

THE MARYVILLE TIMES.

May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press, the mightiest agency on earth for good.—TALMAGE.

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MARYVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1885.

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24-17r

AT ANCHOR MILLS.

POOR EDGAR.

For the Times.

Just look at Edgar Jones,
Within his little shallop;
Beneath a shower of poet stones,
Aquin' in a gallop.

He tuck a fright at limpet,
De turkie and tiger too;
And thought he'd better shine,
Before they put him through.

FF he was just an editor,
And had access to type;
He'd make de world him auditor,
And gib it wisdom's stripe.

He tuck a little side walk,
Wid Solomon, de wise,
And catch de vision of a hawk,
Though blind in bofe his eyes.

I guess de chicks will fear no more,
De colary, hawk or owl;
But on de eagle's wings will soar,
Where astire's never prowl.

Deese truths are each a cutter,
Just hear dis Nigger say,
De world will eat de butter,
And give poor Jones de whay.

De whale's content her train to lead,
Ye smaller ducks must follow;
Nor try to gallop with the steed,
Or keep up with the swallow.

If Edgar cannot be a ship,
De world won't care for dat;
He ken be a little flapper flip,
A monkey, mole, or bat.

Let Edgar ride de cranes,
And straddle de canals too;
But we will keep de eagle's brains,
And wings to plume us through.

Poor Edgar finds his level,
When he takes his own advice;
Nor writes just like de devil,
Mixing truth with evil nice.

But Edgar wants more butter,
On his fifty fields of bread;
And with reflections splutter,
O'er the living and de dead.

Enough, when dead let no one flatter,
But say, whether gender or a goose,
He loved his bread and butter,
And would not let it loose.

JOHN T. BERRY,
hunting Jones' Level Edgar.

CINCINNATI BY GAS-LIGHT.

What can be seen in the Queen City after Night-fall.

Now the Residents, on Sports intent, while away the Hours of darkness.

[Correspondence to the MARYVILLE TIMES.]

MANCHESTER, O., 5, 14, '85.

During a long period of time your correspondent has had the desire to make this tour of the city, which its inhabitants delight to call the "Paris of America."

Cincinnati has long had a distinctive reputation as an amusement-loving community. Owing largely, no doubt, to the preponderance of the German element in its mixed population, musical and theatrical entertainments of all grades, and public gatherings for the purpose of social enjoyment, take a more prominent part in the lives and thoughts of the people than in the other cities of this country. The eager, restless activity of the American character, as well as its serious views of life, seem to have been greatly modified by the introduction of Continental morals and customs. In some instances this modification may be beneficial, but generally it has proven quite the reverse. Americans, and especially those who are engaged in mercantile life, are apt to be so filled up with their business that they lose the faculty of social enjoyment, and on rare occasions, when they do permit themselves any relaxation, "take their pleasure sadly," like their forefathers did in the days of Froissart. In Cincinnati this is not the case, old and young, and in fact everybody, seems bent on having a good time. Here is a case in point: Two young men were talking in one of the many bicycle club-rooms of the city. One asked the other why he had not been out riding lately; the answer was, that his business had kept him from having his usual enjoyment of a whirl; "oh," said the first speaker, "you oughtn't to let your business interfere with your bicycle riding."

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Were the first places visited, arriving there about half past two in the afternoon, after nearly an hour's ride on the street cars and up the incline, of which I shall speak later. According to the hand-bill handed to me, the "largest Opera Company in the country" was to give, in a few minutes, a matinee at which

would be played H. M. S. Pinafore on a real ship in the lake. The performance proved to be a good one, and the seats were filled, showing that the people knew how to appreciate a good thing. Leaving the play I took a walk through the spacious grounds and spent half an hour very pleasantly, looking at the many curiosities to be seen. Cincinnati is surrounded on the North by a range of lofty and very steep hills. On the brow of these elevations, where a splendid view of the city can be obtained with the advantages of abundance of fresh air and cool breezes during the sultry weather. Large pavilions have been erected where the attractions of music and beer, together open air and indoor sports are offered to the amusement loving public. Access is had to the hill tops by means of inclined planes, up which cars are drawn very rapidly by an endless wire rope.

