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To Country Merchants and Country Physicians we propose to wholesale all goods in our line as cheap as they can be bought any where. We solicit the

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knowing that our facilities are not surpassed by any one for giving entire satisfaction. And we do not forget to return thanks to our many friends for past favors.

## OWEN & MOORE.

## LOCKERT & REYNOLDS

# THANK THE PUBLIC

—FOR—

## KIND PATRONAGE IN THE PAST,

—AND—

## ASK A CONTINUANCE OF SAME.

# COAL. COAL.

We are now receiving full supplies of

Pittsburg,  
St Bernard and Diamond,  
Main Mountain Jellico,  
Anthracite [Lehigh Valley,  
Chestnut Size]

which we can deliver during September at Summer prices. We will be pleased to receive your orders.

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JNO. W. FAXON.

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We represent a fine line of the strongest foreign and American companies:

Continental, of New York.  
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Home, of Nashville.

Insurance entrusted to us shall receive careful and prompt attention. A share of your business respectfully solicited.

JNO. W. FAXON & CO.

### DAY DREAMS.

Oh, sweet are the dreams that darkness brings,  
The fragrant roses that slumber flings  
In the garden of night!  
But sweeter far are the dreams that day  
Drops all along life's weary way,  
Like dew-drops on the buds of May,  
To bless our waking sight.

"Oh, beautiful, beautiful dreams, that fall  
Like tender moonlight over all  
The dreary waters of life!  
As if an angel went before  
And guided all the landscape o'er  
With the shadow of heaven, where of yore  
Was only pain and strife.

Oh, beautiful dreams, that spring like  
flowers  
Out of the seeds of life's dark hours,  
That flow like forest-hidden streams,  
By the foot-worn road of day!  
Flowers that bloom 'mid desert sands,  
Too frail to transplant the brighter lands,  
Too fair to be gathered by mortal hands,  
Too sweet to lose again.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful waking dreams,  
That flow like forest-hidden streams,  
By the foot-worn road of day!  
Streams that catch each ray of the sun,  
And gild all the landscape o'er  
Streams that their sweetest music make  
Out of the very stones that break  
The smoothness of their way.

Oh, exquisite dreams, that softly show  
Through the gray-spun veil of earthly woe  
Like a star in twilight skies,  
Too far to make our own, so near.  
It tempts our grasp, that pure and clear  
On night's dark cheek lies like a tear  
Wept from an angel's eyes.

Oh, dreams that rest on the life of youth,  
Like bubbles that rise in the well of truth  
From the sombre depths below!  
Bubbles that catch each ray of the sun,  
And mirror them upward, one by one  
Till all the well, so cold, so dim,  
Gleams with a borrowed glow.

Oh, stars that vanish, Oh flowers that fade  
Oh, streams that are lost in the woodland  
shade!

Oh, bubbles that break with a kiss;  
Oh, dreams that from the buried roots  
Of secret sorrow, like green shoots,  
Grow toward the light, but bear no fruits,  
Are ye less fair than this?

What though ye are but dreams, but dreams,  
Ah, brighter our lives e'en for the transient  
gleams,  
Of hopes that ne'er may be ours!  
Then pray for a dreamless sleep if ye will,  
For a slumber no vision have power to  
thrill  
But oh, thank God that he gives us still  
The dreams of our waking hours!

### THE MERMAID.

For the Chronicle.

"This is our last port till we reach dear old England," said the Captain of one of those large West India steamers, as we cast anchor in the harbor at Cape Hatian, a beautiful port town in Hati, which is the western or French portion of the Island of San Domingo, the largest save Cuba, of the West India Islands. "Will you go ashore with me Doctor?" said the official.

"Yes, thanks, I should like to see something of the place. How long do we remain here?"

"Only a few hours, we take no freight, have only to deliver and receive mail, get a clear bill of health, and then we are off."

I accompanied the Captain. At the office, we learned that two passengers had booked with us, for Liverpool. After the Captain had discharged his business, we visited the restaurant, dined, then took a carriage and spent a couple of hours seeing the town. Ere long the tug whistle announced to us, that all was in readiness for the departure. Driving hurriedly to the wharf, we boarded the tug and were soon along side of the ship.

There was a slight resemblance between our two new passengers, who were seated opposite us, one of whom engaged my attention. He was tall, of fair complexion, and much emaciated, with a faint, hectic flush on either cheek; however, he seemed bright and cheerful.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "he is doubtless a consumptive." Soon after we were fairly under way, the strangers disappeared and we saw nothing of them for two or three days.

