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### TWO DAYS.

Twin sisters they, children of Father Time, And yet no more alike than prose and rhyme.

The first—a portly blonde of sunny face, Long golden haired, mild tempered and blue eyed.

A languid beauty of voluptuous grace— In car of roses passed, the whole years pride.

The next—a dark brunette, black haired as night, Fierce eyed, who, sounding forth a tempest dirge

And hurling forked bolts death tipped and bright— In storm car thundered by, the year's worst scourge.

Thus night succeeds the day, grief follows joy; Each life, though wrought of gold, hath its alloy. —W. DeWitt Wallace in The Current.

### Garibaldi's Herculean Strength.

After Gordon Garibaldi was my most famous acquaintance. What impressed me most about him was the immense triceps, or shoulder muscles, he had. They were just like two half coconuts sticking up underneath his white Mexican mantle. From Heenan and Morrissey to Mac (Sayers had a remarkably small arm) I never saw anything like it. It would have made two of theirs. And the saber he used! Two of the Life guards' blades forged into one would have just made it. Many a time have I seen that awful saber sweeping right, left, right, left, like clock-work, as he mowed down the enemy like grass, seated on his old white charger, leaving "a lane" (that is the only word) for us who followed him closely. "Avanti! Avanti!" rang from his lips all the while, and his trumpet voice rose high above the loudest artillery fire. His strength was simply herculean, and was only surpassed by Gen. Danne.

As an instance of Garibaldi's enormous strength, I remember late one night leaving the Cafe di Europa, in Naples, with some brother officers and seeing the general passing on foot, with only one attendant. We followed him as he was going toward an unlighted and dangerous part of the city, which swarmed with Bourbon—ex-soldiers, sbirri, lazzaroni in the pay of Francis II. He was going to visit one of his dying soldiers, a boy of seventeen. We had not long to wait. Like lightning two men sprang at him, right and left, simultaneously, knife in hand. Ere their blades, raised to strike, could fall, Garibaldi had each one by the throat, raised high in air to the full extent of his arms. He then knocked them together two or three times and let them drop on the stones. You may guess that our swords were cut. But not! The great hero said: "Leave them alone; the poor fools have had their lesson."—Pall Mall Gazette.

### A Study of "Star Routes."

All the routes wherein the mails are not carried by either railroads or steamboats are known as star routes, because they are marked in the official records with a star. A study of star routes could be made with profit. There is a star route in Idaho wherein a dog is made to serve as a mail carrier. A portion of the route over the mountains is impassable in winter, and the contractor's St. Bernard dog has been trained to make the trip at such times. The distance is a little more than ten miles, and it has to be traversed once every second day, and doggy is always on time. Down in Texas there is a star route ninety-five miles long across the plains, on which there is daily service, although but two small settlements are served. The route extends from Potosio to Alamo and Fort Davis.

Another star route across the plains in Texas over which daily service is made is the route from Tayati to Saragosa and Fort Stockton, distance seventy-five miles. The purpose of these two routes is to get the mails daily to the forts, and the service costs many thousands of dollars more than the revenues amount to, they being insignificant. It is such expensive but necessary routes as these that draw on the great excesses of revenues above expenditure of the large offices of the country.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

### Medicine as a Real Science.

Since medicine became a real science, the tendency has been more to dispense, as far as possible, with indiscriminate dosing. The first manifestation of this was the homeopathic system. Now the best doctors give very little medicine, and there is a disposition to dispense with it altogether. The modern tendency is clearly in the direction of curing diseases, particularly those of nervous character, wholly without drugging, and hence we have the faith treatment and similar vagaries. These may be false and absurd, but they illustrate the growing conclusion that nature can, almost in the majority of cases, be left safely to herself. With good nursing and some obvious and simple aids she will do what is necessary of her own free will. It is found that the majority of people who die at an advanced age were in the habit of taking very little medicine. The possibilities of magnetism, etc., are yet to be seen. We are probably just on the threshold. Half a century may show wonders indeed.—Baltimore News.