THE BELLEVUE HOUSE

was the next place reached, and, although it was too early, as I was informed, for many to be there, still quite a number were present enjoying the cool breezes so sought after by the denizens of large cities during the heated term. Immediately on the brow of the bluff stands the building, the principal apartment of which is a long spacious hall, airy and pleasant, where thousands of people can be accommodated with seats. There is a large bar, a band stand, and outside overlooking the city is a verandah, also provided with chairs. To the rear is a pavilion, situated in extensive grounds, planted with trees and shrubbery on the slope of the hill, with seats and tables under the trees, where persons can enjoy their pipe and cigars at leisure. But

WINNING CARD

is the music and beer in the main hall. Every car which arrives up the incline brings a full complement of hot and thirsty people, and the hall soon becomes filled with a merry, beer-drinking crowd. I am told that four thousand visitors is an ordinary attendance of a summer's evening, and that from one hundred to two hundred kegs of beer are consumed daily. Becoming hungry, I returned to the city and suppered at Hunt's popular restaurant on Vine street. Having refreshed the inner man, I started without delay for the

HIGHLAND HOUSE,

which is an equally noted hill top resort, but lying in a different direction and as readily accessible by street car from the central portion of the city, and thence by the incline before mentioned, and in the same manner as the Bellevue is reached, except that instead of leaving the street cars to make the ascent, the cars themselves are hauled horses and all, up the incline to continue their journey on higher grounds. The attraction of this place is at present the really good comic opera, rendered by Thompson's opera company, entitled "Mikado." I was told that thousands have been there nightly to hear it. That was not hard to believe, because the night I was present there was scarcely standing room left, although the accommodations were by no means meager. The gathering, too, was one of the most genteel, and well behaved that could be assembled anywhere. (To be continued.)

A TEMPERATE EVENING.

The public entertainment, given by the Young Ladies' Temperance Union, drew a medium-sized audience to the Presbyterian Church on last Thursday night. Declamations, readings, essays and the lengthy dialogue were in good taste and appreciated by the audience. The pantomimes were a new feature. Music was furnished by the young ladies of the Union, and by a select quartette. The program was quite lengthy, but the audience remained throughout.

THUNDER HEAD.

(Concluded)

I stated in the last issue that we had the benefit of a mountain rain on Sunday.

Sunday morning we arose from our tent in time to get a view of the sunrise as it lit up and gilded the tops of the mountains. Soon a dense fog arose from the streams and gulleys, covering everything beneath, except the mountain peaks that stood up like little islands in a vast Ocean.

Two of our party remained with the tent and provisions. Two strolled, or climbed rather, down a small spring stream that empties into Eagle creek, a couple of miles below on the North Carolina side. Yes, it was climbing; for it was down, down over huge boulders all the way. The little thread of water bounced and spluttered, gathering reinforcements from other sources, until its roar was distinctly audible in the distance. The sun by 10 o'clock had scattered the mist, and a small black cloud hung over Cades' Cove. It stood apparently still, other clouds joining it as if by previous arrangement until the whole heavens were covered.

The air grew warm and still. A perfect lull! We saw that it was coming. In the gully it became dark. On the mountain top a breeze was stirring, with vivid flashes of lightning. The thunders let loose with an almost deafening roar. Down it came, faster and faster. At 2 o'clock in the ravine, it was fairly black.

Our party that had gone beneath returned as hurriedly as possible, climbing over slick, moss-covered rocks, not infrequently losing their foot-holds and finding themselves completely immersed in the floods beneath. The streams had swollen so rapidly that every crevice and little ravine was full to overflowing, so that their steps were retraced with no little discouragement. A drowned rat—a chicken whose toilet had been completely ruffled by much suffering from the elements would have compared favorably with our appearances. The writer had the misfortune to be beneath.

