FIVE CENTS A DRINK.

Five cents a drink! does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say
Why, that isn't very much to pay.
Ah, no indeed! 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all you gave away
It wouldn't be very much to pay!

The price of a drink? let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.
The price of a drink? let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderers cell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wealth of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim;
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink from day to day.

The price of a drink? If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for, go
Thro' that wretched tenement there,
With dingy windows and broken stair.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed creatures for lack of food;
There shame in a corner crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another one's thirst.

"Five cents a glass"! Oh that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep an account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows that ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass?" does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink?

THE SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE'S ARMY.

A Graphic Description by Gen. Chamberlain of Maine.

Gen. J. L. Chamberlain of Maine, the officer who was designated by Gen. Grant to receive the surrender of Lee's army, recently described the scene in a lecture in Memorial Hall, Bowdoin College. The Brunswick Telegraph furnishes a brief report of his address as follows:

"On the evening before the great question was to be tried we prepared to break camp before the dawn. The enemy was in a hopeless condition—their right smashed, their center pierced, their strong works in front lost, their principal line of communication cut, Petersburg in our possession, the fall of their capital inevitable. The campaign lasted twelve days only. The skirmishing all day and the marching all night, and then on the last three days the racing and pursuit greatly wearied our men. The only hope of the enemy was to push westerly by a pathway that led them along the south of the Appomattox river. That pathway was traversed by many streams, and as they rushed along it was only to find at every crossing some hot vanguard. It was the last night of the pursuit. Sheridan, who was just a little ahead, had sent back word that he was close upon the enemy and likely to strike him at any moment, and asked us to make about eight miles more than the hard day's march that we might keep up with his cavalry. It was blackest midnight when, with flushed faces and aching limbs, we reached the goal. Down we lay there in our blankets, supperless, fevered by the heat of the march, then chilled by the dews of the Virginia spring. Scarcely has the first broken dream begun when a mounted officer splashed down the road, bearing in his hand a note from Sheridan: 'If you can possibly push out your infantry to-night we will have great results in the morning.'

"Almost before the lingering echoes of the 'halt' have died away the tired brain of the dreamer hears the bugle note. The horses are hurried up. The men form in short ranks. In three hours we have reached Appomattox Station. Already we can hear the sharp ring of the hoarse artillery, drowned by the surly roar of the rebel guns. There is no mistake. Sheridan is square across the rebel retreat, and with that glorious cavalry alone, in which our First Maine was in the very front, he was holding at bay all that was left of the proudest army of the Confederacy. Suddenly an officer from Sheridan appears and delivers this message: 'Sir, Gen. Sheridan wishes you to draw off two columns and come to his support. The rebel infantry is pressing him hard and likely to drive him from the field.' Such chanced to be my own order.

"Breaking from the woods we soon caught sight of Sheridan's banner. Beneath it sat that calm yet headlong man, mounted on the fiery steed that had turned the battle of Winchester. In full view of us our cavalry was gallantly stemming the tire of the Stonewall Jackson corps. We wheel into line of battle. Every arm of the service was in full play. On one side the line rolled back; on the other pressed irresistibly on. As the battle took shape we became the extreme right of a semicircle enveloping Lee. Meantime the other corps of infantry were coming up and forming a sort of semicircle. Coming up on the rebel rear are the Second, Sixth and Ninth corps of our army, and unless they can beak through us within a half hour, all is lost by them. The rebel batteries are drawn off from the crest, and they take their ground near the courthouse of the little hamlet called Appomattox. We press forward on the south side. The die is cast. We hear the rattle of our light artillery coming up behind, and we catch glimpses of Sheridan closing on the foe. We dash on over swamp and stream. All is excitement. Soon two horsemen come galloping out from the rebel line, one of them waving a flag of truce.

"The aid makes his graceful salutation and delivers his message: 'Gen. Longstreet desires a cessation of hostilities until he can hear from Gen. Lee as to a proposal to surrender.' Meantime, of course, we still advance. We have no orders to halt, but the firing slackens on both sides. In a moment comes the order to cease firing and to halt. A truce is agreed upon till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Four o'clock comes. No word from Lee and Grant is heard, so what have we to do after this but to resume hostilities? The order came: 'Prepare to make or receive an attack in ten minutes.' We pushed forward our skirmish lines; but Lee and Grant had come. The final answer is not long coming now. The surrender is made by Lee. What a word for us. That sky must have been bronze that it was not rent asunder by the uproar of shouting and cheering that continued late into the night.

