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## DON'T STOP TOBACCO

IT'S INJURIOUS TO STOP SUDDENLY and don't be imposed upon by buying a remedy that requires you to do so, as it is nothing more than a substitute. In the sudden stoppage of tobacco you must have some stimulant, and in most cases the effect of the stimulant, be it opium, morphine, or other opiates, gives a far worse habit contracted. Ask your druggist about BACO CURO. It is purely vegetable. You do not have to use tobacco with BACO CURO. It will notify you when to stop and your desire for tobacco will cease. Your system will be as free from nicotine as the day before you took your first chew or smoke. An iron-clad written guarantee to absolutely cure the tobacco habit in all its forms, or money refunded. Price \$1.00 per box or 3 boxes (30 days treatment and guaranteed cure.) \$2.50. For sale by all druggist or will be sent by mail upon receipt of price. SEND SIX TWO CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE BOX. Booklets and proofs free. Eureka Chemical & Mfg Co., LaCrosse, Wis.

Office of THE PIONEER COMPANY, C. W. HORSTICK, Supt. St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 7, 1894.  
Eureka Chemical and Mfg Co., LaCrosse, Wis.  
Dear Sirs.—I have been a tobacco fiend for many years, and during the past two years have smoked from fifteen to twenty cigars regularly every day. My whole nervous system became affected until my physician told me I must give up the use of tobacco for the time being, at least. I tried the so-called "Koeley Cure," "No-To-Bac," and various other remedies, without success until I accidentally learned of your "Baco-Curo." Three weeks ago to-day I commenced using your preparation, and to-day I consider myself completely cured; I am in perfect health, and the horrible craving for tobacco which every inveterate smoker fully appreciates, has completely left me. I consider "Baco Curo" simply wonderful, and can fully recommend it.—Yours very truly  
C. W. HORSTICK.

## The Chattanooga Semi-Weekly Times, An 8 Page Newspaper

Every Monday and Thursday, ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

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**SHILO.**  
The Dirty Dozen a Mith—There is no such thing as a crowd known as the dirty dozen in this county we have got as good boys as any neighborhood can afford our boys have their fun and are lively and sharp we challenge any neighborhood to get a better class of singers than those boys are, or any common speaker to meet them on the stump. It has been said that there was an organization known as the dirty dozen, but we say positively that it is untrue and you can't get a reliable man to say that there is.  
S. E. McKeny has bought a fine young horse one of the finest saddler in the county.  
J. G. Davis has rented a farm for the year '96.

**SEATON.**  
April 8, 1895.  
Farmers are very busy cross plowing and planting corn.  
Rev. D. F. Manly preached a most excellent sermon at Pleasant Grove yesterday from Micah 6:3. "O my people what have I done unto thee, and wherein have I wearied thee, testify against me." He also had two additions to the church. The church appointed a committee to confer with Esq. James Waters with view of getting ground for a cemetery.  
An infant of S. H. Ogle's is very ill also one of S. W. Coulter's daughter, we hope they will speedily recover.  
W. C. Lane is soon going to have some improvements placed in his barn in Miller's Cove. He says his father's old family horse died last week at the ripe old age of 35 yrs. Pleasant Grove will celebrate the Lord's supper the first Sunday in May.  
J. T. Keller has purchased a new wagon. John is like the old woman who had the wooden pots, he don't care to lend nor borrow.  
Sam Coulter of near Howards Mill removed to Mrs S. J. Coulter's place last week.  
Sam Davis and J. P. Morton are having some ditching done which

will add greatly to their respective farms.  
W. S. Kinnamon went to Maryville last week and purchased a new cooking stove. And says hard times are no more at his home.  
There has been a mad dog in the Russell neighborhood biting some hogs and sheep.  
Mr. Abraham Simerley is having some picket fence put up on his farm which adds very much to the beauty as well as the value of his already well improved farm.

