

The Spring Feet.
When the sun has thawed the snow,
When the birds begin to sing,
When the flowers begin to bloom,
When the return of spring,
Then the poet in his den,
Seizing on a brand-new pen,
Licks it gaily, murmuring,
"Let me see how this pen sings."
Hours dot the poet's toll,
Waiting quarts of midnight oil,
Till his work complete he sees,
Full of blossoms, larks and trees,
Birds and brooks and April skies—
Joyously the poet cries:
"I must do but one thing more,
Send it to the editor!"
Waits the poet anxiously
For the editor's reply.
Smiles the poet, full of hope,
As he breaks the envelope.
It contains a printed slip—
"Dear the laughter on his lip,
As he draws upon his mind
That his poem is declined!"

SOLILOQUY OF HUMPHREY GREY, BACHELOR.

Tick away, old watch! How slow your little hands move round to-night! Only eight, and it ought certainly to be ten, judging by the amount of *ennui* I've endured since supper. Hours don't fly on "golden wings" at my house. Punch, you artful, just have the goodness to elevate yourself from my collar and cravat. If I ever lay anything carefully down on the floor, you are sure to put yourself carefully on top of it. Don't whine at me; I shan't accept any apology. Whew! what a spectacle! Humphrey, your eyes are getting a little old, but they are good enough to discover considerable chaos in this apartment. But then, being a single man, I can, of course, arrange things geometrically or otherwise, just according to my taste. Wish it didn't storm so hard, so I could spend the evening out. Don't know where it would be my duty to go either. Let us consider. Last night I listened to a discourse upon the antediluvian foundations of the earth, by one of the fossil remains, I concluded. Night before last I went to the "club." Nice place that club is, where we happy bachelors congregate. Great hoax about our being pappy, though I wouldn't mention it abroad. Club is a good place for the cultivation of doubtful morals, but I wouldn't breathe the fact anywhere, except right here in the bosom of my family. Last Tuesday evening "I remember well." Don't know what possessed me, but I went down to my chum Charley's, to see his married felicity, I suppose. Must confess I didn't have a very felicitous call. How his six infants did torment me! Oh, shades of my ancestors, think of a whole glassful of milk on my spickeen, *spancet* non-mentionables! Think of the frantic attempts those specs of fists made to pull out every one of my poor, dear whiskers! By the way, wonder if that was not the cause of those white hairs I discovered over my right ear this morning! It can't be old age, Forty-one next week, if the family record is true, but I don't think it is myself. What a confounded great tear in my sleeve! How interesting to contemplate! Wish I had a wife to mend—no, I don't either. If any one overheard me make that remark, of course, they will understand I was joking. Nothing like being jovial over these little trials. But then, after all, I don't know but it might be endurable to have a little house, with a neat little somebody in it to look after the dog. Punch, you rascal, get down off that table; there is enough on it now. There goes the ink bottle. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir. Where are your senses? You have been indulged too much, and you ought to come under the influence of ladie's society. How the wind blows! What a miserable cigar! What a benighted state of ignorance I was in when I was young! I can actually remember the time when I considered women as *fire-side* angels. Yes, Humphrey, you were an infatuated youth. I was a boy once, too, and such a very foolish boy. I can remember, even now, how I used to glance across the old school-house to see the merry, black eyes of Ada Burns. I was very confident Ada was destined to be my wife sometime, but I was forced to change my mind when her father carried her away to the mysterious "West," and left me desolate. Yes, it was "Little Humfy Grey" that sat down in the tall weeds behind the barn, and cried himself to sleep, because Ada was so far away. Wonder where in the wide world that piece of dainty flesh holds sway now! But my fickle heart was soon comforted, and sweet Effie Brown received my devoted attentions. What an angelic creature was Effie in my eyes! I remember how reverently I used to hold her little hands to help her over the icy play-ground, or gravely asked her advice about my boyish plans. The last time I looked on her white, still face, I placed a rosebud in her cold hand, and hoped it would blossom in heaven. Ah, well, little Effie! there never was a purer soul on earth than yours, and more than once the old tempter has been baffled when I have thought of your angel eyes watching me. How many long, erring years have passed since then! Why, Humphrey, is that a *tear-creeper* down your nose? What a foolish old boy! The ladies call you stone-hearted, and what would they say could they see that genuine, drop of *pure* *down* *meandering* down the gentle declivity of your old nose in that tell-tale manner? You had much better weep for the lost love of your manhood. But the fountain is

