

# WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI, SEPTEMBER 4, 1891.

VOL. XII, NO 21

**J. F. RICE,**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
OFFICE—OVER B. F. HENRY'S  
DRUG STORE.  
RESIDENCE WITH J. W. BARNARD

**O. W. AVERY,**  
**Electric Physician**  
Will give special attention to the treatment  
of chronic diseases. Office over Post's Drug  
Store, West side square. Office hours from  
10 a. m. to 12 and 1 p. m. to 5:30 p. m.

**G. A. GOBEN,**  
**SURGEON AND GYNECOLOGIST,**  
OFFICE—One door south of southeast cor-  
ner square. Visits in town \$1.00 each; in the  
country \$1.00 per mile. Bills due when pa-  
tient is discharged.

**DR. T. H. BOSCOW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO.  
From the  
4th to the 24th of Each Month,  
specially, especially diseases of the lungs,  
throat, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, etc.  
Nervous affections and all diseases arising  
from impure blood. Office two doors east of  
Ellis's dry goods store.

**H. S. STRICKLAND,**  
**HOMEOPATHIC**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.

**J. W. MARTIN,**  
**Physician and Surgeon**  
OFFICE—B. F. HENRY'S Drug Store, south  
side

**A. P. WILLARD,**  
**PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON**  
Continues to practice in all branches of the  
profession. Special attention given to chronic  
diseases. Office up stairs in brick block north  
side square. Hours from 9 to 12 a. m. and 2 to  
5 p. m.

**P. F. GREENWOOD,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
KIRKSVILLE, MISSOURI.  
OFFICE—Over First National Bank, first door  
to the right.

**J. S. MCCARTY**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO.  
OFFICE—Over Weaver Bros. Grocery store.

**S. L. PROUGH,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW**  
KIRKSVILLE, MO.  
All business entrusted to my care will re-  
ceive prompt attention. OFFICE—Over J.  
Fowler's Drugstore, West side.

**J. C. THATCHER,**  
**INSURANCE**  
—AND—  
**LAND AGENT**  
South Side of the Square, Kirksville, Mo.  
The oldest and most reliable Agency in the  
city. Established 1872.

**JOHN M. DAVIS,**  
**Pension and Claim Agent**  
OFFICE—Over Brown's Harness  
Shop.

Pensions, Bounties and all other claims  
against the government, prosecuted with  
promptness; also military, public, Pensionary  
when having vouchers filed must bring certifi-  
cates.

**JOHN ROBERTS,**  
**Boot and Shoemaker**  
All work guaranteed. Fine sewed work a  
specialty. Third door East of the North-east  
corner of the square.

**R. M. BUCKMASTER**  
Dealer in all kinds of  
**Musical Instruments**  
Store at residence, No. 115 Franklin street,  
second door east of Evans' Grocery. Fine pi-  
anos and organs in stock. Call and examine.

**CHARLES H. LEE,**  
DEALER IN  
**MARBLE AND GRANITE**  
**MONUMENTS,**  
**TOMBSTONES**  
And all kinds of Cemetery Work. Good mat-  
erial and low prices shall be my motto. 1st  
door south of Roller Mills.

**DR. B. C. AXTELL**  
**DENTIST**  
Rooms over Nor-  
mal bank store  
Gold work a special-  
ty. Guaranteed  
strictly first class  
All kinds of work  
executed giving the  
quality and skill  
at reasonable prices  
No pain in extract-  
ing.

**SECOND HAND GOODS BOUGHT**  
**AND SOLD.**  
All kinds of repairing promptly  
done by

**J. B. BURT, 116 SOUTH ELSON**  
Street, Second door south of  
J. B. Caskey's.

**MRS. GRAY OF PHILADEL-  
PHIA.**

Ten years ago in a certain good-  
sized town in Pennsylvania there  
lived a family whom I will call  
Mitchell. The family consisted  
of husband, wife and two children  
the latter being a boy aged 5 and  
a girl of 7. Mitchell was a private  
banker, known to be honest, re-  
spectable, and worth a clear \$100,-  
000. I knew little or nothing  
about the family until certain in-  
cidents occurred. One day his  
wife was fatally injured in a rail-  
road collision at a point 50 miles  
from home. When he reached  
her, in response to a telegram sent  
by a stranger, he found she had  
been removed to a hotel, and was  
being tenderly cared for by a wo-  
man who gave her name as Mrs.  
A. B. Gray, of Philadelphia. She  
was on the train, but suffered no  
injury.

