CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

VOL. 49--NO. 13. CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1881. WHOLE NO. 2,390.

BLANK BOOKS.

Records, Ledgers, Day Books, Fine Memorandums, Time Books, Journals, Pass Books, Cash Books, Pocket Ledgers, Letter Books, Butcher Books, Invoice Books, Indexes, Receipt Books, Bankers' Cases, Draft Books, Bill Books, Note Books, Composition Books, Exercise Books.

A COMPLETE STOCK, at Wholesale and Retail.

We are prepared to furnish everything in the above line at the lowest prices. Please examine our stock before purchasing. Respectfully,

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.

Clarksville Wholesale Market.

CORRECTED BY J. J. CRUSMAN.

SUGAR—Cut Loaf, Crushed, Powdered and Granulated, 10½@12c; Clarified, 9½@10½cts; Brown, 8½@9½c.
MOLASSES—New Orleans, 35 to 50c.
SYRUP—40c to 75c.
COFFEE—We quote Rio, 12 to 14c; Java, 27 to 32c.
SALT—Kanawha, 7 bushel bbls., $2 00; by the car load, $1 05.
FLOUR—Superfine, $5 00; Extra, $5 50 to 6 00; Choice or Fancy, $7 50 to 8 00; Patent Process, $8 50 to 8 75.
STAR CANDLES—12½ to 15c.
WHISKY—Common country, $1 00@1 20; best brands Robertson county, $1 25 to 2 00.
CHEESE—Prime factory, 12@15c.
RICE—Carolina, 6 to 8c.
SOAP—Bar, 4@7c.
OILS—Coal oil, 14c; lard oil, 60c; linseed oil, raw, 70c; boiled, 73c.
TURPENTINE—Spirits, 36c.
VARNISH—Copal, $1 00; Japan, 90c.
PUTTY—4c.
GLASS—Window, 8x10, $2 25 per box; 10x12, 2 25; 12x14, 2 55.
POWDER—Rifle, $6 50 per keg; lead, 7c per pound.
SARDINES—$1 75 per doz.
MACKEREL—No. 3 per bbl., $6 50 to $8 50; kits, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, 75c to $1 25.
BLACKING—25@900c per dozen.
NAILS—$3 25 to 3 50.
IRON—Kentucky, 2½c; Tennessee, 3c.
ROPE—11@15c.
TRACES—$5 00 to 12 00 per dozen.
COLLARS—$5 50 to 12 00 per dozen.
HAMES—$5 50 to 10 00 per dozen.
AXES—$10 00 to 12 00 per dozen.
BLUE GRASS—$1 25.
ORCHARD GRASS—$1 75.
TIMOTHY SEED—$3 25.
CLOVER SEED—$6 50.
RED TOP—70c.
SHOT—$1 90 @ 2 00.
CAPS—60@50c per 1,000.
OYSTERS—1 and 2 lb. cans, $1 30@1 85.

The following are the prices paid here at this date for country produce:

PORK—4½ to 5 nett.
BACON—Hog round, 11½ cts
LARD—13.
TALLOW—5c.
PEANUTS—40@50c per bushel.
GINSENG—60c to 75c.
BEESWAX—15 to 18c.
FEATHERS—new, 35 to 40c.
BEANS—White, $1 00.
PEAS—75c to $1 00.
EGGS—8c per dozen.

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

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, COLLARS, ETC.

THE FINEST STOCK OF DRESS TRIMMINGS IN THE CITY.

We have purchased our Goods from first hands, and have the latest novelties of poetry 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.

aug28-4m

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.

J. E. RICE, Attorney at Law,

CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme Court.

Office over Settle's Grocery, with entrance from Franklin and Strawberry Streets.

jan 4, 1879, tf.

CLARKSVILLE DISTRICT—TENNESSEE CONFERENCE.

Fourth Round of Quarterly Meetings.

Clarksville station, Sept. 24, 25.
Palmyra circuit, at Tarsus, Oct. 1, 2.
Red River ct., at Wartrace, Oct. 8, 9.
Cedar Hill ct., at Cedar Hill Oct. 15, 16.

WELLBORN MOONEY, P. E.

