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

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SOLITAIRE.

Patience? Yes; that's the woman's game;
The dull delight of solitude,
Where rank on rank she strives to frame,
And speech or laughter never intrude.

Night after night beside the fire,
When evening's lonely lamp is lit,
Oppressed with thoughts that vex and tire
Among the cards her fingers flit.

The woman's game! On some poor king
The sequence of her play is built;
The queen comes after, unpleas'd thing!
And next the knave with grinning guilt.

Then all her treasures, one by one
Are thrown away to swell the pile,
The last and least; when that is done,
Begin again; the night beguile.

A woman's game; to sit and wait;
Build and rebuild, though fate destroy.
Shuffle the cards; for soon or late
There comes an end to grief and joy.

A man may fight, or sow, or reap,
Divide the seas, or traverse earth;
She can but drudge, or pray, or weep,
What are her life and loving worth?

She sits there when the day is dead,
Lonely and listless. Do you dare
Deny, when all is done and said,
That woman's game is "solitaire."

Old Times.

MR. EDITOR—I wish to express my thanks to The CHRONICLE for Mr. J. A. Grant's correspondence in your last issue, Jan., 22nd. I felt highly pleased to learn that he was able to write after his long affliction, and I hope he will continue reminiscences a long time to come. I was a personal observer of nearly every incident given in the 22nd. I will now give the following which may reach the waste basket, if so all right, as I am not accustomed to write for the printer.

A funeral was preached at the Masonic Hall in Clarksville on the 20th day of June 1830. A Masonic procession then left the Hall a few yards East of the Episcopal church and marched to music down Franklin street to the Public Square, thence North to the grave yard hill near Red river. All this long march on a very hot day was on foot while dog fennel waved from knee to waist high on the whole way, for at that time there were no side walks or pavements, even on the square, and but few houses. So there was dog fennel all down Franklin except one wagon road and all over the square except close by the doors of houses and most of the square. It richly waved well nigh head high to a grown person.

For I was a small country boy come to town to see the big Masonic march, and having never heard music outside of a house of course, all chaps of my size together with many straggling negroes had to wade the dog fennel in order to keep near the music. The procession had to have the beaten road. At the grave Willie B. Johnson stood at head while other Masons formed a circle. Mr. Johnson was a young Attorney dressed very fine, and he delivered a Eulogy on the deceased. Holding a piece of cedar in his right hand and waving it over head he told his brethren of immortality that he hoped their deceased brother was perfectly happy and that it would be but a little while until they all would go and be with him forever.

Now I had never heard any one talk about dead folks that way, the tears streamed down his cheeks, all the Masons and grown people seemed to me to be crying, every Mason threw in his cedar and then filled up the grave. I thought they were planting their little cedars and there would be quite a cedar grove there when they grew.

I have attended many funerals and have seen many processions since then, but to my mind that was the most solemn preaching, the finest procession and the biggest speech at the grave that I have ever heard or seen. The preacher was Reuben Ro's, the deceased was William Lynes, a brother of Samuel Lynes who built the tall brick about where Mr. Henry Fresh now holds forth, and that was decided the most and highest dog fennel ever I got into. Respectfully,
D. R. LOCKERT.
Jan. 29th, '87.

Humphreys County News: One of the largest and best informed dealers in peanuts says our advices that the bulk of the pea crop is in the hands of dealers is an error. He says, while the warehouses, generally are filled it is on storage account. His information is that an Evansville firm, one at St. Louis and the J. Weller, Co. at Cincinnati have bought about 15,000 bags and thinks this amount is much larger than all other shipments. His impression is that white peas will very soon go to 75 cents, which impression it seems is entertained generally.

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.

THE FRAGRANT WEED.

IMPORTED AND NATIVE TOBACCO.

Some Account of the Manner in Which the Material for Imported Cigars is Raised—Native Products.

A Chicagoan who recently visited Cuba in an interview with one of our reporters, said:
You can buy just as vile trash in Cuba as that sold by the lowest Chinaman who peddles cigars at a cent apiece in the slums of New York. When I first went to Havana, I used to buy my cigars promiscuously in any of the different "fabricos" and hardly ever found a good one. Afterward I made it my business to find out the name of the best makers and brands by getting sample boxes from the factories, and then, having fixed upon the kind that suited me best, purchased those and those only. When you remember that there are more than one hundred and fifty cigar manufactories in Havana alone it is not surprising that a great many bad cigars are found there.

