A POET STRAPPED.

In reading the history or literature of bygone ages, a fit of involuntary scepticism sometimes comes over us. Everything is so different in association, train of thought and every day usage from what we experience in present events that we are tempted to pass the whole thing over as a fiction of unreal persons and events which never happened. Now it is a welcome remedy for this state of mind to meet with some passage in an ancient writer in which a plain, homely experience of human nature is depicted such as may happen to any man at any day, and welcome as daylight in that point of view is the following little poem of Chaucer, which leaves no doubt in the world that the father of English poetry did, some day and somewhere in the fourteenth century, get strapped in an English town, and that he felt about it very much as we should feel in the present day; as this editor, for instance, felt on the island of Bermuda when he ran the blockade. We give the poem as slightly modernized in language by a writer in the English magazine called Temple Bar:

CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

I.

To you, my Purse, and to no other wight,
Complain I, for thou art my lady dear;
I'm very sorry now that thou art light,
For certes thou dost make me heavy cheer.
I were as lief laid out upon my bier;
For which, unto your mercy thus I cry—
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

II.

This day vouchsafe now, ere that it be night,
That I of you the blisful sound may hear;
Or see your color, like the sun so bright,
That in his yellowness had never peer.
Thou art my life, thou art my heart's star dear,
Queen of great comfort and good company!
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

III.

Now, Purse, who art to me my body's light
And saviour—being down in this world here—
Out of this town, oh, help me by your might!
Since that thou wilt not be my treasure sheer,
For, like a monk, I'm shaved close to the ear;
Therefore I pray unto your courtesy,
Be heavy again! or else I needs must die.

—Modernized by R. H. Horne.

TWO MINUTES TOO LATE.

With his good-bye ringing in her ears, Drucie Miller re-entered the little telegraph office and dropped into the chair before the clicking instrument. Glancing at the clock above her head, she noticed that it was almost time for her to close the office for the night, and seek her humble home at the foot of one of the darkened streets of the village. The rumbling of the train which had just left the station was growing fainter and fainter, and the girl listened to it as though it was the voice of a friend who was leaving her for a long time.

She did not expect any more messages that night; the engine breathing heavily from its great iron lungs on the track near her window would not move until the night express had passed up, and the engineer, knowing this, had sought his sweetheart, who lived in the village.

Tom Gray, the engineer of the train just departing, was Drucie's lover, and his intimate friends knew when the wedding was to take place. He had not known her long, but that did not matter, since he was a true fellow, who loved her with all his heart, and with all hers she loved Tom.

The rumble of the train at length died away, and Drucie was about to shut off the current and leave the office, when a message began to fall upon her ears.

She started, for the first word drove the color from her cheeks, and standing over the instrument she heard this message:

"No. 10 switch at Colby till No. 6 passes. Six just starting!"

"Six just starting! My God! They will meet!" cried the beautiful operator, starting from the table; "what can I do to save him—them?"

And with her eyes staring at the clock she stood in the center of the room, thinking of the two trains approaching each other through the mist that almost hid the moon.

The real situation, enough to blanch a young girl's cheeks, was appalling.

The order for the train which had just left Fletcher to switch at Colby, could not be obeyed now. The telegraph could not even stop it, for there was no night office at Colby. It was an unusual matter for No. 6 to leave Fort Wayne before the arrival of No. 10; but as the latter train was some twelve minutes behind time on that particular night, No. 6, anxious to leave on time, to save its connections, telegraphed to Fletcher the message which had so startled Drucie Miller. From Fletcher to a point four miles below Colby, the company had completed a double track, which, when finished to Fort Wayne, would obviate the trouble of switching and prevent accidents.

When Drucie recovered her self-possession, she started from the office with the message in her hand. It had arrived just two minutes too late, and Tom Gray, unconscious of its existence, was driving his engine ahead and thinking of the girl he had lately kissed adieu. He knew that it was known in Fort Wayne that he was unavoidably behind time, and thought that according to custom the express, waiting there, would not move out until he arrived.

But let us return to Drucie Miller. She saw the freight engine standing on the new track already mentioned and caught a glimpse of the young fireman asleep on his box.

A determined resolution entered her head, and the next moment she was in the engine room with her hand on the boy's shoulder.

"That you, Miss Drucie?" said the boy, rousing himself with a yawn. "Laws a mercy!—"

"Get out and uncouple the freight!" she cried. "Tom's moved out, and if he doesn't switch at Colby, everybody will be killed. We must catch him!"

The boy, with a cry of horror, left the engine, and a minute later the freight cars were standing idly on the track, while the engine and its tender were moving out gaining momentum at each revolution of the wheel.