One evening, while I was reading on deck, they came out and walked slowly up and down; the invalid supported by his companion. They crossed, and approaching, enquired if I knew what progress the vessel was making. I replied that we were not making good time, and would not, until we entered the Gulf Stream.

Seating themselves near me, we were soon engaged in conversation. I learned that they were brothers; that England was their home, that one had suffered long from a severe cough which had baffled the skill of the best physicians, that medical advisors ordered him to the West Indies. His stay on the Islands did not effect a cure, as anticipated, so he purposed, after a brief stay at home, to visit America.

Taking more kindly to me, than to the ship's surgeon, he frequently called upon me for advice.

The weather was pleasant, the evenings were delightful, each succeeding twilight longer. The beautiful queen of night, smiled in sadness as we admired her.

There were quite a number of young men aboard, and it was not unusual for us to gather, on deck, behind the wheel-house, and sing and chat, till the night was old.

On a memorable eve, having collected, as was our wont, the twilight faded, and darkness prevailed. I stood looking into the sea, which seemed bordered with bands of burning gold. The waters swarmed with porpoises, which seemed to be madly chasing one another to and fro, cutting circles, and leaving in their tracks great streaks of

phosphorescence, occasionally they would rise above water, then dive beneath. Ere long the moon came out, full and clear, and we could see for miles around us. The last strains of "There's a land that is fairer than Day," had scarcely died, when a voice, sweet, rich and clear, which belonged to none of us, sang these words:

"To-night they are singing so sweetly,  
Singing aboard the good ship,  
Ere the great ship has ended her journey,  
They'll weep, weep, weep, Oh they'll weep.  
My lover will soon be with me,  
In the waters so deep, deep, deep;  
Weep not, when he sleeps, dear brother,  
For his dreams will be ever so sweet."

All seemed transfixed, until the voice ceased, then springing up, looked over the stern. A cloud had obscured the moon, yet in the water, near the rear end of the vessel, the dim outlines of a form, could be seen. A moment more, and the cloud had floated past, and by the moon's lambent rays, the form resembled that of a woman, the upper third of which, was above water. The face was the most beautiful I ever beheld, with eloquent eyes, whose tenderness seemed to seduce my very soul.

The head was covered with long, waving tresses of flaxen hair, whose tips kissed the waters. The complexion was comparable to alabaster. Oh! that I were an artist, that I might paint the fair face which will live forever in my memory. Among the white, awe-stricken faces around me, I noticed one, that was paler than the rest, and wore a more alarmed expression.

"Alas! my poor brother," he exclaimed, as he went below. At the same time on two succeeding nights, the identical form was seen by the curious passengers and seamen. The same sweet mournful voice breathed upon the still night, the same words. On the second morning after we first saw the form and heard the voice, I was summoned to the bed-side of the invalid. In an instant, a glance at the bowl containing bright frothy blood, told the tale. Hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. Ere long, he sank back among his pillows, and his soul was wafted into the Great Beyond. A chill of horror ran through my frame that afternoon, as I with other sad spectators, saw a cold stiff form, enveloped in canvas, with a weight attached, drop into the jaws of the hungry sea.

### OCULISTA.

From West Harpeth.

Ever since I learned of the death of Sam Hinton I have wanted to express my sympathies to his family and neighbors. As husband, father and neighbor he was the peer of any man. How he will be missed in the home-circle! And Salem church will feel the loss most sensibly, he being one of its chief supports. Montgomery county had no better citizen. It is matter of intense gratification to me that I saw him at conference, and also had the pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of his house. Sam Hinton was my nearest neighbor during the four years that I occupied the Antioch parsonage as pastor of that excellent charge, and no truer man has it ever been my privilege to associate with. May the Lord give abundant grace to Julia and the children, and supply them with every needed comfort!

This winter thus far has been harder on me than usual. The atmosphere, though not as cold as I have often experienced, is more oppressive to me than any former time. Perhaps I am growing older, and my system becoming less capable of withstanding cold. Ah me! I must be cold in death ere long. Am I ready for that momentous event? is the all-absorbing question with me.

The Christmas holidays passed off pleasantly and quietly in the main throughout this section of country. Very little disturbance, and very little wickedness that I have heard of. Whisky and dancing are fast passing away from many communities. They ought not to survive another moment anywhere. What desolation have they wrought? Wasted lives broken hearts, bespoiled characters are among the offspring of this prolific source of iniquity!

