KENNETH'S AMBUSCADE.

A Charming Story.

"Three girls domiciled in the very next room. There's an end of the writing for one month, at least."

Kenneth Ross pushed his papers into a confused heap, and lighted a cigar in a sort of quiet despair.

"There are my cousin Flora, Alice Aymer and Rose Fernall—blue eyes, black eyes and melting grav. By the way, that little monkey Rosa isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of filbert brown hair, and big gray eyes, and cheeks where the blood flutters like a pink pennon. Rosa Fernall would make a tolerable study for my next heroine. I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho!"

Kenneth Ross paused a moment, as the peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They are laughing at me, I'll wager my opal scarf. Girls always think a bachelor fair game; they've no more respect for the dignity of man than so many Brazilian monkeys!"

And Mr. Ross looked rather complacently in the mirror opposite, which reflected an oval brown face, with shining black hair and moustache, brilliant dark eyes, and a mirthful, spirited mouth.

Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door, even while he was engaged in taking this personal survey of himself, and he had just time to take his feet off the table before Miss Flora Edgeworth put her sunshiny little head into the room.

"Cousin Kenneth, are you there?"

"Yes."

"May we come in?"

"Why, you'll come in, whether I grant permission or not, and may as well say—Yes!"

"I just want the girls to see what a dear little scholarly den you have got here, all hung with pictures and meerschaums and deer's horns, and darling, dismal skulls, and—"

Flora threw open the door and admitted her companions—rosy, laughing damsels of eighteen and twenty-one.

"Here he is, girls: the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!"

"Now, I tell you what, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half-smoked cigar deliberately out of the window, "I must trouble you to be a little less unceremonious!"

For Alice and Flora had pounced on his loose manuscript, and were already laughing over the rather illegible chirography.

Miss Fernall stood near the door, a little confused, and very pretty, in her blushes and uncertainty.

"Alice! Flora! don't!" she appealed.

"It's no use, Miss Rosa!" said Kenneth, despairingly, "Girls, will you be so kind as to leave my writing desk alone? There is no use in looking in that drawer, either, unless you are particularly interested in blacking brushes and old boots."

"How can you, Flora?" pleaded the shocked Rosa.

"Oh, my, girls!" twittered Miss Edgeworth, ecstatically, "here's a bottle of real Farina cologne. Out with your pocket handkerchiefs—be quick! Go on, Ken; what were you saying?"

But Mr. Ross preserved a stately silence.

"Don't be cross, Kenneth," said Flora, sprinkling a scented dew on her yellow curls from the slender, foreign, shaped bottle. "We're going down to the post office now. Rosa Fernall has written a twelve page letter to her sweetheart out in Canada——"

"And" pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come girls, the sun is getting more oppressive every minute."

And the next moment Mr. Ross was left alone in the summer silence of the room, with heavy musk roses nodding at the open casemate, and the dreamy murmur of maple boughs and far-off beds in his ear.

"A twelve page letter to her sweetheart!" pondered Mr. Kennett, with a very ominous contraction of his eyebrows. "She must have had something very interesting to write. I wonder who he is, Canada, eh? I wish it was Van Dieman's Land."

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair, and began to walk up and down the floor.

"It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said, impatiently taking up his straw hat, "I'll go and take a tramp in the woods. Twelve pages! what could she have found to fill up twelve pages?"

Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in planting a thorn in her cousin's breast, all unconscious though she had been.

The sun was low in the cloudless western sky when Kenneth Rose returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-fashioned country house was very still, as he ascended the oaken staircase, and went absently along the corridor towards his own apartment.

"Hallo!"

Mr. Ross gazed vacantly around the room with something of the bewildered feeling that might have belonged to the Eastern prince, when he found himself transported from pole to pole in an enchanted dream.

"I'm in the wrong room, I do believe—for there is Flora Edgeworth's white zephy', shawl on the bed, and Rosa's black velvet Derby hat, and no end of ribbons, and gloves, and face collars on the bureau. I don't see how I ever came to make such a blunder—I must have been in a brown study!"

He balanced the coquettish little black velvet "Derby hat" on his hand as he spoke.

"So this is the fashionable style of chapeau, eh? It certainly is a fact that women borrow their chief dress ideas nowadays from the nobler sex. This hat is just a fac simile of my last summer's tile, and that little sacque with the big horn buttons is my cutaway coat over again. I wonder now whether Rosa's little hat would fit me?"

Mr. Ross adjusted the article of dress on one side of his curls jauntily, and viewed himself, not ill pleased in the mirror.

"Upon my word, it don't look so bad, only this long, flapping veil is confoundedly in the way. And now where's the sacque. A little tight in the sleeve, but otherwise quite a decent fit, if a fellow holds his arm well back. There's Alice's blue muslin dress. I've two minds and a half to put it on, just for the fun of the thing."

A momentary silence ensued, followed by the rustling of muslin.