"What'll Dick say when he comes back and finds his engine gone?" said the boy, looking up into Drucie's face.

"What do we care what he says? What is Dick's inconvenience to the precious lives on the two trains? Jim, how fast can your engine travel?"

"About two miles a minute," the boy answered, with a smile. "She's the swiftest bird on the road. But I don't think we can catch No. 10; we might if we had Dick with us. He knows how to handle the Belle."

"And so do I. Wood up, Jim. Fill the furnace chock full. We must catch Tom this side of the track's terminus or—"

The girl paused and looked at the pale boy.

"Or what, Miss Drucie?"

"Or blow up!"

"That's what's the matter!" said Jim, catching her spirit. "And we'll catch him, too! Wood! wood! There, the furnace is chock full. Golly—whiz! how we are going."

Drucie smiled faintly at the boy and noticed the hand of the gauge. The engine had received new momentum, which momentarily increased, and all at once Jim, who had been trying to pierce the haze, said:

"Two miles a minute, I'll bet, Miss Drucie! If it was daylight the telegraph poles would resemble a fine-tooth comb."

But the girl did not reply. She stood before the lever, wishing that she could urge the engine to greater speed. She had calculated the two trains would meet in a gulch below Colby. It was a terrible place for a collision, and the loss of life there would be great. The haze or mist would prevent the engineers from signaling each other, and a collision was inevitable.

The engine, which seemed to have broken loose, rushed madly on, with Jim looking at Drucie, whom he was inclined to believe mad. The cold mist, slowly turning to a drizzle, was occasionally blown against his face by the wind; it served to cool his heated temples, and to make him think more calmly of his situation and the folks at home.

So fast were they moving that they seemed to glide over the rails, scarcely touching them in their mad career, and when Drucie told Jim to listen for the sound of Tom's train ahead, the boy poked his head out of the window and held his breath.

"'Pears to me I heard a sound," he said, without turning his head. "Mebbe I'm mistaken—so many things 'pear to me just now."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the girl. "Listen with all your might, Jim. Oh, for the speed of a bullet!"

Her face was glowing with heat, and while Jim listened she opened the furnace door and threw in the last sticks of wood they possessed.

"The wood's gone, Jim. How far yet can we go at this rate of speed?"

"About fifteen miles," the boy answered—"twenty of 'em, if we must do it."

"Then we'll catch him. Colby must be nine miles away yet, and the gulch is six miles further on—fifteen miles! Jim, can't you hear him yet?"

"No; guess I was mistaken awhile back," the boy said, and Drucie's countenance fell.

"There's the sound again!" he exclaimed a minute later. "Listen for yourself, girl."

Drucie went to the window and put her head out.

"That's Tom!" she cried. Oh, Heaven, let me save him and all the other precious lives to-night."

With this prayer she turned to the furnace again and smiled at the red hot doors. The engine and its empty tender seemed to fly over the track, and when Drucie looked at Jim again, she found him staring at the gauge.

"What's the matter, Jim?" she asked. He came forward with hand extended toward the little instrument.

"A little more fire and we'll blow up!" he gasped.

"Tom would hear the explosion and stop his train. That might prevent the collision!" was Drucie's reply.

It was now evident that the sound ahead was that of Tom Gray's train, and the girl prepared to warn her lover of the danger. The tracks were quite close, and she told the fire boy to watch the machinery while she attended to that part of the warning work which she had alloted to herself.

The sound of the train on the other track grew momentarily more distinct, and the daring girl fancied that she heard No. 6 coming through the valley below Colby.

"Yes, it's Tom!" she cried to encourage the boy at the lever, "I see his light, now!"

Then she leaned out of the window and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Switch at Colby! Switch at Colby. Colby, six! Colby, six!"

Many times she repeated her cry, and all at once she dashed by the heavy train.

Right into her lover's face, as he leaned from his engine, she shouted, "Switch at Colby!" and heard the shrieks that told her that he would obey.

"Saved! saved, Jim!" she cried with joy, turning upon the breathless boy, who already was checking the Belle's speed.

"Golly—whiz! Drucie, they ought to give us a train!" he said laughing. "If we can ever stop the Belle, we'll go back; but the girl's got her spunk up and would run on forever!"

Drucie Miller returned to the window with a heart filled with thankfulness, for Tom had heard, and already was running on to the switch at Colby.

After awhile the Belle was got under control and backed with lessened fires.

"Listen!" suddenly cried Jim.

"Yes, number six is coming; but we don't fear her now," said Drucie, with a smile. "Tom and his passengers are safe on the switch!"

"The next moment number six dashed by, and Drucie laughed and actually clapped her hands.