The CHRONICLE gives exhibition of a great deal of life, I notice. It certainly is a very readable paper. Success to you!

A. T. GOODLOE.

### Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at Owen & Moore Drug Store.

### Answers Another Correspondent.

[Chicago News.]

Mr. Bill Nye, Hudson, Wis.  
DEAR SIR: I hope you will pardon me for addressing you on a matter of pure business, but I have heard that you are not averse to going out of your way to do a favor now and then to those who are sincere and appreciative. I have learned from a friend that you have been around all over the West, and so I have taken the liberty of writing you to ask what you think would be the chances of success for a young man if he were to go to Kansas to enter the drug business.

I am a practical young druggist, 23 years of age, and have some money—a few hundred dollars—with which to go into business. Would you advise Kansas or Colorado as a good part of the West for that business?

I have also written some for the press, but with little success. I enclose you a few slips cut from the papers in which these articles originally appeared. I send stamp for reply and hope you will answer me, even though your time may be taken up pretty well by other matters. Respectfully yours,  
ADOLPH JAYNES, Lock Box 604.

HUDSON, WIS., January 1, 1886.  
Mr. Adolph Jaynes, Lock Box 604.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of late date is at hand, and I take pleasure in writing this dictated letter to you, using the columns of the News as a delicate way of teaching you. I will take the liberty of replying to your last question first, if you pardon me, and I say that you would do better, no doubt, at once, in a financial way, to go on with your drug business than to monkey with literature.

In the first place, your style of composition is like the present style of dress among men. It is absolutely correct, and, therefore, it is absolutely like that of nine men out of every ten we meet. Your style of writing has a moustache on it, wears a three-button cutaway of some Scotch mixture, carries a cane, and wears a straight, stand up collar and scarf. It is so correct and so exactly in conformity with the prevailing style of composition, and your thoughts are expressed so thoroughly like other people's methods of dressing up their sentences and sand papering the soul out of what they say, that I honestly think you would succeed better by trying to subsist upon the quick sales and small profits which the drug trade insures.

Now, let us consider the question of location: Seriously, you ought to look over the ground yourself, but, as you have asked me to give you my best judgment on the question of preference as between Kansas and Colorado, I will say without hesitation that, if you mean by the drug business the sale of sure-enough drugs, medicines, paints, oils, glass, putty, toilet articles, and prescriptions carefully compounded, I would not go to Kansas at this time.

If you would like to go to a flourishing country and put out a big basswood mortar in front of your shop in order to sell the tincture of damnation throughout bleeding Kansas, now is your golden opportunity. Now is the accepted time. If it is the great big burning desire of your heart to go into a town of 2,000 people and open the nineteenth drug store in order that you may stand behind a tall black-walnut prescription case day in and day out, with a graduate in one hand and a Babcock fire-extinguisher in the other, filling orders for whisky made of stump-water and the juice of future punishment, you will do well to go to Kansas. It is a temperance State, and no saloons are allowed there. But is quiet and orderly and the drug business is a great success.

You can run a dummy drug store there with two dozen dreary old glass bottles on the shelves, punctuated by the hand of time and the Kansas fly of the period, and with a prohibitory law at your back and a tall, red barrel in the back room filled with a mixture that will burn great holes into nature's heart and make the cemetery blossom as the rose, and in a few years you can sell enough of this justly celebrated preparation for household, scientific and experimental purposes only to fill your flabby pockets with wealth, and paint the pure air of Kansas a bright and inflammatory red.

If you sincerely and earnestly yearn for a field where you may go forth and garner an honest harvest from the legitimate effort of an upright soda fountain and free and open sale of slippery elm in its undiluted condition, I would go to some State where I would not have to enter into competition with a style of pharmacy that has the unholly instincts and ambitions of a blind pig. I would not go into the field where red-eyed ruin simply awaited for a prescription blank, not necessarily for publication, but simply as a guaranty of good faith in order that it may bound forth from behind the prescription case and populate the poor-houses and the pauper's nettle-grown addition to the silent city of the dead.

The great question of how best to down the demon rum is before the American people, and it will not be put aside until it is settled; but while this is being attended to, Mr. Jaynes, I would start a drug store farther away from the center of conflict and go on joyously, sacrificing expensive tinctures, compounds and syrups at bed-rock prices.

