

CLARKSVILLE WEEKLY CHRONICLE.

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CLARKSVILLE, TENN., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4 1886.

WHOLE NO. 2,743.

COMING TO THE FRONT.

In fact, already in the lead by several lengths, with largest and best selected stock of FINE BOOTS and SHOES for Men, Ladies, Misses, Children and Youths.

J. F. Bell Has the Sole Agency

W. N. Heas & Bro.'s Men's Fine Shoes; Smith, Stoughton & Payne's Men's Fine Shoes, Dress and Fashionable Heavy Goods, any size. In Ladies Fine Kid and Morocco Shoes, the finest in the market. Sole agency for C. M. Henderson & Co.'s School Shoes. A large assortment of Rubber Goods for ladies and gentlemen in Overshoes, Gossamers and Coats.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

I keep the biggest line of Flannel Underwear in Suits in all styles, colors and prices ever brought to this market. Also Collars, Cuffs and Neckwear.

HAT DEPARTMENT.

My stock of John B. Stetson's Hats is complete, embracing all sizes, shapes and colors. I am at Bowling & Willson's old stand, but the stand is the only thing old about the premises.

Special Inducements Offered on Fall and Winter Goods.

The house is filled from cellar to ceiling with brand new goods purchased this fall, on which I am offering extra inducements. Give me a call.

J. F. BELL.

AN INTERLUDE.

CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.
In the greenest growth of the May time,
I rode where the woods were wet,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,
Though the ways and the woods smelt
Sweet,
The breath at your lips that parted,
The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came and the sun came after,
And the green grew golden above;
And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,
And the meadow-sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full grown grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,
Your bright foot passed at the edge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge;

On boughs that the sweet month blanches
With flowery frosts of May,
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

I waited to watch you linger,
With foot drawn back from the dew;
Till a sunbeam straight as a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang "follow,"
And a bird to the right sang "here";
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,
I knew what the bird's note said;
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,
You were Queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember
Recalls a regret of the sun,
I remember, forget, and remember
What love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,
The day and the way we met;
You hoped we were both broken hearted,
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flowers
Seemed still to murmur and smile
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood blossom,
You lifted, and waved, and passed,
With head lung down to the bosom,
And pale, as it seemed, at last.

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

PEOPLE WHO TALK.

To the Chronicle.

"People will talk! People will talk! Who are these dreadful people? Can you tell who they are, and why, and where? Listen: 'Don't wear that dress, people will talk; don't visit these folks, people will talk; don't do this, don't do that, people will talk!' This mighty 'people.' Where are they? Mrs. A. around the corner, Miss B. across the street? Very true, very true! They do talk this one's sorrow, that one's joy, a skeleton here, a disgrace there, nothing is too sacred, nothing too mean for their busy tongues.

But it is not professional gossips who are 'the people.' Professional? Yes; for are they not invited to dine at their house, is it always sympathy for their loneliness that prompts the invitation to tea? Or at that, is it just a desire to enjoy their pleasant company? A kind of profession, as it were.

No, they are not those 'people who talk.' You wish to know? My dears, listen: Have you—yes, gentle, refined woman ever talked with a neighbor of some thing the children must not hear? 'Run out and play, dear, mother wants to talk.' Dear women, don't you know that you, and you, and you, in your happy, well kept homes are each, a part of that which makes up so much of your own unhappiness? When you listen to a story, regularly told, it may be, of some neighbor's trouble, something that is all and only his, do you not know that you are

stealing, are adding your drop to the ocean of gossip?

Let me tell you something 'really so.' A sweet christian, yes, really christian woman, the wise mother of a happy family, a loving wife, a generous friend, altogether a truly true woman—what did she do? Nothing, only spent an afternoon with those friends. But what did they really do? Trial was doubled, tribled, the story of a woman's shame, the whisper of a family's trouble, the tarnish of a fair name? What might have stayed in one heart, was divided among four, each receiving, yet the whole; what should have been hid behind one pair of lips touched four, lightly given, lightly kept. Husbands must be told, of course, they may mention it in some idle moment, but just one ear will not matter.

My dears, what right had you to give to others what was not yours? What right to tell any one of a poor sister's disgrace? Did it make you or any one purer or better?

My sisters, think! The sin is not one bit less sinful, the shame not one bit less shameful, but it is not one's to point the finger of scorn, to look with aversion, to judge. Let be alone, if that is all you can do. Help her up, pity, pray for her, if you are pure and blessed yourself. It will not harm you, it may help her.

But that is not all that was heard in this social little meeting of mothers.

Strange rumors were mentioned of how a certain supposed upright merchant had defrauded another, how a minister of the gospel quarrelled with his wife; how a fashionable lady never paid her bills; how the son of a proud old family had been carried home drunk; how one wife's extravagance was ruining her husband; while another husband's cruelty was killing his wife. Oh, what a feast these unthinking women spread! What a loathsome burden each heart received to carry away!

Did you ever think of it girls, wives mothers? So long as you carry in your hearts and on your lips these things, just so long will the memory and heartache remain.

Suppose it is your family's skeleton bones are rattled? Suppose it is your boy who was brought home drunk, or your husband who is breaking your heart? Would you think it kind, or Christ-like for your neighbors, Ah, your friends, to talk of, even to listen to it? Would it lighten the burden, or ease the pain? Oh, woman, take it to yourselves.