"We were in camp all the next day while Generals Grant and Lee were arranging the details of the surrender. But on the next night, about midnight, I was ordered to have my command out at 5 o'clock the next morning to receive the colors of the rebel army of Northern Virginia. It was chilly that morning, but you may safely guess we were on time. We formed in line of battle, stretching along the south street of the town from the bank of the stream to the court-house—three-quarters of a mile in extent—facing north. We were not ashamed to face that way now. Old Massachusetts to the right of the line—all that was left of her Eighteenth and Twenty-second, Thirty-second and the Forty-first Maine willing to follow where she was worthy to lead, and the proud fragments of the Twentieth and First sharpshooters; Michigan, never behind when a bold blow was to be struck, with the shadowy fragments of her once glorious First, Fourth and Sixteenth; then Pennsylvania on the left with all that remained to be seen of her Sixty-sixth, Eighty-third, Ninety-first, One Hundred and Eighteenth and One Hundred and Fifty-fifth. In the rear of us, Gregory's New York brigade of new troops, but worthy. Opposite, our own gallant little First brigade.

"In that surrender Gen. Grant showed a magnanimity that we were disposed to criticise. He insisted, however, that while private property should be respected wherever it might be, all that belonged to the secession—the rebel army, officers and men, must march out in due ceremony and lay down their arms and colors in the presence of some portion of our troops. As we stand there in the morning mist we see the rebel army breaking camp, and then slowly and reluctantly forming ranks for the last time. And now they move—the great mass breaking into a column of march, Gen. Gordon, with the Stonewall Jackson corps, then Longstreet's corps, then Hill's corps, commanded by Heath. On they came, the rebellion battle-flags with the diagonal cross and the thirteen stars. The head of the rebel column comes opposite our right, and at the bugle signal we come to the 'carry arms.' The rebel commander, Gen. Gordon, at the head of the column, observes this little courtesy, and drops the point of his sword and gives the command to 'carry.' Not a sound from the trumpet, nor roll of drum, but in stillness as if indeed the dead were passing there—thus they moved. Then they stacked arms and took off their cartridge-boxes and laid them on the pile. Lastly, painfully, they furled their battle-flags and laid them in the dust: some kneeling down over them and kissing them with burning tears. And then the star-spangled banner waved alone upon the field. Thus, all day long, division after division comes, goes through the ceremony and passes on. Having been stripped of citizenship, and giving their honor never to raise arms again, they can go where they will. Meantime, all day, no taunt, no cheer, nor whisper of vainglory escapes a single man of ours. There was something like a half-fraternal feeling toward these men. We were fellow-soldiers at last. The tremendous battles were wrought by us together. Whoever had made the war, we had ended it.

"On the morrow, along the hillsides, what a contrast indeed! Singly or in groups, on foot, on horse, are those men making their way, every one for his far away home, and we are left alone and lonesome. When we took up our weary march homeward it was dull to plod on without skirmishers ahead. It was tame, too, that where the road ended no pickets were placed, and our peace not to be disturbed by the leaden songsters. It seemed a waste of opportunity that upon the march when we entered a valley no battery belched upon us from the heights beyond.

"But it is all over now and fast vanishing with the years. I see a new generation standing before me and around. But though sometimes the heart will yearn for those stirring duties and those high companionships of the field, still, when I think of all the noble spirits that have passed in battle and the storm, and how those little Virginia rivers are flowing on to-night, just as they did while yet these earnest young eyes were wont to gaze across their silent waters; of how many hearts are still to-night that then beat stronger than their tide. I thank God in heaven that no bugle on to-morrow's dawn shall awake us to reveille. Let us not forget, dear friends, the last martyr; the last? I should not say so; for they are now dying day by day, and hour by hour, the heroes who fought the war to the glorious end? But the great martyr, who, in the supreme moment of his victory, 'with malice toward none, with charity for all,' following the right as God gave him to see the right, went to join his 300,000—that army of the unsurrendered, undischarged, who still forever keep watch and guard about us. I see them, marshalled in that pale yet glorious array on the battlement heights that forever shall keep this nation as one, and that commanding form, that homely, true face, I see among them, and hear at times a sentiment which moves about from place to place, and whispers through the world of space in the deep night, that 'all is well.'"

