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Blue Front Shoe Store. A full line of Gents', Ladies', Misses' and Children's fine Hand-Made Boots & Shoes.

RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES. Latest styles in SOFT AND STIFF HATS.

Neck-Ties, Collars, Cuffs and Underwear. Buy the "Rambler," a Patent Shirt, the best thing on the market for \$1.00.

In Our Wholesale Department we can offer special inducements to country merchants.

BOWLING & WILLSON, 17 FRANKLIN STREET.

Sewanee Planing Mill G. B. WILSON & CO., Manufacturers of SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

Builders' Material of Every Description. PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

GO TO Keesee AND Northington FOR COAL, CORN, HAY, OATS, BRAN, MEAL, FLOUR,

Bacon, Lard, Cement, Nails, Etc.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD. DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

CURES DYSPEPSIA IRON TONIC. Magistrates' Blanks for sale at this office.

NOTICE! Since January 1, 1882, we have made some very large reductions in the price of Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, etc.

V. L. Williams, 25 Franklin St., Clarksville.

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Pure Drugs, Stationery, Fancy & Toilet Articles. AGENT FOR THE BEST TRUSS MADE.

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ELY & KENNEDY, Tobacco Salesmen

Commission Merchants, Elephant Warehouse, CLARKSVILLE, - TENN.

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General Commission Merchants, CENTRAL WAREHOUSE, Cor. Main and Front Streets, - Clarksville, Tenn.

General Commission Merchants, IKE H. SHELBY, (Successor to SHELBY & CO.)

Tobacco Salesman, Commission Merchant, Bailey Warehouse,

Commerce Street, Near Court House, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.

Col. W. E. Cameron, the Mahone Governor of Virginia, entered upon the duties of his office on last Monday.

THE Belladonna Democracy is what they now call the low-taxer who figured so prominently with pistols and poisons, in their heroic effort to prevent the "100-3 coupon infamy" from being passed by the Legislature.

GROVE KENNEDY has been interviewed, in the penitentiary by a correspondent of the Courier-Journal. "If there had never been any whisky," says Mr. Kennedy, "I would to-day be at home with my wife and little ones. I will never touch another drop."

FOR BLANK BOOKS, BOOK-BINDING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, -AND- FIRST-CLASS- JOB WORK.

GO TO THE CHRONICLE OFFICE.

The Clarksville Reading Club. Despite the darkness, the sleet, the rain and the mud there was a goodly gathering of the members of the Reading Club at the Academy on Tuesday evening, the 2d inst.

Dr. J. F. Wright had promised to tell the secret of Burn's wondrous power over English speaking people, and everybody loves to hear the secret of a secret explained.

But for that night at least the Dr. kept his secret, for when this reporter left the "missing man" had not put in an appearance.

In the absence of several appointed readers, music was made a prominent feature of the evening's entertainment. It was exceptionally good, both as to selection and execution.

Miss Jennie Bailey (Prof. Emery at the piano)—"When Those Loving Eyes" (Miss Ford at the piano)—"Judith."

Miss Catching (Miss Ford at the piano)—"The Song of the People." Miss Meta B. Vizer (Prof. Emery at the piano)—"From the Alps the Horn Resounding."

Mrs. J. S. Collins (Prof. Emery at the piano)—"O Fair Dove, O Sweet Dove." Mrs. Catching (Miss Ford at the piano)—"Day is Done."

Instrumental Solo, Prof. Emery—La Gazelle. Prof. Emery (by special request)—"Motelsohn's Song Without Words."

Prof. Albitz (by special request)—"The Battle of Bull Run." The music thus presented as a whole, was interspersed with reading and discussions.

Prof. Collins told in a charming way how a "fat made a bachelor a benefactor." It was a rich experience and not nothing in the telling and at those still the in slough of bachelordom we would say, buy a stove pipe hat, go to the play, lose your hat, stare stupidly about in seeking search until some fair girl in pink ribbons finds it for you and hands it over with a smile that makes you forswear celibacy forever.