The meeting between Tom Gray and his love cannot be described.

"Your headlight seemed a meteor," he said to her; "and I knew your voice—I don't know why. I guess you made time coming down."

"Time!" cried Jim; "I don't think the wheels touched the rails more'n half the time. If it had been day, the mile stones would have looked like a rake."

There was a laugh at the boy's exaggeration, and then Tom took Drucie aside and kissed her.

It was not the only kiss she got that night, for all the women on the train kissed the girl who had saved their lives, and Tom Gray said he wouldn't get jealous when the moustached passengers bent over Drucie, blushing like a rose.

The story of Drucie's feat crept into the papers, and, though my story may be old to some of my readers, I have told it because I believe it will bear repitition.

Dick Lambert forgave Drucie for running away with his engine, and Jim the fire boy, never grows weary of telling about that 'run.'

Tom Gray is still on the road, but Drucie does not listen to the click click of the sounder any more. Every night at eight she holds a little boy up to the window, and he cries 'papa!' and clasps his little hands as an engine dashes by.

Wherein Has Democracy Failed?

Memphis Appeal.

Whenever a new, ephemeral party springs into existence, it commences making war upon the corruptions and failures of the old parties. Know-nothingism came into the world howling against the corruptions and violated pledges of the Whigs and Democrats, and the National party, with the shell of incubation upon its head, talks about the failure of the Radical and Democratic parties. We agree with the Nationals that those obscene birds who, in the name of Republicans, have polluted every department of the public service with venality, villany and corruption, and scourged the people of the land to gratify their inordinate rapacity. But how can the Democratic party be accused of failure, when it has been out of power for the past seventeen years, while the Radicals were engaged in a carnival of corruption? Whenever the Democrats succeed Republicans, economy and reform follow just as naturally as day follows night. So soon as the Democrats secured a majority in the congressional house of representatives, the expenses of the government were reduced over thirty million dollars. The same results have followed in all the southern States so soon as the Democrats supplanted Radical rule. The first general assembly convened in Tennessee after the restoration of the ballot to the disfranchised people, were confronted on the first of January, 1870, with an enormous debt amounting, according to the most reliable estimates, to the appalling sum of $43,052,625 52. After a Democratic rule of only a few years, we had, instead of a debt of $43,052,625 52, which, on the first day of January, 1870, hung over the State like the harbinger of financial ruin and distress, we had a debt of less than twenty one million dollars. Under radical rule we had disfranchisements, confusion, anarchy, military rule, profligacy, extravagance and corruption. Under Democratic rule everything is changed. Peace and quiet pervades every part of the State. The State government is economically administered, and law and order everywhere prevails. The same economy and reform, the same quietude and the same obedience to law has prevailed in all the southern States so soon as the Democrats secured control. Talk about the failure of Democracy! Contrast the condition of Mississippi under Democratic rule with its condition under the rule of Ames. The Democrats have reduced taxes to one-half of the former rates, and the State government is a model of honesty and economy. The same thing may be said of Arkansas, Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, and, indeed, all the southern States; and the same results will follow so soon as the Democrats get possession of the national government. The Know-nothing party, which sprung into existence so suddenly and with no more promise than the National party, after a fitful career of two years, during which time it was busy in pointing out the failures of the Democratic party, was swallowed up by the Republican party and in less than three months the National party will be absorbed by the same organization, which has the happy faculty of making itself the refuge for disgruntled Democratic office-seekers.

A Bit of Married Experience.

I married my wife about thirty-five years ago. The ceremony was performed about seven o'clock in the morning. Before retiring that evening we had a good talk with each other, and the result has sweetened our entire lives. We agreed that each should always be watchful and careful, never, by word or act, to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, hot-tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible—just the material for a life of conjugal warfare. Well, for a few years we found it hard work to always live by our agreement. Occasionally (not often) a word or look would slip off the tongue or face before it could be caught or suppressed; but we never allowed the sun to go down upon our wrath. Before retiring at night on such occasions there was always confession and forgiveness, and the culprit would become more careful in future.

Our tempers and dispositions became gradually more congenial, so that after a few years we came to be one in reality, as the matrimonial ceremony had pronounced us nominally. In thinking back we find that for more than twenty years our little agreement has been unbroken, and there has been no occasion for confession and forgiveness. In business we have had adversity and prosperity, failure and success. We raised a family of children about us, and we are simple enough to believe that we have better children and better grandchildren because of our little agreement. Under such a contract religiously kept, no ill-natured children will be reared, and no boys will find the streets and bar-rooms more pleasant than home. To make a good wife or a good husband requires the co-operation of both.

Interesting Reminiscences.