JOHN KELLY, the Grand Sachem of Tammany and the same that defeated Hancock for president last year, after a short period of commendable silence which the country at large had hoped would be indefinite, is again becoming obstreperous and wants to take a hand in the approaching democratic State convention in New York. It strikes us its about time the honorable gentleman was notified that the democracy of the country has had enough of his questionable support and that his room would be better than his company. He says he wants unity. Yes, unity is doubtless what he desires. His past course shows that but his desire for unity is very similar to that of the intelligent juror who said "We could have agreed if there had not been eleven d—d contrary men on the jury."

A GREAT many papers are abusing and ridiculing Governor Hawkins for sending letters to the Governors of the various states relating to the funeral of President Garfield. We'll bet every one of these same papers has a *brilliant impromptu (?)* obituary of the President already set up and laid away ready for use on the shortest notice. Some of them have actually published it. 'Tis true the Governor was a little "too previous" but before you complain of the moat in the gubnatorial eye, take the beam from thine own.

Commissioner Hawkin's Report for August.

In view of the drouth of the past summer which has prevailed with greater or less intensity, not only in Tennessee, but throughout the great corn belt of the Union, it is now evident that there will be a scarcity of corn for the ensuing year, and that it will rule high in the markets. In view of the scarcity and consequent high price of this staple, I suggest to farmers in Tennessee, that they adopt every reasonable economy in its use.

Let every particle of provender which can be made to act as a substitute for corn be saved. Let all surplus stock which can be got into marketable condition and sold without sacrifice, be disposed of. Keep no more through the winter than is necessary for your next year's business. During the comparative leisure of the autumn prepare comfortable winter quarters for all the stock which it may be necessary to keep over. Sow full crops of rye which will yield valuable pasturage during the winter months and make good returns as a grain crop or serve good purpose as a fertilizer if plowed under in the Spring. Barley will answer the same purpose for pasturage and is, perhaps, more profitable as a grain crop.

After thorough preparation of your land, sow wheat as largely as is practicable. It will give pasturage for winter and bread for summer.

The partial failure of the corn crop furnishes no occasion for a panic. It of course curtails the profits of the farmer and produces a general inconvenience, but if the dictates of prudence prevail, need occasion no great loss or suffering in the country. If it should lead the farmers of Tennessee to adopt a different system of agriculture, it may, after the immediate hardship is over, prove a blessing in disguise.

A. W. HAWKINS,
Commissioner.

Nashville, Tenn., Sept. 12, 1881.

The Virginia Campaign.

In a conversation with a newspaper correspondent a few days ago, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee said: "I am confident we will carry the State by at least 10,000 majority. I felt satisfied of this fact when our convention met; since then I have not seen or heard of anything to cause me to change my opinion. Our people are working in earnest. The ranks of the enemy are in confusion; the negroes are becoming dissatisfied and coming over to our side; they are beginning to understand that an honest policy for both white and colored citizens is best. Yes, I feel confident of victory; it seems to me that the contest is already decided. But, of course, we will not relax our efforts in the least until the contest is finally decided at the polls."

FROM various counties we learn thatr the people are rapidly paying thei taxes, instead of relying upon demagogue promises, which either never amount to anything, or result, as the suspension of the taxes for 1880 did, in a double tax in one year. The small tax-payers, especially, who pay more in proportion than the large tax-payers, are coming up with their payments, preferring this to waiting and risking the certain falling together again of two taxes in case of suspension. The movement for suspension is generally from the larger tax-payers, who pay the least proportion to the amount of their property. There has never been any suspension of taxes in this State which has not resulted in greater hardship from a double tax than a prompt and timely collection. We grant the hardship of payment, but we cannot consent to advocate a policy which would do the people a greater injury than present payment.—*Nashville American.*

A STRANGE freak of electricity is attracting attention in California. There is a tract of country in Butte county, about fifteen miles long and half a mile wide, where the lightning strikes a tree nearly every time a storm passes over. As many as three fires have been caused by lightning in this tract in a single storm, and the whole belt can be plainly traced by the dead timber.

For the CHRONICLE.

"SUNSHINE AFTER CLOUDS."

