

In all our reading of magazines and daily and weekly newspapers we have found nothing more suggestive in thinking man and woman than the following article from the interesting paper, The Youth's Companion, on the subject of Mental Epidemics. The rosy dreamings of Henry George, in his Social Problems, the political duplicity of Powderly, the crazy fury of the Chicago Anarchists, the half-savage fanaticism of such scenes as were witnessed recently in Nashville, might all be classed among those epidemics which periodically excite the public to a fever which is always followed by a corresponding chill, as in bodily diseases produced by mismanagement from physical disease, however, in this respect, that in physical epidemics the chill comes before the fever—in mental epidemics the fever comes first, and the death chill of congestion afterwards ends the disease.

MENTAL EPIDEMIES.

The suddenness with which the problem between labor and capital has taken possession of the minds of men in every civilized country during the present year, suggests a singular fact, quite apart from its political or social bearing. It is the electric rapidity with which certain feelings or convictions absorb public attention. The relations between labor and capital are not more strained in 1886 than in 1885. The causes for agitation have existed for years; but the sudden development of the agitation is due to what may be called a mental epidemic.

Beliefs, crimes, emotions, religious depressions and exaltations, seem to propagate themselves among human beings by some mysterious mental infection. Mackay says, "Whole communities suddenly fix their minds on one object. Millions of people are simultaneously impressed with one idea."

In the ninth century the Christian world went mad on the subject of witches; over sixteen thousand men and women were burned in that outburst of zeal. In the tenth century witches were forgotten, and the masses of Europe rushed to the crusades. Later, we find England violently Romish in her belief in one religion; in the next a fiercely Protestant.

The persecution of the Jews at different times was the result of these outbreaks of popular agitation. The cause of such outbreaks remains, but the agitation is transitory; no matter how reasonable or how insane, it has its ebb and flow. The ignorant always believed in witches, and hated the Jews. But the manifestation of their belief and hate in persecution is spasmodic.

The great primal truths of religion are ever the same, and each individual soul is brought face to face with them. But there are at intervals popular waves of religious excitement, both false and true, which rise and subside, and which can only be referred to this mysterious moral contagion.

The significance of these facts to the man who suffers or who gains by the flood-tide of any popular emotion, is to teach him that it will have its ebb. The Persian maxim is true of this phase of life as of every other,—"Even this will have an end."

"Consumption can be Cured." Dr. J. S. Combs, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to the stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever, and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 23 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine. I prescribe no other Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, Lime and Soda, but Scott's, believing it to be the best."

GREAT and learned essays on the philosophy of agriculture are often very interesting and instructive, but practical facts, learned from observation and experience, are the real tools which enable the farmer to dig gold out of a bog, and corn and grain out of a once barren plain.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

BY PRENTICE MULFORD. CHAPTER XVII. POLLY.

It seemed so weak to say to her, as I did: "I thank you for what you have done for me to-night." I added immediately: "Do you believe me guilty?" "I do not know." "I am not, Pratt's wounds were both accidental and self-inflicted, one by a bullet from his own pistol, the other by a fall."

house, your arm around the waist of a Mexican girl." "Heaven and earth! The fandango hall was open to the street—it might almost have been in it so far as privacy was concerned—and this was the manner in which I had been put on free exhibition to Blanco and his Chinese Camp 'open house.' "And that for reason you did not recognize me in the box at the theatre?" "It is not my business on the stage to recognize any one in the audience. People do not pay their money to see an actress nod and smile at her friends."

"How did you hear of the charge against me?" "It was the talk at the hotel table, in that camp where we played. There I first learned of my uncle's whereabouts and his condition."

"What did they say of me?" "In substance, that your life and actions were suspicious; that you 'loafed' a good deal, as they expressed it, always had plenty of money, and that no one knew how you came by it. I think, however, I should not have judged you so quickly as I did had I not seen you in the dance house."

"Why did that set you against me?" "That's a strange question for you to ask. Perhaps it was because of jealousy—perhaps contempt," she replied.

"I was silent. She continued: 'Never mind that now. My fault is the greater. I want to see it all, and you must help me. Did not my manner toward you at the store the other day excite more prejudice than ever against you among the miners?'"