The tent! Alas! We had failed to properly ditch it. The water played hide and go seek among our edibles. The meal, salt and sugar had been fatally soaked. What were we to do! All we could do was to grin and bear it. By a sudden change in the wind, to the North the hail stones beat down upon us from the icy battlements above. We were now taking a portion of a bleak November day.

Fire out! Blankets wet! Doaty wood! Provisions soaked! We stood shivering! Who was it that named home? With a member of our party sick! I shall never forget his billous colored eyes as he shrugged his shoulders, and sent a frigid shiver down his backbone. What was to be done with four gnawing appetites?

Five o'clock. Two miles from any place where we could obtain relief, and one of those dense fogs which the mountaineers so dread was enveloping us. We could scarcely see our hands in front of our faces. The mist boiled up from beneath and swept across the tops like a driving snow storm.

We must make a break for the cabin. So luggage and soaked provision and blankets were hurriedly strapped across our backs, and the genial glow of the cabin fire-place was sought. Up and down, with wet apparel we went, inwardly wishing and fairly praying for some of home comforts. The remnants of home dainties had long since been consumed. Ham, bacon, corn dodger and coffee for breakfast, with the same bill of fare reversed for dinner, and broken into in the middle and the opposite ends placed together for supper. Unused to this manner of living, the gloomiest aspect of the day settled around meal time. But the dark side has a corresponding light one. Unfa-

vorable as the weather was, there were seasons of the highest merriment. The novelty, however, was gradually wearing away. The poetical picture of such a life was gone, and the dense fog of discontent stole away the season from our appetites.

Monday morning the earth was steeping with mist as two of the party saw pictures of home comforts too vividly to resist the temptation. The remaining party occupied two days time with some varied experience. A bear and turkey hunt, together with a general shooting match, added to the occurrences and helped to prolong the prostration.

The homeward march forms the closing scene. Four ragged, greasy, unshod prodigals returned sadder, but wiser.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

On Wednesday of last week, February 2, occurred the fiftieth or golden wedding anniversary of the marriage of Green Farmer and Jennie Waters, which took place in the State of Tennessee in the year 1835. At that time "Uncle Green" was a handsome youth of twenty-one summers, while "Aunt Jenny" was a blushing maid, just "sweet sixteen." What assurance had they at that time that half a century hence they would be standing side by side and renewing the vows they had taken to "love and honor?" For fifty years have this aged couple climbed the hill of life together, have shared the same joys and griefs, borne the same burdens and achieved the same triumphs. Together they have seen generations rise up around them and pass away, and standing to-day the connecting links, as it were, between the first and last hour of a nation's history, the representatives of the early western pioneer, is it any wonder that their friends and relatives should delight in according to them that love and affection which is ever the reward of a well-spent and useful life? In 1833 the young couple left Blount county, Tennessee, for the then young but rapidly advancing State of Illinois, and in the following year they settled on the farm on which they now reside. For forty-two years, more than the average life-time of man, have their interests been identified with the interests of Washington county. The changes they have witnessed have been manifold and startling. They have seen what was then little more than a wilderness changed to one of the most fertile and wealth-producing sections of our great nation. They have seen towns and villages spring up around them, have witnessed the advent of the railroad and telegraph, and have seen with silent admiration and awe the rapid manner in which old things were made to stand aside and give place to the demands of a more advanced civilization. The occasion of the fiftieth anniversary was celebrated in a very quiet way, none but relatives of the old couple being present. There were no offerings of golden presents, but all sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared under the direction of Aunt Jenny, after which all present engaged in a social converse which is ever pleasant to the re-united members of a widely-scattered family. Representatives of every family related to the aged couple were present, save one, and before they dispersed Uncle Green distributed fifty dollars in coin to the party, giving to each person present something, while the female heads of families were each presented with a \$5 gold piece. May Uncle Green and Aunt Jenny have many more anniversaries of the day on which they began to "climb the hill together," and when at last they are called to go may they "sleep together at the foot," is our earnest wish.

Call at Kirk's and see his New Stock of Breech and Muzzle loading shot guns.

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