THE trouble in Tennessee grows largely out of the fact that the people will not trust public men in office whom they would trust in their private affairs at home. Men who will tell the truth, and who will not lie or deceive for office or honors which dishonor when ignobly won, are kept in retirement. Pigmies have the ear of the public, and those who give the people a plausible excuse for not paying taxes are trusted, and thus men worthy to lead and to attend to public affairs will not do. In the last election Senator Harris and all the members of Congress took back every word they had ever uttered on the subject of the debt, and Senator Jackson alone stood heroically and manfully by the honor of the State, and told the people on every stump that they could do as they would with the senatorship in the future but they could not compel him to belie his own convictions, and advise them to a dishonest thing. The recent defalcation is a natural result of such state of affairs. It will prove a blessing to the people of Tennessee if it lead them to entrust their affairs to better men and truer men and bolder men than now hold the ear of the people. Such men are not found alone among those who were called State credit men, but they are not found in the present leadership. They are found among the staunch State credit men, among the hundreds of erring good men who have been dragged by the flat of a convention to go against their convictions, just as good men have done before them and everywhere else, and they are found among the one hundred thousand voters who did not vote at all in the last election, feeling that the right was hopelessly lost and determined not to vote for the wrong. There are enough of right-thinking men in all sections to stay the tide if they will be but moved to stand against demagogy and become right-acting as well as right-thinking men.—*Cincinnati News.*

The Oldest Cow on Record.
Hawkinsville Dispatch.

The most aged cow in Georgia—perhaps in the United States—is owned by a citizen of Hawkinsville. The owner assures us that the cow is 100 years old, and is now giving milk. When we mentioned the improbability, in fact, the impossibility, of his cow being 100 years old the gentleman assured us that she has belonged to his grandparent's great-grandparents, and other ancestors, and that there is no doubt that the cow is 100 years of age. We can say for the owner of the cow—the gentleman who makes the statement, that he is one of our most esteemed citizens, one not accustomed to exaggerate, and whose word has never been doubted. The gentleman is fifty years of age, and is a member of one of the old and noted families of the State.

Philadelphia News: Langtry says she used to milk the family cow, and would do it again if necessary. But let no young wife think this was what gave her her beauty. It was getting up bright and early on bracing winter mornings to start the fires.

A Big Success.

"My wife was in bed two years with a complication of diseases her physicians could not cure, when I was led to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. It was a big success. Three bottles cured her, at a cost of a dollar and a half, and she is now as strong as any woman.—R. D., Buffalo.

COUNTRYMAN'S

Message to the Legislature on Convict Labor.

My special purpose in sending this message, hhwever, is to make some suggestions about convict labor, as I lost my former message before I had finished this branch of it, as you will perceive by the most careful examination. I said a great deal about the matter, but failed to tell you exactly what ought to be done with this labor. Now I intend to make it so plain—so clear—what ought to be done to keep this labor from coming in competition with honest labor "that he who runs may read."

First, I want to fix your minds on this point: We can't support these convicts and not require them to work. This would cost too much money and be unpopular; but we must make them work at something that will keep them out of competition with honest labor. I will now suggest to you a plan. It will not do to allow them to practice law, because—well they haven't the ability; but I will suggest what to do with them before I am done.

We cannot make doctors of them, because long association has destroyed those personal antagonisms necessary to success in that profession; but I will tell you what *must* be done.

It would hardly do to make legislators of them, because—well there are simply too many of them—that's the only objection. But I'll suggest something. It won't do to make farmers of them, for they are in competition with too many voters in the country; nor to make mechanics of them, for that brings them in competition with too many voters in the cities and towns. But I'll tell you what to do before I'm done.

It will not do to work them in coal mines in competition with the miners, for these are engaged in "honest labor," and have some voice in political affairs. But my purpose is to show you what ought to be done with them. It would hardly do to permit them to fish and hunt over the country, for it would cost too much to guard them and be objectionable otherwise; but I'll soon tell you what to do. Now, they must do some kind of work to earn their meat and bread, and not become an additional expense to the tax-payers. Do you hear that? They cannot be utilized in the learned professions for sundry reasons; do you hear that? They must not be brought in competition with any kind of labor that's honest—and *all* labor is honorable; do you hear that? Now, what shall be done with them? They ought to be made to—let's see—well, they ought to be at—something that will keep them from competing with honest labor. You ought to pass some law requiring the convicts to be worked at some labor which—that is to say—may be suggested by Gov.——, who is to succeed me two years hence, for, dad burn him, it's his business, anyway, and not mine.

COUNTRYMAN.

Newspapers and Telegraphs.