The oldest factory in Cuba was founded in 1803 by Don Francisco Cabanos, to whose descendants it now belongs. When it was first started they used to sell only about four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand cigars a year. In 1826 the sales had increased to 2,000,000 and by 1875 they were sending out about sixteen million cigars yearly to all parts of the world. The firm owns three vegas, or tobacco farms, and the amount raised upon these reaches about six thousand bales, 1,000 of these being exported, as the factory does not use common grades.

Is Havana tobacco really the best for cigars? Yes, I believe it is generally acknowledged by experts to be the finest flavored, though some consider that grown on the Mexican coast its equal in flavor, and Connecticut tobacco is certainly its superior as a wrapper. A Cuban vega is quite a pretty sight. The plant grows to a height of from six to nine feet and has oblong, spear-shaped leaves, the tobacco being stronger when only a few leaves are permitted to grow. When young the leaves are a dark-green color and have rather a smooth appearance, but they afterward change to a yellowish green. The plant grows quickly, and by careful pruning they obtain a fine-colored leaf, varying from a straw color to a dark brown or black. It takes about eight or ten weeks to ripen, and the leaves grow thicker all the time. The plant throws out quite a pleasant odor while growing, like most tropical plants. The blossom is a bright pink.

There is a very strict etiquette in Havana, and to infringe any of its rules is construed as an insult. For instance, when you are asked for a light, to hand your cigar without first knocking off the ashes is considered a terrible breach of etiquette; though even that is not so bad as passing a cigar handed you to obtain a light from a third person for a similar purpose. The rule is to hand back the cigar with as graceful a wave as you can command, and then, if necessary, pass your own cigar to the third person. In Cuba every one smokes—men, women and children. Cigars are so plentiful that the usual custom, when you ask for a light, even from a stranger (which, by the way, no one hesitates to do), is to pull out your case and offer him a cigar, by way of acknowledging his civility in stopping to accommodate you. To refuse a cigar from a Cuban is to offer him a direct insult.

Yes, it is quite true that Cuban ladies occasionally indulge in the weed, though not nearly to so great an extent as is usually reported. Another mistaken notion is that Cubans smoke their cigars green. On the contrary, the leaf is always entirely dried before being touched by the manufacturer. People down there are very particular indeed to preserve the aroma and fragrance of their cigars by keeping them in wrappers or oiled and soft silks, and some gentlemen have these produced at their tables with as much ceremony as an Englishman uses when he brings out his wine.

The great rival of Havana tobacco is grown in Connecticut, and is known as "Connecticut Seed-Leaf." Though its flavor is inferior to that of the Cuban tobacco its texture is a great deal finer, and is considered much more desirable for cigar-wrappers. The plant is very strong and vigorous, and more showy than any other variety of tobacco. The stalk is straight and large and the leaf broad and graceful—in color either light or dark cinnamon. It has been grown in Connecticut for more than half a century, and attains its greatest perfection in the rich meadows of the Connecticut valley. Tobacco was introduced into Ohio about the same time it was first grown in Connecticut, and the Buckeye State now produces large quantities, used chiefly for chewing and smoking. Wisconsin has quite lately come to the fore as a tobacco-growing State, and large crops have been raised there during the last few years.

Virginia tobacco has had a reputation for more than two hundred and fifty years. It was one of the first products cultivated by the English settlers, and had made a name for itself in less than a quarter of a century after the first settlement of the colony. The plant grows to the height of from five to seven feet, the leaves being long and broad. The finest Virginia tobacco comes from the mountainous counties, but the amount is small compared to the large quantities raised on the lowlands of the Dan and James rivers. James river tobacco is known all over the world, and the same ground is cultivated and planted with tobacco now as in 1620.

It is now nearly four hundred years since the sailors of Columbus first noticed the use of tobacco by the natives, when exploring the island of Cuba, and since that time nearly every year has seen the plant introduced into some new portion of the world, till to-day it

Prohibition in the Legislature.

Memphis Appeal.

