

THE SWEETWATER ENTERPRISE.

VOL. III.

SWEETWATER, TENN., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1870.

NO. 12.

THE ENTERPRISE.
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BY
C. B. WOODWARD,
At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.
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LAMB, BROWN & CO.,
Commission Merchants,
Columbus, Georgia.
HEAVY ADVANCES MADE ON LARGE
Quantities of Produce. Consignments no
limit. ————
SWEETWATER HOTEL.
(Known as the J. C. Vaughn House.)
CHARLES H. BEAN, Prop'r.
SITUATED IN A FEW STEPS OF THE DEPOT.
NO PAINS WILL BE SPARED TO RENDER
Guests comfortable in every respect.
Baggage conveyed to and from the Depot, free
of charge. Persons from this and surrounding
counties can have their horses well cared for.
Prices moderate. ————

NICHOLS & PARSLEY
ARE SELLING
Groceries and Provisions,
QUEENWARE, GLASSWARE,
STATIONERY AND CONFECTIONERIES,
Dyestuffs, Factory Thread,
Heavy Domestic, Salt and Nails.
We design keeping a first-class Grocery and
Provision Store, and will pay cash or goods for
whatever we buy in the Produce line. You will
find us at the Post Office, East Broad street,
Sweetwater, Tenn. NICHOLS & PARSLEY.
apr. 23-4t.

H. L. FRY,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
ALL KINDS OF
Family Groceries,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c
ALSO,
Seth Thomas' Clocks.
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable
terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
march 11. 1869t.

EAST TENNESSEE
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT
AND
Mill Furnishing Depot.
MCCORKLE & BROWN,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in
AGRICULTURAL
—AND—
LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT
FERTILIZERS, &c.,
INCLUDING
Mowers, Reapers,
Threshers, Separators,
Horse-Powers,
STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,
Cider and Wine Mills,
GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,
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SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.
Improved Steel and Cast Plows.
CASTINGS.
DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS,
WASHING MACHINES,
ZERO REFRIGERATORS,
ALSO,
Garden and Farming Hardware.
We are Agents for the State for
WHANN'S CELEBRATED
Raw - Bone Super - Phosphate,
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)
Tons of which we invite the Farmers of East
Tennessee to come and Examine at our
Sample Warehouse,
GAY STREET,
Knoxville, Tennessee.
Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East
Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles
in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the
satisfaction of those patronizing us.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. ————
april 17.

Barrett & Caswell,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce
Wines, Stocks, &c.
Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.
This G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.
Theo. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.
June 3-17.

R. M. Bearden,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALER,
AND
Commission Merchant,
GAY STREET
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Country Produce Bought and Sold on Com-
mission. ————
oct 21-17

LAMAR HOUSE.
Knoxville, Tennessee.
J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.
THIS House has been repainted and papered
The Beds are Good. Business men will
consult their own interests by bearing in mind
that this house is located
IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,
which gives them advantages that no other house
affords. Omnibus at the Depot.
Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any
other house. ————
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S. BISSINGER,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
No. 98 Corner Gay and Clinch Sts.,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS.

POETRY.
CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.
There are many friends of summer,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.
Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few.
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endures,
Cling to those who cling to you.
When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lead a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again.
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortune comes in view,
For he then needs friendship's comforts,
Cling to those who cling to you.