A correspondent sends the following interesting facts to a Knoxville exchange, from Rutledge, Grainger county:

The world, in its progress, may forget this off-the-railroad country. It is claimed to be the cradle of much of Tennessee's greatness, and malice, which is never mute, retorts that it is also its graveyard. Hence came John Cocke, the rival of Jackson, Sam. Bunch, James Williams, Spencer Jarnagin, Clement C. Clay, and other lights in Tennessee's history. Here is the modest brick house, with one room, twelve by twenty, where the tailor, Andrew Johnson, lived with his family, and wrought at his trade. Here is the wooded hill-side where he made his first political speech, and here is the quiet old town, still sleeping where William Blount, the territorial Governor located it, and named it "Rutledge," after the family name of his wife. It was erstwise the resort of the "Clinchmanites," where they met on public days and held high revel; but now they have a most respectable educational institution here, under the shadow of which the village rests in sobriety.

Hints About Post Office Matters.

Gallatin Examiner.

For general information we give the following in regard to postal charges, which ought to be known:

Many persons think that an *unsealed* letter, with a one cent stamp, will get to its destination. It won't, and goes to the Dead Letter Office. Ball tickets or printed invitations to parties, with the words "compliments of" with the name of the sender, with a cent stamp, go the same way, and are subject to letter postage.

Packages of merchandise, samples or other matter of third class must contain no writing except the address. The name and number of articles can be printed or written in the address and the words "from" (giving the name of the sender.) They must be packed so that the Postmaster can readily examine them. The law says:

It is the duty of the Postmaster to remove the wrappers from all matters not chargeable with letter postage, in order that he may discover if the packages contain anything subject to a higher rate.

For the violation of this law the penalty is five dollars in each case.

In regard to the forwarding of letters, it they once pass out of the possession of the Postmaster they must be prepaid another rate before they can be forwarded.

Why the Hungarians Hate Russia.

London Telegraph.

The Magyars are a vigorous, proud and aggressive nationality, and make good their claim to more than the amount of home rule demanded by our own Irish members. They have a hatred of Russia, founded on her intervention at the moment when their rebellion promised to be successful; and their admiration for Turkey springs, not only from her resistance to their own foe, but from her refusal to give up the Hungarians who took refuge in her territory. They have not forgotten that the Sultan defied the threats of Czar. It is perfectly natural that they should dislike Russia and admire Turkey. But they have a more practical reason for hostility to any toleration of Russian objects. They know that if the treaty of San Stefano were to be enforced, Austria would be obliged to protect her own interests by extending her sovereignty over some of the Slav provinces of Turkey, and that she would thus become more of a Slav Empire. It is not surprising that they should be hostile to any change that would tend to lessen the political importance of Pesth.

HOUSTON Telegram: The prairies of Western Texas are now one grand and glorious panorama of wild flowers, stretching over hill and dale, and presenting every prismatic and blended color known to painters' brightest dreams.

A New Set of Rules for Courting.

The attention of the fathers of marriageable daughters is called to the following set of rules which a Dispatch reporter saw hanging in a front parlor, a few days ago. They are evidently formulated with great care, and seem to cover the whole ground:

1. Gentlemen, whose heads are anointed with bear's oil, must not lean against the wall, as it soils the paper and renders frequent and expensive repairs necessary.

2. The piano stool is dedicated to music, and gentlemen who put their feet upon it will not be tolerated.

3. Kissing, except on the front steps, is strictly prohibited.

4. No proposals will be entertained except upon ten days' notice in writing, accompanied by satisfactory references of good moral character. The applicant to be subject to an examination in the rudiments of finance at the option of parents.

5. Gentlemen remaining later than 11 o'clock will be charged extra for gas.

6. Talking in loud tones and boisterous laughing after 3 o'clock must not be indulged in, under pain of immediate dismissal.

7. No liquors furnished to minors.

Carrying Concealed Weapons.

A Kentucky correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial winds up a sensible article on this subject with the following suggestions. The advice applies to this locality as well as to Kentucky:

"Let us have done with the uneasy, deprecatory, self-complimentary style of dealing with manslaughter, and try a little honest, outspoken vigorous denunciation of its enormity, and of the cowardice which generally instigates it. Stamp any one who goes about the streets among peaceful people loaded down with pistol or knife as a blackguard and a would be cowardly assassin. That is the true remedy, and until public sentiment shall be educated to the point of regarding and practically treating it in this light, all legislative enactments are simply powerless."