Talk about your neighbors, if you must, only talk 'as unto Christ.' Tell that pretty Pollie Guy is going to be married; tell what dainty clothes she has, and how happy she is; but do not tell, even if you think, and know it, that she is a miserable house-keeper, that her clothes are too fine for her position, that her lover is tyrannical and a bear. It will not make Pollie any wiser, nor her prospective husband any kinder.

Talk as much as you like of Mrs. A's sudden fortune, of Mr. B's large contribution to the church, of Mrs. C's popularity, of the motherless little D. children and their handsome young father. But do not hint at business manners, of Mrs. A's husband's dishonesty, even if your husband has told you. Don't wonder if Mr. B. is a hypocrite, and got the contribution money with a lottery ticket; don't call Miss C. a flirt; don't surmise that Mrs. D. was worried into one untimely grave, and Mr. D. is looking for another wife. Foolishness! a hobby? It is not. It is Christian charity. W.

A Sermon Delivered at Nubin Ridge Colored Church.

To the Chronicle.

My brethren I's grievous to spricate to a subject dis nite what am troubled a heap of big men and larned scholars. It is dis. How did de nigger come, who was de fadder and who was de mother, dat am de question. Now you say dat Cain is de fadder, case dey say old Noach cussed him and he turned black. For sake of ornament less say dat is so, den who is de mudder, who cused her and made her black, de book don't say, darefore I am bound to include Cain's wife was a white ooman. Dat being de fact der chillun was latters and ef dat is so, don't you know all ob you dat fore dis, dey done loss de woolly head de blubber lip, flat nose and kidney foot long ago. Sparance tell, you dat much. Look at sis Dinar, her so black tar won't smut her, and darter Sal is most white as any ob de ladies round 'bout here, well you say black hen lay white egg, dat am a fact you all know, but dis don't count for nig's fadder and mudder is Mr. Areal says de nig is ob de brute creation, and he rit a book bout de nigger, he says a heap things dat he and nobody knowed, but de farned men long before him had—um—scused dese matters, and dey as sartim larned D. D. undertook to fute his idys by betin bout his gra mare and de like ob

THE BANNER ON SAM SMALL.

Without questioning the genuineness of Mr. Small's call to the ministry of faith, or the depth of his sincerity and purity of his motives, it must be admitted that the public have become very suspicious of many of the latter-day school of evangelists. There have been so many spiritual quacks in the evangelistic field those evangelists who are most deserving are made to suffer in a degree under the suspicions that have been engendered by proven charlatany in religious efforts. The easy access to evangelistic work by enterprise which seeks this inviting field shows that many of the safeguards which protect the pulpit and the people have been thrown down. The faithful and sturdy ministers of the gospel who regularly occupy our pulpits, and upon whom the people most depend for religious precept and example, are in a measure set aside to make way for new and attractive exhibitions of sensationalism.

It may well be doubted whether the religious world is gaining as much as it is losing by the novel and sensational entertainments which characterize some of the evangelistic work of the day. It might be easy to show that the factitious and temporary advances of the new methods will fail in the long run to compensate the world for what it has lost in reverence and respect for the sacredness of religion.

Tulaski Citizen—The proposition to build turnpikes with the convicts will not work. We had it on a small scale in G.les. Suppose you put the penitentiary force to work and build through half the counties in the State, what benefit is that to the other half? Don't you know that the counties that get nothing are going to raise a row? Besides, it costs more to feed, clothe and guard convicts for outdoor work than it costs to hire free laborers to do it. Besides again, why is not working convicts on the roads the very worst kind of competition to free labor? Brethern, the land is teeming with brazen demagogue and bartholdian fools who are screeching about abuses that do not exist and who are trying to upset a system that has been perfected after many years of experiment.

Good Results in Every Case.

D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Owen & Moore's Drug Store.

THIS has been a year of calamities. Great strikes have stagnated business. Anarchists have tried to blow up the country, earthquakes have shaken the life out of cities, and night before last a calf belonging to the editor of this paper was killed by a train.—Wilkes County (Ark.) Whetstone.

A Department Clerk Gets a Start in Life.

"Yes," said Mr. John M. Manning, to a Post reporter at his residence, No. 1106 Ninth street, N. W., Washington, D. C.: "I am the lucky man who drew one-fifth of the Second Capital Prize of \$25,000 in the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery for \$1 sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La. I have already my \$5,000 safe in bank. It came most opportunely. I am a clerk in the War Department, and have devoted my spare time to the study of law. I graduated recently, and this gives me a start in life."—Washington (D. C.) Post, Oct. 28.

Do not laugh at the gentleman with a bald poll, my son. It is not nearly so bad to have a head that is bald on the outside as it is to have a head that is bald on the inside.

Black Wolf.

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of Swift's Specific—now known all over the world as E. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of Leprosy and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, and flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers feasted and several nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Some faint idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Castor-oil or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

He husband hearing wonderful reports of Swift's Specific (E. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the E. S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Bailey, is in business at 172 Blackstone Street, Boston, and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to us for Treatise on 'Blood and Skin Diseases' mailed free.

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