THE FAIR MENDICANT.
An English Story.
Paul Ventnor was curate of Bladensburg with wisdom in his head, but tenderness in his heart, but with precious little money in his pocket.
One June morning, as he was coming round the porter's lodge of Foley hall, he heard a sweet, plaintive voice say:
"For the love of God help me! I am starving!"
He raised his head quite startled out of his equanimity. On the steps sat a young woman. Her cheeks were tear-stained, and her head and shoulders were enveloped in a shawl. That she was suffering was evident, yet she wore neither the air nor the dress of an ordinary mendicant.
He stopped and regarded her for a moment, and then dropped a coin into her outstretched palm. She did not close her hand; she did not look up to see if he was young or old, or down at the coin to note its value.
"Thank you," she murmured, never raising the dark eye-lashes from the wet cheeks.
"I can keep body and soul a little longer together with that. And then? Why, I can beg again, even if it kills me. Oh, kind sir, it is worse I want, steady, daily work, ill-paid though it be. Anything, rather than to beg."
Thoughtfully the young curate stood, with one hand holding his hat and the other in his pocket. Then his eyes fell upon the full, white, finely rounded arm; next upon the sweet, sad, oval face.
"You seem to be a stranger here?" he said.
"I am; I walked over from Shadestown."
"Walked? Not in a day?"
"No—nor in ten of them, sir. I worked a little here, and begged a little there, and starved between the times," replied the woman, adding to the voice that was so sweet and low, a little hysterical laugh that made him shudder.
"Where are you going?" he asked.
"Where, I do not know, sir. Anywhere. I wouldn't be made to do it, and so I ran away. No—I would have died first."
She said that with a vehemence; it was not clear what she meant, but she seemed so much a lady, and Paul was invariably so polite that he refrained from asking an explanation.
"What kind of employment do you seek?" was the next question.
"Something for willing hands and heart to do, sir. Teaching would suit me best, but it is not for me to state my preferences."
During all this time she had not raised her eyes, to his face. Was it from humility or shame? He was not one easily deceived, only he wanted a fair scrutiny of her face and eyes.
"I am the curate of Bladensburg," he said. "My name is Paul Ventnor. This is the lodge at Foley Hall. If you will enter it with me, I will get you a temporary home at least. Come."
She arose to her feet; then elevating her head, she fixed her eyes upon him. They were such trusting, brown eyes, that they set his nerves tingling. As they beheld his own they were deepened in intensity, and more and more of the childish sweetness came into her face. The curate felt that he could trust her, but he also felt somewhat embarrassed, which made him feel vexed at himself.
"You have not yet told me your name," he said.
"No, I have not," she replied, the color in her cheeks deepening. Then with the least perceptible hesitancy she said, "my name is Grace Templeton."
Paul Ventnor thought it was a very pretty name, but did not say so. He seized the knocker at the door and gave a vigorous pull. A servant answered it, and the two soon stood in the presence of the lady of Foley Hall. She esteemed the young curate very highly, and placed a proper appreciation on his character and pretensions. A word from him in behalf of Grace would have been sufficient, had she not been possessed of any personal or mental

charms, even.
The result of the interview was that she was at once accepted at Foley Hall, not as a mendicant, but as a companion to my lady, who was a widow and an invalid. Grace was refined, able and scholarly, and her natural vivacity soon returned to her, no one could be more companionable to one who was disposed to be taciturn and gloomy.
Six months passed away, and during that time Paul Ventnor visited Foley Hall more frequently than there was absolute necessity for, and was not long unconscious of the motive that took him thither. Day by day Grace grew more lovely in his eyes, and more dear to his heart. She attended his ministry with rare constancy, and his sermons were dull and soulless to himself when she was not in her pew with her great brown eyes fixed upon his face. He was desperately in love with her, but he made no declaration. The living at Bladensburg was only worth five hundred pounds per annum, and he could not think of marrying upon that.
At the end of six months a servant in livery arrived at Foley Hall.
"I have a letter for Lady Templeton," he said.
"For whom?" responded my lady, with a stare.
"For the Earl's daughter, for the lady of Templeton Place."
The madam took the letter, with the great red seal, in a dazed sort of way, then rang the bell for Grace.
"A letter for you," she said.
Grace's face grew red and white by turns as her eyes fell under the direction of the letter. She glanced at the servant, who bowed with servile reverence.
"This is from my father, the Earl," she said. "Does he know that I am here, Mr. Williams?"
"He does not, my lady. Your brother Edgar has kept his secret well."
She then opened the letter, and read as follows:
TEMPLETON PLACE, NOV. 24, 1849.
My Dear Grace.—I have related. You are an angel, while I am a choleric old fool. You were right in your estimate of Claiborn. He was a mere adventurer, and is now in jail on a half-dozen counts. I was never so infatuated before. You shall marry whomsoever it may please you to marry. I beg your forgiveness, and beg you return. Edgar consented to forward this, as I am ignorant of your whereabouts.
Your dotting, irascible father
MARCUS TEMPLETON.
P. S.—Claiborn, the rector, is dead. A bright light suffused the face of Grace. She took the blank leaf from the letter, and taking out her lead pencil, wrote as follows:
My Dear Father.—I hold no bitterness. The death of Rev. Mr. Claiborn leaves the rectory of Shadestown vacant. I will return on condition that you give me the living at Shadestown to whom ever I may name. Your daughter,
GRACE.
Folding up the note she handed it to the servant, and said:
"Mr. Williams, give that to your master. I will expect you back with an answer to-morrow noon."
The man bowed, retired, and appeared the next day with the following reply:
"Agreed. Please name the rector. Be back to-morrow."
Grace found it necessary to make my lady Foley Hall her confidant. Her story was a simple one and may in part have been divined by words she let drop before the curate on the steps of the lodge and by the tenor of her father's letter.
The letter was a stern, self-opinionated, irascible old gentleman. A dissolute young fellow, named Claiborn, who pretended to be a noble descent, and immensely wealthy, had ingratiated himself into the Earl's friendship. To such an extent had he accomplished this, that when he proposed for the hand of Grace, the old gentleman was delighted, and insisted that she should comply. But she had read the character of her suitor and persistently refused. One violent interview followed another, until Grace left Templeton's Place, willing to endure any privation rather than marry against her will, or submit to a repetition of the violent scenes. In the end the Earl was forced to confess that he had been woefully deceived, and truly unkind.