"I thought so," said she. "I began to see and feel it very soon. Well, it shows a woman's power for good or ill—in this case for ill—and men call us the weaker sex. What caused the quarrel between you and my uncle?"

"He intruded himself on ground belonging to me and Broener."

"I gather from my uncle's rambling, desultory talk that he imagines the ground in question not to be yours legally. Is that so?" "It is."

"Then why did you oppose him?" "Because I thought the circumstances justified it. It is ground for which no legal provision is yet made for holdings."

"Then how can you hold it?" "Only by the unwritten law of this land at present—the law of might."

"The same law by which your recently dismissed friends from yonder hollow acted," was her answer.

"You would make a good lawyer," I said. "I think I should. But have you not placed yourself in an awkward position?"

"Yes, either I have or fate has for me." "What do you think my fault has been in this matter?" she asked.

"I don't know that there is any. I think, had you known the temper of Bull Bar, you would not unconsciously have brought the prejudice against me to the boiling point by cutting me as you did at the store, before so many people. That, on your part, was caused by ignorance. I think, though, that you might first have sought me out and heard my story before judging me," I said.

"I should have done so. It was a great mistake. Any more?" she asked.

"Well, you may have made a similar misjudgment in another direction, as to seeing me as you do in—the dance house."

"Indeed! I think I understand. You were simply enjoying a man's privileges in this very free country."

talking in this fashion: and besides, John," she said, "with a shade of playfulness, 'if we do get in your present attitude toward me, will get the worst of it. Mr. Broener is an old friend of mine. I esteem him highly and value his association, for he is a remarkable man, and one from whom I have learned much. What else have you to do in it to get Uncle Pratt well and you out of this trouble.'" "I replied: 'If you mean by 'we' my aid or Mr. Broener in my behalf, let me say right here, that I don't want it and won't accept it.' The word 'we' was a fresh brand in the flame."

"John, you are talking foolishly," she said. "Like all other men but one that I've known, you can't abide from a woman a word in favor of another of your own sex."

"But one, I thought, and that's Broener. We were now near Pratt's cabin. She stopped, laying her hand on my arm."

"John," she said, earnestly, and her voice trembled. "Your danger in connection with this affair isn't all over yet. Unless my uncle recovers, or confirms your story, you are in great danger. His delirious utterances are supposed to bear on you, and are heard by laborers and meddlers they are continually going out and keeping suspicion alive against you. You must not throw aside any help that may come to you—for you may need it all."

"I will not accept any aid from Broener, if I can avoid it. I hate your men so brilliant that they are always towering over one."

"We had reached Pratt's cabin. 'Oh, John,' was all she said. 'Good-night.' She extended her hand, I took it coldly. So we parted, I bearing home a new mountain of misery in the thoughts that I had repaid her heroism with—well, what man is there for the acts and words of a jealous man (or woman) but premeditated insanity!"

CHAPTER XIX. TARDY REPENTANCE.

Of course, so soon as alone I regretted bitterly my manner at parting toward Blanche and spent a large portion of the night in imaginary interviews with her, in which I acted more rationally and smoother over all my roughness. I resolved to see her as early as possible next day and acknowledge to her my error. But the doors of our to-morrows are not always those of our to-days, and may open on far different scenes and events, on which or in which, despite all our effort or inclination, we must either gaze or participate.

Broener arrived early that morning. I knew that a surprise was in store for him and wondered how he would take it. I knew that he had been disappointed at not finding Blanche at Maryville, and least of all expected to find her at Bull Bar. He showed no signs of chagrin, however. This was characteristic of him. It was his philosophy that care, vexation, trouble of any sort or from any cause, were all foes to be fought off and beaten off as speedily as possible. "The actual event," he said, "was quite enough. All dwelling in thought upon it afterward was in substance a re-creation and repetition of it. Switch the mind off on some other track and put the trouble out of sight. It can be done by training."

Of Blanche's presence I said nothing. He would visit Pratt and find out for himself. Concerning my capture and the events of the night I told him in the briefest possible terms. Of the manner of my release I said simply, "I got away." That left a large field for conjecture. He saw that I preferred to remain reticent and did not question me. Uncertain as were our social relations toward each other we had reached that fortunate condition where each knew to a hair's breadth where the other desired to stop at self-revelations, and acted accordingly.