"Idle and Dreaming" by Mr. Clay Stacker was a sweet and persuasive poem, full of those tender fancies which keep the heart warm amid the turmoil of life, the sort of poetry which brings the wanderer on strange seas back to his old home assured of a warm welcome from, at least, the guardian of his gate, his faithful dog.

Miss Ella Ford charmed her admirers with "Darius Green and his Flying Machine." Darius was an aspiring yankee genius with boundless belief in the possibilities of machinery bestowing upon him the power of flying. Darius and Icarus had tried it but they had wings of wax and it was no wonder they waxed soft. But he, Darius, was a cutter chap, these, and would make him a pair that would bear him through the upper air.

What the Duke of Argyle has only dreamed on, he'd show it could be done, and cutly any Dutchman under the sun. "The birds can fly and why mayn't I?" So he constructed a curious contrivance and one day, a fourth of July, when the folks were "not to hum," he proceeded to put it on, and then to fly, but alas, Darius had no better experience than the woman that said she believed she could fly, fly now, and she is with the public only tumble, but O, she explained "I didn't get the right drop." And Darius, with his lather wings outspread, took his flight—down, down, until, with a thump, he lighted in the barn yard to the great consternation of the calf, the like of which he had never seen on the earth, nor in the heavens above. "The moral of this wonderful tale is plain to all."

The discussion on rack-rent brought out some interesting facts as to origin and history. It was concluded with a quotation from Burns' "Two days" in which Cesar the dog of high degree, depicts the sad scene. "When our lord gets in his rack-rents."

In conclusion, we were glad to meet Mrs. Auchenleck, so very favorably known in this community, and, indeed throughout the South, whose dangers she has so long instructed.

The singer and her subject bore us back to the days of other years, when other friends assembled at the Academy, for many of whom "The Tide has gone out."

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Phillip's Pride. "You don't seem very glad of my good fortune, Phillip," said pretty Rose Ellison, in a disappointed tone, and with something like a pout of vexation on her rosy lips.

"When did the news come to me that Uncle George, whom I had never seen, had died and left me \$25,000?" "I don't know," said Phillip, "I thought first of all, 'For—said I to myself—'perjury will no longer separate us.' Surely you know?"

"The name of the man who died, and slipped a fair little hand into his—'surely you know that what his name is yours, Phillip?"

Phillip Severn looked down at the loving, pleading face, and softly caressed her bright hair.

"That cannot be my darling," said he, in a bitter sigh. "A penniless, struggling artist, who scarcely earns bread and butter yet, is not made for you—least now, now that you have this money, than before. We still must wait until fortune smiles on me, dear; until I am able to provide for you and your wife."

Then, noting the tears that sprang to the tender eyes, and how the bright smile died: "Don't discourage me, my darling; do I not love you long to claim you? Is not my life a lonely one? Don't I long to gather my lovely rose, and wear her in my hair forever?"

"I have built up a splendid career, almost finished, and it will, it must bring me wealth and fame. We will not wait for the wealth, dear; only let me succeed, and then I will come and claim your promise to be my precious wife."

In this hope they parted, and the academy would open in a few weeks, Phillip said to Rose, and he worked night and day to complete the picture, which was to be his first step toward success.

If it had depended on his exertions alone, that success would have been assured, for the merit of the painting was indisputable; but alas, other people had too much to do with it—the committee that decided how the picture should be hung had the power to either make or mar his fortunes, and they marred them.

He walked through the rooms, looking around eagerly, anxiously, and for a while vainly, too. Surely he thought, with sickening disappointment, that he had made a mistake, surely there had been some mistake and his paintings were not there.

Ah! yes—there it was! With difficulty he reached the gallery, he gazed there it was; hung up on high, in an out-of-the-way corner, and in the worst possible light, where no one would be likely to notice and he himself had hardly been able to find it at all; he turned away, heart sick and despairing; his hopes were blasted, his future ruined; he went home—if his poor garret had been his home, he would have half-crazed with disappointment, he wrote to Rose:

"I have failed. I refuse to bind you to life with such a nothing as now but poor and miserable. Failure and poverty are bad enough for myself; I will not drag you down to them. Farewell, my love, I will forget one who never will forget you—either in life or death."

