new stock was selected in person, by one of our firm, and having paid cash for it, we are enabled to furnish any job desired, in the best style, at very cheap rates. Call and examine specimens and prices.

FANCY

Job Printing

A SPECIALTY.

AUCTION BILLS,
SALE BILLS,
BALL TICKETS,
BILLS OF LADING,
BUSINESS CARDS,
BLANKS OF ALL KINDS,
CIRCULARS
CONTRACTS,
CERTIFICATES,
CONSTITUTIONS,
DODGERS,
DIPLOMAS,
DRUGGISTS' LABELS,
ENVELOPES.
FREIGHT BILLS,
FREIGHT RECEIPTS,
HAND BILLS,
JUSTICES' BNANKS,
RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING TAGS,
TAX RECEIPTS,
VISITING CARDS,
WEDDING CARDS

EXECUTED IN THE

Neatest and Best Manner

AND AT THE

LOWEST PRICES.

TUTT'S PILLS

A distinguished physician of New York says:

"It is astonishing how universally Dr. Tutt's Pills are used. In my daily rounds, I hear of them not only among the poor, but their virtues are heralded from the mansions of the wealthy and refined. Knowing the inventor from his long connection with the medical profession, I have great confidence in their merits, and of late have often prescribed them with the happiest results in cases where I desired to make a decided impression on the liver."

TUTT'S PILLS CURE SICK HEADACHE.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE DYSPEPSIA.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE CONSTIPATION
TUTT'S PILLS CURE PILES.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE FEVER AND AGUE.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE BILIOUS COLIC.

Dr. Tutt has been engaged in the practice of medicine thirty years, and for a long time was demonstrator of anatomy in the Medical College of Georgia, hence, persons using his Pills have the guarantee that they are prepared on scientific principles, and are free from all quackery.

He has succeeded in combining in them the heretofore antagonistic qualities of a *strengthening, purgative & purifying tonic.* Their first apparent effect is to increase the appetite by causing the food to properly assimilate, thus the system is nourished, and by their tonic action on the digestive organs, regular & healthy evacuations are produced at a rapidity with which

PERSONS TAKE ON FLESH,

TUTT'S PILLS CURE KIDNEY COMPLAINT.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE TORPID LIVER.

While under the influence of these Pills, of itself indicates their adaptability to nourish the body, and hence their efficacy in curing nervous debility, melancholy, dyspepsia, wasting of the muscles, sluggishness of the liver, and chronic constipation.

WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

TUTT'S PILLS GIVE APPETITE.
TUTT'S PILLS CUR 2 FOUL BREATH.
TUTT'S PILLS NEVER GRIPE.
TUTT'S PILLS GIVE SOUND SLEEP.
TUTT'S PILLS GIVE BUOYANT SPIRITS.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE FLATULENCE.
TUTT'S PILLS CURE BOILS.
TUTT'S PILLS GIVE CLEAR SKIN.
TUTT'S PILLS REMOVE BLOTCHES.

LOUISVILLE, KY. *Aug. 3, 1875.*

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Mch 11, 76-tf

Original Attachment.

Harrison & Shelby vs. W. N. Ware.

In this cause it appearing by affidavit that the defendant, W. N. Ware, is justly indebted to plaintiffs and is a non-resident of the State so that the ordinary process of law can not be served upon him, and an original attachment having been levied upon his property, it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Clarksville CHRONICLE, a newspaper published in the city of Clarksville, for four successive weeks commanding the said W. N. Ware, to appear before me or some other acting Justice of the Peace, at my office in Clarksville, Montgomery county, on the 7th day of July, 1877, and make defense to said suit against him, or it will be proceeded with ex parte.

R. D. READ,
Justice of the Peace of Montgomery Co.

May 26, 1877-4w.

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April 27, 1872-tf

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