CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 49--NO. 9. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1881. WHOLE NO. 2,386.

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.

McComb, Hurst & Co.

Invite attention of Dealers and Families to their

LARGE STOCK

OF

FINE LIQUORS !

Consisting in part of the following well known and reliable brands:

DRAUGHON'S WHISKY !

Dr. Draughon's make of 1878.
Dr. Draughon's make of 1879.
Dr. Draughon's make of 1880.
Dr. Draughon's make of 1881

We have sold this celebrated Whisky for TEN YEARS, and especially recommend it to all wanting a pure article for medicinal or other purposes.

Our Old Brown Jug.

Clear Spring Sour Mash !

In addition to our Robertson County Whiskies, we have a large stock of the best brands of

Lincoln County Whisky,

AND

Stone's Bourbon.

They have all acquired age in our own hands, and are

VERY FINE.

French Brandy,
Peach and Apple Brandy, Old Port,
Sherry Wine,
Ginger and Lemon Wine, Gin,
Homemade Blackberry Cordial, Cherry Bounce,

Which we can recommend to everybody.

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, Paris 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 see all of our friends, and have them to inspect our stock of pretty goods.

Very Respectfully,
MRS. HODGSON & MAGUIRE.

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.

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FOR blank books, box papers, paper, envelopes, inks, pens, pencils, slates, etc., etc., at bottom prices, go to WARFIELD.

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

W. H. TUENLEY, 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.

Wanted.

City of Clarksville and Clarksville and Russellville Turnpike bonds. Highest price paid.

A. HOWELL,
Feb. 17, 1881. Cashier.

"DROP BY DROP THE SPRINGS RUN DRY."

The weather is always a subject of the intensest interest. The drought that has parched the earth, as well as the blood, for six weeks past calls to mind the story of the poor, feverish Irishman—that patient bearer of all anecdotes and episodes—who "durin' six long wakes in the hot month of August my only cry was 'wather, Bridget, wather!'" Vegetation burnt, pastures bare. We fear very much we will have to resort to the philosophy of Mother Goose's man, who had a cow and had no hay to give her, so he took out his pipe and played her a tune "Consider, Old Cow, Consider;" or, of the one who learned her to do without eating, and by the time she learned, she lay down and died. But laying jesting by, the farmers are very gloomy, for one misfortune goes hand in hand with others. As the fall approaches the crops will be quickly gathered, and many a farmer will rest by the wayside and bemoan his empty barns and graineries. Thousands who live by their work cannot live on air; already the surplus hands are being turned off. But what are they to do? The contracts entered into by the owners of the lands cannot be fulfilled, for most of them carry their expenses with the growing crops. They pay off arrears and fell their hands "I've nothing for you to do. I am out of meat, corn out, wheat all sold, but enough for seed and bread for family. If you stay I will not be able to pay you at the end of the year." This is a serious matter, and while we think of the seriousness of it for ourselves, we must consider the poor laborers' hard year before him; also, of course, there will be much stealing, but we must give the darkey a chance to still his and childrens' hunger; a plain talk with them would do much good; propose to assist them if they desire to stay, there will be much wasted, that would go far toward feeding little darkeys, in many a household where they will imagine they are on the verge of starvation. Mutual interest makes much contentment. Unfortunately, the negro is a poor reasoner; the present is all that fills his mind, and they think, too, that those who have all the land must have plenty of money, and they do not hesitate to take what will not be given to them, for their conscience is as shallow as their reasoning qualifications; but we farmers who understand the negro should have learned by now how to control their general behavior on general principles. But to moralize no further: these lands of Southern Kentucky are very strong, and we have much confidence in making something, even though it should not rain till the autumn equinox. Money has been a scarce article with farmers for a long time. All they get goes to the hired hand, who carries it to the merchant, who charges him an exhorbitant price for his impure whisky, his doctored molasses and ready-made clothing—so we will all squeal together. But while the old farmers croak the tune of "hard times and worse a-coming," the young folks laugh and live as though no drouth was in the land; *en passant*, the young "William Douglass," the owner of that fine old homestead "Meriville," gave a *fete champeter* by the light of the moon one night last week. Doubtless, as the numerous portraits of those ancient aristocrats gazed down on the merry dancing, they wondered at the "high-flang-defling-flangs" that had been introduced since their day, and as the modest beauties "kickapood" in the fatinitza" and "Boston dip," they whispered "what is this world coming to?" It was *un grande* affair, and the present owner did credit to the old reputation of the "House," and the numerous "lads and lasses" who were there mingled thought it one "linked sweetness long drawn out," particularly when a certain *captaine du militaire* waltzed with the pretty girl with the blue dress on. *Au revoir.*

Todd Co., Ky., August, '81. N.