Go on, Mr. Jaynes, dealing out to the yearning, panting public, drugs, paints, oils, glass, putty, varnish, patent medicines, and prescriptions carefully compounded, with none to molest or make afraid, but shun, oh, shun, the widest-eyed pharmacopeia that contains nought but the festering fluid so popular in Kansas, a compound that holds crime in solution and rain in bulk, that shrivels up a man's gastric economy, and sears great ragged holes into his immortal soul. Take this advice home to your heart, and you will ever command the hearty cooperation of "yours for health," as the late Lydia E. Pinkham so succinctly said.  
BILL NYE.

### HUMOROUS:

Now doth the old folks hug the fire,  
Their shivering to another,  
While safe within the parlor snug,  
The young folks hug each other.  
—Washington Critic.

PERILS OF AN OCEAN TRIP.  
"I hope and pray," remarked a gentleman as he left the steamer, "that I shall never have occasion to cross the Atlantic again."  
"Rough passage, eh?" queried a friend.  
"Rough 's no name for it. I had four kings beat three times."—N. O. States.

### SHE WAITED.

"Something you wanted, madam?" he queried, as she was going out of the store.

"Why, I came in for a pair of shoes, and I've waited twenty minutes and no one has come near me; I've got tired."  
"Wait just one minute," he whispered: "I've spent twenty-five minutes with this lady with the big feet; but it won't take five to fit your little two's with something nice."  
Although she wore fives, she smiled and sat down to wait.—Detroit Free Press.

### SELF PRAISE.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Topnoody to his wife, after a domestic jar, "a fool is not the worst thing in the world."  
"Possibly not, 'P-noody,'" she replied shortly. On the contrary, my dear he continued "I think a fool is more sinned against than sinning, and that he is in many respects a superior person, and"—"Self-praise is half scandal," Topnoody she interrupts, and I wouldn't say any more if I was you. He didn't.

### ILLUSTRATING AN OATH.

Teacher—Johnnie, do you know the nature of an oath?  
Johnnie—Yes'm. It is something that a man gives when he wants to be believed.

Teacher—That's right. Now let us have it illustrated. Johnnie, suppose your father should swear to your mother that he would be at home at ten o'clock in the evening. Where would he be at that hour?  
Johnnie—In Tim Doogan's bar-room.—Tid-Bits.

"I want some dye stuffs," said the old lady, as she entered the drug store. "All right, ma'am," said the new boy promptly, "we can give you arsenic, strychnine, chloroform, laudanum, and if you want something right sudden for family use, I can put you up a pint of some new Hannibal whisky with the corn meal floatin' in it." But the old lady got mad and wouldn't be appeased. That is—she got madder and madder.—Burdette.

### HAD BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

"You are a respectable-looking man," said the Judge; "how did you happen to get drunk yesterday and make such a rumpus on the streets that it took four policemen to conduct you to the station?" "I'll tell you, Justice," said the prisoner, "my wife insisted that I should accompany her to a piano recital last night. I remonstrated—said it would kill me dead; but she insisted, and so—" "You went out and got drunk to escape the piano recital." "I did, your honor; I confess it." "The aggravation was overpowering," said the Judge; "and I discharge you; I have been there myself."

### A DANGEROUS SPOT.

Husband, I hear that young Sampson who went west last summer has been shot.

Wife. Was he shot in a bad place?

Husband. Yes, he was shot in Chicago.  
Brute Force Again.—Edith—"I was so shocked last night. I don't believe I will see George if he calls this evening." Maud—"What did he do?" "Why, last evening he suddenly took hold of me, twisted me around into his arms, and forcibly kissed me a dozen times. I don't believe your little Willie ever insults you that way, does he?" "No, he's a regular gump."—Omaha World.

### BETWEEN THE TWO.

Uncle Billy Latham, an aged colored man who claims to be able to foretell the weather for several months ahead, was asked yesterday as he was wandering around the market if it was to be a hard or soft winter.

"Am you in de poultry business?" he queried in return.

"No."  
"If you war you'd want stiddy cool weather, of co'se, so de poultry wouldn't spile. Am you sellin' umbrellas?"

"No."  
"If you war you'd want a soft winter wif rain 'bout free times a week."  
"Well, how will it be?"

"Bein' as you hain't got no 'tiekler interest in de matter your question am declared outer order an' de meetin' am adjourned," replied the old man as he moved on.—Detroit Free Press.

### THAT'S WHY SHE ASKED.

Wife—innocently—is the base-ball season over.  
Husband—petulantly—Of course. Look at the weather. Any fool ought to know that.

Wife—sweetly—That's why I asked you, my dear.—Washington Critic.

### Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at Owen & Moore's Drug Store as their giving away to their customers of so many free bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size \$1. Every bottle warranted.