dry when that memory rushes along.
Oh, beautiful Carrie Foss! your sunny face changed my whole life, for you stole my happiness. This large, hard hand of mine once held a little soft one that was mine also. Those cold grey eyes once looked down into trusting blue ones, that were full of tenderness. Joyous days were those, when I went away to college halls, leaving my little Carrie to wait for me. Our clasped hands were separated forever then, and ever since they call me a hater of womankind.
I never blamed her. She thought she could procure comfort for her aged parents if she married a wealthy man, so she went to a city home, and I tried to forget her lovely face in the dry pages of a student's books. "Away with melancholy." These thoughts will never answer, or I shall grow sentimental.

Where are my letters? Four of them, and all dunning letters, I presume. Pardon me, Punch, for stepping on your narrative. It was entirely accidental, I assure you. Let us soothe our ruffled feelings by pursuing these affectionate missives. No. 1 is from my friend Mrs. Jones. "MY DEAR MR. GREY: We are very anxious to have you spend Thanksgiving with us, as Frank is coming home. He will bring his family, also his wife's sister, who is a very nice"—That is enough of that. No, my dear madam, I object to your little stratagem. I prefer to do my own selecting when I want a wife. Here are some crow's tracks from Sister Julia's young hopeful, my namesake. I wonder who wrote this little letter, I don't seem to recognize the handwriting.

DEAR OLD FRIEND HUMPHREY: You will doubtless be surprised to receive a line from me. Eighteen years have passed since we parted, but I know your face this morning as you passed me on the street. I found your address by the directory. I was faithful to you years ago, but my life has been a bitter expiation. I sold my hand for gold, and poverty and misery have been my lot. My husband died ten years ago, and left me childless and dependant. My husband's life was one of sin and brutal unkindness, but I shall not heap reproaches upon the dead. Should you care to learn more of my sad history, you can find me by calling at 32 Ashley Street. Your old friend, Carrie Foss Bronner.

Carrie Foss! Can it be possible? Have I found my poor little Carrie at last? No one can blame her if she did choose wealth and luxury instead of a poor student's home. She did it for the sake of others. Wonder if she looks any as she did long years ago? Wonder if she will act like the same Carrie? Wonder if she has forgotten all her love to me? Wonder where my hat is? Who cares for the storm? Where is my overcoat? What ails the dog? Down good fellow! Collect yourself, and wag your tail sensibly. Who knows—perhaps—that is—I shouldn't wonder—Punch let us adjourn.

From Grainger County.

RUTLEDGE, TENN., Mar. 21, '84.
EDITORS COMET:—I send a few dots from Grainger to-day, hope they will find room in THE COMET.
This is about the second day of sunshine we have had in two months; farmers are away behind former years with their crops. Wheat looks well, and clover also. We will have no peaches this year, the trees are about killed.

Our school at this place is having good patronage considering the bad weather.
We had some excitement in our town a few days ago, we saw some persons out with their glasses looking in the direction of the East, and I found out upon inquiry that the 'rads' had discovered a Comet with a very long tail. It has caused a stampede, they say it is the Comet that is to sweep down on the land of Pettibone and destroy them all, so they are on a regular stampede from there to the land of Butler and Taylor. When the Major comes down this time he will find his friends all gone.

The colored voters down here are about to find out who are their best friends, they have been voting the re-greys that sat down in the tall weeds behind the barn, and cried himself to sleep, because Ada was so far away. Wonder where in the wide world that piece of dainty flesh holds sway now! But my fickle heart was soon comforted, and sweet Effie Brown received my devoted attentions. What an angelic creature was Effie in my eyes! I remember how reverently I used to hold her little hands to help her over the icy play-ground, or gravely asked her advice about my boyish plans. The last time I looked on her white, still face, I placed a rosebud in her cold hand, and hoped it would blossom in heaven. Ah, well, little Effie! there never was a purer soul on earth than yours, and more than once the old tempter has been baffled when I have thought of your angel eyes watching me. How many long, erring years have passed since then! Why, Humphrey, is that a *tear-creeper* down your nose? What a foolish old boy! The ladies call you stone-hearted, and what would they say could they see that genuine, drop of *pure* *down* *meandering* down the gentle declivity of your old nose in that tell-tale manner? You had much better weep for the lost love of your manhood. But the fountain is