Public School Notes.

The public schools will open on Monday morning, August 29th at 8 o'clock.

Pupils should take all their school books with them, and on entering the building, occupy the seats they had at the close of the session.

All white children who did not attend the final examination, as well as those who wish to enter for the first time, are requested to meet the superintendent at the Howell school Saturday, August 27th, between the hours of 8 and 12.

New applicants among the the colored children, will meet the superintendent at their school-house, Saturday, Aug. 27th, between 1 and 3 o'clock.

Teachers' meeting at the colored school, Saturday, Aug. 27th, at 3 p. m. Teachers' meeting at Howell school, Saturday, Aug. 27th, at 5 o'clock, p. m.

IT is related of Dr. Holmes that at a country charitable fair one day he was entreated to furnish a letter for the postoffice. He seized a sheet of paper, and between its folds placed a $1 bank note. Turning to the first page he wrote the following:

Dear lady, whose'er thou art,
Turn this poor page with trembling care;
But hush, oh hush thy beating heart,
The one thou lovest best is there.

In obedience to the poet's injunction, the page turned disclosed the attractive greenback of the value of one dollar, and, to prove the truth of this assertion, he made the following appeal on the opposite page from the bank deposit:

Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
It this is not a truthful letter;
This is one thou lovest well,
And naught (0) would make thee love it better.

A DOUBTING mother placed some nitro-glycerine in her daughter's corset on the evening her fellow was coming. The girl loaned her corset to the cook, and they had to scrape the old man off the ceiling to get enough of him to hold a decent funeral over.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

In '67 Jake Pool was staging the route from Gallatin to Helena, in Montana, driving a four-horse coach in summer, and a "jerky" in winter, seventy miles a day through the wildest region, and over one of the most dangerous routes in the United States. The country through which his trail ran—for it was little else than a trail—was totally uninhabited, but for the three stage stations where horses were changed, and which were dug outs, or log huts, twenty miles apart. The Indians, although generally friendly, were liable to become enemies at a moment's warning; road agents and outlaws were thicker upon the Gallatin route than any other north of the Union Pacific railroad, and the route itself ran through gullies and canyons, and along the verge of dizzy precipices, as though originally laid out by mountain sheep. Notwithstanding all this, Jake was a successful driver, made better time, lost fewer mails and express safes, and ran his coach at a smaller expense to the company, than any other man in their employ. But when misfortune did overtake him, it was no light hand that the genius of evil laid upon him, which the following adventure proves:

One muggy morning, in early May, as Jake hauled up in front of the stage office, and prepared to receive mails, express and messenger, and passengers, if any there should be for Helena, the Wells-Fargo agent called to him from within. Throwing the reins over the footbrake, Pool descended from his perch and entered the office.

The agent shut the door behind him; then drawing near he said, in a half whisper:

"There's fifteen thousand in currency in the safe, to take over today."

"All right!" responded Jake. "I've carried more before now, and carried it safely."

"But," said the agent, drawing still nearer, "Dick's sick, and there's no messenger."

"Ah!" said the driver, meditatively; then touching the revolver which hung at his belt: "I'll be messenger and coachman both, then."

"But," still continued the other, "there's one thing more," and he leaned forward so that his lips touched his companion's ear. "Copper Tom and his pal, Old Jim, are on the road. A man from Cross Trees was robbed by them last night."

Pool whistled long and low, and his hand fell from his pistol-butt. "Copper Tom" was the worst road-agent in Montana—a desperado, with both courage and brains.

"Don't send the rags."

"I must!" said the expressman, anxiously. "The order is peremptory; the money must go to-day, messenger or no messenger. Now, who will take it and carry it through?"

Jake laughed.

"I'll take it; that's part of my business. Throw the safe under the seat and give me your pistol; I may want two." And he took the other's revolver from the desk where it lay and thrust it into his boot top. "As to carrying it through, that's another matter, with those fellows to stop it. But I'll promise you this—if I go through, the safe shall!"

The agent grasped his hand and shook it warmly. The door was thrown open, the driver mounted his seat, the iron box was stowed beneath his feet, the single passenger (an old woman, to be left at the first station) got in, the whip cracked, the horses plunged, the coach lurched heavily forward, and amid a shower of mud, disappeared down the steep mountain road.