Mrs. Gray, as I might as well  
tell you now, was petite, good  
looking, a good talker, and in a  
general way, captivating. The  
fact of her taking charge of Mrs.  
Mitchell as she had done proved  
her tender heart. She told Mr.  
Mitchell she had been a widow 18  
months, and was practically alone  
in the world, and though he  
was burdened with grief and anx-  
iety, he did not forget to thank her  
for her great kindness and to take  
her address.

She resumed her journey,  
and he took his wife home to die  
of her injuries. It was three  
weeks after her death that I came  
into the case. After everything  
was over the husband suddenly  
discovered that his dead wife's  
jewelry was missing. She had  
with her, when the accident took  
place, about a thousand dollars  
worth of diamonds. They had  
disappeared, and when he came to  
run over events in his mind he  
could not remember that they had  
come home with her. Mrs. Gray  
had turned over to him Mrs.  
Mitchell's purse and a few other  
things, but a pair of diamond ear-  
drops, two rings, and a pin were  
missing.

I was employed to proceed to the  
scene of the late accident, and  
seek to trace the jewelry. The  
collision had occurred right at the  
depot in a small town. People  
about the depot and at the  
hotel assured me that Mrs. Mit-  
chell had her jewelry on when taken  
to the hotel. The landlord's wife  
was positive, and the doctor who  
was called in was positive, and  
when I had worked the case out, I  
returned home to report to Mit-  
chell that nobody but Mrs. Gray  
could have taken the jewelry. He  
was astonished and indignant,  
and not only vigorously repudi-  
ated the implication, but discharg-  
ed me from the case, with the as-  
sertion that I was a novice in the  
profession.

I went about other business,  
and it was about four months be-  
fore I saw Mitchell again. Then  
he sent for me in an official cap-  
acity again. No reference was  
made to my previous work, but  
fresh and other troubles had  
come to him. A month after the  
death of his wife he had opened  
correspondence with Mrs. Gray,  
and the result was that she had  
come to take charge of his house.  
He was without relatives, or, at  
least without those who could aid  
him in his situation, and she  
claimed to be free in her move-  
ments. You will suspect, just as  
I did, that she had captivated him  
but he fought shy of any acknowl-  
edgement of the sort.

I have't told you about the  
bank. It was situated just a  
square from his house, and ex-  
actly in the rear of it. The house  
fronted on one street and the bank  
on another, and there was an al-  
ley between. Indeed, the rear  
yard of the house led right up to  
the rear door of the bank, and  
Mitchell used to come up and go  
through the yard. In the rear of  
the banking rooms, divided off by  
the usual railing, were the pri-  
vate offices and the vault. A burg-  
lar alarm was connected with the  
front doors and windows, but  
none with the back. A large and

savage dog guarded the rear, hav-  
ing a kennel close to the door.

What the banker wanted to see  
me about was this:

He had not only missed money  
from his wallet at night, but on  
two occasions considerable sums  
of money had been taken from a  
small safe, which stood in his  
office outside the vault. One of  
the mysteries was in the taking of  
the money. He employed a teller  
and a book-keeper, neither of  
whom had a key to the safe or  
vault, unless it was a duplicate  
made without his knowledge.  
Neither had the word of the com-  
bination of the vault, and it seem-  
ed impossible that they could have  
taken the money, even if so  
inclined. Both were perfectly  
honest so far as anyone knew, and  
Mitchell was all tangled up over  
the mystery.

He had't talked to me over  
five minutes when I would have  
taken my solemn oath that Mrs.  
Gray was the guilty party, but, of  
course, I didn't drop a hint of my  
suspicions to him. She was shy,  
prudent and apparently all right,  
and I had put in a month on the  
case and made no discovery when  
the out side safe was robbed again.

A deposit and some bonds had  
come in at the last moment and  
had been placed there for the  
night. The whole thing amounted  
to about \$900 and bonds and green  
backs were missing next morning.  
The safe had not only been opened  
with a key, but the bank had  
been entered by unlocking the  
rear door. No one could have en-  
tered by the front without sound-  
ing an alarm. No stranger could  
have entered by the back on ac-  
count of the dog, who was wide  
awake and all right.