He thought that death would be his when he wrote. Privation—for he was poor—hard work, which they have no knowledge of, had done their work. As he sealed the letter it fell from his fingers to the floor, and his aching head drooped heavily on the table—He had failed.

Next morning a certain picture dealer showed a very needy, a victim from a lady. She asked him had he been at the exhibition of the night before, and had noticed a certain picture. He confessed that he had not seen it.

"I am not surprised at that," said the lady, calmly, for they have hung it as if to prevent its being seen. It is beautiful, however, and I desire to purchase it."

"Will you transact the business with the artist for me without suffering my name to appear? And I will give you more than the picture is worth more than this. I want you to do what the exhibitors have not done—bring the artist's name before the public."

"I will do it," said the picture dealer, "I will do it for a thousand dollars."

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he has called attention to it, dearest and the papers have mentioned it with favor; and he has recommended you among his customers, and has orders for you, as soon as you are well enough to work again; and, oh, Phillip, you will be a great artist after all, and you must not lose those cruel words in your letter. Not share your life with me? Why do you not let me share your life with you? The doctor says that my care has saved it. So many terrible anxious weeks I have nursed you, and will you refuse to marry me after all?" She nestled close to his side, laughing and crying at once for love and joy. "Please say at once that I shall be your wife, my darling!"

"Ah, how willingly he said it!" "You are coaxing me to my happiness more than you, my beloved, said faintly. But if this be so—if there is work for me to do, so that I shall not come to my wife and pale cheeks—leave little faithful love of mine, let us be married at once!"

And so they were, on the very next day, and the doctor gave his bride away. He also handed the artist one thousand dollars.

"The price of your picture," said he, quietly, "was not \$25,000, I went too cheap; it will be worth twice that some day."

Phillip turned and gave the money to his wife.

"Our purse is in common henceforth," said he. "As for my picture, God bless the purchaser, and that is yours, is it not? Or if you only purchased for another party, may I know the benefactor's name? for indeed, he has done me a benefactor."

But Mr. Brown only laughed, and turned to Rose.

"Shall we tell him his patron's name?" said he roguishly.

She came suddenly and knelt by Phillip's side, and twined her arms around his neck.

"My wife, your love has conquered my pride; henceforth we work hand in hand together!" Then he turned half timidly to Mr. Brown.

"Well, my friend, I will do as you wish, but I will not let any other man to find you out. Here," pointing to Rose, "here is your discoverer! God give good luck to both of you!"

They had good luck, and much happiness. The artist is rich to-day, and the famous first picture that called the world's attention to the genius hangs, in the best possible position and light—in his fair wife's drawing room.

It is a work of great deal more than a thousand dollars now, and Rose herself would not take all the money in the world for it. Sitting with her children around her, she tells them its history sometimes—the history of the days of poverty of which they have no knowledge, and their father's struggles and despair—of her loving strategem, and how, by love she conquered Phillip's pride.

Who They Are! Jackson Tribune and Sun.

Hugh McGavock, Walter S. Bransford, Louis B. McWhirter, A. M. Bell are the leaders of the self-styled low-tax party. Bransford is the secretary of the low-tax State executive committee, and the chairman of the Davidson county committee. Lambeth is the member of the low-tax State executive committee for the county of the same name.

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Hoffenstein on Hoffenstein. "Herman," said Hoffenstein, as he glanced over a book in which he kept small accounts, "has dot shomer vut keeps do count his hand-baid vat he owes de adors yet?"

"No, Misder Hoffenstein," replied the clerk, "but I think he vill, He vas a good man if he vas poor. 'En I doot may be so, Herman, but you had better watch him. Don't let him have no more on credit. You must always dink a man vas a rasgal until he buys vat he owes; if you don't you will lose money on gress."