dry when that memory rushes along. Oh, beautiful Carrie Foss! your sunny face changed my whole life, for you stole my happiness. This large, hard hand of mine once held a little soft one that was mine also. Those cold grey eyes once looked down into trusting blue ones, that were full of tenderness. Joyous days were those, when I went away to college halls, leaving my little Carrie to wait for me. Our clasped hands were separated forever then, and ever since they call me a hater of womankind. I never blamed her. She thought she could procure comfort for her aged parents if she married a wealthy man, so she went to a city home, and I tried to forget her lovely face in the dry pages of a student's books. "Away with melancholy." These thoughts will never answer, or I shall grow sentimental. Where are my letters? Four of them, and all dunning letters, I presume. Pardon me, Punch, for stepping on your narrative. It was entirely accidental, I assure you. Let us soothe our ruffled feelings by pursuing these affectionate missives. No. 1 is from my friend Mrs. Jones. "MY DEAR MR. GREY: We are very anxious to have you spend Thanksgiving with us, as Frank is coming home. He will bring his family, also his wife's sister, who is a very nice"—That is enough of that. No, my dear madam, I object to your little stratagem. I prefer to do my own selecting when I want a wife. Here are some crow's tracks from Sister Julia's young hopeful, my namesake. I wonder who wrote this little letter, I don't seem to recognize the handwriting. DEAR OLD FRIEND HUMPHREY: You will doubtless be surprised to receive a line from me. Eighteen years have passed since we parted, but I know your face this morning as you passed me on the street. I found your address by the directory. I was faithful to you years ago, but my life has been a bitter expiation. I sold my hand for gold, and poverty and misery have been my lot. My husband died ten years ago, and left me childless and dependant. My husband's life was one of sin and brutal unkindness, but I shall not heap reproaches upon the dead. Should you care to learn more of my sad history, you can find me by calling at 32 Ashley Street. Your old friend, Carrie Foss Bronner. Carrie Foss! Can it be possible? Have I found my poor little Carrie at last? No one can blame her if she did choose wealth and luxury instead of a poor student's home. She did it for the sake of others. Wonder if she looks any as she did long years ago? Wonder if she will act like the same Carrie? Wonder if she has forgotten all her love to me? Wonder where my hat is? Who cares for the storm? Where is my overcoat? What ails the dog? Down good fellow! Collect yourself, and wag your tail sensibly. Who knows—perhaps—that is—I shouldn't wonder—Punch let us adjourn.

Will Work Against Him.

The Governor of Arkansas was sitting in his private apartments, the other day, trying to read a petition from a large number of prominent citizens suggesting the necessity of pardoning a man convicted of murder, when an old colored gentleman—all colored people who are not ladies are gentlemen—entered without ceremony. The Governor looked up in surprise.

"How did you get in here, old man?" asked the chief executive.
"Come in do do' sah, bleegeed ter yer, sah."
"I thought I locked that door."
"Yas sah, yas sah. No doubt yer did honey; no doubt yer did."
The Governor is no child, and to be called honey sometimes startles him.

"State your business, now that you are here, old man, and don't palaver any more than you can help."
"Nebber p'labers, Colonel. Allus talks 'er de pint. I come up heath ter ax yer a few pints," he continued, rubbing his wool. "Wuz passin' er long, yer know, an' thought I'd ax yer de pints. Doan like ter bodder a man, honey, but thought I'd fix yer de pints."