BY OLIVIA M. R. CUNNINGHAM.

"Well, this is the third letter—each an entreaty to come and spend the ensuing season with Aunt Bess; she's a dear old soul, and I suppose I couldn't pass these coming summer days more pleasantly. I believe I'll go. Kennith, you'll be here all summer, I suppose?"

Kennith Wilson nodded assent without once raising his gaze from the journal which he was reading.

"I hate to leave Estelle, but I believe I'll go and spend one month anyway."

Doctor Jasper Mortimer hastened from his office, and closing the door behind him, walked rapidly down Main street, thence to Chamberlain alley, and hurridly advanced toward the residence of Prof. Vogle, to bid his "little daisy" *adieu* for a short while. As he was entering the park, near the building, he heard his name announced by a well-known voice. He stopped, fearing he was mistaken, and again he heard the clear, shrill voice of Estelle Vogle, as she uttered the following words:

"Emphatically I do not *love* the man, but I mean to marry him, Cousin Myrtle, *solely* for his property."

"Do you think that riches without love will afford you happiness?" inquired a low musical voice.

"Hush! hush! do not speak so sentimentally. You know I've always declared I'd marry for riches, and besides, papa lost everything; he's totally ruined. He expects it, and I'll marry him."

"And you do not love him?"

"Not in the least."

"Estelle, I'm astonished at you; do you not know you'll sacrifice both principle and honor as well as happiness by marrying a man whom you do not love?"

"That is not to be considered above riches."

"Vain! silly girl. You may some day regret that speech."

"No, never! I'll marry him and be rich and happy." And she laughed a feigned, hollow laugh. Then both started toward the house, but a few yards from the secluded bower in which they sat a scrap of paper was lying upon the gravel walk. Estelle picked it up and readily perceived it was a leaf from a memorandum. She looked upon it and hesitated, opened and read the following words.

MISS VOGLE:—I was an unwilling listener to your conversation in the bower. You will no longer be tortured by a man whom you do not love. I now offer my resignation. You are free—free from your engagement with a man whom you would have married for riches. If in future you need a friend I'm at your service. Adieu,

JASPER MORTIMER.

Estelle Vogle read this note, and like the weak-minded woman she was, sank fainting upon the ground. Myrtle Bowers raised her in her arms, called a passing servant, procured necessary remedies and she soon recovered.

Myrtle bid her cousin good-bye next morning and went to resume her position as governess at the residence of the wealthy Mrs. Blondaugh's.

Jasper Mortimer re-entered his office door a wiser man than when he last quitted it. Dr. Wilson noticed his pale face as he entered the room and inquired of him "whether he had met with an accident, an idea struck him, or seized an opportunity?" in his usual sportive tone.

Jasper replied: "I seized an opportunity to hear a lady say, 'she anticipated marrying me for my fortune.'"

"A sensible lady!" ejaculated Kennith; "and you are love sick? Nonsense, I'll give you the $1,000 receipt, which is a permanent cure."

Jasper took his jokes and plodded along, drifting adown the stream of Time, until two years had passed, and he had never visited Aunt Bess, but he had long since ceased to value an unworthy object.

A few days later he boarded the train bound for Glendale, where he arrived late in the afternoon of the third day after his departure, receiving a grand and hearty welcome, and after partaking of a sumptuous repast, gladly accepted a choice seat in the parlor. Although Aunt Bess seemed to enjoy his presence, and tried to make his reception a pleasant one, he could readily perceive that something disturbed her, and he heard her ask little Nellie why Miss Myrtle was not in.

After good-night had been echoed and pleasant dreams wished all around, Jasper wondered who Miss Myrtle could be. And Aunt B., almost astonished at her conduct, retired with a somewhat troubled mind; for she had bored Myrtle for two years with the sweet anticipations of her nephew's arrival, putting in ever and anon "I hope you'll like Jasper, I'd like to make a match of you two," and Myrtle had often said to herself, "it shall never be; I'm determined to hate him."

