CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 49--NO. 8. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881. WHOLE NO. 2,385.

To the Country Trade !

We would ask attention to our large stock of school supplies, on which we offer inducements. We keep in stock

A full line of school books,
Chalk, crayons and erasers,
Slates of all kinds,
Inks, all sizes, of best brands,
Pens and holders in great variety,
School satchels and book clamps,
Slate and lead pencils, very cheap,
Writing paper, all sizes and weights,
Globes and wall maps,
Composition and note books, etc.

We have also a very large stock of Blank Books and Memorandums that we offer at the lowest wholesale figures. Give us a call.

OWEN & MOORE.

KINCANNON, WOOD & CO.

37 and 39 FRANKLIN STREET,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hardware, Cutlery, IRON, NAILS, P-L-O-W-S.

Silverware,	Stoves,
French China,	Tinware,
Queensware,	Sheet-Ironware,
Glassware,	House-Furnishing Goods,
Bar Fixtures.	Etc., Etc.

Seward & Buford Chilled Plows.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO

Roofing and Guttering.

Bowling & Willson sold them to me.

BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS,

Newports and Straw Hats,

Marked down very low, at the

Blue Front Shoe Store.

To make room for fall goods.

For a laundred or unlaundred shirt buy the "RAMBLER," a patent shirt, and pronounced by every one who examines it the

BEST SHIRT ON THE MARKET !

Call and see it.

BOWLING & WILLSON,
17 FRANKLIN STREET.

BLOCH BROS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

NOS. 11 AND 12 FRANKLIN STREET.

Clarksville, - - - Tennessee

Call especial attention to their new stock of

Spring Dress Goods,

SHOES, HATS,

CLOTHING,

KEEP'S SHIRTS, TRUNKS, &C.

We buy exclusively for CASH, and possess facilities that enable us to sell at the very lowest prices.

Having entirely disposed of our old stock of CARPETS, we are now showing a fine line of

Carpets, Mattings, Oil Cloths, Etc.,

of the latest designs and colorings.
Country merchants will find great inducements in our

Wholesale Department !

Ziegler Brothers and Bay State Shoes, and Fine Slippers !

In large quantities, just received. Respectfully,

BLOCH BROTHERS.

Dr. HARTER'S IRON TONIC PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a preparation of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and the Phosphates, associated with the Vegetable Aromatics. Endorsed by the Medical Profession, and recommended by them for **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Female Diseases, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Convalescence from Fevers and Chronic Chills and Fever.** It serves every purpose where a TONIC is necessary.

Manufactured by THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. Main Street, St. Louis.

CURES **DYSPEPSIA** **IRON TONIC.**

V. L. WILLIAMS,

THE SHOE MAN,

IS NOW IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS OF THE EAST,

BUYING HIS FALL STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c.

Look out for a large stock of Handsome and Cheap Goods about Sept. 1st and 15. About September 1st he will open, in connection with his regular business, a Manufacturing and repairing Department, where only the BEST and NEATEST Workmen will be employed. ALL WORK WARRANTED AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Prices at the Bottom !

25 Franklin St., Clarksville.

August 13, 1881-tf.

The Clarksville, Canton and Mouth of Harpeth Packet.

JULIEN GRACEY.

Leaves Clarksville for Canton and way landings every Monday and Friday at 12 m.
For Mouth of Harpeth every Thursday at 6 a. m.

F. P. GRACEY & BRO., Agents.

aug28-1m

W. H. TURNLEY, Elephant Warehouse. JAS. P. GILL, Late Cadiz, Ky.

TURNLEY & GILL,

Proprietors of

ECLIPSE

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

Corner Strawberry and Second Sts.,

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Buggies, Hacks, Driving and Saddle Horses always ready. Careful drivers furnished when desired. Horses and Mules bought and sold. Bus and Hacks to meet all trains and boats. Nice parlor for ladies visiting the city.

DUNBAR'S CAVE

Is now open for the reception of visitors.

Entrance to Cave Grounds 10cts.; entrance to Cave with guide 50cts., with liberal discounts to large parties.

Liberal terms to picnic parties. Barbecues prepared when desired.

Sulphur water kept at Cave much cooler and better than at the spring.

J. M. RICE, For Cave Company.

junestf

NEW SPRING MILLINERY !

MRS. HODGSON & MAGUIRE

Are now offering to the public a large and elegant assortment of

TUSCAN and STRAW HATS and BONNETS,

in all the latest and desirable shapes. Also an elegant line of

FLOWERS, RIBBONS, SATINS AND SILKS !