Grace was standing alone with Paul Ventnor in the great library at Foley Hall. He knew that she was going away on the morrow, but he did not know that she belonged to the noblesse. His heart, was sad, and he kept his teeth hard shut, as if thereby to be more able to keep back an avowal of his passion. Grace had learned to love him dearly, and suspected his motive for remaining silent.
"I must bid you good bye, as you will not be here to-morrow," she said softly, holding out her white hand to him. "Oh, I shall miss your sermons very much."
"And myself also I had hoped," he said, sadly, humbly.
"And yourself, also," repeated Grace, in her truthful way, and with heightened color. "Your congregation do not appreciate you, Mr. Ventnor. Your salary is far too meagre for the talents you possess, for the labor you perform. The rectorate

of Shadestown is worth two thousand pounds. Ah, if you had that, Mr. Ventnor."
"Yes, if I had," said Paul, his voice trembling. "I know what I would do then."
He averted his face to stifle his emotion. Grace knew what he wanted to say, and woman like, she determined to make him say it. With her eyes fixed upon him, and tapping the floor with her dainty shod foot, she said in a low, sweet voice:
"What would you do?"
He turned full upon her, his dark, handsome face all aglow. He caught her hand, and, in a thick, husky tone said:
"What would I do then? I would hold your hand thus, and say, Grace I love you with my whole soul—I cannot live without you! Will you be mine?"
Paul was trembling, and Grace's face flushed with pleasure.
"It strikes me that you have said it now," she said with a little gay laugh, and withdrawing her hand. "When you are rector of Shadestown I will hear you with more complacency. Good night, Mr. Ventnor."
The young curate went away from Foley Hall with a heavy heart, and the next Sabbath was a dull and heavy one indeed. But on the next Monday following, he received a very great surprise, in the shape of a document bearing an Earl's crest, which read as follows:
To Paul Ventnor, Curate of Bladensburg—Reverend Sir—The Rectorate of Shadestown awaits your acceptance. By Christmas we would expect to find you in charge. Yours in haste,
JOHN TEMPLETON.
TEMPLETON'S PLACE, Dec. 8, 1849.
Then followed one of the Earl's blunt postscripts:
"My daughter Grace has recommended the appointment."
Paul Ventnor was almost dumfounded. He sank into a chair and burst into tears. He was appreciated at last, and the rectorate of Shadestown was his. How was it to be explained? Was the fair mendicant at the Lodge gate an Earl's daughter? Had the crown piece he dropped into her hand brought him an annuity of £2,000 a year.
He accepted the offer, and by the holidays he was in charge. In course of time Grace explained all to him: then he renewed his proposition, which she entertained with very gratifying "complacency."
But when he applied to the Earl he was bluntly refused. Grace interceded and was also refused.
"Father," she said, "what's a Templeton's word worth?"
"As much as his bond, child, and rigidly kept from father to son down a proud ancestral line."
Grace laughed softly, with a sparkle of triumph in her eye. She took from her bosom the letter the Earl had written to her.
"See," she said, "I hold your written word—a terse bond, indeed, with your crest and name attached. In it you say, 'I shall marry whomsoever it shall please me to marry.' Well—I please to marry Paul Ventnor, the Rector of Shadestown."
The Earl's face clouded and then related. Fair and proud as a queen his daughter looked, with the brown, expectant eyes fixed upon him. He went to her, put his arm round her, kissed her and said:
"Be it so, child, I am fairly caught. Although Ventnor is not titled, he is a handsome, good-hearted fellow. He will be a Dean before he dies. May you ever be happy together."