"Well!" said the Governor impatiently.
Yas, honey, yas. I thought I'd ax yer de pints.
"Proceed then."
"Dat's what I will. I'm gwine—"
"Look here, old man, I don't want any of your foolishness, and if you don't tell me instantly what your business is, I'll show you the door."
"Oh, I sees de do', sah, case I knows whar I come in at. Doan put yerself ter no trouble on de ole man's 'count. Now I'es gittin' at de facks. Haster gin me time, case it won't do ter rush. De man whut rushed got ter de railroad just in time ter be runned ober by de cars. Ef he had nether rushed so, de train would dun passed by de time he got dar. Wall now ter de pint. I'es a Dimocrat; oh, I'es a monstrous Dimocrat. I'es been votin' de Dimocrat ticket, an works mighty hard fur de party. I acknowledge de fact dat de niggars mus' vote de Dimocrat ticket er der eber wanster be like de white folks. Gubner, ain't yer got some ole cloze fur me. Gimmy dat ole coat yer got on. Gimmy dat ole hat hangin' up dah, fur I'es gwinter work fur yer powerful hard."

"Old man," replied the Governor, "you say that you are a Democrat."
"Monstrous Dimocrat, honey: monstrous Dimocrat."
"I'm sorry to hear it, for I have just turned Republican."
"I say that I am a Republican."
"Ding my foal skin. Wall, gimmy a par' o' socks, den an' let de politics go. No? Wall den, from dis time on, I'es agin yer. Good day, sah. Ricolek whut I says, fur ef yer's boat de maixt time, yer need!" he sprized. Gimmy dat ves? No? Now I knows yer's boat.—Texas Siftings.

Her First Pair of Spectacles.

A woman who looked as if she had been a long time in this vale of tears went into a popular and fashionable jewelry establishment on Jefferson avenue and said:
"I want a pair of specs."
"This way," said an obliging clerk with his hair parted in the middle, and he led her up a flight of stairs into a long room where a space was reserved for optical purposes. A small, nervous looking man at once surrounded her.
"Sit here," he said, placing a chair for her and hanging up an A, B, C card in front of her; "fix your eyes on that."
"I ain't agoing to have my picture taken," said the woman tartly.
"Certainly not, madam; you wish to renew your eyesight. Just tell me what you can see on that card, 8-7-10. Do you follow me?"
"Just let me have my par'ol and I'll foller ye. I didn't come here to be made fun of. I kin read and write as well as you kin, and count, too. I want a pair of specs."
"Exactly, but I should recommend eyeglasses with such a nose as yours, madam."
"What's the matter with my nose, hey? If it ain't much of a nose, you ain't agoing to pok fun at it."
"It is a beautiful nose," said the optician firmly, "and would adorn a handsome pair of eyeglasses. Will you kindly look at this circle of lines? Do they all appear to be of the same size?"
"Fear to be? they are all of a size; no foolin', young man."
"Certainly not, madam; if the circles appear to be all of a size your eyes are not deformed."
"Deformed! Good gracious! who said my eyes were deformed? If ever I heard of the like."
"You see, madam, we are compelled to test the optic nerve and determine if the person has presbyopia."
"No, sir, I'm a Baptist, and won't stay here to be insulted."
"You misunderstand me, madam; if you are afflicted with hypermyopia in either eye."
"Look here, young man," said the woman fiercely, "I dare say you think you know a lot, but I want a pair of specs; I ain't as young as I used to be, and—"
"Oh, yes," interrupted the rash optician, "I see you are getting old and—"
But he never finished the sentence. When the woman came out of the store she was trying to straighten out the ribs of her parasol and muttering to herself:
"Old, indeed! I've ruined a \$3 parasol, but I haven't lived all these long years to be insulted by being called old! I'll find some hardware store where they speak English to get my specs at. Old! the impertinent thing!"

A Singular Postbox.

"Do you see that man over by the Postoffice corner lounging so carelessly?" asked Jones of a friend the other day as he was exhibiting the sights of the dingy metropolis.
"Oh, yes; I see him, of course," replied his companion. "I don't see anything remarkable about him."
"Why, he's a politician, you know; runs the machine; in all the big jobs; makes I don't know how much money, and just how: Why look at him! Do you notice nothing remarkable?"
"Can't say I do."
"Why, he's got his hands in his own pockets."

A Badge of Mourning.

"Yes," responded the proprietor, with considerable feeling. "Brown was a good printer, we find it will be hard to fill his place."
"I suppose we ought to attach something to the door in the shape of a badge of mourning for a little while," suggested the editor. "I know just the thing."
"What is it?" asked the proprietor.
"One of the composing-room towels."