A large variety of Novelties and Fancy Goods, Gloves, Fans, Sash Ribbons, all the new styles of LACE, TIES, SCARFS, CORSETS, ETC.

THE FINEST STOCK OF DRESS TRIMMINGS IN THE CITY.

We would be pleased to have our friends, in town and country, call and see our stock of pretty goods. Very Respectfully,

MRS. HODGSON & MAGUIRE.

A HAPPY, NEW YEAR!"

NO STEPS TO CLIMB!
NO STEPS, NO STEPS,
NO STEPS TO CLIMB!!

Gallery Removed to First Floor!

Wishing to inform my friends and the public generally, that I will open my new Photograph Gallery on the 1st of January, 1881, when I will be prepared to make all the latest styles of Photographs, Pearls, Porcelean and Water-colored work, from the smallest miniature to full life-size, Oil or Pastill. Thanking you for your liberal patronage, I still solicit a continuance of the same. Pictures made in cloudy weather the same as clear. Special attention paid in making Pictures of Children. Come where you have no steps to climb. Entrance on Franklin street, opposite Fox & Smith's hardware store.

H. DIBBLE'S ART TERRACE,
jans-tf Clarksville, Tenn.

SPRING AND SUMMER !

LADIES, DON'T FAIL TO CALL AT

Mrs. Rosenfield's

and see the most elegant Bonnets and Hats we ever brought on. We can suit the most fastidious taste, and our variety is endless in Tuscan Lace, Straw, Steel and Mixed Bonnets and Hats. We also have on hand ready-trimmed Hats at from $1.25 to $2.50, in the very latest style. Come and see for yourself. As for Flowers and Feathers, words can't express the variety. In our Notion and Novelty Department, we have a full line of Serge, Satin, Pasamenty Buttons, Cords and Tassels, C. P. Corsets, Flexible Corsets and other brands, Mull and Fancy Ties in great variety, Fans, Parasols, Ladies Underwear. Our old stand-by, Lupin's Kid Gloves, Foster and other makes, Silk Mitts of the Latest Shades. We are also agent for Children's Dr. Gray's Shoulder Brace. Call and examine for yourself.

MACHINERY FOR SALE.

I have a good Engine, Boiler and Corn Mill, together with everything complete, ready for running, that I wish to sell to make room for larger machinery. W. A. SETTLE.

May 20, 1881.

Franklin Bank,

FRANKLIN STEEET,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

BUYS AND SELLS EXCHANGE

—ON—

NEW YORK, MEMPHIS, NEW ORLEANS, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, NASHVILLE, SAINT LOUIS,

And all accessible points.

Prompt Attention to Collections

W. S. POINDEXTER, Cashier.

Jan 1 80 tf

Mining Register.

MOONLIGHT IN BURROW'S PARK.

BETTIE HOWELL HOLLOWAY.

Up a high western peak
With many a glint and freak,
Pictured in light,
On comes the full, fair moon
And doth the sky illume
In goodly white.

Slowly down the eastern knobs
Comes the radiant light; and robs
The gorges of its shade,
Stealing through the shadowy pines,
Pencilling bright, artistic lines
Adown each glade.

Now it glints the water's tide,
Making it a silver guide
Along the way,
And on the level valley-land
Where white-eyed daisies thickly stand,
It sheds its rays.

Oh! lovely, lovely mountain moon,
The softened beauty of the noon
Adorns thy path.
After the toil and heat of day
How welcome is thy restful ray
And aftermath.

NELLIE DARE'S LOVE.

It was a March morning, and yet the sky was blue as in June. Manfred Lowth stood on Wilson's hill looking down upon the city. It gleamed white and beautiful from the plains, and the hills, green with their covering of pine forests, rose still and stately beyond. The "dull gray meadows" within sight had peaks of snow upon them, and the breeze brought the atmosphere of snow from the mountains, though the sunshine felt so bright.

Manfred Lowth stood with arms folded across his breast and his tall, powerful figure outlined against the still sky. As he stood thus, still and resolute in his solitude, with his absorbed, masterful eyes, and a face of Spartan firmness, he looked every inch a king. It was his thirty-fifth birthday. There may have been something sad in the thought to him, for he was utterly alone in life, and the circumstances which give a sense of airy freedom at thirty, bring a feeling of desolation at sixty. Possibly Manfred Lowth thought of this as he hailed his birthday morn, and thought how much of his life was gone, not that there was any sign of advancing age in his vigorous figure and abundant dark hair. As he suddenly placed one hand upon the stone wall before him and leaped lightly over, he displayed a vigorous agility of exceeding grace; and his step, as he walked down the hill, had the buoyancy of youth and hope. If his thoughts had been grave, they were so no longer. He went down the hill whistling cheerily.