### Missed Making a Fortune.

Some one once asked John Jacob Astor about the largest sum of money he ever made at any one time in his life. He said in reply: "The largest sum I ever missed making was in reference to the purchase of Louisiana in connection with De Witt Clinton, Gouverneur Morris and others. We intended to purchase all of that province of the Emperor Napoleon and then sell it to President Jefferson at the same price, merely retaining the public domain, charging 3 1/2 per cent. commission on the purchase." It fell through, however, for some trifling cause or other. Had they succeeded Mr. Astor estimated that he should have made about \$30,000,000.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

### Mrs. Mackay's Sapphire.

Mrs. Mackay's latest acquisition in the line of exquisite gems is a sapphire of brilliant hue, not quite the largest of its kind extant, but, nevertheless, one of the most valuable. Its former possessor, a Russian prince, whom necessity drove to a separation with the gem, looked long and lovingly at it before consenting to let it go, but the \$150,000 which the bonanza king's wife offered for the bit of stone finally overcame his reluctance, and the gem is hers.—Philadelphia Times.

### Effects of Environment.

Evil environment produces and perpetuates bad heredity; while good environment tends to its eradication. No man is all bad. The environment brings out and develops the tendencies in each to which it is magnetic. No reform in the long run can prevail which does not look toward the creation of sober and pure and law abiding stock.—Andover Review.

### A New Cuspidor.

A large brass turtle, whose back opens when the head is pressed with the feet and makes an article for men who expectorate, is something new.—Chicago Herald.

### A Reminiscent Ghost Story.

After the close of one of the fights I happened to pass a point occupied by some surgeons, and to which the wounded were being brought from the field. At the moment I reached there an ambulance stopped and a wounded man was being helped to the ground. As there seemed some difficulty in getting him out, I dismounted and assisted in lowering him from the ambulance and laying him on the ground. As we did so I caught sight of the wounded man's face, and at once recognized him as a printer named Sewell, who several years before had been in my employ in Davenport, Iowa.

He was too weak to say anything. The surgeon examined his wound, and announced that he was mortally wounded, and could live but a few hours at the most. I staid a little while, then bade him good-by, and left, sending on his name in my next letter as mortally wounded.

Some four or five years after this incident, I was going east one night on Randolph street toward Clark. A tremendous thunder storm was raging; the rain fell in floods, and every second or two the lightning filled the night with a blinding glare. As I reached Clark street a more vivid flash than usual lighted up the scene, and just at that moment I ran against a man whose face I saw distinctly, and instantly recognized as that of the long dead Sewell. For a moment I was half paralyzed at this sudden appearance of the dead, and then I exclaimed:

"Is that you, Sewell?" The dead man answered "Yes" in a tone that indicated life, and passed on in the storm and darkness. Twenty years later business called me to Lincoln, Neb., and some local journal noticed my arrival. A portly gentleman soon after called, and in his countenance I had no difficulty in seeing the old printer, the dying soldier, the ghost of the Chicago storm, and one whom I soon found to be one of the solid business men of Nebraska's capital.—"Polluto" in Chicago Times.

### Mrs. Arp and the Signs.

Mrs. Arp knows all the signs. She does not believe in them, of course, for they have fooled her too often, but somehow when the sign betokens good it seems to cheer her up, and she sings around more happily. I sneezed this morning most heartily, and she said: "My nose itches and the game rooster crowed awhile ago on the front steps. Somehow I can't help looking for one of the boys. I wouldn't be surprised if we had one of them to supper to-night, and she has been flying around all day fixing up things a little better. Poor woman! I am so sorry for her, and sorry for myself, too. Her older boys are scattered now, and some of them we rarely see. It costs money to come, and time is precious, and business is exacting, and so we have to take comfort with their letters and try to be content. It is hard on the mothers, very hard; and there should be a heaven for the reunion of families if for nothing more.