Took It in Crackers.

A colored man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents towards the erection of a new colored people's church edifice.
"Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer.
"Wall, that hasn't bin dun decided on yet."
"What is it to cost?"
"Hain't figgered on dat sah."
"Who is the pastor?"
"Dun forget, but I reckon we kin find one."
"Who is the head man in this enterprise?"
"De head man? Wall, Ise 'bout de head man I reckon."
"I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?"
"An dat whut bodders you?"
"I confess it is."
"Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instakuns to turn 'em ober to de Buildin' Committee. Ise cheerman ob dat committee ef I ain't nobody else."

"To the pure," said the milkman as he sold a quart of milk to an innocent little girl, "all things are pure."

Not Posted.

Mr. Bouton, just home from the ball, to his wife:
"It is a pity, my dear, you were not well enough to go."
"I'm better now, thanks, and you can tell me about it. Who were there?"
"Oh, all the people we know."
"Were the ladies handsomely dressed?"
"Yes."
"Were the dresses décolleté?"
"Well, really, I can't say. You see there was so little goods between the belt and the neck, that I couldn't tell whether they were décolleté, or bombazine, or some other stuff, and a man can't tell from the flubduns on the skirt of a dress, what the materials is."

Old Aunt Sukey, and old Austin negress, was not pexected to live. She had been bedridden for some time, and had suffered a great deal. Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter endeavored to comfort her.
"Hab patience, Aunt Sukey, and eberyding will jess come around all right."
"You has easy talkin'. What I wants ter know is, what I has done to hab all dis sufferin' put on me. Some ob de meanest folks in Austin dies as easy as a chile, but hit mos' kills me ter die."

Anecdote of Prentice.
This is a story of George D. Prentice which I never saw in print and which is a better illustration of his ready wit than anything else he said. I think. The old Journal office used to be the stamping ground of many Southern men, more or less known, who liked to hear the veteran journalist tell a story, or warm up a presumptuous young man for lunch. Among those who frequented the Journal office was Will S. Hayes, the song writer.
Coming into Mr. Prentice's office one day in that free and easy way of his, he sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head, said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure,
"Seen my last song, George?"
Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man, said:
"I hope so, Billy."

Blaine's Woo' Fiction.

Mr. J. Buchanan, formerly private Secretary to President Buchanan, says:
"If the accuracy of Mr. Blaine's statement yet to be given to the public is not more manifest than those just published the forthcoming work will have to be classed with fiction. There is not a word of truth in Mr. Blaine's statement that Mr. Buchanan prepared an answer to the South Carolina Commissioners that was 'compromising to the honor of the executive, and perilous to the integrity of the Union, and that Judge Black took a decided and irrevocable stand against the President's decision.'"
The whole foundation for this insinuation is this: When the President prepared his reply he made use of some phraseology which Judge Black, his legal adviser, thought might be subjected to misconstruction by the Secessionists, and he asked that it might be modified so as to clearly express what the President and Cabinet intended, because there was not the least disagreement between them. The President handed the draft to Judge Black to be worded unmistakably. This is the whole story, and Judge Black never told the President he would resign. Under crushing difficulties the President and his Cabinet were striving to save the country, and they had no substantial differences.

The Fowl of The Air.

I have seen the bird of prey in chase of the timid dove. The dove knew that the hawk, in making its attack, must swoop down from a loftier height. And so the defenceless creature rose, circle above circle, higher and higher, toward heaven. Above the hills and above the mountains, and above the morning clouds, the panting fugitive climbed with laboring wing, and all the while the eager hawk went soaring after, striving in vain to reach a loftier height from which to rush down, like a thunderbolt, and seize the prey. But the dove was safe so long as she continued to soar. She had nothing to fear from the talons of her rapacious foe so long as she suffered nothing to entice her back to the earth. But once let her cease to rise, and her watchful enemy would soon reach a loftier elevation, and from thence shoot down with deadly aim for her destruction.