There was a long road of yellow clay stretching before him to the city, with patches of bare scrub oak at either side. In one place the road went over a slight elevation, at the commencement of which the space beyond was concealed by the hill; and just here Manfred Lowth ceased whistling, and began searching his pockets eagerly. He laughed merrily as he brought forth from the breast-pocket of his inner coat a little worsted mitten. This is how he came by it.

The morning before he had been going over that very hill, but not whistling as then. Reaching the top, he looked down upon a little figure seated upon a stone by a lonely roadside, where hardly a house was in sight. It was a perfect picture. The girl wore a crimson merino and a pretty snowy hood, which was pushed back from her rose of a face, over the sweet, low forehead, off which little tresses of golden hair were blowing in the mild March wind. She was altogether too intensely occupied to put back her hair—curiously occupied, too. She had pulled her stocking and shoe from her left foot, and was intensely examining the small sole of a worsted stocking, while the little bare, snowy foot rested unnoticed on the ground.

Manfred Lowth recognizing Nellie Dare, thought she must be crazy. What in the world was the child doing?

Suddenly a quick smile flashed over Nellie's face, her cheek dimpled, she tossed back her hair, and looked up and saw the watcher on the hill. The stocking was turned and put on in a flash, the little boot put on (Manfred Lowth was sure it was only half put on, by the tracks it made in the snow near by), and Nellie Dare sprang into the cross-road and hurried out of sight. Arriving at the place, Lowth picked up the little white mitten. He put two fingers into it—walking on, looking at it and smiling—and then Nellie had looked so pretty and frightened. But why had she uncovered her foot and examined her stocking by the roadside? Surely, there were no thorns or thistles about at that time of the year.

When he came to the cross-roads by the pines he hesitated and finally struck into it. Then he put the mitten back into his pocket, buttoned up his coat, and walked faster.

Nellie Dare's home was on the Auburn road, a little white cottage, with bare lilacs and rose vines clinging about it—the loveliest place around in the summer time. Now, there was a face prettier than any rose at one of the parlor windows, and Manfred Lowth looked up and bowed to it.

Nellie's fresh young blood flooded her heart as she caught sight of the face which personified all her girlish, ideal dreams. She dropped her book and rose trembling as Manfred Lowth entered the room. He looked with laughing eyes at the prettiest flushing face as he took her hands.

"Miss Nellie, I have called out of the purest curiosity, to know why you have taken the fashion of the chicadeedees and go barefoot in the snowy weather?" he said, after a moment.

"O, Mr. Lowth!"

"Well, Nellie?"

"I was trying a trick."

Mr. Lowth looked mystified.

"That of the first robin," said Nellie, very much ashamed to show her childishness to her companion, yet half amused at Lowth's expression.

"Did you expect to find him in your stocking?"

"No. Oh! Mr. Lowth, didn't you ever hear the old saying—"

"Well, Nellie?"

"That when you heard the first robin of spring singing, if you would pull the stocking from your left foot you would find on the inside of the sole—"

"What?"

"A hair like that of the person you are going to marry."

"You ridiculous child!"

Nellie's face was burning hot at her foolishness, but she could not help laughing at Lowth's evident appreciation of it, and his thorough astonishment.

"Nellie, I'll buy you a rattle the next time I go into town."

Nellie pouted.

"Well, did you find the hair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was it mine?" tossing back the loose masses of dark brown hair.

A little quivering smile spoiled Nellie's pout.

"The rest is a secret."

"Then you don't intend to tell whose the hair was like?"

"No, I shall not tell."

"May I guess?"

"I can't help your guessing, sir."

"Was it like Ned Howland's ambrosial locks, little dignity?"

"I haven't promised to tell you if you guess."

"So you haven't." Then I shall not waste my time guessing. But tell me one thing."

"What is that?"

"If you have faith in the trick."

"Utter faith," Nellie said, blushing and shaking her head.

"Then I wish—I do wish the hair may be like mine."

Manfred Lowth spoke with no raillery; yet, he hardly knew why he spoke as he did. There was a moment of swift thought in both their minds.

Manfred Lowth had committed himself—as an honorable man he had committed himself. He had no right to say such a thing in such a tone unless he meant what he said. So he stood half condemned looking down at Nellie's sweet, agitated face.