When Mitchell sent for me to  
give me the news I was perfectly  
satisfied that Mrs. Gray was the  
guilty party. I believed she had  
the nerve to enter his room in the  
night, secure the keys and then  
slip through the back yard, enter  
the bank and open the safe. When  
I learned that the dog was a great  
favorite of hers this belief was a  
certainty. I couldn't for reasons  
already given, say a word to  
Mitchell about this. He wanted  
to suspect his two employees, but  
when we had canvassed the matter  
he was made to see that it was al-  
together unlikely that either of  
them was guilty. Indeed he was  
alone in the bank when the bonds  
and money came in and he alone  
knew where the deposit was placed.

What did I do? I turned to  
Mrs. Gray again and in about a  
week something happened to  
prove that I was on the right trail.  
One of the street car lines of the  
town ran down to the railroad de-  
pot. It was Mrs. Gray's habit of  
an afternoon to ride on this line  
with the little girls as far down as  
a certain park and to sit near the  
fountain and read while the girls  
romped about with other children.  
I had closely watched her while in  
this park, but no one had ever  
come near her and her demeanor  
had been perfect.

On the third afternoon after the  
robbery she occupied her usual  
seat for an hour without anything  
unusual happening. I sat in the  
rear of her and about 30 feet away  
and by and by I noticed that she  
was writing a note with a pencil.  
She did it so deftly that one sit-  
ting in front of her could not have  
told what she was at. Beside her  
was a large shade tree, and as  
near as I could make out she dis-  
posed of the note, when folded up,  
somewhere about the tree. When  
she left I followed her for a short  
distance, and, looking back, I saw  
a young and well dressed man oc-  
cupying the place vacated by her.  
An hour later, when I could ex-  
amine the tree, I found a hollow  
in the trunk just about on a line  
with her shoulder as she sat on  
the bench. One not looking for it  
would have sat there fifty times  
and discovered nothing.

My theory was that she had an  
accomplice—the young man whom  
I had seen. The hollow in the  
tree was their postoffice. Next

day I was at the park half an hour  
before the usual time, and behold!  
the young man was occupying  
that bench. As she appeared he  
got up and took a seat 100 feet  
away, and by watching closely I  
saw that she took a note from the  
tree. Before leaving she wrote  
and "posted" one in, reply, after  
she had gone I saw him get it. I  
was now certain that I was on the  
right trail, and went to Mitchell to  
secure some particulars I wished  
to know. I told him I had a clue,  
but would not reveal which way it  
led. I learned from him that the  
combination of the vault-door had  
four numbers, and he alone knew  
it. It had been changed about a  
month after Mrs. Gray's arrival,  
and he hesitatingly admitted that  
the word was "Aime," which was  
her Christian name. He would  
not, however, admit that this fact  
was known to her.

For two weeks after receiving  
this information I hardly got  
sight of Mrs. Gray. For some  
reason she remained very closely  
at home. I found out from  
Mitchell in a roundabout way that  
the money needed to pay the men  
at a coal mine and also at a large  
factory was deposited with him  
on the 14th of every month. It  
was simply passed in to him to be  
locked in the vault over night, as  
it came up from Pittsburgh by  
messenger.

I reasoned that Mrs. Gray  
would worm this information out  
of him in some way, or that her ac-  
complice would discover it, and  
that if she had the combination of  
the vault she would make her  
strike on the night of the 14th. On  
the 12th day of August she ex-  
changed notes at the park; also on  
the 13th. On this latter day I  
shadowed the young man for three  
hours, and became satisfied that he  
was from Pittsburgh, and a "slick  
'un." Among the things he did  
was to go to the depot and inquire  
about various night trains, and  
particularly one which passed over  
the road half an hour after mid-  
night.