Although it was May, the morning was cold, and it was not until the sun had climbed well up the eastern sky that the chill thawed out of the air, and by that hour Pool was more than twenty miles upon his journey, with fresh horses in their traces, and an empty coach behind him. He began to brighten with the sun.

"After I get through the Devil's Pass," said he to himself, "Copper Tom or any other man may whistle for me, for from that to Dickson's is as handsome a road as ever a horse struck foot upon, and whoever tries to stop me there, unless he shoots first, will go under the leaders' feet. I intend to make that little seven miles in just twenty-eight minutes without brakes!"

And he gathered his rains with a firmer hand, as if already whirling at that mad pace down the mountain side.

"Let's see," he continued, "if nothing goes wrong and the road's all right, I ought to make my last change by five o'clock and reach the Pass before six. It will then be broad daylight, so I can rattle right along, and then, after the spin down the 'causeway,' I'll strike Dickson's before seven, certain. Beyond that the road is too open and too much traveled into Helena to be dangerous. By Jove!" he concluded, his heart warming as he struck his heels against the safe beneath the seat, "I don't see where the agents can stop me unless—Good heavens! what if they try it in the very pass itself? I had not thought of that!"

The man was silent for a moment and his face grew grave; then, brightening, he shook his reins, loosened his revolvers in his boot and belt, and with a sigh, concluded his soliloquy with the remark:

"Well, if they should meet me in the Pass, 'twill be about an even thing. If they miss their first shot, I'll run 'em down, drive 'em into the canyon, or drop 'em with my pistols. If they don't miss, why then the swag's theirs!"

It was now high noon, and soon station two was reached, where horses were again changed, and where Pool dined upon jerked bear meat, hot bread and black coffee. Strong food, but none too strong for the long ride yet before him.

As he mounted the box and prepared to depart, the keeper of the station slipped from his dug out and drew near.

"There's an old pard down the road apiece 'll want a ride. He war here about two hours ago. He'll bear watchin'."

And the rough frontiersman touched the pistol butt which protruded from his open shirt front to emphasize his warning.

Jake nodded.

"Thanks, Tom! I'll keep my eyes open. So-long!"

The fresh steeds in harness sprang strongly forward, and the empty coach whirled away.

"It's old Jim, sure!" half whispered Pool to himself, as his trained eyes searched the winding road before him. "The old devil wants to ride so that he'll be on hand when Copper Tom turns up in the Pass. I see it all."

The teeth closed with a snap.

"Good!" he continued, a moment later. "He shall ride."

Some five miles were passed, when, in the shadow of a great pine that grew near the trail, Jake espied his prospective passenger, prone upon the ground, at the foot of the tree, apparently resting. As the rattling coach drew nearthe man bestirred himself and slowly rose.

"Hullo, driver! Kin ye favor an old beggar with a lift? I'm played, fer I'm too old to tramp as I used to, an' too poor to pay for a ride. Kin ye give me one?"

He stepped forward as he spoke. Poor he was if tattered garments betoken poverty, for his clothing was but a single patched rag from head to foot. Old he surely was, for the withered skin and scanty gray locks, the claw-like hands and sunken eyes, could not well be disguised.

Half in scorn and half in pity, yet with a brain awake to his danger, Jake drew rein and replied to his petitioner:

"Yes! Be lively and climb up here. I'm behind time now. Where do you go?"

The old man answered, as he struggled to a seat at the driver's side:

"Dickson's."

A touch of the wip and the horses were again upon a quick trot. Pool eyed his companion as they rode onward, and almost unconsciously dropped his hand to his boot top and loosened the revolver carried there.

"Cold day for May!" said the newcomer, shivering. "This yer wind's sharp, too."

"Yes," responded the other, mentally wondering where about his ragged clothes the scoundrel at his side had concealed his weapons, "it is cold. But you will find it warmer in the Pass."

"Sure?" said the old man, leering in Jake's face.

"Sure!" responded that worthy, his blood chilling with the covert hint in the word; and he urged his horses to yet greater speed.

The grade was sharply descending now, and the road rocky and rough. A mile more and the Pass would be reached. The coach fairly swayed under its rapid motion.

Old Jim was forced to cling to the seat with both hands in order to avoid being hurled to the ground. This was as Pool desired, and he smiled grimly as he noticed the other's action.

"Yer—a-drivin'—purty—fast!" screamed the gray-haired desperado, the words fairly jerked from him as the coach sprang forward, rocking from side to side. Ye'll—hev—to—hold—up—at—the—Pass—I—reckon!"