She was lovely. As he knew her, she was a sweet, innocent, affectionate girl; but the thought of marrying her never entered his head until that moment. His ideal was older and graver, as one to understand him thoroughly must have been. He fancied a face of more power, deeper eyes, and a strong effect; but he read aright the eye and lips before him; their meaning was very sweet and thrilling.

Nellie blushed with distress under his eyes. He searched her face resolutely. Such a face had pursued him once, when he was a mere boy, and loved with his passionate first love. He dropped her hands at last, and stepped back.

"Are you going to school this summer?" he asked, plucking a dry leaf from the geranium on the window sill.

"Yes, I graduate in July."

"Oh! yes; I had forgotten. And in July comes your birthday?"

"Yes, I am eighteen in July."

She was womanly for her age, after all. If he could only be sure that she was not as light-hearted as she was fair! But that pretty way of tossing back her curls was Bessie Bradford's own. He did not wish to be fooled twice by the same style. So he chatted about the school exhibition, the closing of the library, and the military review in April, and finally took his leave.

"He thinks me only a child, and I love him so," she murmured, sobbing bitterly. "I hate my baby face! And he always finds me doing some childish thing. I wish I were dead!"

She cried herself nearly ill, but escaped undetected to her room when her brother came in. The next day she heard that Manfred Lowth had gone to New York.

The spring wore on and Nellie Dare grew pale and grave. Her mother became anxious. Nellie was surely studying too hard. She could never bear the excitement of the exhibition. So Nellie was taken almost by force from school and to Nahant.

Nahant's sea breezes had no effect. Nellie's chaperon, Mrs. Bertram, of Boston, recommended tonics and bathing, drives and flirting, and did her best to have her prescriptions carried into effect; but Nellie endured everything listlessly and finally begged, in answer to her aunt's expostulations, to be left entirely alone. She would be better so. Mrs. Bertram gave up in despair, and Nellie read and dreamed in solitude, or sat idly on the rocks watching the sea. The wild wind browned her face and blew very faint roses in her cheeks; but days and weeks crept by, while Mrs. Bertram bemoaned that Nellie never could be like other girls.

One fine morning a fishing party came to the hotel. They were entered upon the books as "Manfred Lowth, of Boston; Edward Howland, of Manchester, N. H." &c.

"Nellie, my dear, do hurry, Mr. Lowth is here from Boston; is well connected, gentlemanly, and of excellent character. You can never expect to make a brilliant match having no expectations yourself; I consider this just the thing for you. Now, Nellie, if you have your wits about you, instead of being so indifferent to everything, I shall be thankful. Why there is no answering what that pretty face of yours might do, if you would only see your chances! Terry Holmes declares you the prettiest girl here, and his father is a millionaire. Just think of it, Nellie?"

Nellie, strangely pale, with her back to her aunt, turned Macassar on her handkerchief, saying, chokingly:

"What Mr. Lowth, auntie?"

"Manfred Lowth. He is a shipper from Boston. Belongs to my set."

Nellie found another handkerchief, gave a defiant glance at her pale face in the mirror, and turned to her aunt.

"I am ready."

They went down to the dining room, and took their places side by side. Exactly opposite Nellie sat Manfred Lowth, mixing lobster salad, and chatting softly and gayly with Mrs. Vernon, of New York. At Nellie's right hand sat Ned Howland, her old beau from Manchester.

Lowth looked up and bowed to her.

She returned the salutation, then turned to Ned Howland.

Perhaps for an hour she flirted—never afterward. After dinner she went to her room, bathed her head, which ached terribly, then joined her aunt in the parlor. There was Manfred Lowth who stood at her side a moment and exchanged a few words with her, then sauntered away. But Ned Howland bent over her chair all the afternoon. At night she went to bed feverish and ill.

A week passed. Nellie became aware that Ned Howland loved her. He was a good-hearted young man, but rather effeminate; handsome and very winning, however, and a year before Nellie might have loved him; but truly loving Lowth as she did, the thing was impossible. She finally told him frankly and kindly, that she did not love him.

They were sitting alone on the rocks at twilight.

"You used to like me, Nellie," said Howland, his lips growing pale under his pretty moustache.

"I like you now, Ned."

"But I think you used to love me a little, Nellie."

She clasped her hands nervously.

"That was not love, Ned; oh! it was nothing like love! Don't talk to me any more, please. I am sorry you are grieved, but I can't help it. Don't blame me, and be kind to me. I have my own troubles to bear."

He got up and went down the rocks.

She did not know whether he was offended or not, and suffering from a keen sense of her sorrows, she hardly cared. She knew he would be in love with some one else within a week.