**LOUISVILLE.**  
The bright warm days and April showers are bringing into full bloom many rare sweet flowers.  
Miss Mary Moore Morrison of Knoxville spent Saturday with Miss Clemmie Bogle.  
We are informed that Rev. Ritter will preach for us on the 3rd Sunday of this month at the M. E. Church.  
Misses Anna Kennedy and Faun George attended the spelling at Clear Springs Tuesday night.  
Mr. Joe Anderson is erecting a new dwelling on his farm which will be real nice and comfortable when completed.  
Mr. Wm Brickell was in our town last Sunday. He has been attending Medical College at Knoxville.  
Little Ruby, daughter of Elias Hitch, is very low with fever.  
Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow Tallent, a boy.  
Mrs. J. T. Cummins and little son John Douthit, are visiting her daughter at Bristol.  
Miss Annie Hedgecock from Knoxville is again clerking for H. T. Cox's daughters we are real glad to have Miss Annie back again and we are quite sure Mr. Tom is not sorry.  
Miss Mamie Brown spent Sunday night with Miss Emily Snyder. A committee of four met at Rev. Lowry's last Friday evening to decide as to what kind of an entertainment the C. E. had better have. Several suggestions were made. We will give further information as to what it will be and when.  
Mr. Will Conner and Miss Laura Hammonree of Alleghany were the guests of Miss Ollie George, Sat. and Sunday. They seemed to like the city (?) of Louisville very much, but will some one please ask Will why he didn't stay longer, your correspondent is very anxious to know.  
The Baptist met at the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening and organized a Sunday School.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Harper, Rev. Lowry and Miss Laura Coker were appointed delegates for the C. E. Convention which will be held in Knoxville.

It is gratifying that the recent infamous attempt to have the Age of Consent law declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Tennessee, signally failed. On March 7th in Lavel vs. the State, the court upheld the law all round.



# Private Brown.

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.  
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### CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

PORT CRAIG, in the territory of New Mexico, stands upon a high mesa, or piece of table land, overlooking the historic valley of the Rio Grande. The view from the fort is wildly picturesque. The long stretch of river, grass-carpeted valley dotted with groves of cotton wood trees, the low adobe houses of the Mexican rancheros, the great black boulders and monuments of lava rock across the stream, set in beds of mesquite bushes and cactus, far away to the eastward the bold towering peaks of the San Andreas and Oscura ranges, to the southward the Fra Cristobel and to the westward the Magdalena and the San Mateo ranges of mountains, all contribute to a picture so fascinating in its rugged grandeur and beauty that it would seem as mockery for the most gifted artist to presume to transfer its details to canvas.

All of the buildings of this remote border garrison were built of adobes, or sun-dried bricks of Mexican manufacture, officers' quarters, barracks for the enlisted men, storehouses, stables, etc., being but one story in height. Around the post ran a line of earthworks thrown up during the civil war when Indian and confederate foe alike coveted its possession. The buildings formed a hollow square around a level parade ground some twenty acres in extent, and in the center during the occupancy of the fort stood a tall flag-staff from the top of which, every day in the year from sunrise to sunset, the stars and stripes floated proudly in the semi-tropical breezes.

At the time of which I write, the fort was garrisoned by four troops of cavalry, two companies of the 1st battery of light artill. The commanding officer, Col. E. Sanford, was a dignified, gruff old man who had grown gray in the service of his country, a strict disciplinarian, and acted with unflinching firmness in the performance of every duty. His officers and men alike with promptness and precision. Every infraction of military rules met with swift punishment, whether the offender wore the gold-laced uniform of the officer or the plain garb of the private soldier. He possessed a volcanic temper, at times, when angered, storming and swearing like a madman, then as quickly subsiding into his usual state of icy dignity. Those most familiar with his moods met these fitful outbursts of passion with no thought of resentment, for



### PORT CRAIG.

they knew the old man never meant the half he said, and that beneath his forbidding exterior rested a soul that was really warm and generous.  
The light of the old commander's military home was his daughter Alice, his only child, who came as a ray of sunshine into his life but a week before the death of his beloved wife. At the time our story opens Alice was a lovely, sunny-faced little fairy of eighteen, full of life and spirit, as beautiful in her blonde loveliness as the lily bursting from its bud. She was devotedly attached to her stern old father, who, in her society, laid aside his air of military dignity and allowed the reflection of his really kind heart to play in genial smiles over his soldierly face. He idolized the lovely girl, the last priceless gift from his dying wife, and to contribute to her happiness and enjoyment seemed to be the one leading aim of his life. The best instructors which money could secure had been brought from the far-away east to look after her instruction, and when she reached her eighteenth year her education in all necessary branches was complete, and she possessed as fine accomplishments as she could have secured in any academy in the land. Born in a border military fort and reared in the garrisons of the far west, she became imbued with the spirit of adventure incident to frontier life, and was never so happy as when dashing over the cactus studded plain or wooded river bottom on her strong-limbed pony or exploring the gulches and canyons cleft in the breasts of the adjacent mountains.