Jake set his teeth.

The granite walls of the Pass were now just before them, and the roadway, descending and steep, ran into the shadow of the coming night and the gloom of the grave-like opening—a narrow path but little wider than the coach itself.

The roar of the angry river far below knelled a never ending warning as it ran, ragged and torn, among the jagged rocks, and the death-like mist that crept upward was damp and chill.

"I won't hold up!" and, with these words, the driver struck his horses sharply, and, snorting, they sprang forward into the Devil's Pass.

At the same instant, half-way through the terrible gorge, standing motionless in the centre of the roadway, a beetling wall of rock upon the one hand, a chasm of unknown depth upon the other, was seen a man.

Copper Tom was awaiting his quarry.

The old man at Pool's side uttered a cry, and loosening his grasp of the seat with one hand, he would have thrust it into his breast; but the other leaned suddenly toward him, and pressing a revolver muzzle against his forehead, whispered hoarsely:

"Down with yer hands! If ye stir ag'in I'll kill ye! I know ye, old Jim, an' you can't catch Jake Pool nor his load this time! Down with yer hands!"

The shuddering rascal's hand fell at his side; his face grew ashen-hued, and his eyes stared before him. They were rapidly approaching Copper Tom.

For an instant, as they drew near, that worthy stood facing them; then through the fading light, he saw the position of his pal, upon whom he had depended—he saw the stern, set face of the driver—he saw the furious horses plunging down upon him—and with a terror-stricken cry he turned and fled.

Could he but reach the lower end of the causeway he might escape—could he but find a single spot to turn aside he would be safe; but it was not to be.

Nearer and nearer thundered the iron shod hoofs behind him, narrower and still narrower grew the fatal road, until there rang a sudden horrible, despairing cry, mingled with the frightened snort of the horses, a dark something bent down before the plunging steeds, rolled an instant before their grinding feet, and then spurned by the flying wheels, was hurled, an undistinguishable mass, into the canyon beneath, and the coach sped on.

Half an hour later, Jake Pool pulled into the corral at Dickson's ranch, and tumbling a half-fainting man from the seat at his side into the arms of the astounded hostlers, he said:

"Bind that man and give him to the sheriff. It's old Jim, the road agent. His pard's at the bottom of the gulch in the Pass, this one ought to stretch hemp when the officers get him, and I've driven my last run from Gallatin. There's too much risk about the business for me."

And Jake kept his word. He no longer coaches it, but now keeps a public house in Helena itself, where, not long since at his own snug fireside, he told me this thrilling tale.

Mitigating Circumstances.

Galveston News.

Uncle Mose was up before the Galveston recorder yesterday for giving his son, Abe Linkum, an unmerciful beating. As Old Mose is notorious for being a quiet, kind-hearted man, the recorder was anxious to know what the provocation was, and he put that question direct.

"De troof am jest as I am gwine ter tell yer. Las' Sunday mornin' I lathered my face all ober and went to shave myself. De razor jest tore my chin all ter pieces, so dat I had ter yell out. Abe Linkum, dat ar young cubf spoke up and says, "What's de matter daddy?" I says, 'Dis heah razor don't cut wuff a cent.' Now Jedge, what does yer allow dat boy said back te me?"

"I can't imagine," said the recorder.

"Well, sah, he says, 'Daddy, I don't see why dat razor ain't sharp enough to cut de little tuftseses of your chin, when dis mornin' I cut a big stick of wood in two wid dat same razor, to make me a bow and arrer.' Dat was moah den I could stand, so I jest lit in on dat boy wid a cheer leg.'

'Case dismissed,' said the Recorder, who shaves himself.

JAME. R. PITT, of Todd county, Ky., is fifty years of age; never served on a jury; never had a quarrel or a fight; never swore an oath in his life; been a whisky drinker all his life but four years; never was a hundred miles from home, and was never on a steamboat. He's a great man.—*Ex.*

A MISPLACED switch may ruin a locomotive or spoil a boy.

THE following letter, writen by Capt. T. G. Ryman to the Nashville American, in regard to obstructions at the mouth of the Cumberland, will doubtless be of interest to the citizens of this city and county who are interested in the navigation and trade of the river. Now that the state and national government are having work done in the way of clearing the channel and removing obstructions in the Cumberland would it not be best to pay prompt attention to this obstruction at its mouth before it comes more formidable.