There were bitter tears in her eyes as she looked over the ocean. Suddenly a firm hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Nellie, how do you know so well what love is?"

She turned her head and looked at Manfred Lowth.

"Because I have reason to know," she answered, passionately.

"Nellie, Nellie," he said, "I love you. Will you answer me as you did Ned Howland?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because I love you."

She was in a passion of tears, sobbing as if her heart was broken.

"Nellie, little pet, what are you crying in this way for?"

"All this time—" she began.

"All this time," he interrupted, "I have been waiting to see if you really loved me. If you really loved me I knew that you ought to love me although I were indifferent to you. I left you and you did not forget me, but lost your roses and turned pale when we met. Your words to Ned Howland, which I overheard, proved what a true-hearted girl you are, and if I promise to devote the rest of my life to your happiness, will you forgive me for having caused you this pain?"

Nellie expressed her forgiveness very concisely and sweetly, and Mrs. Bertram's heart was made glad by the announcement of her niece's engagement to Manfred Lowth.

I think it was on her wedding day that Nellie showed Manfred Lowth a shining curl of brown hair carefully preserved, which she had found in her stocking that March morning, and it was very much like Mr. Lowth's own.

So much for the sign of the first robin.

A Nashville Man in a Bad Humor.

Pulaski Citizen.

A Nashville man was out at Lynnville last week buying sheep. He is a Dutchman (and proud of it) and a jolly fellow, but with a temper like all of us. He had quite a lot of sheep the other day loading for shipment, with some negroes assisting him, and had about persuaded the sheep into the cars, when an old wether concluded not to emigrate and tried to pass the guards. As it did one of the negroes grabbed at it and caught it by the tail, and the impetus of the sheep was such that it went right along and left its tail in the negro's hand. It was actually pulled out by the roots. The owner saw his sheep mutilated, the tail quivering in the negro's hand and its owner bounding away over the hills.

"Mine Got, vot you bulls him for py der dail ond? vy don'd you got him mit der head und let der dail run avay, hey?"

"How's I gwine ter do dat when de durn sheep's dun gone! Why'nt yer tell me yer jes' had de tail kinder stuck in loose? I don't un'stand dese dang dutch sheep nohow."

"Don'd you call dot some deutch szheep, py sheemeny! I mash dot dail mit your mout some more already. Vot use vill I hafe mit dot dail any more mittout some szheeps to shtick him in, hey?"

"Stick it in yer dang mouth an' let de end hang out for a mustash—" and Sambo dodged around a corner to escape a half brick thrown by the dutchman, who was so mad he could do nothing but look red and sober.

"Rebel Mary."

Recently there died at 126 Robinson street, New Orleans, a woman known to thousand of people in the evil days of the war as "Confederate Mary," or "Rebel Mary." Her name was Mrs. Mary Scott. She was an English woman by birth, and a person of excellent education, being a diligent reader of the best books. There was in the South no more ardent or enthusiastic Confederate than Mrs. Scott. She did all in her power to further the cause, and after the fall of New Orleans visited the prisons daily, carying food or clothes to the prisoners. She assisted persons in escaping from the city, and was especially useful to ladies in helping them to get away with their valuables across the lake. The Federals called her "Rebel Mary," and many were the anathemas she hurled upon them, for she never hesitated to speak her mind freely. She was recognized by friend and foe as quite a character in her way, a woman thoroughly in earnest, and was generally respected for her many excellent qualities. A picture of Mrs. Scott was printed in Harper's Weekly during the war. She had many friends among the ladies of New Orleans, who assisted her during the latter years of her life by purchasing the knick-knacks which she had for sale.

Whipping a Frightened Horse.

It seems to be a characteristic failing of all coachmen to lay the lash upon a horse that exhibits fear at an object in the street or beside the road. Mr. Bergh, President of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, says in the organ of that society, what every reasoning being ought to know, and that is to never whip your horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside, for if he sees a stump, a log, or a heap of tanbark in the road, and, while he is eyeing it carefully, and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or stump, or the tan-bark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to smell all of these objects, and use the bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to the object of fear.

It seems that the President is one of the few Americans who were never shot in the liver.

THE SPOOPENDYKES.

Inspired by the Success of Their Fishing Excursion They Take to a Bird Hunt.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew a gun from the case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning, I'm going shooting."

"Isn't that too sweet!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll probably go as far as the front door," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Women don't go shooting. It's only men. All you've got to do is to wake me up and get breakfast. When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Won't that be nice?" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Can you catch birds with that thing?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke fluttered around the improved breech-loading shotgun, firmly impressed with the idea that it was some kind of a trap.