How to lessen the evils of intemperance is the practical question for all good citizens, all friends of temperance, all legislators to deal with. Whatever will tend in any way to do this deserves encouragement and should have the countenance of every good citizen. But force can never do the work of education—moral suasion—nor can a great virtue be knocked into any man's life by a policeman's club. A good excise law well enforced is worth more than all the prohibitory legislation ever devised. In every State Legislature the cause of temperance has been greatly injured by the fanatics who intemperately advocate temperance. Every man who dares to doubt the infallibility of their wisdom is called the friend of whiskey and intemperance. This fanaticism has developed itself in the Tennessee Legislature, but it seems Henry J. Lynn and Joe Montedonico, the two Senators from this county, and who are known for their temperance and sobriety, have thrown themselves as bulwarks, not to stay the cause of temperance, but to check the tide of fanaticism and that hasty and precipitate legislation which has been so damaging to the cause of temperance. Senator Montedonico in the debate on Tuesday planted himself squarely on the platform of the last National Democratic Convention, which says: We oppose summary laws which vex the citizen and interfere with individual liberty." What a man shall wear, what he shall eat and drink, what sort of vehicle he shall ride in, pertain exclusively to the personal freedom of the citizen. What a man shall eat or drink is an unalienable right which neither constitution nor law can take from him. Majorities cannot deprive a man of the natural right of self defense, nor can majorities deprive him of eating or drinking what he pleases. It is the fool's argument to prohibit because some use to excess; the same logic would prohibit the sale of food because so many die of dyspepsia induced by gluttony. If a saloon keeper keeps a disorderly house—sells to minors or habitual drunkards or in any other way violates the law, let him be punished; if a man becomes intoxicated, let him be punished. But in the hope of reaching both it is useless to resort to a species of legislation which has never failed to increase the evil. Prohibition is false in principle; it has failed wherever it has been tried; it encourages secret drinking and it puts a premium on hypocrisy and lying. As well attempt to stop Niagara by statute or abolish lightning by act of legislation as to get rid of intemperance by arbitrary laws. Tobacco is injurious, coffee has wrecked millions of nervous systems, morphine is as terrible to the human family as an army with banners, and why permit the use of tobacco, coffee and morphine and prohibit the lesser evil? The practical temperance men of Tennessee are decidedly in favor of high license, because absolute prohibition is an absolute impossibility, while high license has proved to be possible, feasible and equitable. In dealing with this question the Tennessee Legislature should be guided by the lamp of experience, and the light from that lamp shows that prohibition is not a practical remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic. The recent message of the Governor of Missouri shows that the high license law continues to work most effectively and satisfactorily in its double capacity of an agent of temperance and a source of revenue. Since it went into effect the number of saloons in the State, although population is steadily increasing, has fallen from 3601 to 2880, a decrease of one-fifth. There is now in the State one saloon to each 820 persons on the average; while at St. Louis commentator observes, Maine has one to each 600 of her population. Still more marked is the effect upon the public revenue, as shown by the following statement from the St. Louis Republican:
Under the old low license system, 3601 dram shops yielded an annual revenue of \$547,320; under the new system, 2881 dram shops yield \$1,841,263. So that one-fifth fewer saloons yield three times as much revenue. The minimum license fixed by county courts is \$550; the maximum, \$1200, and if the saloon is in a town or city, the authorities can add as much more as they please to. In some towns in the State the total licenses paid by the saloon is \$1500.

It is now recommended in Missouri that the law be amended so that no liquor can be sold at drug stores or anywhere outside of the licensed saloons, the object being to concentrate the tax entirely upon the business. No one who considers this result, a cutting off of 20 per cent of the saloons, including the most objectionable portion of them, the decrease of drinking and of intemperance, and the direct addition of more than \$1,000,000 to the public revenue, paid by the traffic without burdening the ordinary taxpayers, and then contrasts it with a system which makes the sale of liquor practically free and relieves the seller from even the small license fees exacted in most communities, can fail to feel astonishment that this excellent method of regulation should not be adopted by every State in the Union. High license has been a success in Savannah, Ga. The Council of that city increased the liquor license from \$15 to \$30.00, a great mistake,