Soon after breakfast he went over to Pratt's. Despite my misery I was half-amused at a thought thus shaping itself: "Well, the drama progresses. I wonder what figure will be disclosed by the next turn of the kaleidoscope." I had unconsciously absorbed something of Broener's philosophy. "No matter what happened," he said, "a man who had brain enough could always find something of interest in noting that no two of life's pictures were exactly alike, and that, as regards incident, event or situation, every day for such a man had some new shade of color."

He returned in about half an hour, sat down awhile, pored his nails carefully, and finally remarked: "This world is all a fleeting show; but, nevertheless, a very interesting one. I wonder which way the cat will jump next. At the same time, how monotonous it would be if the cat jumped the same way every time."

I could not help laughing in spite of all. "Yes," he said, as if in reply to a remark of mine, "I agree with you, Holder. Out of the nettle trouble we will find flowers of recreation, if not of resignation."

I wondered for whom he meant the term "resignation." The man had sometimes two and even three meanings for some of his sentences, which it might take days, even weeks, to make out.

"How is Pratt?" I asked.

"To the ordinary best-of-mind of Bull Bar," he replied, "the professional pill-popper, who practices the solemn scientific over him included, he is no better. To me like myself, a few degrees higher than they in the plane of intelligent animal development, he will eventually mend and recover the small fragment of mind vouchsafed him by—well, the Infinite: 'Oh, woman, in her hours of ease,' etc."

A horseman rode up to the cabin door and called out: "Ezekiel Holder live here?" "I am John Holder," I replied, coming out. "This was a deputy sheriff with a warrant for my arrest on a charge of assault with intent to kill Jedediah Pratt."

I gave myself up and asked of the officer as a favor that he would make no parade of me as his prisoner on the Bar. I desired above all things not to make any semi-dramatic departure in this situation before Blanche, or give her any notice of it whatever. "I have friends," I said to him, "living near by, and I don't wish they should see me."

"I will go with you and give bail for your appearance," said Broener.

"I would do that," he replied. "First, there isn't the least necessity for it. Second, it will hurt your case. Appearance—a good long way back, and to go to jail to put yourself in the position before the community of a man without money and without friends."

"Well," I asked, "what matters that so long as I am innocent?" "It matters a great deal," he answered, "from the point of view that law is dealt out here—or elsewhere. 'Plate sin with oro, you know,' and the lance of justice harmless breaks. 'Clothe it in rags, a pigmy's straw death places it.' How William B. did write for posterity, what a hard man he was! God, Holder, don't make who's hard any harder than it need be."

"It was not so easy now to resist him as I had imagined. There was a shade of tenderness and feeling in his tone, and in his look also. Some change had come over him. What, to me, was indefinable. But I would go to jail."

"Sorry, Holder, that I've got to put the matter to you, then, in another light," he said. "This arrest of yours is aimed at me as well as you, and is backed up by some party behind Pratt, influenced by some motive other than that of mere friendship for Pratt. The parties are, I think, those who set him up here to hunt for the 'Bank.' Suppose they manage to get you in prison, though but for a time. Then you, as one of the 'Bank' keepers are out of the way. Next, they'd probably turn their batteries on me, whoop up some prejudice against me on the Bar as an abettor in the assassination and cripple me by legal process in some way. This leaves the 'Bank' in the way. Their tool here now is possibly Broener. The only flaw in their calculations is this: The 'Bank' is nearly worked out. Still it may be feeder to some even richer vein. Anyway, I want to fight this thing out. As a matter of simple justice, ought you not to help me in the best way you can?"

"Very well. One of these 'best ways' lies in not going to jail when you can get bail for your appearance, and so keep a respectable showing for our side."

"I'd as lieve go to jail as stay on this bar," I replied. "It's been a hell to me for weeks."

"You needn't stay on the bar," he answered. "Stay anywhere you like. Travel round and amuse yourself as you like till the trial comes on."

And leave you here with Blanche Sefton, I thought. "We might ramble round together," he said, after a pause. "Hunt more quartz leads elsewhere. We're posted in all its signs and indications, and there's a world of that wealth lying as yet uncovered all over this state."