I promised Mitchell that a cli-  
max would soon be reached, and  
then staked my all on what might  
happen on the night of the 14th.  
At 8 o'clock on that evening I  
threw a piece of "dosed" meat to  
his dog from a neighboring yard,  
at 10 I softly climbed the fence  
to find the canine in his kennel,  
and sick enough to remain there.  
I lay down within ten feet of him,  
hidden behind a bush, and it was  
an hour and a half before any-  
thing happened. Everybody in  
the neighborhood was in bed and  
asleep by that time, and I was not  
greatly surprised when a female  
figure, which I knew to be that of  
Mrs. Gray, suddenly appeared  
and passed me five feet away, go-  
ing toward the bank. She stopped  
at the kennel to speak to the dog,  
and then opened the rear door and  
entered. I did not move from my  
hiding place until she reappear-  
ed, about twenty minutes later.  
She passed me on her way to the  
house. I followed quickly behind  
The keys she laid on the back  
steps, softly opened the side gate,  
and I let her reach the street be-  
fore I brought matters to a climax.  
She was only just out of the gate  
when she was joined by a man, but  
when I rushed to seize them he  
got the alarm and was off before I  
could grab him. I got her, how-  
ever, and she had a bundle under  
her arm, which I took charge of—  
a bundle containing about \$19,000  
in greenbacks.

What a nervy woman she was!  
She just simply laughed a bit as I  
led her up the steps and rang the  
bell to arouse Mitchell, and when  
I told him all and had the money  
and keys to prove it, she just look-  
ed up at him with a smile and ask-  
ed:  
"Well, what of it?"  
The "what of it?" was a corker.  
Mitchell couldn't let the public  
know that his bank could be so  
easily robbed, and he couldn't let  
society know that he had been  
duped by an adventuress, and  
after a consultation he actually  
gave that little adventuress \$2,000  
in cash to clear out. She

went, and as I left her at the depot  
she said:

"Give the old man my love  
when you get back to the house,  
and ask him if he never heard of  
Tony Weller's advice.—New York  
Sun.

**How Horatio Blowerson Start-  
ed in Business.**

BY OPIE P. RIED.

There lived in the thriving town  
of Mayfield, Tennessee, a man  
whom any one of observant in-  
clination would immediately have set-  
tled upon as the most pronounced  
character of the community. Hor-  
atio Blowerson prided himself on  
the gentility of his appearance  
and the unquestioned respectabil-  
ity of his family. It was known  
that at least two generations of his  
ancestors had lived without work,  
and that his grand-uncle had shot  
a man for calling him a liar. No  
one knew by what means Blow-  
erson contrived to live, he had no  
property and performed no labor.  
Once he was elected county clerk,  
but he never went into the office,  
except when he fancied that a fee  
might be due him. His real occu-  
pation was the playing of chess  
with an old fellow who had lost a  
leg in the Mexican war—sitting in  
the shade of the court house when  
the weather was warm, and hug-  
ging the stove in the grocery store  
of the Hon. Matt Lucas when the  
atmosphere was chilly. Long be-  
fore his term of office expired, the  
most influential of the county's  
tax-payers held a meeting and re-  
quested him to resign. Being a  
gentleman and a descendant of  
people that were not compelled to  
labor, he bowed gracefully and  
stepped down or rather up, as the  
performance added to his dignity.  
The mayor, a direct offspring of a  
nobody—a man whose uncouth ac-  
tivity had carried him to the front  
now that the negroes were freed  
and respectability was no longer a  
demanded quality—once had the  
hardy "gall" to ask Blowerson  
why he didn't go to work.

Blowerson began to swell like a  
turkey gobbler, that fills himself  
with the wind of self importance.  
"Why don't I work!" he ex-  
ploded. "Why ding the scales on  
your common hide, I am a gentle-  
man."

"Oh, you must excuse me," said  
the mayor. "I didn't know it."  
"Abner," Blowerson remarked  
with the quiet tremulo of suppres-  
sed anger, turning to the town  
marshal, who came up just at that  
moment, "take this fool mayor  
away from here, or I'll be dinged  
if I don't hurt him."