The picture of this young border princess was indelibly stamped upon the hearts of several of the younger officers of the garrison, yet none of them were suitors for her hand. They knew how her father idolized her and held her as a precious jewel set in his crown of life for him alone, and each one felt that it would be almost sacrilege to attempt to pluck the gem from its parent setting and transfer it to another. She had, seemingly, no especial favorite among the young men of the post. The same sweet smile which would set the heart of a young officer throbbing with delight would illumine her pretty features while bending over the cot of a sick soldier in the hospital, or while thanking the humblest private who had done her a favor. She treated all alike, and came to be looked upon as a treasure which all might admire but none need ever hope to possess—a devoted child whose father so filled every nook of her pure heart that there was no room there for another.  
One lovely morning in the month of September, 1866, while returning from a gallop down the valley of the Rio Grande, Miss Sanford rode up a gulch onto the mesa about a mile below the fort. As she came out upon the higher ground she observed a young soldier sitting upon a rock near the trail busily engaged in sketching. She was herself a clever artist and passionately fond of drawing from nature, and her interest in the soldier was at once aroused. He had not noticed her approach, so deeply interested was he in his work, and she reined in her pony a few yards distant from where he sat to study him. There was a pleased expression on her face when she noted that he was a handsome young man with a frank, honest face, neat and tidy in dress, and wearing an air of intel-



ALICE, THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

lectual refinement which seemed sadly out of place in one whose lot was cast among the rough soldiers of the ranks. It must be remembered that I write of the days just following the close of our great civil war, when the ranks of the regular army on the frontier were made up of rough, illiterate men largely fished from the slums of the eastern cities, many of them having fled to the west and buried themselves in the army under assumed names to escape the consequences of crime. Alice Sanford had never dreamed the barracks of the private soldiers sheltered a man of artistic tastes, and the spectacle presented of a soldier wielding the pencil of the artist was to her a revelation.  
The soldier becoming aware of her presence glanced up from his work, and, noting that it was the daughter of the commanding officer who had approached him, quickly arose to his feet, removed his cap and silently waited for her to address him should she desire to do so.  
"I am sorry I disturbed you," she said. "Will you permit me to look at the sketch you are making?"  
"It is as yet far from complete," he quietly responded, "and I fear you may not be able to form an intelligent idea of what its appearance will be when the details are filled in. I began it but an hour ago."  
He handed her the picture, and she sat for some moments closely studying it, occasionally casting her eyes across the intervening desert to the Fra Cristobel range.  
"You have chosen a beautiful study," she finally said. "In my eyes the Fra Cristobel is the most attractive of all the ranges which surround us."  
"I experience great pleasure in sketching it," he replied. "This will be my third sketch of the range, and I seem to never tire of tracing its bold outlines and copying its rugged details of rock and pine."  
Returning the picture, with a simple "thank you," she rode homeward. She allowed her pony to walk slowly along the trail and did not even chide him for stopping occasionally to snatch a mouthful of grass as he loitered along, so busy were her thoughts with the humble private soldier whom she had just left. She had seen in the yet crude sketch the work of a master hand, and she wondered why it was that one so gifted should be wearing the uniform and performing the duties of a soldier. His manner was that of the polished gentleman, his speech refined and pleasing, and his general demeanor was widely different from that of any of the other soldiers with whom she had been brought in contact. What a man of his attainments be doing in the ranks of the army? The

### To the Creditors of E. J. Holder, Deceased.

By order of the clerk of the county court of Blount county, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of E. J. Holder, Deceased, to appear and file the same with the clerk of said court, authenticated in the manner prescribed by law, on or before the 15th day of July next. The insolvency of said estate having been suggested, any claim not filed on or before said day, will be forever barred, both in law and equity. March 27th 1895.  
C. A. Gregory, Administrator of E. J. Holder, deceased.