many people thought, as it would so reduce the number of saloons as to cause a great deficiency in the city's revenues, and, at the same time, have the effects of increasing the number of illicit dealers. The experience of a year has proved the wisdom of the Council, and has benefited Savannah in every way. The number of liquor licenses has fallen off, it is true, some fifty odd, but only the worst and vilest saloons have disappeared. The city's revenues from the sale of liquors have increased from \$31,112 to \$70,200, or more than double; and in consequence of the closing of the low groceries there has been a marked decrease in drunkenness and crime. Altogether, Savannah has found high license a great benefit to all its interests. We commend these figures to the members of our State Legislature. High license will largely increase the public revenue. Prohibition will destroy the value of millions of property, increase taxation to pay for the property confiscated, and endanger, if not destroy, the entire public school system of the State. Instead of putting the liquor dealers and insane inebriates in a straitjacket, the temperance fanatics propose to put society in a straitjacket for their benefit. The appeal is opposed to prohibition, first, last, all the time, and favors high license, which will increase the public revenue and at the same time lighten the burdens so long carried by those who have been taxed to death.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Somehow or other I don't think I'd care to be the prettiest girl in the world," he remarked. She: "Why not?" He: "Because I'd rather be next to the prettiest."—Texas Siftings.

"Can you recall the names of those two friends, my dear," he said to his wife, "whose affection was so great that one offered to die for the other? Da—Da—the first begins with a D." "O, yes," said the lady placidly; "you are thinking of Dan and Beersheba."

An austere looking lady walked into a furrier's yesterday, and said to the yellow headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" inquired the dude. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the madam, crushing him like a thunder-storm.

A HINT.
Gus DeSmith had been talking to Birdie McGinnis about a certain actor. "Humph! I could play the lover better than that myself," he remarked. "I'd like to see you try it," said Birdie.—Texas Siftings.

MUCH BETTER.
"Do you think Lucie will succeed in winning Algonquin?" asked the high-school girl.
"No, indeed," replied Amy; "she hasn't the ghost of a show."
"My dear," protested the high-school girl; "please don't use such horrid slang as 'ghost of a show.' Say 'apparition of an exhibition.'"

"Well, John," said the Judge to a pig-tailed Celestial, "what can I do for you?" "Want to getee name changed."
"What's your name now?" "Sing Sing. No Goodee. Too muchee adelman. Getee changed to Wable Twicee." "To Warble Twicee?" "Yeeep. Allee samee Sing Sing."—N. Y. Sun.

Colorado poetry: "The evening for her bath of dew is partially undressed; The sun behind a bob-tail flush is setting in the west; The planets light the heavens with the flash of their cigars; Nature has put her nightshirt on and buttoned it with the stars!"

"I wonder what Mrs. Fangle named her baby Lucy for," remarked Mrs. Snaggs; "none of her relatives have that name." "Named it Lucifer, did she?" replied Snaggs. "Very appropriate, I'm sure. She expects the girl to make a match some day." Mrs. Snaggs went up stairs to analyze it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Tramp—can't you spare a little present for an old soldier who lost his leg in the charge at Cold Harbor, Virginia? Citizen—But, look here, man, last month you told me you lost that leg in the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi, Tramp—So I did, so I did; but the Battle of Corinth was fought at Cold Harbor, and I ain't the man to go back on the history of my country.—Burdette.

WHY THE MERCURY FELL.
Billy Sellers, a traveling man, was waiting for the St. Louis girl he was going to take to the theater to put on her wraps.
"Ah," said he, as he strayed toward the center table, "I see that some of your folks are admirers of the manly sport. To whom do these boxing gloves belong?"
"Will you be kind enough to hand me my ear muffs, which you have in your hand," she returned, icily.
A chillness then arose between them which has not yet been dispelled.—Merchant Traveller.

A man asked the lady of his affections the other evening how she liked the look of his new style of standing collar. After critically surveying him and the collar, she replied: "Very nice, indeed. It looks like a white-washed fence around a lunatic asylum."

Greatly Excited.
Not a few of the citizens of Clarksville have recently become greatly excited over the astounding facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hopes—suffering with that dreaded monster Consumption—have been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis. Trial bottle free at Owen & Moore's Drug Store, large bottles \$1.

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