"Don't meet 'round the waist by by good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing drag on the floor and hang 'round one's legs so! Oh! I know, the crinoline ought to go under."

For the "dignity of manhood" we are reluctant to chronicle the fact that our hero, intent on the tableaux solitaire, did actually then and there proceed to the closet, and piratically take down a hoopskirt, which he solemnly put on!

"Jupiter! how comical it feels!" he ejaculated, with an amused face "Why, I should not dare to go within a yard of a vase or statuette, and I'm quite certain I should swamp all the chairs and tables I came near! Bother this trailing muslin—always in the way."

For Mr. Ross had unthinkingly plunged his masculine boot through the delicate fabric of the dress.

"I'm not certain but that I should make quite a nice-looking woman," mused Kenneth, strutting backwards and forwards before the mirror, with his Derby hat balanced daintily, and the blue muslin revealing about a foot and a half of calf skin boot and trousers. "Oh the whole!—Tomb of the prophet! is that the girls?

Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate jerk at his sacque, and a pull at the crinoline, but all in vain.

"The sweet, gay voices, intermingled here and there with a ringling laugh, or a snatch of songs, drew nearer and nearer.

For an instant, Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be simply impossible.

"I must stay and face it out," he thought with a cold perspiration breaking out on his forehead; "but hold on, there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay here a minute or two."

And Mr. Kenneth Ross, totally oblivious of the majesty of man, fled precipitately into the closet, tumbling over his crinoline and muslin in a most disastrous manner, and hopelessly splitting open the seams of poor Alice's sacque.

Why the deuce didn't I think to secure the key? he thought, as the girls streamed into the room. "However, I can hold tight on to the door-handle if any one attempts to get in. It—by Jove—if the girls should see me in this rig, I should never hear the last of it. I don't see, either, why I'm obliged to play the eaves-dropper, against my will."

He leaned up against the shelves and breathlessly waited the progress of events.

"Why, ejaculated a soft voice—Rosa's own—"where's my Derby? Was I careless enough to leave it down stairs? Flora, you have hidden it."

"I wonder what you'll accuse me of next," said Flora, in an injured voice.

"You told Mr. Ross that cousin Simon's letter was to—to—"

"Your sweetheart. Well, he ought to be, I'm sure. Mr. Simon Montrose is the handsomest young man I know."

"Oh, Flora, he don't compare with Mr. Ross."

"Rosa Fernall be honest, said Flora, speaking indistinctly, with two or three hair-pins in her cherry mouth; which do you like best, cousin Ken, or Simon Montrose?

"Flora!"

"Tell me, now, honestly.

The answer came in a low, half inaudible voice—

"Kenneth!

The heart under Alice's sacque gave a great joyous leap.

Mr. Kenneth Ross's head came in contact with something on the upper shelf, and down came a rain of bandboxes on his occiput.

There was an instant terrified silence, and then all the girls began to scream in chorus.

"Mercy!" ejaculated Alice, "What is it?

"How silly we all are! said Rosa tremulously, it is only the cat.

"As if a cat could make such a noise as that," sobbed Flora. "Call Uncle John—bring a revolver! Alice, do look and see what it is.

"No, you look," faltered Alice, retreating behind the bureau.

"I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernall, bravely advancing to the rescue.

But when the door handle refused to turn even she blanched.

"Some one is holding the door in tide. Call the men."

"There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the panels.

And the next moment the closet door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue muslin and crinoline, and a countenance whose utter sheepishness can never be described.

"Cousin Ken!" shrieked Flora.

"Mr. Ross," faltered Miss Fernall

"Why, it can't be possible," ejaculated Alice.

And then the three girls clung to each other in irrepressible paroxysms of laughter.

"The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth, confusedly, "I—won't some one help me off with this mouse-trap of a hoop-skirt? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your sacque open, but—well, if you don't stop laughing, I can't explain; that's the long and the short of it."

But Rosa Fernall had stopped laughing already, and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet,

She had just remembered the words carelessly spoken in that very room, not five minutes ago.

In an inexplicably short space of time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornments and fled ignominiously, followed by the peals of laughter of his cousin and Alice Aymer.

Rosa—strange little piece of contradiction—had began to cry.

"Poor little thing, she's hysterical," said aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

But Rosa Fernall was not hysterical.

The full delicious moon of Summer was in the mid heaven that night, as Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden, moodily pulling a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving quiet Warburgh to avoid the girls sarcasm.

"I was a fool," quoth Kenneth aloud, "but—who's there?"

It was Rosa with two or three white clove pinks in her hand, coming from the lower part of the garden.

And by the full, brilliant moonlight, Kenneth saw traces of tears on her cheek.

"Rosa, you have been crying."

"No, I hayn't!"

And to prove the truth of her assertion, Rosa began to cry afresh.

"Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely, "I have been thinking of leaving Warburgh to-morrow."

"But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if—if—you'll only tell me to my face, what you told my cousin when I was hidden away like a foolish rat in a trap, Rosa Speak to me, little one!