Cash's Hiding Place.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 21.—Bogan Cash, the outlaw, is still in the Peedee Swamp, but has removed his lair to a more inaccessible point than that which he recently frequented. He is about fifteen miles from Cheraw, in a region where the ignorant adherents of his family abound. He is, therefore, reasonably secure from apprehension by an armed party, as his spies would speedily give him due warning to escape. To capture him by force would require a party large enough to scour the many miles of swamp with which he is familiar. The contingent fund of the Governor is not large enough to send out and support such an expedition, and no private party can be found in the State willing to undertake his capture.
Two New York detectives, said to belong to Pinkerton's force, have been in Cheraw for the past week, but have not as yet made any headway toward capturing the murderer. All that there seems left for the State authorities to do is to wait until Cash sees fit to come out of the swamp and surrender. Since Col. E. B. C. Cash was released on bail the newspapers of the State, which had been violent in their denunciations of the old man, have dropped the discussion of the affair as suddenly as if they had been struck by lightning.

Colonel R. G. Ingersoll if said to have lost something like \$100,000, in New Mexican mines.

Possessed of Many Accomplishments.

According to the Moslem creed the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear ear-rings is attributed to the following curious legend: Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham for Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however she relented, and decided to forego her plan of revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of ear-rings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the turkish women, all of whom wear ear-rings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race.

KING, HODGE & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots & Shoes.

Black Cashmere, Myrtle Green Cashmere, Brown Cashmere, Mohairs, Worsteds, Brocades, Basket Cloth, Black Lace Bunting, Cream Lace Bunting, Pink Lace Bunting, Blue Lace Bunting, Lattice Lawns, Plain Lawns, Dress Linen and Gingham, Ladies Neckwear, Ties and Fichus in Cream, Black and White, in all styles of Laces. Spanish Lace, Cream and Black, Valenciennes Lace, Bretonne Lace, Torchon Lace, Hamburg Edging and Insertions, Jaconet, Swiss Mulls, Nainsook, Victoria Lawns, Ladies Lisle Thread Gloves, Berlin Gloves, Gauze Gloves, Silk Gloves, Cotton, Lisle Thread and Silk Hose. A large line of Ladies Shoes, Slippers and Sandals.

The largest line of Trunks in upper E. Tenn.

1884 GREETING! TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

After twelve years sojourn among you, my business, owing to your kindness and partiality to me, is greatly increased, so that I have had to remove my stock to

NEW AND ENLARGED QUARTERS.

I have largely increased my stock, so that now I think it will compare favorably with similar ones in the cities. I return to you my most profound thanks for your patronage and promptness, and I extend to you and all the public a cordial invitation to visit me in my splendid apartment in the new

Hick's Building, Cor. Main & Fifth Sts., BRISTOL, - - - TENN.

I shall endeavor to make your visit pleasant. My Repairing Department will be much improved by my removal, and work will be done in guaranteed style. My two Branch Houses at Abingdon and Roanoke will be kept up to the latest standard of excellence. With the Compliments of the Season, I remain yours, faithfully,

A. PICKEN, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

WHOLESALE HARDWARE and GROCERIES,

OLD DOMINION NAILS, OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Horse and Mule Shoes, Horseshoe Nails, Carpenter's Tools, Sash and Blinds, Rifle and Blasting Powder, Straw Knives &c. Coffee, Sugars, Teas, Soaps, Soda, Tobacco, Cigars, Rice, Syrup, &c.

HUNT & LIDE.

IF YOU WANT ANYTHING

JEWELRY LINE,

R. E. DIXON,

(Successor to the Old Reliable VICTOR DORROT.) Who keeps a first-class assortment of Gold & Silver Watches & Chains, GOLD AND PLATED JEWELRY, PLAIN AND SET RINGS, ROGERS & BRO. SILVER PLATED WARE, Julius King's Patent Combination Spectacles, the best. Everything sold at a VERY SHORT PROFIT to suit the HARDNESS OF TIMES. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. REPAIRING done in the VERY BEST MANNER. EVERYTHING GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED. R. E. DIXON, Va. side Main St. Opposite Thomas House, Bristol, Tenn.

J. W. MORT,

AGENT FOR THE ELDRIDGE SEWING MACHINE, And Manufacturer of and Dealer in Single and Double Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, and everything in the Sporting Line. Trunk Locks, Keys, Etc. Repairs of all kinds Promptly Executed. Orders by mail receive prompt attention. Main Street, Bristol, Tenn.