"I can kill 'em with that," explained Mr. Spoopendyke. "That is a gun; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick your cartridge in here and pull this finger-piece, and down comes your bird every time."

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing? I suppose you don't want a partridge; you can stick a duck or a turkey in that end, too, or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes and you can stick a house or corn field or a dod gasted female idiot in there, too, if you want to!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who said anything about a partridge? It is a cartridge that goes in there!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather crestfallen. "I see now. Where does the bird go?"

"He goes to night school if he hasn't got any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Look here, now, and I'll show you how it works," and Mr. Spoopendyke, whose ideas of a gun were as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzle end, and cautiously cocked the weapon.

"And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it. Isn't that the funniest?" and Mrs. Spoopendyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. "Then you put out your hand and catch him."

"You've struck it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had the hammer on the half cock, and was vainly pulling at the trigger to get it down. "That's the idea! All you need is four feathers and a gas bill to be a martingale! With your notions, you only want a new stock and a steam trip hammer to be a needle gun! Don't you know the dod gasted thing has to go off before you get a bird! You shoot the birds, you dont wait for 'em to shoot you!"

"At home we used always to chop their heads off with an ax," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"So would I if I was going after measly old hens," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, who managed to unlock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow birds and sparrows, I go like a sportsman. While I am waiting for a bird," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, adjusting the cartridge at the breech.

"I put the load in here for safety. And when I see a flock I aim and fire."

Bang! went the gun, knocking the tail feathers out of an eight-day clock and plowing a foot furrow in the wall, perforating the closet-door and culminating in Mr. Spoopendyke's plug hat.

"Goodness, gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Oh my!"

Mr. Spoopendyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damage.

"Why couldn't you keep still!" he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim and make me let it off? Think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a measly woman is scaring it through a gun-barrel?"

"If that had been a bird, how nicely you would have shot it!" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird you'd catch him sure!"

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a mountain howitzer! If I had your intelligence on sporting subjects, I'd hire out for a shot tower. Don't you know you've spoiled the dod gasted gun?" And Mr. Spoopendyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Speckle-wottle, who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You have ruined that gun," he continued solemnly. "It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's been off enough. I'd just as leave have some clams as birds. You go to bed and we'll try to get along without birds."

"It won't ever go off again," repeated Spoopendyke, as he climbed into his couch. "That's a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoopendyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It must not go off again," she thought, "but if it does the neighbors will think the water-main has bust," with which reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoopendyke, who turned over like an earthquake, and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without lamming him like a dod gasted blacksmith!

A Grandnephew of Burns.

Courier-Journal, Aug. 12.

Alexander Burns, a grandnephew of Robert Burns, the poet, and one of the able and most capable engineers of the Western waters, died at the residence of his brother-in-law, James A. Beatty, corner of Fifth and Chestnut, early yesterday morning. Mr. Burns was seventy years old, and his death resulted from injuries received several weeks ago by being thrown out of a buggy by a runaway horse. His thigh was broken and he received injuries internal which his old age could not rally from. Mr. Burns was a well-known citizen. For many years he was a river engineer, and his reputation was so excellent that his services were always claimed. He had served on all the Western waters, and had many friends all along the river and here in Louisville, where his genial, kindly nature attracted men to him. He leaves no children, but his wife survives him. A year ago he lost his hearing and retired from active service. He was a well-known and prominent Odd Fellow and will be buried by the order.

Mr. and Mrs. Stratton (Tom Thumb) live at Middleboro', Mass., in a three-story wooden mansion, tastefully painted, with piazzas and bay windows commanding an extensive view of variegated scenery. The house is luxuriously furnished, and among other objects of interest, are a diminutive sewing machine, and the general's grand piano, two feet high.

The Two-Headed Nightingale.

Miss Millie-Christine, or Miss Christine-Millie, or the Misses Millie and Christine, the hyphenated mullatto women, otherwise "the two-headed nightingale," will give daily receptions at Bunnell's Broadway Museum, beginning to-morrow. She, as the twins are commonly called, was born of slave parents in North Carolina thirty years ago. She is two persons with a single waist, four legs that walk as two. There is one trunk, furnishing the vitality for two distinct and well developed busts, each surmounted by a head of more than average size. When she was a little girl she was abducted and carried to Europe. Afterwards she was recaptured and since then has been exhibited all over the world. Millie-Christine always speaks of herself with either mouth indifferently as "I" never using the plural "we," to which she is clearly entitled. She is very modest and lady-like in appearance, although the crab-like progression on four legs or the hen-like walk on two legs, at her own pleasure, is more remarkable than graceful. She occupies one chair when seated.