Blowerson had a habit of getting  
on an occasional spree. He argu-  
ed that this unstringing of dig-  
nity was necessary, and that an un-  
clogged flight of fancy was essen-  
tial to the perfect health of the  
mind. On one of his sprees he  
went to Cincinnati, and this ex-  
tension of the orbit of his orgies,  
proved eventful in his after life.  
The second day after his arrival in  
the city he awoke to find himself  
thirsty and moneyless. This was  
surely a painful predicament, as he  
was not acquainted in the place.  
He attempted to borrow a  
few dollars from a hotel clerk but  
was frowned upon. He went out  
into the street and wandered aim-  
lessly. He might have hawked his  
return railway ticket, but he was  
unacquainted with the business  
of the great American scalper; he  
might telegraph to his friends, but  
unfortunately his friends knew  
him too well. He saw the mayor  
of his own town drive past in a  
carriage, sitting beside a distin-  
guished looking man wearing a  
silk hat. "Low bred mortal,"  
mused Blowerson. "His father  
used to rive clapboards for a liv-  
ing. My father had negroes to  
wait on him, and here am I a  
tramp. The world is going to the  
devil."

Blowerson stepped back, and a  
clean-looking old gentleman invit-  
ed him to enter.

"You are the head of the firm, I  
believe," said Blowerson, bowing  
most impressively.

"Yes, sir; I am John McCall,"  
the old gentleman politely, but  
somewhat proudly, answered.  
"Won't you have a seat?"

Blowerson sat down drew a large  
draft (which was promptly hono-  
red) on his deposit of dignity, and  
then said: "I have come to you,  
Mr. McCall for the purpose, sir,  
of purchasing a number of stoves  
—or rather I am looking around.  
I am Horatio Blowerson of one of  
the oldest families in Tennessee,  
and am a citizen of Mayfield, that  
state. But," he suddenly added,  
arising, "I will go on around and  
come back after dinner. By the  
way, is there a place in the imme-  
diate neighborhood where I can get  
something that is fit to drink?"

"Why, just come with me, Mr.  
Blowerson; there is a place not far  
from here where we introduce our  
customers, and I am satisfied that  
you will find it to your liking. I  
will call our head salesman and  
take him with us."

They went to the sample  
room of a wholesale liquor house,  
where Blowerson's feverish "cop-  
pers" were cooled with cham-  
pagne. Then McCall and the  
head salesman took Blowerson to  
dinner and feasted him with dainty  
viaticals and more wine.

"Shall we go back to the store?"  
said the head salesman, anxious  
that business should begin.

"Yes," Blowerson answered,  
wishing that he could find an ave-  
nue of escape, but being comfort-  
ably full and strangely daring he  
returned to the store, determined  
to carry out the "bluff."

"Now, sir, about how many  
stoves do you want?" the salesman  
asked when they reached the  
store.

"Three hundred, sir."

"Whew!" the salesman whistled.

"Three hundred," Blowerson re-  
peated. "And I want them shipped  
at once. Grade them yourself and  
send the bill along with them. Oh,  
if you have any doubt as to my  
standing step right around to the  
telegraph office and settle the  
matter. Come, let us go and tele-  
graph to the governor of Tennessee."

"We can look up your rating, I  
suppose," said the salesman.

"I have no commercial rating.

The truth is, I have just started in  
business. Come let us go and tel-  
eograph to the governor of Tennes-  
see."

"I suppose you are all right,"  
said the salesman, "still this is  
out of the regular order of busi-  
ness."

That may be true, sir; and if I  
were not a gentleman with a  
record I would resort to the com-  
mon means of business. I am too  
well known, sir, to injure my rep-  
utation for a few stoves."

"I guess we'll send them all  
right," said the salesman.

Blowerson started home that  
afternoon and was so tired that he  
fell asleep immediately after get-  
ting on the train. He did not  
awake until he was nearly home,  
and then his head ached so strong-  
ly and with such thought-prevent-  
ing throbs that he did not think of  
his absurd stove order; but he  
thought of it the next day while he  
sat in the shade of the court house,  
playing chess with the old fellow  
that had lost a leg in the Mexican  
war, and it would have worried  
him, but, having an important  
move to make, he instantly ex-  
ploded the thought from his mind;  
but the next day while he was  
slowly walking along on the shady  
side of the street, the railway sta-  
tion agent stopped him, and smil-  
ing, said:

"Mr. Blowerson, there are three  
hundred stoves over at the depot  
billed to you."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed  
Blowerson.

"I couldn't understand what you  
wanted with so many stoves," the  
agent went on, "and thought there  
must be some mistake."