Stains in Muslin.
The following receipt is for taking out the stains of fruit, red wine, ink or mildew from white articles: An ounce of ammoniac, (or hartshorn), and an ounce of salt of tartar, well mixed; put them into a pint of soft water, and bottle it for use, keeping it very tightly corked. Pour a little of this liquid into a saucer, and wash in it those parts of a white article that have been stained. When the stains have been removed by this process, wash the article in the usual manner.
AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.—The following powerful, elegant, and classic appeal was made in a court of justice recently, somewhere in Kentucky, by one of the learned heads of the bar: "Gentlemen of the Jury—Do you think my client, who lives in the pleasant valley of Kentucky, where the lands are rich and the soil are fertile, would be guilty of stealing eleven little skeins of cotton? I think not, I guess not, I calculate not. And I recollect gentlemen of the jury, that you had better bring in my client not guilty; for if you convict him, he and his son John will lick the whole of you."
"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of a patient who had reluctantly submitted to solicit his advice, "I suppose you think me a bit of a hump?"
"Sir," gravely replied the sick man, "I was not aware until now that you could so readily discover a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."
"Jim, what is a bakery?" "A place where they bake." "What is a brewery?" "A place where they brew." "What is a gallery?" "A place for the gals."

FLEE LITTLE ONE, FLEE!
Sambo and the Devil.
The following experience of a six foot buck negro, who is said to have robbed every hen roost near Trenton, was given at a protracted meeting at the Baptist church a short time past. It is vouched by several gentlemen who heard it as almost verbatim. Being a new convert, the pastor said: "Well my young friend tell us what good things have been done for you?"
Rolling his eyes around and working himself into a sort of frenzy, he commenced with the voice and sing-song tone in which that race give vent to their religious feelings. "Las Friday morning I was struck wid my sins, an I couldn't git no rest in de house an I went out in de old grave yard an prayed de Lord to forgive me, an I prayed an prayed, an I foun no peace, an I went back in de house, but couldn't git no satisfeshun dar; so I went out in de woods an I prayed dar an still I foun no peace, an den I went whar de boys was a playin' cards an dey axed me wouidn I have a han, an I tole em no; an I stayed dar a lookin' on a while an I felt like de debil was right arter me. I went back to de house an I sot dar in no peace, an I went way down in de ole sink, an I laid down dar an I prayed all dat day, an all dat night an nex day, an I cooden find no peace. Den I went up to Calines an I sot dar, but I cooden git no peace dar an I cooden stay dar an I went back to de sink an I laid down dar an I prayed, an I prayed, an I prayed, an I bined I heard sum pin a comin Bookety—bookety—bookety—an I looked up an dar o-o-m-e old Satan a ridin on de s-a-m-e ole black mar he was a ridin de fust time he cum into de world, an he had grate big spurs on as big as a sucklar saw. But thank de Lord he run by an never seed me.
Den I laid down an prayed de Lord, to save me, an arter a while I heard sum pin a comin again. I looked up an I seed old Satan comin back in a slow walk an I heered him say, "No he never went a-long here, I don't see no tracks." Den I knewed he was a lookin for me an I holloed out go-o-d L-o-r-d save me, an I heered a voice a saying f-l-e-e for your life little one, f-l-e-e for your life. Den I jumped up an run hard as I could across de ole Levell field. I looked before me an I seed a big fire just like burnin of a plant bed, an I looked back an I seed ole Satan rite arter me, so I run rite on an when I got to de fire I jumped, an stead of jumpin over I fell rite in de middle, an sum pin caught me cross de breast an I looked an seed it war just like a skeen of fine thread, an den I holloed out go-o-d L-o-r-d deliver me, an den two little white robed angels took me an set me on my feet an said f-l-e-e for your life little one, flee for your life, an I runned an runned, an I come to a little white path an I stopt an I said w-h-i-c-h w-a-y shall I go, go-o-d L-o-r-d which way?
An I heered a voice sayin take to de right, an den I runned an runned till I cum to a little white gate an it fied open an I heered a voice saying W-o-l-o-o-m-e little one welcome, an I kept up de little white path till I cum to another little white gate an it fied open, an dar stood t-e-n t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d m-i-l-l-i-o-n-a little white angels all with little white robes on an dey all sung out W-o-l-o-o-m-e little one welcome.
Perhaps you were asleep and dreaming my brother, interposed the preacher. No—no, fo de Lord I was wide awake as you is dis minute an seed it all wid my own eyes.
A badly bunged up Emerald islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Malrooney's wake; an illigant time we had of it. Fourteen fights in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the tay kettle!"
"Ephraim, this baby's legs are monstrous fat, ain't they? What temperament do you think the child has?"
"Rather heavy, Simon—decidedly of the limb-fat-ic."
"Well, I guess so, too."
A very young mother divested herself of some divine affluas on "baby" a short time since. Here is one pathetic verse:
"Doxery doodle-um dinkie-um dum, Tum to its muzzery muzzery mum; Tizzery izzery booby boo, No baby so sweet and so pitty as oo!"
"Sarotaga and Long Branch—you have seen them,"
Said Henry one morning to Joe:
"Pray tell me the difference between them, For bother my wig if I know!"
Quoth Joe, "Tis the easiest matter At once to distinguish the two— At the one you go into the water, At the other it goes into you!"
—Hans, where do you live?" "Acroft de river mit de turnpikes by de school as you go up mit der right-hand on der odder side."
Texas has a new game in cards—one holds a revolver and the other does the playing. The coroner ends the game.