Thirty-five years ago the New York Associated Press was organized. It was composed of the seven principal morning journals, and its business was to collect the news of the world by telegraph to resell to the other papers throughout the country. This press monopoly made an alliance with the telegraph monopoly; but meanwhile the press of the West has been steadily increasing in wealth and power, and has organized a press service of its own. It now secures its European news, as well as the general news of this country and the world, through its own agents. It has broken loose from the New York city press monopoly, and hereafter we are to have free trade in news. The monopoly has checked the growth of newspapers in the Eastern States, and has injured the protected papers, for without the stimulus of competition newspaper enterprise is apt to lag. We have too many bad journals, and too few good ones. A newspaper should be the history of the world for one day, and the time is coming when our journals will be larger, better and abler. People are reading books less and newspapers more. Some day the morning papers will have illustrated supplements, giving pictures of current events, which will be printed in colors.

WHILE a lady was recently lying very ill in New York City, and her life was desparied of, the doorbell rang loudly, and as the door was opened a sewing-machine agent bounced into the hall. He loitily demanded the presence of "the lady of the house." He was told in a whisper that she was not expected to live, and that three physicians were in an upper room consulting about her case. "All the better," said the agent advancing toward the stairs, "probably I can sell her a sewing-machine while they are chinning. She couldn't leave anything more useful to her children."

No medicine ever introduced to the Profession and Public has given such universal satisfaction or preserved so many lives as Dr. Moffett's Teethina (Teething Powders). Druggists tell us the rapid increase in its sale is marvelous.

AN old couple were walking down the street the other day, reading signs, when they ran across one which the old man read thus: "Johnson's Shirt Store." "Well, I declare," exclaimed the old lady, "I wonder how he tore it?"—*Kohomo Tribune.*

A Loss Prevented.

Many lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. Parker's Hair Balsam supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness and is an excellent dressing.

LETTER from well-beloved young French lady to her lover: "Finally, my owness' own, understand that I love you more for your defects than your moral qualities, and thus judge of the boundlessness of my love for you."

Woman—Proclamation—Freedom for Women.

What is the right of the ballot to women compared with her privilege of enjoying health and happiness in the charmed circle of her social and domestic relations? Among the many discoveries tending to promote the happiness and advancement of the human race, nothing is so intimately connected with the health and happiness of women—the centre and source of our highest earthly enjoyments—as the discovery of a remedy which meets her peculiar wants, and fits her for the enjoyment of life, and for ministering to the happiness of those with whom she is associated in the tender relations of sister, wife and mother. This remedy is found in Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend." By it woman is emancipated from the ills peculiar to her sex. Before its magic power all irregularities of the womb vanish. It cures whites, suppression of the menses, and removes uterine obstructions. It cures constipation and strengthens the system, braces the nerves and purifies the blood, and thus doing, it does more for her, and through her, for the whole human family than any discovery of modern times. It never fails, as thousands of women will testify. Prepared by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. Price: trial size, 75c; large size, $1.50. For sale by all druggists.

THE remains of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," were shipped from Tunis for the United States a few days ago

CAUSE FOR APPREHENSION.

Why Mysterious Physical Troubles Arouse Special Dread—A Professional Experience.

Few things give more pain than dread or apprehension. Most people are able to face apparent danger heroically, but the sudden and unexpected coming of some indefinite calamity very naturally strikes terror to even the bravest. For this reason lightning and tornadoes are considered terrible; their coming and going are so sudden, unannounced and unknown. For this same reason an unknown disease, some poison in the blood, some malady that is gradually undermining the life, is specially dreaded by all thinking people. And, indeed, there are good reasons for such dread, for modern science has discovered some virulent disorders show the least signs in their beginnings, while they have the worst possible symptoms. We know of many persons who have dull and uncertain pains in various portions of the body; who are unnaturally tired one day and apparently well the next; who have an enormous appetite at times and a loathing of food soon thereafter. Such persons are really in a dangerous condition, even though they may not realize it. The following statement of a most prominent physician, who has had unusual opportunities for investigation is of so striking and important a nature that it will be read with interest by all:

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J. B. Wilson.

OFFICE: No. 27½ West Eighth Street,
O. Anderson, M.D., Superintendent.
Cincinnati, O., Dec. 2, 1882.

Messrs. Editors:

I have, during my professional career of many years' practice, treated a large number of various disorders, of which, perhaps, none have given me more trouble than the mysterious disease known as acute nephritis; and while it may seem strange, it is, nevertheless, true, that the physician is generally greatly annoyed by this mysterious trouble, especially where the case is of hereditary origin. It is, doubtless, the first stage of the well-known, but terrible Bright's disease, as the kidneys contain large quantities of albumen; and while children and young people are especially liable to its attacks, it is prevalent with all classes, and usually continues until late in life.