Then in mind I objected because—because I could not be near Blanche, on the Bar, and because, turn which way I would, Broener seemed always getting the best of me in making me act like a rational creature. Now, I might, as he said, be outless me in unselfishness in volunteering thus to leave the Bar and Blanche behind me.

I consented on one condition: that in all that concerned the trial I should have my own way. Broener was well known to the deputy, and satisfied him that whatever bail was required for me would be forthcoming, and that he would be "up country" next day to attend to the proper legal formality.

I left the bar without being observed and the official and myself rode off together. He was a pleasant, manly fellow. We soon became on good terms. No appearance of captor and captive were observed. "You seem to trust me," I remarked.

"Well, I generally know my man, and I know you're not one of the kind that would give me any trouble. I'm not over anxious to put handcuffs on any decent man, who may be himself sheriff of the county inside of six months. Ups and downs are pretty frequent here, you know."

It was an ascent, in some places steeply inclined, in others graded for fully two miles from Bull Bar before reaching the general up-country grade. The higher we went the lighter became my spirits, despite what I was leaving behind me. I seemed coming out of a dark cloud and shaking from me a load—the load of malice, suspicion, lies and ill-will which had borne down upon me at Bull Bar. Broener now stood out in a different and more favorable light. Blanche seemed more lovely than ever, and even the morbid, suspicious, jealous, unreasonable Holder of the night before seemed far removed from the one of to-day. The trust reposed in me by the deputy and the footing of companionship he established between us was a real relief. I to him, from his point of view, was only a piece of goods, which he was charged to deliver at a certain place. So long as the package was not unpleasant, neither would he be so. If on the way there was any recreation to be got out of his merchandise he proposed to get it.

You may say it was not very consistent for me thus so suddenly to climb a mount of joyfulness. Perhaps not, though consistency, as applied to human nature and conduct, is for me a word of vague meaning. The fact is, I was tolerably happy for the first time in a fortnight, though a woman was then in tears on my account behind me. That I did not stop.

We stopped at various camps on passing through, and brought up at saloon doors, "Magnolia's," "Bella Union's," "Long Tom's." The deputy was a known everywhere; his arrival was the signal for the formation of a file of men at the various bars, and the usual solemn, silent performance with tumbler and bottle. A heathen might have supposed it one of our religious rites, and the common and about the only expression, heard on such occasions, "Here's luck!" a preparatory invocation to the ruling deity of the place. The deputy treated at every camp. I soon divined that this was a matter even more of business than pleasure. He informed me that he intended running for sheriff next election, and drinks were largely relied on to influence votes. His trip for my arrest served for him also the purpose of an electioneering tour through the county, nearly at the public expense. He had many private talks in retired corners with the present party leaders at sundry precincts, and in cases involving extreme secrecy the buttonholing went on at great length behind sundry bars or in pignons, while I remained in the saloons, an interested observer, being simply introduced to the crowd by my considerate friend as "Mr. Holder, a cousin of mine." We arrived at the last camp before reaching the county town about nine o'clock in the evening.

"This is a hard old place," said the deputy. "There's more fools to the square inch in this camp than any other of the county. There's a crowd here who loaf all day and row the devil all night. When they sleep, or how they get their living, the Lord only knows. Yes, they're at it now."

About half way through the single street we were suddenly confronted by a huge, apparently mechanical contrivance mounted on a wheelbarrow, propelled furiously by a man, some five or six others running by its side. It was a dry goods box, through which was thrust a section of stove-pipe, and vaguely suggested a photographer's camera. Said one of the party: "We must take your pictures, gentlemen; done in two minutes. Ch, Aleck, is that you? Just in time. We're doing a rushing

business to-night; taking the whole camp now, James, get the plates ready."

"Let them have their fun. We'll never get through here if we don't," said the deputy to me in a low voice.

We halted our horses in the full glare of lights from two saloons fronting each other. The sidewalk was full of amused lookers-on. The mock photographers went through a great amount of ceremony in getting the presumed chemicals ready and adjusting the instruments. Then arose a discussion among them as to the pose of our horses. One insisted that a better effect could be obtained if the animals should be backed up to the instrument while we were reversed to our saddles so as to face it. The deputy's horse was placed in such position. The chief photographer hooded himself in an old blanket and took the regular position fronting the glass, watch in hand.