Yesterday a reporter attempted to converse with both of her at once. It took him some time to discover which part of her was Milly and which Christine. To find any young woman who can converse fluently and intelligently in English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, is not common: to find a two-mouthed woman who can contemporaneously discourse with two persons in any two of these five languages, on any topic, is something novel. Yet, this is what Millie-Christine can do; or she can sing a duet very nicely, or sing and talk at the same time. A question directed generally at her is answered by both of her, different words being used, but both minds reaching the same conclusion. Millie-Christine has been received by Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales and, in the language of the advertisement, "by all the crowned heads of Europe."

"What did Queen Victoria say to you?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, the same as any one. She wanted to know where I was born, how old I was, If I'd always been so—all the foolish questions that common people ask."

"What is the most foolish question any one ever asked you?"

"That would be hard to say. I've got so used to it now that it is only once in a great while one asks something that makes me laugh and say to myself, 'That's new, anyhow.' Everybody asks some foolish questions—everybody but newspaper men," with a laugh.

"How do you do on the cars?"

"One hands the ticket to the conductor, and if he objects he is told he can put the other off."

"How would you do if one were a hard-shell baptist and wanted to be immersed, and the other insisted on sprinkling?"

"I never have any differences of opinion and always agree on everything—what to wear, eat, say or do. The two mouths only eat about as much as one ordinary body would require, and I make all my dresses."

"How if one had a lover and the other hadn't?"

One laughed and the other with a tawny blush replied: "I have a good many admires but no lovers. I haven't got so far as that yet."

Millie-Christine now owns the North Carolina plantation on which she was born and she has her old father and mother living on the place. One of her looks a trifle older than the other of her, but it would not be proper to say which of it it is.

An English Review of Jeff. Davis' Book.

The Saturday Review concludes a long article on Hon. Jefferson Davis' book in the following terms. As the criticism of a recognized leader in English literary circles, the extract is worthy of notice:

His volumes are emphatically addressed, in the first place, to his country men. Northern and Southern, many of whom, and chiefly those in the most prominent positions, were actors or sufferers in the terrible war; and, in the second place, to select, serene, but comparatively limited students of political history everywhere, who will prize such a record for the matter contained in it, as much as for the style in which that matter is worked out. To these, and therefore to the cause of historical research in general, Mr. Jefferson Davis has in his honored retirement, with much dignity and simplicity of purpose, offered a contribution of solid value, and for this we tender to him our sincere acknowledgements.

A Large and Paying Industry.

The Chattanooga Tradesman, says of the largest iron works in the South, located at that place:

The Roane Iron Works are running full force night and day, turning out from 125 to 150 tons of rails per 25 hours. The company now employ a large number of extra hands on account of warm weather. The business of this gigantic establishment is enormous; about 150 cars are handled each day at the mills. No very large orders are now on hand, but there is a healthy demand for all the work that can be done. Considerable re-rolling of old rails is now being done for Southern roads. The company has now 1,400 tons of steel blooms from England en route since January; 2,200 tons of steel blooms have been received; the total receipts for the year will aggregate 3,600.

A Bang-Up Obituary.

Jem Bangs, we stait, has deceased. He departed this life last Monday. He went 4th without any struggle, and such a Life. Tu-day we are as pepper grass—mighty smart—tu-morrow we are cut down like cow-cumber of the ground. Jem kep a nise store, which his wife now ons. His waters was numerous to behold. Many things were bought at this groweery, and we are happy to state to the admirin' world that he never cheatid, speshully in the wait of mackrel, which was nice and smelt sweet, and his surving wife is now the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, though he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nor water in his lickers, though the Ohio passed his dore. Peace to his remanes. He leaves one wife, nine children, one cow, four horses, a growcer's store, and other quadrupeds to mourn his loss—but in the language of the polt, his loss is their eternal gain.

Turnips.

Now is the time to fix your ground for turnips, don't wait for it to rain. It takes more work to fix it while so dry but it will be better as the grass and weed roots will die. Prepare your ground well—mellow as an ash bank—and when the season suits, sow your seed in drills, cultivate well, hilling them up the last working. The white and amber globe, and ruta baga are the most prolific kinds to grow, though not the best for table use. The purple top is a good table turnip. Turnips will bring a good price next winter.

The Need of Economy.