PADUCAH, KY., Aug. 13—The people of Nashville, the iron men and the commercial world generally, are interested in keeping the lower Cumberland open all the year round instead of only five months out of every twelve. A untired effort should be made to get the government to do away with the obstruction at the mouth of the Cumberland river.

River men all know that Cumberland Island is in the Ohio river, opposite the Cumberland, with its head half a mile above and its foot twomiles below. At the head of the island the chute has been filled up until there is a dry crossing across from the kentucky shore, so that no water passes down the chute from the Ohio river at all, the chute is very wide, so that the Cumberland river has no current over it. The chute is still rapidly filling up and if permitted to go on it will be a great barrier to Cumberland river navigation. While there is thirty inches of water from Dover to Smithland there is only ten inches in the chute mentioned.

The only permanent relief would be to turn some of the water from the Ohio river through the Kentucky chute of Cumberland Island.

The Tennessee Rolling Works and the different furnaces along the Cumberland river cannot ship nor receive lion and supplies, now for the first time in ten years, from Clarksville down, even with the light draught steamers run upon it.

Very respectfully,
T. G. RYMAN.

Death in a Well.

Lynchburg Sentinel.

A well at the residence of Col. H. H. Smith, just across the Moore county line, on the Fayetteville pike, was the scene of a terrible death on last Monday evening. The facts, as we have gathered them, appear to be about as follows:

Col. Smith had employed a man by the name of Baxter to clean out his well; Baxter worked in the well all day Monday until near sundown when he came out. A young man by the name of James Hickerson concluded to go down into the well, but he had hardly reached the bottom when those above heard his cries for help, as he had become affected by the damp in the well, and was unable to hold on to the rope. Baxter started to the young man's assistance, but he had not gone far before he became affected with the the damp, and called out to be brought back. He was immediately raised to the top, and found to be in an insensible condition. Restoratives were promptly applied, and after a short time consciousness returned. It was then too late to do anything for the man in the well, as he was already dead, and nothing further was done until Tuesday. The report of the accident soon spread, and Tuesday morning an excited crowd gathered about the well, and efforts were made to get the man out with hooks and ropes, but it could not be done. A candle was lowered into the well and it did not go father than ten feet before it went out, showing plainly the presence of deathly damp. It seemed like instant death to go down into the well, and every one was filled with horror at the idea of the dead man remaining in there, so at last Burrel Buchanan, a colored man, volunteered to go down and to put ropes around the man so he could be brought out. Everything was prepared so that if he could be brought out at once. He was given a rope to tie about the dead man, and was then started on his dangerous undertaking. He reached the bottom and just barely had time to tie the rope about the man's neck when he became affected by the damp. He called out for relief, and was immediately brought out, but was insensible when he reached the top, and it took many minutes to restore life. The young man was then drawn from the well and was a frightful looking object. He had been drawn up by the neck, and his head and face had been bruised in the efforts to bring him out with hooks, etc. Col. Smith gave Burrel, the colored man, $5, and a purse of $8 more was made up on the ground to partially reward him for his conduct in the desperate undertaking. Young Hickerson was buried last Tudsday.

The Parson's Salary.

Nothing more cruel to a pastor or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. He is a creature of popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man except it be in torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him. Good, manly pastors do not want gifts. They need them and the people owe them; but they regard themselves as benefactors, and place their pastors in an awkward and false position. If christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world with contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he preaches at the price its professors are willing to pay in a business way for its ministry.—*Scribner.*

A "Whirling" Girl.

Yesterday morning a 10 year old daughter of Peter Crumler commenced a series of 'whirling dervish' movements which has quite overcome the neighborhood with wonder and excitement. Throwing her arms straight out, she rapidly whirls round, with an irregular step from 10 to 15 minutes, and then sinks in a semi-conscious state on the floor. These whirling spells have continued at intervals of about an hour. She has not slept since they came on, and offers no explanation of them more than that when the impulse to whirl takes possession of her she can not resist it. Superstitious people believe her to be possessed of an Oriental devil.

"EIGHT out of every ten men who walk the streets of New York wear some mechanical appliance or other; and women too, for that matter, though they look so fine," says a surgical instrument dealer to the Sun. "Persons are very reserved about their wearing an appliance for an infirmity."

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Bill Nye's Delicate Hints Upon Table Manners.

The Boomerang.

There are a great many people who behave well otherwise, but at our table they do things that if not absolutely outre and ensemble, are at least pianissimo and sine die.

It is with a view to elevate the popular taste and otherealize, so to speak, the manners and customs of our readers, that we give below a few hints upon table etiquet.

If by writing an article of this kind we can induce one man who now wipes his hands on the table-cloth to come up and take higher ground and wipe them on his pants we shall feel amply repaid.

If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner do not write your regrets on the back of a pool check with a blue pencil. This is not regarded as ricochet.

A simple note to your host, informing him that your washerwoman refuses to relent, is sufficient.

On seating yourself at the table, draw off your gloves and put them in your lap under your napkin. Do not put them into the gravy, as it would ruin the gloves and cast a gloom over the gravy. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine, you will leave them out in the front yard.

If you happen to drop gravy on your knife-blade back near the handle, do not run the blade down your throat to remove the gravy, as it might injure your epiglottis, and it is not embonpoint, any way.

When you are at dinner do not take up a raw oyster on your fork and playfully ask your host if it is dead. Remarks about death are in very poor taste.

Pears should be held by the stems and peeled gently, but firmly, not as though you were skinning a dead horse. It is not bon ton.

Oranges are held on a fork while being peeled, and the facetious style of squinting the juice into the eyes of the hostess is now au revoir.

Stones in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the table-cloth, but slid quietly and unostentatiously into the pocket of your neighbor or noiselessly tossed under the table.

If you strike a worm in your fruit do not call attention to it by mashing it with the nut cracker. This is not only uncouth, but it is regarded in the best society as base and exceedingly vice versa.

Macaroni should be cut into short pieces and should be eaten with an even and graceful motion, and absorbed by the yard.

In drinking wine, when you get to the bottom of your glass do not throw your head back and draw in your breath like the exhaust of a bath tub, in order to get the last drop, as it engenders a feeling of the most depressing melancholly among the guests.

After eating a considerable amount, do not arise and unbuckle your vest strap in order to get more room, as it is not exactly au fat and deshabille.

If, by mistake, you drink out of your finger-bowl, laugh heartily, and make some facetious remark which will change the course of conversation and renew the friendly feeling among the members of the party.

Ladies should take but one glass of wine at dinner; otherwise there might be difficulty in steering the male portion of the procession home.

If one of the gentlemen should drop a raw oyster into his bosom, and he should have trouble in fishing it out, do not make facetious remarks about it, but assist him to find it, laughing heartily all the time.

The Outlook.

Hopkinsville New Era, Aug. 19.

We cannot recall any former record when the seasons were so unpropitious, and the prospects in the immediate future so unpromising as at the present time. A week ago we mentioned that all kinds of vegetation were being destroyed by parching winds and the hottest sun ever experienced in this latitude. No rain had fallen for weeks and the growing crops were perishing from the heat and drougth. Since then the same hot winds and sun, interrupted by a small shower, which afforded no relief, have constantly prevailed, and now the last hope for the corn crop has faded away, and vegetation of every kind is either perishing or already dead. The yield of corn upon our richest and best cultivated lands will fall short more than half from the usual average, and there are thousands of acres of thin and poorly cultivated lands which will yield almost nothing. Tobacco, another one of our staples is living, but is making no progress, and, with the most favorable weather henceforth, it cannot possibly turn out more than half a crop, and the probabilities are that it will be very much less than half. Like everything else, the fruit crop is almost an entire failure. Vegetables of all kinds are very scarce, and cattle and other stock are doing badly on the dry pastures. In short, the outlook in this region was never so bad before.

If we are correct in the above estimates, and we are sure they have not been exaggerated, we have the best reasons for apprehending much suffering, both by man and beast, before another crop can be grown. We cannot look to contiguous sections for relief should our supplies run low, for they, like ourselves, will be crying for help. We have the same sad news of drought and crop failure from almost every district of the great grain-growing region of the west. We will have no money to buy food even were it in mart. There is but one course to pursue. We must depend upon ourselves; we must economize in every way; we must waste nothing and we must collect and carefully save everything which can contribute to the support of man or beast. Do these things in time; commence now, and we will pull through all right.

A MINISTER had preached an hour; then he remarked: "Another wide field opens from the subject in another direction." Just then an old colored saint ejaculated: "Please Lord, shut up de bars!"

A NEW remedy for yellow-fever has been discovered and is now in use at Rio Janeiro; it is sodium salicylate, and is injected hyperdermically.—*Memphis Appeal.*

Wicked For Clergymen.

Rev.——, Washington, D. C., writes: I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for humble use. I will not be without them."—*New York Baptist Weekly.*