So our pictures were taken, and at the close of the performance some charcoal scribbles on pasteboard were presented to us with the remark that the "New Heli Daguerreotype company were 'ard' through the exhausting effect of the chemicals necessary to be used in taking equestrian pictures and that both Bell, of the 'Pioneer,' and Soper, of the 'Rocker' saloons, had fixed the price for that dollar for the horse."

This meant the treating of the crowd by the deputy, a matter well known to him in advance. As we rode away the photographers had brought their instrument to bear on the store of a Hebrew clothing dealer, "taking the establishment."

"Half of these men," said the deputy, "have families somewhere in the states. I've think they'd dare cut up so there! No sir! They're just like boys let out of school out here."

To be Continued.

GRANGE WAREHOUSE INVESTMENTS

CLARKSVILLE, TENN. On and after November 1st, 1886, the name of the firm of Herndon, Young & Co., will be changed to Herndon, Hallums & Co., Mr. C. F. Young in said said firm of Herndon, Young & Co. The business will be continued without change or interruption, and all of the outstanding business will be settled by the new firm.

The old-unpaid under the firm name of Herndon, Hallums & Co., succeeded to the business of Herndon, Young & Co., and all the obligations of the old firm will be honored by the new firm and paid by them; also all outstanding claims of the old firm will be paid to the new firm.

October 28, 1886-4t In Chancery at Clarksville—State of Tennessee. CLERK & MASTER'S OFFICE, October 27, 1886. Bryce Stewart, Complainant, vs. Edward Shackelford et al., Defendants.

It appearing from affidavit filed in this case, that the defendants, Edward Shackelford, Gertrude Old and husband, ———, are non-residents of the State of Tennessee. It is therefore ordered that they enter their appearance, herein, on or before the January 1st, 1887, in the office of the Clerk and Master, at Clarksville, on the first Monday of January next, 1887, and plead, answer or demur to Complainant's Bill, or the same, and if they fail to do so, the same shall be taken for confessed and the interest thereon shall be paid; and that a copy of this order be published for four consecutive weeks in the Chronicle or some other newspaper of this county.

A copy attested: POLK G. JOHNSON, Clerk and Master. By A. R. Gholson, D. C. & M. October 28, 1886-4t

W. J. McCORMAC, PRACTICAL AND ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER.

Please call and examine Style or Work at this Gallery. 7, 23, 34-ly

H. C. LONG, W. M. DAVIS, PUBLIC SALE

Land, Live Stock, Implements Furniture, Etc. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, on the old Hardy's place, in the Third District, eight miles west of Clarksville, on the Georgetown road, we will sell to the highest bidder 30 five and three year old mules, 4 good work mules, 2 fine mares, 30 head of cattle, including 8 registered Short Horn cows and heifers, 1 fine Short Horn bull, 1 head beef cattle, 10 head cows, 8 graded yearlings, 5 head fine Southdown sheep, 15 pork hogs, 21 ducks, 7 rows with pigs, 200 barrels corn, 200 bushels of wheat, 200 bushels of hay in stacks, snags, hay rakes, Wood mowers, 2 two-horse wagons, buggy and harness, all kinds of farming implements, and also W. M. Davis' household and kitchen furniture. At the same time and place we will sell 180 acres of land in the Fourth District of Montgomery county, Tennessee, to wit: 100 acres of land in the W. M. Davis tract, 80 acres of land in the W. M. Davis tract, to suit purchasers. The stock, provisions, implements, furniture, etc., will be sold on ten months' time. Notes with approved security, and bearing interest, may be given before the property is removed.

DAN G. D. Auctioneer. L. G. MUNFORD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Clarksville - Tennessee.

Chancery Sale.

John H. Tandy, Gdn., vs. Jessie T. Whitfield. Pursuant to a decree of the Chancery Court, rendered in a cause at the October term, 1884, I will sell publicly to the highest bidder, on the premises in New Providence, Tenn., as follows:

Monday, November 29, 1886, the following described property, situated in District No. 7 of Montgomery county, Tenn., to-wit: Lot No. 1—Beginning at a stone at the south-west corner of Lot No. 10 in the case of L. S. Whitfield vs. H. C. Tandy, and runs south 88 degrees East 31 poles to the corner of the Hopkinsville turnpike, then along said pike south 88 degrees East 31 poles to a stone in the line of J. J. Garrett's line East, then along said line North 2 East 50 poles to the beginning, containing by survey 15 acres.