GOV. BRIGGS, of Massachusetts, for some years before his death never wore a shirt-collar, not even at receptions. He had a neighbor whom he liked exceedingly, and who was on the way to become a confirmed drunkard. With this man the Governor remonstrated warmly, until at last the listener answered: "I will never drink again if you will never again wear a collar." "Agreed," said the Governor. Each kept his word; the man was saved, and the Governor paid no manner of attention to the sometimes sharp criticisms upon his apparent carelessness in his dress.

What Love is to a Woman.

What a wonderful thing love is to a woman. How it helps her to know that some one else is fond of her; that rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and her face is fairer to one, at least, than faces that are far more beautiful; that one great heart holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all women. She can do anything, be anything, suffer anything thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influence, brighter, kinder, stronger; and life seems to be a foretaste of heaven, and all of her dreams are gold.

IN 1854 Turkey was a base for the English and French armies acting against Russia, and the Black sea was open. Turkey is now a base for Russian armies, and the Black sea is virtually closed, as the Bosphorus can be made impassable. An English fleet could strike directly at Russia only through the Baltic. But the entrance to the Baltic is inconveniently near Germany. On the Pacific coast Russia has a fleet superior to that of England in those waters. England must meet Russia on land, and hence the importance of Austria is an ally.

MR. HENRY C. JARRETT has recently visited Charleston, S. C., and Jacksonville, Fla., where he secured a party of forty darkies, including men women and children, which he will soon cause to be shipped to New York, and from thence to England, where they will be exhibited as impersonators of cotton hands in the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to be brought out under the direction of Jarrett & Palmer. Some of the negroes are said to have excellent voices, and there is a score of character dancers of more than ordinary merit.

PLANTS sleep at night, as is well known, but their sleeping hours are a matter of habit, and can easily be disturbed. A French chemist recently exposed a sensitive plant to a bright light at night, and placed it in a dark room during the day. The plant at first appeared much puzzled. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, in spite of the artificial sun beaming upon it at night, and in the daytime it sometimes awoke. It finally submitted to the change, unfolding itself regularly at night and closing in the morning.

"Now, then, state your case," said a Detroit lawyer the other day, as he put a five dollar bill away in his vest pocket. "Well," began his client, "suppose the man living next door wants to put a barn right up against my line, coming within two feet of my house?" "He can't do it, sir. Can't do any such thing," replied the lawyer. "But I want to put my barn right up against his line," remarked the client. "Oh—ah—yes! I see. Well, sir, go right ahead and put your barn there. All the law in the case is on your side."

THE Ninety-six (S. C.) Guardian chronicles the birth, of colored parents, of a very singular child. From the waist to the crown of the child's head its skin is pure white, from the hips to the knees the skin is of a coal black, and from there down the skin is white. The head is covered with hair as white as driven snow, and is unusually long for a child of that age. The child is large and healthy.

THE Knoxville Chronicle says: We learn that the monument of Andrew Johnson will be unveiled on the 28th of May and that the old life-time friend of Senator Johnson, Mr. Geo. W. Jones, of Fayetteville, Tenn., will deliver the oration. Of course there will be an immense crowd to witness the interesting ceremonies.

IT is a curious fact that, in the first territorial Legislature of Alabama, the upper branch of that body, or the Senate, was composed of one member. James Titus sat alone in the chamber, and decided upon the acts of the lower house.

THE estate of the late William Orton, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, is reported worth about $150,000. He had policies on his life for $62,000, $5,000 in favor of each of his children, the remaining $22,000 being payable to his widow.

ACCORDING to a Washington dispatch, the friends of the Texas Pacific Railroad say the prospects of the passage of their bill guaranteeing the payment of interest on the bonds of the company, etc., are continually improving.

A STRONG movement is said to be on foot in France for the recovery of Lorraine from Germany. By way of compensation Bismark is to be invited to annex Holland, and possiby a portion of Belgum. Bets have been made in Paris that Lorraine will be French soil before Christmas.

The Antecedents of Disease.

Among the antecedents of disease are inertness in the circulation of the blood, an unnaturally attenuated condition of the physique, indicating that the life current is deficient in nutritive properties, a wan, haggard look, inability to digest the food, loss of appetite, sleep and strength, and a sensation of unnatural langor. All these may be regarded as among the indicia of approaching disease, which will eventually attack the system and overwhelm it, if it is not built up and fortified in advance. Invigorate, then, without loss of time, making choice of the greatest vitalizing agent extant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an elixir which has given health and vigor to myriads of the sick and debilitated, which is avouched by physicians and analysts to be pure as well as effective, which is immensely popular in this country, and extensively used abroad, and which has been for years past one of the leading medicinal staples of America.

Hecla Coal.