One obstinate case which came under my observation, was that of a fireman of this city who applied to me for treatment. The case was diagnosed parenchymatous nephritis. The man was twenty-four years of age; plethoric and light complected. He stated that he had suffered from urinary troubles from childhood, and that he had "doctored" a hundred times, each time improving some: after which, in a short while, he would relapse into his former state of misery. I prescribed the usual therapeutics known to the profession with the same result that my colleagues had obtained. He got better for a while and then worse again; in fact, so bad that he had to lay off for some time. He suffered intense pain; so much so that I confess I had to resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. My druggist, who knew how disgusted I was with the case, although not willing to desert the man, advised me to try a remedy from which he (the druggist) himself, had derived great benefit. As a drowning man catches at a straw, I prescribed this remedy, not letting my patient, however, know what I was giving him; and, although not a believer in nor a patron of "patent medicines," I must confess that after my fireman had taken one bottle he grew much better. I made him continue its use for a period of two months, with the most gratifying results; it really worked wonders and he owes his cure and present perfect health solely to the remarkable power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I prescribed, and he used.

Since the recovery of the man above mentioned, I have given considerable thought to the subject of acute nephritis, or kidney difficulty, and I find that its manifestations are most remarkable. It often appears without any special symptoms of its own, or possibly as a sequel to some other disease. It may be a sequel to scarlitina, diphtheria, and other illnesses, and even arise from pregnancy. The first symptoms frequently show themselves in the form of high, fierce and intense pains in the lumbar region, "the small of the back," troublesome micturitions and frequent changes in the color of the urine which at times diminishes perceptibly. If the urine is entirely suppressed, the case, probably, will terminate fatally in a very few days. Dropsy is a consequence of the suppression of urine, and the severeness of it is governed by the proportion of retention. The nervous system becomes prostrated with subsequent convulsions and irregular circulation of the blood, which, in my estimation, eventually might cause a diseased heart to give out. As I have remarked, in many kidney diseases—yes, even in Bright's disease itself—there is no perceptible pain in the back, and these troubles often assert themselves in various symptoms—for instance, in troublesome diarrhea, blood poison, impaired eyesight, nausea, loss of appetite, disordered digestion, loss of consciousness, husky voice and many other complaints too numerous to mention. Indeed, thousands of people are suffering from the first stages of Bright's disease to-day and they *do not know it.*

In conclusion, I would like to state that I have, since my success with the fireman, repeatedly prescribed Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if my professional brethren could only be brought so far as to overcome their prejudice against proprietary medicines they would, undoubtedly, find themselves recompensed for their supposed sacrifice of liberty, as well as by the great benefits that would accrue to the world.

Most sincerely,
O. ANDERSON, M. D.,
Superintendent.

Woman—Hope for Suffering Woman! Something new Under the Sun!

By reason of her peculiar relations and her peculiar ailments, woman has been compelled to suffer, not only her own ills, but those arising from the want of knowledge, or of consideration on the part of those with whom she stands connected in the social organization. The frequent and distressing irregularities peculiar to her sex have thus been aggravated to a degree which no language can express. In the mansions of the rich and the hovel of the poor alike, women has been the patient victim of ills unknown to man and which none but she could endure—and without a remedy. But now the hour of her redemption has come. She need not suffer longer, when she can find relief in Dr. J. Bradfield's Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend." Prepared, by Dr. J. Bradfield, Atlanta, Ga. Price: trial size, 75c; large size, $1.50. For sale by all druggists.

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The Finest Stock of Axes in the City.
Oliver Chilled Plows,
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Prompt attention to all orders for

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MRS. ROSENFIELD

has in store and is selling cheap, a well selected and immense stock of *Imported Hats and Bonnets*, endless variety *Plumes, Birds Wings, Velvets, Plushes, Satins*, all of the *Newest Shades*, such as Electric Blue, Hunters' Green, Cadet Blue, Terra Cotta, Crushed Strawberry, including all the old standing colors. *Cloaks, Circulars, Dolmans, Jackets, Palator Ulsterets and Satin Raps. Children's Cloaks* in great variety. In *Fancy Notions and Neck Wear* our assortment is greater than ever. We shall continue to receive the *Latest Novelties* as they appear in the Eastern markets. We invite the public in general to call and examine our stock, and don't forget to call at Rosenfield's for a pair of *Terra Cotta Gloves*, or any other color and style. Respectfully,

Oct. 14, 1882-3m **Mrs. W. Rosenfield.**

G. N. BYERS,

AGENT.