Lot No. 2—On the North by the Dover road, on the East by the lands of W. C. Tandy, on the South by the lands of W. C. Tandy, on the West by the lands of J. J. Garrett, containing by survey 23 1/2 acres.

Lot No. 3—On the North by the Clarksville and Hopkinsville turnpike, on the East by the lands of J. J. Garrett, on the South by the lands of J. J. Garrett, on the West by the lands of J. J. Garrett, containing 4 acres, more or less.

Lot No. 4—On the North by the Clarksville and Hopkinsville turnpike, on the East by the lands of T. Higgins, on the South by the lands of T. Higgins, on the West by the lands of T. Higgins, containing 2 1/2 acres, more or less.

Lot No. 5—On the North by the Cave Spring branch, on the East by the lands of W. C. Tandy, on the South by the Clarksville and Hopkinsville turnpike, and on the West by the lands of T. Higgins, containing 2 1/2 acres, more or less.

Lot No. 6—On the North by the lands of E. Johnson and Wm. Matthee, on the East by the lands of E. Johnson and Wm. Matthee, on the South by the lands of Pollard and "Bills," and on the West by the lands of J. Higgins, containing 3 1/2 acres, more or less.

TERMS—Bidding on lot No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, commencing at 10 o'clock on Nov. 29, 1886, at \$1.00 for each acre, and on Nov. 30, 1886, at \$1.00 for each acre, and on Nov. 31, 1886, at \$1.00 for each acre, and the purchase money on these lots is to be paid upon confirmation of sale.

The remainder of the property, consisting of lots Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 will be sold for one-third cash, and the balance on a credit of 12 and 18 months, notes with good personal security, bearing interest from date of sale, and returned.

POLK G. JOHNSON, C. G. M. By A. E. Gholson, D. C. & M. Nov. 6-4t

LOANS INVESTMENTS

\$3 will secure one BRUNSWICK 20-THALER BOND and one ITALIAN 100-LIRA BOND. The next redemption of which soon takes place. Every Bond participates in FOUR REDEMPTION DRAWINGS annually—more than one chance to obtain a premium of \$20,000 to \$100,000 at all times are worth their face value. Remit \$5 by Money Order, Draft, Registered Letter or Express. Balance payable in monthly installments. U. S. Government Bonds sold on monthly payments. Address for Circulars, etc., G. W. FOSTER, Banker, 40 Broadway, New York.

NEW HORSE-SHOE SHOP!

Get M. Gorham to shoe your horse. Mr. Jos. Gill and other horse men say he gives them better made shoes and makes them fit for 60 days. He trims the feet carefully, cuts out corne, removes gravel and makes the shoe fit the foot—and not the foot fit the shoe. If you will patronize him you will save money. Shop on Commerce street opposite Shelby & Rudolph's Warehouse. Jan 12-87

LOANS PROMISSORY NOTES.

WANTED—Notes of well rated business men for one month to twelve months. Amounts, \$1,000 to \$1,000,000. Strictly confidential and safe. No solicitation made. Correspondents wanted. G. W. FOSTER, Banker, 40 Broadway, New York.

DR. SANFORD'S INVIGORATOR

The cure for Liver Complaints and its causes by a Tapered column of the Liver, Dr. Sanford's Invigorator, dissolves, liquefies, and carries off the bile, and restores the system. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is perfectly safe. It is sold by all druggists with full directions. G. C. SMITH, HORACE H. LURTON, SMITH & LURTON, Solicitors and Attorneys at Law, CLARKSVILLE, TENN. Will practice in all the Courts of Montgomery, Houston and Stewart. 1,108-ly

ALEX. R. GHOLSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office with Clerk & Master, Court House. Will practice in all the Courts. 1,108-ly

L. G. MUNFORD, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Clarksville - Tennessee. OFFICE—LIBRARY ROOM COURT-HOUSE. Special attention paid to Collections. Jan. 10, 85-ly