Next morning, as Jasper passed the parlor door, he heard a sweet, musical voice singing "There's Sunshine After Clouds," he stopped to listen, asking himself the question where had he heard that low, soft voice. Then from some unknown impulse he noiselessly approached the open door unperceived by the beautiful performer seated at the piano; a face which he was tempted to call the prettiest in the world, color as fresh as an apple-blossom, dainty features, rose-bud lips, soft brown eyes and chestnut brown hair, hanging in ringlets about her bare white shoulders. He stole away as noiselessly as he came, remembering where he had heard that same voice, and repeating the words:

"Do you not know that you sacrifice both principle and honor, as well as happiness, in marrying a man whom you do not love?"

"The truest type of feminine bravery," thought he, "is nobility."

Upon his return to the house, after a morning ramble, his aunt met him upon the veranda, and conducted him to the parlor, where a fairy-like form arose, whom Mrs. Blondaugh introduced as "Miss Bowers, my companion." She did not prove very talkative, answering very indifferently, as she wished him to understand that she did not intend to like him, but Dr. Mortimer saw profound wisdom deeply depicted upon her countenance, and in those eyes he could read a volume of mystery. Time wore on, and he was daily found seeking her company, although she was always indifferent, reserved, but courteous, and often to Myrtle's displeasure and Jasper's comfort Aunt Bess would leave her to entertain him alone. He often asked her to play for him, and sometimes he would sing with her. One day he asked her to play and sing "Sunshine After Clouds." He watched her noble brow as the blushes came and went and thought of the clouds in his life, and wondered would sunshine ever come.

The one month had gone and almost two, and then he reluctantly obeyed duty.

The day previous to his departure he asked Myrtle to take a stroll with him in the garden. She guessed what was coming, and tried to refuse, but he would not be; he wished to gather specimens of favorite flowers, and desired her assistance. She had several times avoided his addresses and adroitly changed the theme of conversation when he bordered upon "Love," but now there was no alternative, and she must nerve herself and hear his wooing, which she had determined not to receive. He arranged a bouquet of mignonette, white jasmine and white rose-buds, and asked her:

"Will you receive them emblematically?"

"Thanks," she softly replied, as he stopped in front of her, and looking down into her dark eyes exclaimed: "Miss Myrtle will you listen to my secret?"

"If 'tis interesting I will."

"Pray torture me no longer by jests; 'tis this: 'I love you. May I hope?'"

"No, sir; I do not love you. No, not the least," was her calm reply.

"Could you not learn to love me?"

"I think not." But it was with an effort which she could not hide that she pronounced these last words. Jasper noticed it, and silver-winged Hope urged him to follow as she turned to go.

"We can be friends?" he pleaded.

"I suppose so," replied Myrtle, calmly.

Jasper Mortimer left the next morning for Shirport, but he left his heart in the care of Myrtle Bowers. Hope, that lovely goddess of nature, had deserted him, but fortitude stood his noble friend, and he repeated to himself: "I'll not despair, 'faint heart never won fair lady,'" and he determined to pay Aunt Bess another visit, as he had promised, the following Christmas.

When Nellie went to practice next morning she found, lying on the piano, a note addressed to Miss Myrtle Bowers. She carried it to her. Upon receiving it Myrtle opened and read the following:

If a friend who appeared in eventide's glow,
With a scoff for each joy and a smile for each woe,
Should scorn thee, when hopes like clouds are arrayed,
Remember, that once your own friendship did fade.

Should the visions which hope spread in light to thine eye,
Alike the tints of the rainbow but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentance regret,
Forsaking a friend whom you cannot forget.

Yours truly, J. M.

She folded the note and stood mute, gazing into space. She was half angry, half puzzled, over his audacity.

"Yes: I can forget him."

But why did she re-read this note, and then remember that 'twas the same chirography of the note which sealed Estelle Vogle's fate? Then, for the first time, she guessed him to be the same Dr. Mortimer, and wondered why she had not remembered this before. She folded the paper with a sigh and placed it in her desk, and often afterward she found herself reading those lines, for she soon learned that his prediction was true—she could not forget him, and she now knew that she loved the man whom she had tried to hate; that she had scoffed at the love and refused a true heart, when her own was at stake. She soon began to give way to this secret love; day by day the color was fading from her cheeks, and she could see in every vision a tall graceful object with dark, pathetic eyes and darker hair.