"But he don't got no piness hence dot way," replied Hoffenstein. "A man vat vas poor, Herman, dot can blame no one but himself. Vut dot may be get velt, like oder boobies? If a man vas satisfied mit being poor he don't can be sad. I vas shlikin de vladens on me. I vas bedling I went to a veltly merchant to get some goods on credit. He don't let me haf dem, and I doot him dat. Vut you dink, Herman, he say: 'My fren, hell vas so full of piness in your fix dat der leg vas shlikin de vladens on me. My eggerbence, Herman, lerned me dot a 'oor man don't haf got invudence, and he dink veld to make dots dogs bark at der piness. 'En I vas dree years adter dot I haf dree goods adore, and vas de bread-eater adore, Herman, nefer vat to be a poor man. De only dink vot a poor man can get vas religion, and he vouldn't get dot of any body. Reckollec dot benevance in piness vill make you veltly, and dot if you fall in der right way der vas money in it. Vut you dink, Herman, der vas no money in de piness any longer. 'Reuben,' he say, 'de boys vas vaying as high as de veldy cents dis year, and I dink you pettev dot. I dook his advice, Herman, and next year ven dey vas only buying de veldy cents, I vas veldy and made ofer four thousand dollars. Suck dink of it. Now der vas Solomon Oppenheimer, who put a leetle adore on der money in it. We do in der country for fifteen miles around vas no poor dot all de veldy ven away. Vell, he put his adre dere and for soox years he veld in piness, and now Solomon owns a gouble of brick adores in Houston, Texas. He veld all 'ot dot of his own risk. Dink of it, Herman, vut you dink of it, don't let de shoemaker vas dinking about get away mit de money in it. He owes.'—New Orleans Times.

What's in a Name Nashville Banner.

We have been at a loss for some time for a good, euphonious name for the low-tax, so-called, element of the State. We do not like to call them Low-tax, for it is a misnomer, they are for no-tax. They do not like to be called repubblicans, for they are in favor of paying something. They cannot be called Republicans for the Republicans repudiate them in Argonne, and in favor of paying 25 per cent. more taxes than even the State credit party; then what name, under heaven, shall we give them? There is but one name for them. It should express the most prominent feature in their tactics, then what shall it be? Oh! we've got it. They have one thing we all fear. It will compel obedience to the law, it will silence the tongue of the scoundrel, it will silence ours, yours, evergreen, who comes in contact with it. It is belated, it is mighty power they expect to influence the tax-controll men. When we resist bribery, belladonna prevents them from getting in. It is a subtle influence. Death is its sting, the grave its refuge, and all mankind dread it. It is a nice, euphonious, pleasant, feminine name, and one which will give us a party as the Belladonna party.

The Orange Crop Jacksonville (Fla.) Dispatch.

We have reported a continuation of loss and decay of fruit by splitting and falling from the trees. Some groves from which it was estimated 6,000 boxes would be shipped, now do not expect to get more than 2,000 boxes. This is a specialty, it covers all before its subtle influence. Death is its sting, the grave its refuge, and all mankind dread it. It is a nice, euphonious, pleasant, feminine name, and one which will give us a party as the Belladonna party.

A Whole Forest of Stone Trees. From twenty to thirty-five miles from Denver, between Cherry and Running creeks, the Denver & New Orleans railroad forces struck an unusual obstruction, it being nothing less than a forest of stone trees. The trees are all petrified and agitated, are of all sizes and lie buried at various depths, from ten to twenty-five feet, which is as deep as any excavation were made by the workmen. They come upon these relics of a by-gone age in at least half a dozen localities, and have met with not a little difficulty on their account. The trees are very perfect and could be taken out nearly whole if sufficient machinery was employed.—Chattanooga Tradesman.

The American Manufacturer says: "The industrial development of the South is advancing at leaps and bounds, and the beauty of it is the fact that the other sections of the country have no such rapid growth, but on the contrary, have only decay of encouragement. We are glad that this feeling exists in behalf of the South, glad in behalf of the other sections, and glad in behalf of our common country, in whose greatness and progress we all take pride."

No more Hard Times. If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food, and style, buy good healthy food, cheaper and better clothing, get a more substantial thing of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors using no such real machinery as the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, and put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters that cures always the real thing cost, you will see good times and have good health.—Chronicle