Having secured the Agency for Hecla Coal, I can furnish a very superior article of Kentucky Coal, clear of slate, iron and stone. Try it. I guarantee it as represented.

By car load (side track) 15c
By car load (delivered) 14c
By 100 bush, " 14c
By wagon load " 15c

This is not Drake's Creek Coal sold by us last season.

Office at Alwell's feed store. I am also agent for the improved Howe Scales.

B. F. Poston, Ag't.

May 2, 1878-tf.

In Chancery at Clarksville—State of Tennessee.

CLERK AND MASTER'S OFFICE, April 10, 1878.

Elizabeth Hester, Complainant, vs. J. J. C. McKnight, Defendant.

It appearing from the Sheriff's return of the process issued in this cause that the Defendant, J. J. C. McKnight, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee:

It is therefore ordered that he enter his appearance, herein, before or within the first three days of the next term of the Chancery Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the first Monday in July next, 1878, and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, or the same will be taken for confessed as to him and set for hearing ex parte; and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Clarksville CHRONICLE.

POLK G. JOHNSON, Clerk and Master.

A. G. GOODLETT, Sol'r for Comp't.
April 13, 1878-4tpr$5 00.

In Circuit Court at Clarksville—State of Tennessee.

OFFICE OF CIRCUIT COURT CLERK, April 12th, 1878.

Samuel Davis, Compl't, vs. Francis Davis, Def't.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this cause, that the defendant, Francis Davis, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee:

It is therefore ordered that she enter her appearance, herein, before or within the first three days of the next term of the Circuit Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the 1st Monday in May next, 1878, and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, or the same will be taken for confessed as to her and set for hearing ex parte; and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Clarksville Chronicle.

C. B. BAILEY, Clerk,
By C. H. Bailey, D. C.

H. C. BATTS, Sol'r for Comp't.
April 13, 1878-4t

In Circuit Court at Clarksville—State of Tennessee.

OFFICE OF CIRCUIT COURT CLERK, April 12, 1878.

Edmond Griffy, Compl't., vs. Harriet Griffy, Def't.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this cause, that the Defendant, Harriet Griffey, is a non-resident of the State of Tennessee:

It is therefore ordered that she enter her appearance, herein, before or within the first three days of the next term of the Circuit Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the first Monday in May next, 1878, and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, or the same will be taken for confessed as to her and set for hearing ex parte; and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Clarksville CHRONICLE.

C. B. BAILEY, Clerk,
By C. H. Bailey, D. C.

H. C. BATTS, Sol'r for Comp't.
April 13, 1878-4t.

In Chancery at Clarksville—State of Tennessee.

CLERK AND MASTER'S OFFICE, April 10, 1878.

W. D. Taylor et al., Complainants, vs. Elizabeth Poindexter's heirs, Defendants.

It appearing from the Sheriff's return of process issued in this cause that the Defendants, Mary C. Poindexter and Bettie Poindexter are non-residents of the State of Tennessee:

It is therefore ordered that they enter their appearance, herein, before or within the first three days of the next term of the Chancery Court, to be held at Clarksville, on the first Monday in July next, 1878, and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, or the same will be taken for confessed as to them and set for hearing ex parte; and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Clarksville CHRONICLE.

POLK G. JOHNSON, Clerk and Master.

C. G. SMITH & W. M. DANIEL, Sol'rs for Comp'ts.
April 13, 1878-4tpr$5 00

OPEN LETTERS.

READ THEM.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT."

"Tutt's Pills are worth their weight in gold."
REV. I. R. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

"Tutt's Pills are a special blessing of the nineteenth century."
REV. F. R. OSGOOD, New York.

"I have used Tutt's Pills for torpor of the liver. They are superior to any medicine for biliary disorders ever made."
I. P. CARR, Attorney at Law, Augusta, Ga.

"I have used Tutt's Pills five years in my family. They are unequaled for costiveness and biliousness."
F. R. WILSON, Georgetown, Texas.

"I have used Tutt's Medicine with great benefit."—W. W. MANN, Editor Mobile Register.

"We sell fifty boxes Tutt's Pills to five of all others."—SAYRE & CO., Cartersville, Ga.

"Tutt's Pills have taken the lead in total establish their merits. They work like magic."
W. H. BARRON, 96 Summer St., Boston.

"There is no medicine so well adapted to the cure of bilious disorders as Tutt's Pills."
JOS. DRUMMEL, Richmond, Virginia.

AND A THOUSAND MORE.

They are genuine. Write to them. It will cost but a postage stamp.

TORPID LIVER.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, Tickling of the Chest, Dryness of the Skin, Giddiness, Gloom and Forebodings of Evil, are all symptoms of Torpid Liver. For these complaints, TUTT'S PILLS are unequaled, no other preparation can claim even to be their equal. A single dose will convince any one.