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Tons of which we invite the Farmers of East
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GAY STREET,
Knoxville, Tennessee.
Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East
Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles
in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the
satisfaction of those patronizing us.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. ————
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LAMAR HOUSE.
Knoxville, Tennessee.
J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.
THIS House has been repainted and papered
The Beds are Good. Business men will
consult their own interests by bearing in mind
that this house is located
IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,
which gives them advantages that no other house
affords. Omnibus at the Depot.
Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any
other house. ————
oct 14-4t.

S. BISSINGER,
MERCHANT TAYLOR,
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
No. 98 Corner Gay and Clinch Sts.,
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS.

Barrett & Caswell,
GENERAL
Commission Merchants,
248 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
Special attention given to the Sale of Produce
Wines, Stocks, &c.
Merchandise & Cotton Purchased.
This G. Barrett, Late of Barrett, Carter & Co.
Theo. D. Caswell, Late Baker & Caswell.
June 3-17.

THE ENTERPRISE.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
BY
C. B. WOODWARD,
At two Dollars a Year,
Payable in Advance.
RATES OF ADVERTISING.

H. L. FRY,
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
ALL KINDS OF
Family Groceries,
CONFECTIONERIES, &c
ALSO,
Seth Thomas' Clocks.
HE IS ALSO prepared to repair Watches,
Clocks and Jewelry, on the most reasonable
terms. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
march 11. 1869t.

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EAST TENNESSEE
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT
AND
Mill Furnishing Depot.
MCCORKLE & BROWN,
Manufacturers' Agents and Dealers in
AGRICULTURAL
—AND—
LABOR-SAVING IMPLEMENT
FERTILIZERS, &c.,
INCLUDING
Mowers, Reapers,
Threshers, Separators,
Horse-Powers,
STEEL TOOTH WHEEL HORSE RAKE,
Cider and Wine Mills,
GRAIN DRILLS, STRAW CUTTERS,
Corn Shellers, Wheat Fans
SMUT AND COCKLE MACHINES.
Improved Steel and Cast Plows.
CASTINGS.
DOUBLE SHOVELS, SULKY PLOWS,
WASHING MACHINES,
ZERO REFRIGERATORS,
ALSO,
Garden and Farming Hardware.
We are Agents for the State for
WHANN'S CELEBRATED
Raw - Bone Super - Phosphate,
The Great Fertilizer for all Crops.
(STANDARD GUARANTEED.)
Tons of which we invite the Farmers of East
Tennessee to come and Examine at our
Sample Warehouse,
GAY STREET,
Knoxville, Tennessee.
Near East Tennessee and Virginia, and East
Tennessee and Georgia Railroads.
We respectfully solicit orders for all articles
in our line which we will endeavor to fill to the
satisfaction of those patronizing us.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. ————
april 17.

R. M. Bearden,
WHOLESALE
LIQUOR DEALER,
AND
Commission Merchant,
GAY STREET
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Country Produce Bought and Sold on Com-
mission. ————
oct 21-17

LAMAR HOUSE.
Knoxville, Tennessee.
J. C. FLANDERS, Lessee.
THIS House has been repainted and papered
The Beds are Good. Business men will
consult their own interests by bearing in mind
that this house is located
IN THE BUSINESS CENTRE,
which gives them advantages that no other house
affords. Omnibus at the Depot.
Terms for Tennessee guests as liberal as any
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