### Land Sale Notice.

By virtue of an order of Sale issued by J. C. Stanfield, Clerk of the Circuit Court on the 15th day of March 1895, in the case of J. H. Blankenship, vs. Samuel French, and directed to the Sheriff of Blount County, I will offer for sale, for cash in hand, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Maryville Tenn, on the 27th day of April 1895, within the legal hours for sale, the reversionary interest that Samuel French has in and to a tract of land lying and being in the fifth Civil district, of Blount County Tenn, and bounded as follows, on the North by Samuel French, South by J. C. Ellis, East by J. B. French West by W. B. Smilson, containing 92 acres more or less, being the farm on which Samuel French now lives. Said sale will be made to satisfy a Judgment in favor of J. H. Blankenship, vs. Samuel French rendered before S. M. Morton, J. P., on the 22nd day of January 1894, and all cost. This March, 18th 1895.  
Sam Kidd  
Deputy Sheriff.

**TO RICE W. (L. L.) HOVER, BECCA DANGERFIELD, SOLAN S. BEEMAN, MARY S. BEEMAN, A. N. BRADSHAW, SALLIE T. BRADSHAW, W. D. HAMILTON, G. H. HOLLIDAY, MARY E. HOLLIDAY, B. B. WRIGHT, J. J. WRIGHT, DIXIE L. WRIGHT, GEO. P. ALEXANDER, NANNIE P. ALEXANDER, M. E. TEDFORD, E. W. TEDFORD, CHAS. M. ALEXANDER, ANDREW W. MORTON, SARAH SOPHIA WADE, HESTER A. CAMERON, ALEX CAMERON, RACHEL P. DUNN, JOHN DUNN, LOUISA TUCK, HENRY TUCK, W. J. WADE, and the Heirs at law of LYDIA THERESA TUCK DECEASED.**

A. A. Barnes, Mary A. Craig et al.  
vs.  
John Brown et al.

Original Bill No 28, in the Chancery Court at Maryville, Tennessee.

Bill filed to quiet title, and for the sale of land for partition.

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that Rice W. Hover, Mary Becca Dangerfield, Robert Beeman, Mary S. Beeman, A. N. Bradshaw, Sallie T. Bradshaw, W. D. Hamilton, G. H. Holliday, Mary E. Holliday, B. B. Wright, J. J. Wright, Dixie L. Wright, Geo. P. Alexander, Nannie P. Alexander, M. E. Tedford, E. W. Tedford, Chas. M. Alexander, Andrew W. Morton, Sarah Sophia Wade, W. J. Wade, Hester A. Cameron, Alex Cameron, Rachel P. Dunn, John Dunn, Louisa Tuck Henry Tuck, are all non-residents of the State of Tennessee, and that the heirs at law of Lydia Theresa Tuck deceased, whose names are unknown and cannot be ascertained after diligent inquiry, reside in the State of Texas, they are therefore, hereby required to appear, on or before the 3rd. Monday of April next, before the Chancery Court at Maryville, Tenn., and make defence to the bill filed against them and others in said Court by A. A. Barnes, Mary A. Craig and others, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed.

It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Maryville Times.

This 10th. day of March, 1895.

W. C. Cumlea,  
C. T. Cates Sr. Sol. Clerk and Master.

### Non-Resident Notice.

W. E. Gillespie vs. Margaret E. Corley et al.

Original Bill No. 28.

In the Chancery Court at Maryville, Tennessee.

In this cause, it appearing from the bill which is sworn to, that William Corley, Jr., Corly Laura Corley and Emma Corley Alabama, William Corley, Tennessee Corley and Georgia Corley and Eliza Bradford's three children (names unknown) all of Texas; and the three children of Mary Wallace, formerly Mary Corley (names and residence unknown) are all non-residents of the State of Tenn., they are therefore hereby required to appear on or before the 1st Monday of May next, before the Clerk and Master of said Court at his office in Maryville, and make defence to the bill filed against them and others in said Court, by W. E. Gillespie, or otherwise the bill will be taken for confessed.

It is further ordered that this notice be published for four consecutive weeks in the Maryville Times.

This 2nd day of April, 1895.

W. C. Cumlea,  
Clerk and Master.

Ingersoll & Peyton  
Sols.

### YOUR LAST CHANCE.

The Weekly Commercial Appeal, published at Memphis, Tenn., offers \$500.00 cash to any one who will guess the correct or nearest correct number of bales of cotton received in Memphis since September 1, 1894, to May 15, 1895, if the correct or nearest correct guess is received in April. Each guess must be accompanied with 50 cents for twelve months' subscription. All guesses must be mailed on or before April 30. If mailed later than April 30, guess will not be recorded.  
The number of bales received up to March 29th were 561,961.  
There are only a few more weeks left. Sample copy free. Address  
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