But all signs fail in dry weather and wet weather, too, and my opinion is that the nose knows nothing about it nor the rooster either. For the boy didn't come, and Mrs. Arp has been reading some magazine stories ever since she washed the dishes. I don't believe she is altogether out of hope yet, for a little while ago she said "hush" to the children and turned her ears toward the front gate as if she heard something. I wish she was rich, so that she could go when she pleased and see her children and take me along to wait on her.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

### Music's Power Over Idiots.

It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are very few cases which are unaffected thereby. Thus we are told how a new life is infused into these unfortunate persons by the harmony of sweet sounds; "all exhibit pleasure, some move their bodies in time to the air which is played, others sing after their own fashion; some even of the most torpid when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up and dance in their own way."

Mr. Platt, in his "History of Staffordshire," relates the case of an idiot who, changing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire. Indeed, in mental cases music from the earliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds. Coming down to modern times, much has been written on the subject, and experiments of various kinds made with more or less success.—Gentleman's Magazine.

### Sugar Sweetened to His Taste.

Another story is told of a groceryman of the shrewd old Yankee stock, who on several occasions was surprised to find sums of money in his sugar. Where it came from was a mystery. It may have been hidden by slaves for some purpose, but for what it would be hard to say. The storekeeper being too conscientious to keep the money when he had done with it, and likewise being very loath to give it up, hit upon this plan to satisfy conscience and keep the money. Going to the merchants of whom he purchased the goods he inquired whether they were responsible for the sticks and stones and things that were in it.

"No, sir," was the reply, "you must take the sugar just as we receive it. We are not responsible for anything in the barrels." It is needless to say that the storekeeper did not press the matter.—Boston Record.

### President Grevy and the Fairies.

President Grevy, of France, was found the other day reading a book of fairy tales. "You are relieving your mind from politics, Monsieur le President?" observed the visitor. "Oh, not at all," was the reply. "I am obliged to read all these books. My granddaughter says she had once read of the old stories, and so I must learn some new ones."—Chicago Herald.

### An Oversight.

Rural Landlord (to guest)—By gum, mister, I forgot to tell you last night, that that winder don't shed down close, an' I see the snow's drifted in an' kivered yer clo'es up. I'll be up in a minute with a shovel an' dig 'em out!—Puck.

### Eyes of Venomous Snakes.

The eyes of poisonous snakes have been found by Dr. Benjamin Sharp to have elliptical pupils, while in the harmless species they are circular.

During the past nine years 33,000 physicians have graduated from the medical colleges in this country.

### A DOMESTIC IDYL.

After the baby came how changed the place! The old man brightened with newer grace! The roses grew more thickly round the door, And softer were the sunbeams on the floor, Full sweeter was the song of every bird From that glad day his little voice was heard From that glad day his little voice was heard From that glad day his little voice was heard— But there was more waiting done at night. After the baby came. —Harper's Bazar.

### A Curious Old Custom.

It used to be the custom many years ago in old Escopus, now Kingston, for all thrifty dames to prepare "grave clothes," for the different members of the family. With the growth of a child the old "grave clothes" would be discarded—perhaps given to an improvident or shiftless neighbor to be used in time of need—and new garments would be promptly made to replace the old. A story is told about a relative of the late Judge Westbrook, of Kingston City. Mrs. —'s grave clothes had been laid carefully away for many a long day. When grown yellow or mused looking the old lady would "do them up fresh," with her own hands and a feeling of blissful readiness and security would again be hers. One day a neighbor called on the old lady, and the latter was found to be greatly perturbed over something. "Guess you'd be flustered, too," said the excited dame, "if somebody came and borrowed your grave clothes, just after they'd all been done up fresh. That shiftless Miss —! I knew she wouldn't have anything fit to wear when she came to die; and, sure enough, it was borrow, borrow, even after her death. Such shiftlessness would be promptly made up another set, or I may be caught in the same box." The old lady, who was then past 90, went promptly to work and had fresh grave clothes made up, and it is asserted on good authority that she lived only a few hours after their completion.—Kingston Freeman.