Sitting one day beneath the same rosebush where he declared his love she copied from R. S. the following lines:

Too late! too late! it sounds in my ears
Like the sigh of the willow when the wind cloud is near.
More sad than the raging of passion or hate
Is the voice of despair when it whispers "too late."

Christmas came at last. Many merry voices above the music and sleigh-bells were borne upon the breeze to the ears of Jasper Mortimer. He listened for a few minutes and said: "I'll shut it out." He thought it a mockery to his sad heart. He could shut out the music of the winter wind, the gentle beat of the snow, the noise made by the leafless swaying boughs, the music of the waifs, the sweet words of their carol, the shining of the Christmas sun, but he could not banish from memory a sweet young face, although she had refused to love him, nor the sound of her voice and the promising words, "there is sunshine after clouds."

The newsboy hurried in with a bundle of letters. He opened and read beautiful epistles from different young ladies, but the dearest was one from Aunt Bess—a solicitation to come as he had promised. He went, and again met Myrtle Bowers, and was captivated the more by her pale face and changed deportment, and something in her manner encouraged him to again tell the story of his love, which he did, and was accepted. Soon after their engagement they were invited to attend the wedding of Dr. Wilson and Estelle Vogle. All were very happy. And Aunt Bess said: "It is just as I wished. Just so after all."

The Atlanta Fair and the South.

New York Sun.

We are glad to hear that the Atlanta Exhibition, which is to open next month, promises to be very successful. The city where it is to be held is the most progressive in the South, the last census showing that between 1870 and 1880 it had made a gain in the population which compared favorably with that of the most enterprising Western towns. Moreover, the month of October is usually a delightful one in the part of Georgia which it it is situated, and the fair will have novel features that must prove attractive to strangers.

But what makes the fair chiefly interesting and important, is the circumstances that for the first time in its history the South will have an opportunity to display to the world at Atlanta the peculiar advantages it possesses in the way of soil, climate, mineral riches, and varied products, both natural and cultivated. A great stream of immigration has been pouring into this country during the last two years, and its volume is likely to be much increased during the remaining years of this decade; but so far, a very small part of it has tended to the Southern States. Apart from Texas, they have hitherto benefited little by the addition to our population from abroad; and even now the German, Irish Scandinavian and English immigrations look forward hopefully to the West, and are either ignorant of the fertility of the South or are prejudiced against the region on account of the slavery which once blighted it. They do not wish to enter into competition with negro labor, and they fear the climate of the States in which it is the commonest.

Yet land is cheap at the South, and nowhere in the Union are the industry and the enterprise of the agriculturist better rewarded. Its railway system has been much improved and extended within recent years, and the facilities for transportation both by land and water make it a very desirable region for settlers. Its soil, too, is so diversified and its products are so numerous that there is room there for a new population who shall engage in many kinds of agriculture and in different departments of industry. Cotton manufacture, which has the advantage of nearness to the raw material, has only lately begun to assume importance, and is capable of extensive development.

With all this in its favor, however, there are still vast districts of incomparable fertility in the South which have never been turned by the plow, and many of the old plantations are now overgrown with weeds, their owners not having the capital to cultivate them. A great influx of immigration which shall result in the dividing up of these vast estates into small farms, and in the patient tilling of the soil not yet broken for crops, is what the region needs.

It was a wise recognition of this want which stimulated the projectors of the Atlanta fair to make it something more than of mere local interest. Unfortunately, all the Southern States have not been quick to second their efforts. Many of them have remained inert, and have failed to appreciate the advantage they would gain by their calling the attention of capitalists at the North and immigrants from abroad to their many and incomparable natural resources. Florida, which has already benefited greatly because of immigration, is one of the States which have understood the importance of improving the opportunity to be afforded next month at Atlanta.

But enough will be shown at the fair to surprise those who are ignorant of the natural riches of the South; and if its management is as wise as its conception, we have no doubt that the exhibition will give a new impulse to Southern prosperity. Capital in abundance is ready to go thither whenever it can be proved that enterprise will meet with its reward; immigration may be diverted southward by encouraging the establishment of new industries and by disabusing the foreigner of the impression that labor rests under a ban in the South, and that the climate is unfavorable to health. Perhaps the Atlanta fair will be the beginning of a new era for the States which have not yet recovered from the curse of slavery.