"You'll have to send them back  
—no; wait until I see you again,"  
Blowerson strolled on, ponder-

ing, or attempting to ponder, as to  
what he should do. It was the  
first time in his life that he had  
ever been called on to think seri-  
ously. He met the mayor of the  
town.

"Say, Mr. Beasley, I am in a  
box."

"I hope it isn't a bad one Blow-  
erson."

"But it is a very bad one. I  
was in Cincinnati the other day  
when you were there, and—but, to  
shorten a painful story, I acted the  
blamed fool and ordered three  
hundred stoves, and they have  
come."

"How did you manage it?"

"I hardly know—was full at  
the time. I must have used great  
arguments as to my standing.  
Why, I haven't a cent to save my  
life, and I shall be disgraced."

"Of course you signed some  
sort of contract?"

"Oh, I remember signing some  
sort of notes. I am disgraced for  
life. Say, Beasley, what are you  
going to do with that old store of  
yours?"

"I was going to rent it, but no-  
body wants it."

"I'll tell you what to do. Lend  
me money enough to pay the  
freight on those stoves, and let  
me put them in your old store.  
Blamed if I don't try to sell  
them."

"All right, Blowerson, I'll pay  
the freight and have the stoves  
hailed over."

That afternoon a crowd of titter-  
ing people were gathered about  
the entrance of an old store. The  
idea of Blowerson attempting to  
break into business, as they term-  
ed it, was a prodigious joke, and  
they were eager to see his first at-  
tempt at a sale. Blowerson em-  
ployed a man to help him, and,  
mounting a box himself, began to  
cry his wares.

"Follow citizens," he began, "for  
many years I have observed that  
nearly every family in this coun-  
try is a martyr to bad cooking.  
Indigestion, and all sorts of stom-  
ach ills beset our people, and re-  
nder them incapable of exercising  
half their physical and mental  
strength. The lawyer sputters  
and thrashes about in his plead-  
ing, floundering for the right lead  
of thought. Why? Indigestion.  
The physician gropes and fumbles  
over the pulse of his patient, and  
dallies, can not find the keen edge  
of the disease. Why? Indigestion.  
The blacksmith stands fatigued at  
the anvil; the merchant languishes  
at the counter; the farmer  
mopes behind the plow, on ac-  
count of badly prepared food—  
yes, God's sunshine does not ap-  
pear half so bright as it really is,  
the moonbeams are not so silvery  
and poetic; the waters do not flow  
with a rippling so musical—noth-  
ing is as it should be, and all on  
account of indigestion. For years  
I have been of no use to my fel-  
low man, during my entire life,  
you might say, I have been worth-  
less, not through design, however,  
but because I have been searching  
for some way, some great discov-  
ery by which I could confer  
an everlasting benefit. At last I  
have found that way, and by the  
pawning of my sacred honor, have  
procured the cast iron agencies of  
relief. In this store I have three  
hundred stoves—but don't be  
frightened, for when they are gone  
I will get more. Of course stoves  
have been brought to this town  
ever since we were boys, but I am  
the first man who has ever made  
a specialty of them, and who  
among you can say that indiges-  
tion should not be treated as a  
specialty. Step right in, for I am  
going to sell them just a trifle  
above cost. Ah, there goes a man  
who has suffered long enough. He  
recognizes great power within him  
and is now resolved that they  
shall hereafter exercise their full  
swing. Take the stoves along, my  
dear friends, and leave me your  
due bills. There goes another de-  
termined and high-spirited man.  
To-day he may be feeble in health  
but in a few weeks from now he  
may be a veritable Samson. Go in,  
gentlemen.

The country papers came out  
with a striking, though joking  
"write-up" of the great stove  
house, and country wives, not un-  
derstanding the joke, but keenly  
feeling the necessity for stoves,  
urged their husbands not to let so  
rich an opportunity pass by.  
Blowerson's first note fell due and  
was promptly met, and—well the  
entire stock was sold within two  
months.

"You are now out of your bad  
box," said the mayor.

"Yes, and I have ordered more  
stoves. Hanged if I don't like  
the business, and don't see that it  
hurts my standing as a gentle-  
man."

This was the origin of the great  
hardware firm of Blowerson & Son  
of Nashville, Tennessee.

The old stand is not in use as a  
stove house, but having been re-  
novated, serves as a free business  
college and is supported by Blow-  
erson & Son.