If the mistress of the household is inclined to be extravagant in her expenditures, her servants, who are quick imitators, will soon follow her example, and make sad waste of the materials put into their hands. The improvident class, from which our help mostly come, soon learn the lessons taught by such an example, and become careless of the property of the employer, even when they have no thought of appropriating anything to their own use. But such lessons, it should be remembered, make our employees, of both sexes, totally unfit to manage a home of their own, or save enough when family cares come upon them, to keep them from the poorhouse. How many of us have seen what wretched, incompetent creatures those girls become after marriage who have lived in wealthy families with a great abundance to work with and no cautions from their employer to use things discreetly and with true economy. They are incapable of making the most of their small possessions. If they had been taught economy, and how best to manage their own earnings, they could help their hard working husbands, to build up little comfortable homes for themselves and rear and educate their children with such care that they might become among our most influential citizens.

The Effect of Fright.

A Colorado sheep-herder sends a local paper the following:

"As most of your readers know black wool brings from five to ten cents a pound less than the corresponding grade of wool. In order to secure the separation of the inferior product, as our shearing operations progressed, we placed the black sheep in a pen by themselves. There were thus on last Tuesday night, sixty-three black sheep and some lambs alone in one of the corrals. During the night a coyote entered and killed a ewe and two lambs and we were greatly surprised to find in the morning that the wool on the remaining sixty-two sheep had turned perfectly white from terror. Happily this increase in the value of the wool more than balances the loss of the sheep that were killed. The bleaching effects of fear on the human hair is well known, I never heard any previous action on animals. I merely state the facts as they occurred and leave to others a practical application of them which will, I doubt not, add thousands of dollars to the value of the annual wool product of this country." The facts given so succinctly by our correspondent are deserving of special notice, and will, no doubt, attract much attention upon the part of scientists.

The Crops.

Murfreesboro News.

The all important topic in this county is the condition of the crops. On this subject little can be said that is encourgaing, although as bad as things appear, it would be easy to conceive of them being worse. The rains which visited the western and northern portions of the county last Sunday, have undoubtedly been of great advantage, yet they will not serve to repair the great damage which has been done by the drouth. In the large section of the county, which has had no rain for nearly two months, the outlook is very discouraging. The crops are in a pitiable condition, and it would be difficult to estimate the extent of the damage, or to say how much would now be gained by copious rains. A good rain would, however, in addition to helping the starved corn and cotton, bring out the grass and afford pasturage until the cold weather comes. Without such a rain the farmers will be compelled to feed their stock and greatly lessen their winter supplies of provender. Many of the clover fields are about to die out, and a rain would save them.

Milk Pans Focus the Sun's Rays.

Livingston (Iowa) Herald.

While the family of John Kinney, living north of the village, on the Barber road, were at dinner one day last week the shingles on the roof of the shed adjoining the house were discovered to be on fire. This was extinguished by the prompt application of a few pails of water, but the origin of the fire remained a mystery. On a subsequent day and at the same hour, noon, they were found to be on fire again. On Sunday there was a like occurrence which led to a closer investigation, and, by actual experiment, it was found that the fire was the result of reflected heat from milk-pans left to dry on a shelf attached to the outside of the shed, where the sun's rays fell upon them. At 12 o'clock the reflection was thrown directly upon the ends of the shingles at the eaves and set them on fire. In view of this known fact it would be well for those in the habit of drying milk-pans in the sun to use proper precaution.

Where Rain Has Fallen.

Memphis Ledger.

Refreshing rains fell during the past week along the Gulf coast from Western Texas to Florida; also in Central and Eastern Mississippi to the northern limits of the latter State. Middle Alabama also enjoyed favorable showers. The rainfall betwen Vicksburg and the Gulf ranged from two to four inches in measurement. In this vicinity we have not been visited by rain enough to lay the dust since the 23d of last month, more than two weeks, and vegetation continues parched. Grass has dried up, the gardens are wholly ruined and the leaves of shrubbery and forest trees are decaying and falling to the earth. The prospects for cotton has been much improved in districs where showers fell, but it came too late to benefit the corn crop. In the valleys, especially, the cotton promises well, and a favorable yield is anticipated.

A Sharp Parson.

A Chicago clergyman explained to the committee of deacons that the widow was so pretty no man could help flirting with her, and each of the committee quietly called round to see if he told the truth, and then not one of 'em dared to rise up in meeting, with her present, and say the clergyman wasn't right. By sharp management even a jury of deacons can be handled.

BRIDGET being told to put a little nutmeg into the rice pudding picked out the smallest one in the box and threw it in.