### Recollections of Old Hickory.

As the daughter of the late Senator Benton, Mrs. Fremont's opportunities to observe and remember date back as far as the presidency of Gen. Jackson. When Old Hickory and Old Bullion had their talk at the White House, the president liked to have the senator from Missouri bring his little daughter, Jessie, and Mrs. Fremont speaks of these visits with a sweet, tender and delicious simplicity. They were accustomed to find the president in an upper room, where the tall south windows sent in strong breadths of sunshine, but his big rocking chair was always drawn close to the large wood fire. As Jackson talked with the child's father he would keep her by him, his hand on her head. "Sometimes," Mrs. Fremont writes, "forgetting me, in the interest of discussion, his long, bony fingers took an unconscious grip," but she had been trained not to wince or show pain even if Gen. Jackson twisted her curls a little too vigorously. This description of the stern old soldier-president, seated in a rustic old fashioned rocking chair in the White House, with the child by him, while he discussed men and affairs with the Missouri senator, brief as it is, is a picture.—Philadelphia Times.

### To Impress Constituents.

It is estimated by the clerks who handle them that more than 2,000 measures have been introduced in the house since it became evident to any wide-awake member that there was not the least hope of action by both houses, and that the measures would die, and that one-half of these, the authors well knew, would never be acted upon by either house. Even at this late day a call of the house will result in the introduction of from 100 to 300 bills when committee meetings, with very few exceptions, have been suspended, and it is improbable, not to say impossible, that any of them will receive attention. Asked why this was so, an old member said: "It is to satisfy the constituency. Why, I have often received requests from constituents during the last month in a congress to introduce a bill, and when I told them that there was not the least possible chance of consideration they urged that I introduce it anyway. I have had constituents insist that I introduce a bill on the very last day of a session, and if I did not do it they would work against me."—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

### A Lecture on Economy.

A stupid looking tramp knocked at one of the finest residences in Austin, and was received by the lady of the house.

"What do you want?"

"Please'm, give me a dime to buy a glass of bread; 'scuse me, I mean a loaf of beer."

"I haven't got any money."

"I haven't got no money? Then, madam, modest as the cottage is, I would suggest your moving into a cheaper house; you are evidently living beyond your means. Economy is wealth. Economize in the way of clothes and house rent. Cut your expenses, and then perhaps some day you will have a dime to spare—a dime, madam, that may be the means of preventing a hungry and thirsty fellow mortal from committing suicide; or it may be a quarter—a coin of the value of twenty-five cents—that will upholster the dark clouds of the horizon of his despairing soul with a silver plated lining and fill his stomach with back beer. Good day, fair lady."—Texas Siftings.

### Our Indian Reservations.

The Indian reservations of the United States contain 200,000 square miles, and their population is about 200,000. Twenty-six thousand square miles would locate each family upon a half section of land, leaving a surplus of about 170,000 square miles, which would produce annually \$4,480,000. This amount exceeds by about \$680,000 the entire sum appropriated for the payment of their subsistence and civilization.—Chicago Herald.

### An Odd Character.

New York city has an odd character who delights in fooling people by posing as a wax figure. He is over 45 years old, dresses well and is often taken for a wax figure, as he sits with an umbrella or cane across his lap and a programme in front of him. The superintendent of the museum thinks of putting him in the catalogue.—Chicago Times.

### Gelatin Capsules.

The Southern Practitioner says that the gelatin capsules so much used in the administration of unpleasant medicines are insoluble in alcohol. For this reason it is useless to give medicine in this form to inebriates or for some days after the use of spirits.

### Society of Books.

Books are more than a man's life. They can be opened and studied, dwelt with in closer relation, communed with in the quiet of the study where influences are most potent, yet we admit to our society books, the character of which we would not tolerate in individuals.—The Current.

## A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

### Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life. —J. W. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure. —H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

### The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family. —Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who know me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers. —Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class. —J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

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Get M. Gorham to shoe your horse. Mr. Jas. Gill and other horse men say he gives them home made shoes and warrants them for 60 days. He trims the feet carefully, cuts out corns, 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. 12-83

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