Origin of "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye."

There is a story that the popular hymn, "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye," was the work of two men while intoxicated. Joseph P. Webster, who composed the music, died several years ago. Dr. S. F. Bennett, author of the verses, lives in Richmond, Ill. He says that the charge of intoxication is untrue, though Webster was a free drinker. The two wrote a hymn-book in 1874, and "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye" was one of the pieces jointly produced for it. The suggestion came from a chance remark by Webster, who was habitually despondent, that all would be well "bye-and-bye." Bennett at once made the rhymes, and Webster brought the music out of a fiddle, which was his customary aid in composition. The hymn-book had its day and is forgotten; but this one tune is put into every new publication of the kind, and has a sale of ten thousand copies a year in sheet form. Dr. Bennett says that he and Webster were not orthodox Christians when the hymn was written, and that he is now even less a believer.

One Reason for it.

Certain parties are exceedingly anxious to make it appear that the Eads jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi river, below New Orleans, are a dead failure, and that the $5,000,000 paid out on their account by the government is next to a dead loss. When it is remembered how the shippings of grain—which has heretofore been monopolized by Northern parties—has increased at New Orleans because of their jetties, the secret of the attack upon them may be guessed.—*Columbus, Ga., Times.*

Beautifies.

Ladies you cannot make far skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.—*Telegraph.*

Wallace Grattie "Gives Breckinridge Hell."

Twenty-two or three years ago we were the foreman of the Winchester Chronicle office. We also did all the writing on the paper except the political articles. The politics of the paper was native American, and our own being unmitigatedly Democratic, the proprietor of the paper had to look elsewhere for his political ammunition, our venerable friend, Judge Flannagan, being his principal political writer. One day the proprietor and one of the young Gays started off for a week or two frolic, and left a note informing us that Jno. C. Breckinridge was to speak in Winchester on the following Monday (county court day), and as Judge Flannagan was absent from town he expected us to take notes of Breckinrigde's speech "and give him hell." This part of the instruction was heavily underscored, and a postscript assured us that the more hell we gave Breckinridge the better pleased would be the patrons of the Chronicle. Now there were two important considerations our employer had overlooked. 1. It was not in the contract for us to perform any editorial labor whatever on the paper. 2. As a good and true Democrat, giving Jno. C. Breckinridge hell was a species of blasphemy we did not propose to engage in. Well, to make a long story short, Monday came around, and with it came the then Vice President of the United States. We had been his warm admirer for years, and had never lost an opportunity to hear him speak. We went and took copious notes of his masterly address. And you may be sure in the next issue of the Chronicle the Knownothings of Clark county were treated to more genuine, soul-saving political gospel than they had ever had partaken of before. We not only reproduced the chief points of the distinguished statesman's speech, but we elaborated and explained and argued until any one picking up the paper and not aware of its political bias, would have imagined that the Chronicle was as red hot a Locofoco sheet as ever issued from the press; and we wound up the article with the finest and most eloquent eulogy of Mr. Breckinridge that we could pen. You had better believe there was a commotion in camp. Indignant Knownothings came prancing into the office and had their names stricken from the subscription list, and for the space of about a week the name of the proprietor was the most unanimously execrated cognomen within our knowledge. They damned him up hill down hill and across lots. Traitor, scoundrel and villain were the mildest epithets applied to him, and when he returned the fun grew hot and furious. At first he was as indignant as any of them, but we plainly give him to understand that he must stay at home and take care of his own paper; that whenever he left the burden of it on our shoulders, as in the present instance, we would certainly issue a Democratic sheet. Finally his explanations and apologies and promises to keep a closer watch on the paper prevailed, and peace again reigned in Warsaw, but not before the Democrats of old Clark had their full fun out of the way we "gave Breckinridge hell."

AN OCEAN PALACE.

The Largest and Most Magnificent Passenger Steamer Afloat.

New York World.