PHYSICIANS ALL ADMIT

That Quinine only effects a temporary suspension of the attacks of Fever and Ague unless its use is preceded by a reliable antibilious Medicine.

The testimony of thousands establishes beyond a doubt that DR. TUTT'S PILLS, followed by Quinine, is a permanent cure for Chills and Fever.

NO POISONOUS DRUGS.

DR. TUTT'S PILLS are prepared with great care and study, in exact accordance with the principles of chemical compatibility. They are safe. Contain no dangerous drug. Require no change of diet or occupation.

Price 25 Cents. Office 35 Murray Street, New York. Sold everywhere.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE

INDORSED.

PROOF! PROOF!! PROOF!!!

DR. TUTT: Dear Sir—We wish to inform you that your Hair Dye excels all others. For its natural color it cannot be equaled. Our customers will use no other. It is a great triumph.

ANTONY HAAS, } Barbers.
CHAS. MOHN, } New Orleans.

HIGH TESTIMONY.

FROM THE PACIFIC JOURNAL.

"A GREAT INVENTION

has been made by Dr. Tutt, of New York, which restores youthful beauty to the hair. That eminent chemist has succeeded in producing a Hair Dye which imitates nature to perfection. Old bachelors may now rejoice."

Price $1.00. Office 35 Murray St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Sealed Proposals.

Until the 2d Monday in May Next

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by me from all persons owning lots suitable for the erection of a new Court House building. Each proposal must describe the lot offered, stating the locality, the number of feet front and in depth, the terms and the price at which the owner obligates himself to sell should his bid be accepted by the county.

These bids will be opened by the Commissioners on the 2d Monday in May.

By order of Court House Commissioners.

CHARLES W. TYLER, Chairman.

April 25 1878-td

BUILDING LOTS!

FOR SALE.

On the 3rd Monday in May, 1878,

the lot upon which the Court House formerly stood will be subdivided into lots of about 20 feet of Franklin street, and sold to the highest bidder, on one, two and three years' time. Notes bearing interest at six per cent. from date required. Sale subject to the ratification of the Quarterly Court on the first Monday in July next.

By order of Court House Commissioners.

CHARLES W. TYLER, Chairman.

Clarksville, April 25, 1878.-td

1848. 1878.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

OLD RELIABLE, TIME TRIED AND FIRE TESTED.

Having passed through the ordeal and emerged from the ruins of the great fire, I am now located on the west side of the Public Square, adjoining the bank building, where I will continue to keep a general assortment of

Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Whips, Trunks, &c.,

made of the best material, and will be sold at prices to suit the times.

To my friends and the public generally I return my thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended, and trust I shall receive a continuance of the same.

Respectfully,

JOHN YOUNG.

P. S.—I desire to return my grateful acknowledgments to one and all for kind assistance rendered me on the night of the fire. JOHN YOUNG.

April 27, 1878-3m

Extra Fine Mules

FOR SALE.

We have for sale several pairs of as FINE MATCH MULES as can be found in the South, together with a number of SINGLE MULES, which we offer at reasonable rates for cash. Call on or address

SWINDELL, LINDSLEY & NEAL,
Lebanon, Tenn.

April 27, 1878-2t

HENRY FRECH

Farm and Garden Implements,

FRESH AND PURE

Buest Garden Seed,

New Crop Turnip Seed,
German Millet,
Missouri Millet,
Hungarian Grass Seed.

CHAMPION REAPERS AND MOWERS

For Sale at Cost and Carriage.

Corn Shellers,
Cutting Boxes,
Wheat Fans, Leather,
Salt, Lime, Cement,
Rope, Twine, etc., etc.
Tobacco Fertilizers,
Super Phosphate,
Guano and
Flour of Raw Bone.

April 27, 1878, tf

THE HOWE Sewing Machines

Are warranted for five years, and sell as low as any.

Office at JOHN RICK'S,

PUBLIC SQUARE,

Next door to the Postoffice, Clarksville, Tenn.

F. W. Bostelmann,

April 27, 1878-tf AGENT.

Jno. L. Smith,

ARCHITECT,

Office over McClure's Temple of Music, Union street,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Having been employed to superintend the building of the Public Schools and Johnson & Merritt's office, much of my time will be spent in Clarksville, and I can superintend all buildings entrusted to me.

Mr. Jno. L. Smith was the architect for my house, and has been also in charge of the Episcopal Church building for some time, and has given entire satisfaction. I do not hesitate to recommend him for any of our citizens as a competent Architect and an honest man. POLK G. JOHNSON.