Represents the Following Reliable Companies.

FOR FIRE INSURANCE:

REPORT JAN. 1, 1882

FIRE ASSOCIATION, of Phila.,	Assets,	$ 4,219,046
GERMAN-AMERICAN, of N. Y.,	"	3,452,572
QUEEN, of Liverpool & Lond.	Assets in U. S.	1,674,935
NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE, of London and Edinburgh,	"	2,040,823
NORTH WESTERN NATIONAL, Milwaukee,	"	1,056,282
PHOENIX, of London,	"	782,617

IN LIFE INSURANCE:

MUTUAL LIFE, of New York.	Assets,	$94,702,957
Surplus over all liabilities,		12,000,000

Rates 15 per cent. cheaper than any other regular life insurance company.
Office: Franklin street, up stairs opposite Lieber's.

Wanted to Cremate Him.
Paducah News.

The inmates of a certain boarding-house in this city were aroused, a night or two since, by what seemed to be a free fight in brisk progress at the front door. It turned out to be nothing more serious than the bouncing, by the landlady of one of her daughter's suitors. It appears that the young lady and her "feller" were returning from a social entertainment which they had attended together unknown to the mother. While the young man was endeavoring to get his girl into her house unobserved, the twain were captured by the irate mater familias, who made a crack at the head of the swain with a lighted lamp, intending to cremate him then and there. High words and tears and tears and high words poured forth in floods. No serious damages resulted, however, the girl's beau escaping with a smashed Derby hat and a somewhat dilapidated shirt front and collar.

Satisfying to the Landlord.
Boston Advertiser.

One of Boston's citizens who was around collecting rent the other day found a tenant who keeps a saloon patiently working at the edges of a pack of cards. "What are you doing?" said the landlord. "Fixing 'em" replied the tenant. "You see," said the saloon-keeper, "my customers have an equal chance in a square game of cards when playing for the drinks. By fixing the edges I have a big advantage in cutting. I've got this pack about fixed so I can lift a face card for a trump about every time. See ?" and he lifted, showing a king; he lifted again and up came an ace. "You see," he continued, "the percentage is on my side now and you are sure of your rent."

A BROOKLYN police magistrate refused to punish a man who had forcibly kissed his wife against her will. He held that a man had a perfect legal right to kiss his wife, and that a two year's separation did not vitiate that right.

"AND what shall I say more?" asked the clergyman after an hour's holding forth. And it was noticed that every mouth in the congregation instinctively formed itself into the word "Amen."

Medical Card.

Owing to continued feeble health, the undersigned proposes to confine his work in the future, principally, to Consultations and Office Practice. Special attention will be given to Chronic Diseases of all kinds. Office hours, 9 to 12, A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M., except on Sundays and inclement weather, will then be at residence, Greenwood Avenue, Clarksville, Tenn. J. M. LARKIN, M. D.
Sept. 23, 1882-1y

PATENTS

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A SPLENDID

GRASS AND STOCK FARM.

Having made arrangements to engage in manufacturing, and having two farms on hand, I have determined to sell my

Bryan Place, 450 Acres,

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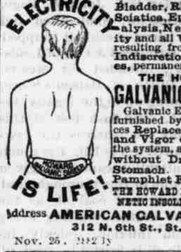

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dec.23,82-3m Clarksville, Tenn.

Chancery Sales

FOR

Saturday, Jan. 27, '83.

G. M. Pardue vs. R. H. Williams, et als., and John M. Smith vs. R. H. Williams.

Pursuant to a decree of the Chancery Court at its July term, 1882, I will sell publicly, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, on

Saturday, January 27, 1883,

150 acres of land, more or less, divided into two tracts of about 75 acres each. The first tract is bounded as follows:

Begins at a culvert in the Paradise Hill Turnpike and runs 68¾ poles with Mrs. Dick's line to a stone, thence back with D. Dick and Beaumont's line to the Cumberland river 168 poles, thence up the river with the meanders thereof 69 poles to R. H. Williams' corner, thence back 194 poles to the beginning.

The second tract begins at said culvert, runs thence east 94 poles to the river, thence up the river 125¼ poles to the mouth of a branch, Diffenderfer's corner, thence up the branch 122¾ poles to Duffy and Dick's corner, thence up said branch to the beginning, and known as the property of R. H. Williams.

TERMS OF SALE:

Twelve months' time; notes with good security, bearing interest from date, and a lien retained. No redemption.

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