On the 13th proximo the steamer City of Rome, the latest addition to the already large fleet of the Inman line of transatlantic steamers, will leave Liverpool for this port, whence she is advertised to leave on her return voyage on the morning of Thursday, Oct. 29, at 10 o'clock. Without exception the City of Rome is the largest passenger steamer afloat, and, with the exception of the Great Eastern, is the largest vessel afloat. She was built at the yard of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company, at Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, alongside the Furnessia, the last new steamer of the anchor line. Her dimensions are: length between perpendiculars, 546 feet, and over all, 600 feet; beam 52 feet; depth of hold, 37 feet. The breadth and depth give the ship unusual stability at sea and decrease the resistance, giving her a great advantage in speed. The immense hull is divided into ten water-tight compartments; and besides, each of the boiler-rooms and coal-bunkers, which are built on each side of the boilers as a protection in case of collision, are also water tight. Every mechanical contrivance that can make great strength possible in the building of her hull has been used, and no expense has been spared to make her not only the largest, but the soundest and strongest vessel afloat. The gross tonnage of the City of Rome is 8,000 tons, of which about 2,000 tons is taken up for engine and coal room. For safety in the event of her coming in collision with another vessel or stranding on rocks, she has collision bulkheads and a double bottom. The engines that are to propel this immense craft through the water are of the style known at the "Inverted Tandem." They consist of three high and low pressure cylinders. Steam is supplied by eight cylindrical tubular boilers fired at both ends. The engines are intended to work up to 8,000 indicated horse power constantly, but when necessary they can with perfect safety develop 10,000 horse power.

As has become the fashion on all transatlantic steamers, the City of Rome has her saloons and state-rooms amidships. There are accommodations for over three hundred saloon passengers and the dining-room will seat that number at one time, each passenger having his own revolving chair. The grand dining-room is 72 feet long and 18 feet high and takes up the whole width of the vessel. The lower berths in the state-rooms are made to slide in or out while the berth above is made on the Pullman principle, so that it can be folded up when not in use. Amidships are placed the lavatories baths and barber shops. Accommodations are made on the main deck for 500 passengers, and on the lower deck for 1,000. Every precaution is taken to separate the sexes. The berths are arranged in single tiers or half-rooms, not double, as has hitherto been the practice, each being separated by a passage and having a large side light, thus adding greatly to the light, ventilation and comfort of the passenger, besides the advantage of a small number of persons in each room. Comfortable wash-rooms are provided for the sexes, and every convenience is furnished.

WRITING to a merchant of Augusta, Ga., Hon. Warner Miller, one of the Senators elect from New York, says: "I assure you the South will never have cause to regret that I am in the Senate. I prefer to devote mysel to the development of the unbounded resources of our common country. I hope the South will not long lag behind the North in this work. I know that your thriving city of Augusta will not."

MANY complain of their memory, but none complain of their judgement.

The Young Lawyer's First Case.

The young lawyer conducting his first case before a jury is worthy of the deepest commiseration. Take him, for instance, in the Criminal court, before which he has a case. While the prosecuting attorney is tying the first witness into bow-knots and untying him again, the amateur sits listening, but endeavoring to look as unconcerned as a marble statue in a thunder storm. He throws in timid objections every time he thinks he sees a hold, and as each one is overruled by the court, he puts on a stern look, as much as to say, "I'll knock the wind out of that in the Supreme court?" When the prosecutor, usually an old, able attorney, dryly says, "Take the witness," the youthful aspirant trembles a little and endeavors to swallow something that is sticking in his throat. He feels that every eye in the room is upon him and that they are as hot as stove lids.

He fires a few initiatory questions at the witness, and warms as he proceedes, until he is brought up standing by, "Oh! your Honor, we object to such irrelevant questions," followed by a few scathing remarks from the prosecutor. The court sustains the objection, and advises the young lawyer to keep within the bounds, which sets him to wondering where in the thunder the bounds are. Objection follows objection and each one is promptly sustained. He wonders why it is that free and independent people will tolerate such one-sided justice. He lunges ahead blindly now, until he becomes so confused that he does not know whether he is a practicing attorney with a gilt sign, or a flywheel on a steam wood saw. Finally he runs out of questions, and with a sigh of relief or something tells the witness, "That's all." So he grinds through, and at last the prosecutor rises and proceeds to address the jury in a masterly style. As he progresses he picks up the evidence adduced by the defense into codfish balls. The youthful Blackstone wrestler begins to feel uneasy as his mind reverts to the fact that in a few moments he must deliver his maiden speech.