We fully concur in the above.

JNO. W. FAXON,
CHAS. W. TYLER,
G. E. COOKE.

TRADE MARK. VIBRATOR. Reg. March 2, 1874.

THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE "Vibrator" Threshers, WITH IMPROVED MOUNTED HORSE POWERS, And Steam Thresher Engines, Made only by

NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

THE Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-Saving, and Money-Making Threshers of this day and Generation. Beyond all Rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Wastage.

GRAIN Raisers will not Submit to the enormous wastage of Grain & the inferior work done by the other machines, when once posted on the difference.

THE ENTIRE Threshing Expenses and Actual 3 to 5 Times that amount will be saved by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Machines.

NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator. Entirely free from Beaters, Pickers, Rackers, and all such time-wasting and grain-wasting complications. Perfectly adapted to all Kinds and Conditions of Grain, Wet or Dry, Long or Short, Headed or Round.

NOT only Vastly Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the only Successful Thresher in Flax, Timothy, Millet, Clover, and like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "retrofitting" to change from Grain to Seeds.

MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts, using less than one-half the usual belts and Gears. Hence no Listerings or Bindlerings.

FOUR Sizes of Separators Made, ranging from Six to Twelve Horse size, and two styles of Mounted Horse Powers to match.

STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty. A special size Separator made expressly for these Engines.

OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Engines, with Valuable Improvements and Distinctive Features, far beyond any other make or kind.

IN Thorough Workmanship, Elegant Finish, Perfection of Parts, Completeness of Equipment, etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are Incomparable.

FOR Particulars, call on our Dealers or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

JOHN S. ELDER,

Wholesale and Retail dealer in

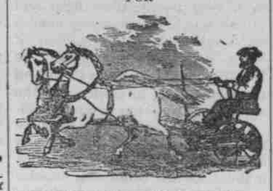
HARDWARE, IRON,

Agricultural Implements, &c

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

HEADQUARTRES

FOR



BUCKEYE

New Light Mower,
New Mower Combined,
New Table Self-Rake Reaper.
New Dropper Reaper.

Sweepstake Separators!

With Steam and Horse Power.

Bellville Vibrator!

Picker and grain saver, something new.

THE BEST THRASHER MADE.

Be sure to call and see it before you buy. With steam or horse power.

Thomas' Riding Hay Rake,
Advance Riding Hay Rake,
Revolving Hay Rake.

STUDEBAKER FARM WAGON,

Will run lighter, last longer, and is warranted for two years.

Avery's Steel and Cast Plows, Points, etc.
Clarksville Steel and Cast Plows, Points, etc., etc.
Mishler's Steel and Cast Plows, can work either cast or steel points.
South Bend Chill Plows, etc.
Diamond Iron Chill Plows, etc.
Iron Double Shovel Plows, all kinds and make.
Superior Grain Drills, with and without fertilizing attachment.
Hocking Valley Corn Shellers.
Farm, Bells, Baby Buggies, Webster's new Amalgam Pens, Whips of all kinds, Tools of all kinds, Locks, Hinges, Nails, Builder's Hardware of all kinds, Gum Belting, Packing, Leather, etc.

Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, as you will be waited on politely by

ED. TURNLEY, J. S. ELDER,
FRED NAYLOR, J. H. TURNLEY.

March 2, 1878-tf

ECLIPSE LIVERY, FEED And Sale Stable.

I have just received a number of good Saddle and Harness Horses, also several new Buggies, and am prepared to furnish the public with something neat and nice. I also do a general sale business. Call and examine my stock

C. S. DANIEL & BRO.

August 4 1877-tf

Broadhurst INSTITUTE

Embraces four departments, affording educational facilities for pupils of all ages and degrees of advancement: Primary, Preparatory, Intermediate, Collegiate. The faculty will be increased at any time without the least delay to meet the demands of patrons.

Vocal and Instrumental Music will be made a specialty. Best of references will be given. None but good students will be retained in the Institute. Apply by letter or otherwise.

Robt. Aug. Broadhurst.

January 12, 1878-tf

Blacksmithing.

I have opened a shop on Water street, next door to the warehouse of E. B. Whitfield, where I am prepared to do all kinds of Blacksmithing on short notice. Horse-shoeing a specialty.

Feb. 16. 78-3m. HENRY STRATFORD.

MONTGOMERY

WOOLEN MILLS

We are manufacturing a superior line of goods for the custom trade, and will pay the highest market price for wool in cash or exchange for goods. Correspondence solicited. Address,

McCAULEY, PEACHER & CO.,
April 13, 1878-tf Peacher's Mills, Tenn.

U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required, we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit