

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 Lad 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.

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37 and 39 FRANKLIN STREET,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Hardware, Cutlery, IRON, NAILS, PLOWS.

- Silverware, French China, Queensware, Glassware, Bar Fixtures, Stoves, Tinware, Sheet-Ironware, House-Furnishing Goods, 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 laundered or unlaundered 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 special 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.

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, 1881-17.

LARGE STOCK NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED.

New Spring Prints, at 50c. New Dress Goods, 20 to 75c. Towels, \$1.25 to \$7.50 per doz. Splendid stock of

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HOSE,

For Ladies and Misses. 20 dozen Ladies' Hemstitched Handkerchiefs at 10 cents each (all linen). Child's Colored Border. All Linen Handkerchiefs for the Colored People, 75c. to \$1.00. Child's Colored Border. All Linen Handkerchiefs for the Colored People, 75c. to \$1.00. Child's Colored Border. All Linen Handkerchiefs for the Colored People, 75c. to \$1.00.

MANY GREAT BARGAINS

in WHITE GOODS it will pay you to see, and don't forget we have the largest stock of

LACES, HAMBURGS and OTHER TRIMMINGS,

ever shown by any house in this city.

Darn Net, Darning Files, Darning Cotton, Children's Cloaks and White Dresses, Ladies' Gowns, Chemises, Drawers, Corset Covers, Dressing Gowns, Lace Apron, etc., etc.

These goods are all new, and as nicely made as any lady could wish, and very cheap. Call and see them.

Ladies' Ties, Scarfs, Fichus, Kid Gloves,

In 2, 3, 4 and 6 buttons. Also, the Foster Glove, in 3, 5 and 7 Buttons. Taffeta Silk Gloves, in all the new shades.

Ruchings, Collars and Cuffs, Irish Linens.

In fact, you can find everything you may wish in

Dry Goods, White Goods, Notions,

AND

CARPETING,

and at the very lowest cash prices, at

Coulter Bro. & Stratton,

18 Franklin Street, Clarksville, Tenn.

CURRENT & SHELBY,

Undertakers and Furniture Dealers,

Head Public Square, - Clarksville, Tenn.,

Keep constantly on hand a full supply of Furniture of all kinds, also coffins and caskets of the latest styles and finish. A handsome House furnished whenever ordered. They will continue the manufacture of coal, keep in stock the celebrated

CURRENT CHAIR.

Prices to suit the times.

Jan 18-81

FRANK FIEDERLING,

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE CIGARS!

54 FRANKLIN ST.,

Clarksville, Tenn.

FOR

BLANK BOOKS,

BOOK-BINDING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

—AND FIRST-CLASS—

JOB WORK!

GO TO THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.

Franklin Bank,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

BUTS AND SELLERS EXCHANGE

NEW YORK, MEMPHIS, NEW ORLEANS, CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, NASHVILLE, SAINT LOUIS, AND ALL ACCESSIBLE POINTS.

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Jan 18 81

TWICE LOVED.

BY D. B. HOWARD.

"Do not return to the Grange, Etsy, come with me to Newport; the beautiful Mrs. Langley, who has been in Philadelphia this winter, even though she does keep herself close."

Etsy's lip curled, with a slight smile, and she said, "I cannot, Aggie. I am tired of gaiety. Oh, this is such a hard world to live in!"

"What, Etsy! tired of this life at twenty-five?"

"Even so, Aggie. Fatherless and motherless, and a deserted wife—is it not enough?"

"Not deserted, Etsy! haven't you twice returned to Newport?"

"Yes, I know, Aggie. We have both erred—we are both too proud. In some of my moods I do not allow myself to be comforted by the sallow and bony, and homely, and then I never could forgive him that first unceremonious start and then to return to the Grange, where I lived in all my life and I forgot, for the moment, how changed I was and how to meet him. He says I am a selfish, cold, and distant; but a great pain in my heart, even when I seemed most indifferent. I have the same pain to-night."

"You love him still, Etsy?"

"The crimson lips grew scornful and then tremulous.

"Yes, I have never loved any one else. You will think me very much spoiled, Aggie?"

"No, Etsy; I honor you for it. But we will not talk of it. Papa will go anywhere I wish, but I never been to Niagara. If you would like we will go there, where all will be complete strangers to us."

So they went to Niagara—Mr. Warner, Agnes and Etsy. Leaving the ladies in the reception room, Mr. Warner went to the hotel book of entry, but returned in a moment with a face from which every vestige of color had fled.

"Etsy, when I went to write my name a gentleman was just returning his pen to his case, and the ink was still wet with the name of Lionel Peyton."

"My husband?"

"I fear so; but do not grow so pale, my dear. I thought perhaps you might wish to leave this place, and so did not register our names."

The beautiful, pale face was piteously seen.

Stay, let me think. It might not be my husband, and yet I never knew a Lionel Peyton who was anything like this!" and poor Etsy took from her jewel case a miniature.

"Yes, it was very like, only this face is more youthful. The face I saw was bearded and bronzed and care-worn looking."

"If I thought he would not know me, I would stay here and see him for myself—I would like to."

"He would never know you, Etsy. He would be as unlike the Etsy of fifteen as you are unlike the face of twenty. I think you might remain with perfect safety, after all."

But Etsy stayed, and on the book of entry was written, Mr. Ely Warner, and in her mind taking her name as Mrs. Etsy, and then "I will call you Etsy, and then if it is your husband he will never know you."

Mr. Warner was right; Lionel Peyton could never recognize in this beauty the school girl of fifteen or the wife of twenty. Etsy at twenty-six was tall and stately, with a clear, dark eye, and a pair of color and large, shadowy, haunting eyes, in whose depths lay a great pain; you felt it as soon as you saw her. It was the moment she saw him. He looked at the party entering, as any gentleman would look at a pretty woman, and he had longest on Etsy, her gorgeous Eastern beauty overshadowing the pale loveliness of Agnes Warner; and he was evident he did not recognize her.

He was bronzed and bearded, and something more than care-worn, and Etsy began to think whether he, too, had not suffered. They sat at the same table day after day, and Etsy began to think whether he, too, had not suffered. They sat at the same table day after day, and Etsy began to think whether he, too, had not suffered. They sat at the same table day after day, and Etsy began to think whether he, too, had not suffered.

By and by Mr. Warner made Mr. Peyton's acquaintance in the reading-room, and together they talked of the old days, and Mr. Warner once spent many years of his life—Mr. Peyton's great descriptive powers painting, as they sat, every scene of the past.

One day Etsy said, half scornfully, half earnestly:

"What do you think of my husband, Mr. Warner?"

"I admire him more than any man I ever knew, Etsy; I wish I could understand what is keeping you two apart."

"That night he sent for the ladies to join him in the parlor. To Etsy's surprise he introduced them to Mr. Peyton, who threw the charm of his conversation over them, as Mr. Warner, and the evening passed ere they had begun.

Time passed on and other evenings were spent together, and it was seen that the beautiful face of Etsy Peyton was the only face on earth that could have been so loved.

"Etsy, your husband is falling in love again," Agnes said, but she said "Etsy" made no reply.

"One night, as Etsy sat by her side, she said, "Mrs. Willis, your face haunts me; it reminds me of some one I have seen before; perhaps it was my dream."

"Perhaps," Etsy only answered "perhaps."

She sat on the veranda one night waiting for Agnes and her father, and she was so happy.

The next day, and there was a great ache at Etsy's heart.

Mr. Peyton stepped into her room, and he merely bowed his stately head, and she never spoke—she dared not.

"You are sad to-night, Etsy. Are you sorry to leave me?"

"For the life of her she could not have answered, but without waiting for one she said, "I will go."

"I, too, am sad to-night, but my sadness has a deeper meaning than yours. At my heart are tugging love, remorse, regret and wretchedness, and I wish I were dead."

"And you will not think any the less of me because I have staid and suffered?"

"I will not."

"Five years ago—may I must be going further back. Ten years ago, I knew and loved a young girl. She was a loving child, tender-hearted, and winning. She won my heart ere I knew it, and I asked her to marry me. She said, "I will go with you, but I will not leave my father and mother. We parted, hung round my neck, and wept so bitterly that I found it very hard to leave her. I went back to Germany, and afterward carried with me all over the continent the memory of that beautiful face, and more than that, the memory of her loving heart. I returned three years later to find a

THE MORMONS.

The following incident came under the observation of Mr. J. G. Joseph, of this city, while he was journeying in the city of Ogden, Utah Territory, and illustrates the means adopted by the Mormons to practice their nefarious doctrine of polygamy under the garb of religion, the same being published in the Ogden Pilot.

Yesterday when the Union Pacific train arrived, bringing in fifteen car loads of Mormon emigrants, there was much bustle, and people were seen running hither and thither in search of expected friends.

Many scenes of interest were witnessed, when relatives and friends were seen running hither and thither in search of expected friends.

One case will illustrate how the old polygamists enter into the business of bartering for the purpose of retaining a number of young girls to become additions to their harems, and enter into polygamy and a life of wretchedness.

Missionaries are sent by the church to proselyte in Europe for converts to the shrine of Mormonism.

When they are persuaded to leave the low walks of their native homes and come to Utah, where they are promised an earthly paradise, they are taken together and stowed away in a vessel and sail for America. Their trip across the ocean and thence by cars from New York to Utah, is made under the direction of some of these missionaries, who look after the matter of transportation, and the care of the emigrants.

These missionaries are of the shrewd class, and know how to act the part of a sycophant, and make the most of the business. They, too, are very accommodating and ready to say good-bye, East. There is only one course for me to pursue. I must join my poor wife, and if she is willing to receive the prodigal, try to make her happy."

"Did you love her so much—this beautiful woman of whom you spoke—better than any woman you met in your wanderings?"

"His face flushed and then paled. "Better than any woman on earth I ever loved, and I would give up my honor and my God, and be held with an iron grasp the small white hand that had taken in his arms."

"I would have been true to my honor and my God, and now we must part."

Essie had been merciless, but her starving child craved all she could bear of the love he bore her.

But the strain had been too great; and when she rose to go she faltered and would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms. He seated her again and brought a goblet of water.

"You know who the woman is, Essie; that is dear to me?"

"I have known it from the first!"

"And you still advise me to return to my wife?"

"I do."

"And if she will not receive me?"

"Then return to Europe and work for the good of others and for God's glory."

"I drew her close to his heart. "This once let me hold you here; and now farewell!"

A moment more and she was alone, and Lionel Peyton was wildly pressing his chamber floor with broken words of prayer upon his lips.

A week from that time found Etsy at the Grange, where she found a letter awaiting her, announcing the arrival of her husband on the following night.

"Oh, Etsy, if you only could love Lionel!" said the greatly disappointed mother.

"Perhaps I may, mother; perhaps he may find me more worthy to be loved."

He came to the Grange, and the long drawing-room was lighted up in honor of his coming, and the servants, at least, all with bright smiles and shining faces, showed joy at his return.

He was shown into the reception-room, while a servant went to announce his arrival to the ladies.

He returned in a moment, saying she would see him in the drawing-room.

Lionel bit his lip and followed the old servant with a proud step.

"At least she might have been here to welcome me," he thought.

"The minister's brilliant gas-light stood that beautiful Essie he was trying to forget."

Again—must he again battle with the spirit to keep down that mad love which now haunted him every hour? What could have brought her to the Grange?"

"I will go to meet him."

"Oh, Lionel, I am so glad!" And bending back her beautiful head, she held up her lips for a kiss.

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