He wishes the prosecutor would hold his grip and keep it, until time to adjourn court, feeling satisfied that he could make a splendid speech the next day after a night's fighting on evidence. He tries to remember what the witnesses swore to, but can not recall the evidence to save his life. The prosecutor finally winds up with a grand peroration, and as he says: "And in conclusion gentlemen of the jury," the youth nervously fingers his mustache, and wishes he had never begun the abominable business. Cold chills are fingering him all over the back as if measuring him for a new shirt, and his spinal column acts like it was tired and wanted to sit down awhile. Like Banquo's ghost the lump in his throat won't stay down by an obstinate majority, and he swallows it and wonders what he is going to say and how long it will take him to say it. As the prosecutor calmly takes his seat, the young lawyer rises and moves to the front. He dares not look at the audience, and tries to immagine there is no one in the room but himself and twelve sphynx like forms in the jury box. The eyes of each juror are fixed upon him, and he would almost relinquish his hope of heaven if some one would raise a cry of fire to divert their attention until he gets a start.

Finally he shrugs his shoulders and manages to remark, "Gentlemen of the (swallows) jury." Very good. He then surveys them a moment, and every man in the box thinks he is endeavoring to read their thoughts; but he isn't. He is wishing to the gracious he could read his own thoughts. At last he strikes out and goes for them about their intelligent looks, and how he feels that his client's interests are safe in their hands. At the same time he feels serious doubts as to their safety in his own hands. He worries through his speech with an average of two swallows at that lump to the sentence. The prosecutor closes the argument, and the case goes to the jury, who retire to a secluded room to chew tobacco, and ask each other what they thought of it. It so happened that the flimsy testimony against the accused warrants a virdict of "not guilty," whereupon the amateur grasps his client's hand and whispers: "It was a hard fight, but I got you out of it!" Then he rises, loads up enough law books to swamp a mud scow, casts a triumphant look at the prosecuting attorney, who smiled pleasantly in return, and walked slowly and majestically down the aisle to the door with as much dignity as if he owned a Western railroad.

MR. HARVEY WATERSON, father of Mr. Henry Waterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, writes in that paper: "John Bell, of Tennessee, was a native of the State and graduated at the Nashville University. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1816. His first race for Congress came off in 1827, and Felix Grundy was his competitor. I well remember the excitement it produced. There was only one party in the State at that time—the Jackson party. Both candidates were friends to the old hero, and the choice lay between men. Mr. Grundy was fifty-seven years of age and Mr. Bell thirty. Here let me say that if a sprightly young man is pitted against an old man in a political contest before the people, everything else being equal, he will defeat him nine times out of ten. The reason is that he rallies to his support the active, enthusiastic young fellows, and even the old men who have a son like to encourage the boys. The result was that Mr. Bell was elected by a majority of a few hundred votes. He was continued in Congress for fourteen years, officiating during one term as Speaker of the House. In 1874 he was elected a Senator in Congress, and re-elected in 1853, serving until 1859. In 1860 he was nominated for President, and received the electoral vote of Tennessee and several other States. I favored his two elections to the Senate, for he was a head and shoulders, intellectually, above any of his Whig competitors. I was looking to the honor of my State. He died a few years after the war, aged about 72 years."

WORDS are little things, but they strike hard. We utter them so easily, that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they act like the sunshine, the dew and the fertilizing rain, but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, the devastating tempests.

OUR lives are like some complicated machine, working on one side of a wall, and delivering the finished fabric on the other. We cannot cross the barrier and see the end. The work is in our hands—the completion is not.

CLEAR HEAD and voice, easy breathing, sweet breath, perfect smell, taste and hearing, no cough, no distress. These are conditions brought about in catarrh by the use of Sanford's Radical Cure. Complete treatment for $1.