"What shall I tell you? faltered Rosa."

"That you love me! that you will be my dear and cherished wife!"

And she told me so in the language lovers best like to hear.

And Mr. Kenneth Ross stayed in Warburgh and braved the ridicule of Alice an Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his side.

But he never read the girls any more homilies, on the dignity of manhood or the majesty of human nature.

To use Miss Flora's expresssive language, "it wouldn't have gone down."

General Robt. E. Lee.

The example of the late General Lee in refusing all gifts, and declining to receive compensation for services not rendered, is more worthy to his country and to who all who follow it, than millions in gold. The facts here stated will not be forgotton:

In the winter of 1864 the City Council of Richmond tendered General Lee an elegant mansion as some small token of the high estimation in which he was held by the city which he had so long defended. But the grand old man replied: "I do not expect to be in Richmond during the continuance of the war, and my family are as comfortable as they have a right to expect in these times. I must, therefore, with my thanks for your consideration, most respectfully decline your offer. If you have money to give, I hope you will bestow it upon my private soldiers, who are more in need and more deserving than myself.

At the close of the war offers of pecuniary assistance poured in upon him from all sides, but he steadfastly refused to receive them.

An English nobleman, thinking he would rejoice in some place of retreat from his afflictions, wrote to offer him a splendid country seat and a handsome annuity. He nobly replied: "I am deeply grateful, but I cannot consent to desert my native State in the dark hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortune and share her fate."

Soon after he took charge of Washington College he was visited by the agent of an insurance company, who offered him the presidency at a salary of ten thousand dollars. He told the agent that he could not properly attend to both. "But, General," said the agent, "we do not want you to discharge any duties. We simply wish the use of your name. That will abundantly compensate us."

"Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder, "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

He received many offers of this sort, and just a short time before his death, a large manufacturing company in New York offered him a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year if he would become their president. But to all such offers he had the same reply—his duty in the college fully occupied his time, and he would not receive pay where he did not render service.

He refused to receive from the college anything like so large a salary as they desired to pay him, and when, in 1869, the trustees decreed to Mrs. Lee a house and annuity of three thousand dollars, the General respectfully declined, on Mrs. Lee's behalf, to accept it.

He declined all gratuities, and though a loving people, for whom he had toiled so heroically, would most joyously have settled on him a handsome property, he preferred to earn his daily bread by his personal exertions, and to set his people an example of honest industry.—*Christian Observer.*

Winter Pasture.

A good winter pasture is a source of great profit and satisfaction to the farmer; and we know of nothing that furnishes a better one than winter barley. Every farmer should have a field of it. The following article as to the preparation, character of soil, its growth and management, we take from the *Live Stock Journal.* It says:

This crop flourishes best on sandy or gravelly soils, but will grow vigorously on almost any soil, not so wet as to heave badly by frost. It will yield a large supply of green food on land moderately rich, as its roots spread out over a large space, and furnish a great number of absorbents to each plant. Rye, for soiling, should be sown in the latter part of August, or early in September, in the Middle and New England States, but may be sown later further South. Early sowing will insure a strong root to withstand the Winter, and bring on an earlier cutting in Spring. The land must be well prepared with the tilth, and if sown with a drill, two and one half bushels or if broadcast, three bushels a peck of seed per acre. It requires much thicker sowing for soiling than for grain. If it should attain too great a growth in the Fall, it may be pastured if the ground is dry: but if too soft for cattle, then mow it so as to prevent smothering under the snow. Care must be taken to cut in the spring before the heads form, so that it will spring up again immediately for a second crop. If cut before the head forms, it will commence its new growth at once from the center of the stalk; but if cut later, it must grow from the root like timothy. If the land is good, and the season sufficiently moist, it may be cut every three weeks; and as it has about the same nutriment as clover when cut green, its value as a soiling crop can easily be appreciated.

THE DELIGHTS OF BEING ENAMELED—"You lie on your back twenty-four hours with a mask plaster of forty-hornet power that blisters your face into a remarkable condition. The second day you peel like a banana. Just imagine that! Then in perfect repose, as if in that raw state perfect repose could be possible, you must still lie on your back, suppressing all emotion, as a smile will produce a wrinkle. To smile under such circumstances would certainly be a new wrinkle Calmly, tranquilly, with a straw in your mouth for the administration of your gruel, there you lie for several days, until a new skin is formed.—Still more days are necessary before the gentle breezes can blow upon it without raising waves and furrows upon the uncongealed surface, and after all these lascerating operations, it is quite uncertain whether the victim comes out beautiful, or looking as if he had escaped with his life from a steamboat explosion."

Agriculture in Italy.

The kingdom of Italy now embraces an area of 180,000 square miles, and a population of 26,000,000.

In 1865 the surface of Italy, including Venetia and the Roman States, was thus distributed: Arable lands, including vineyards, 29,749,167 acres; natural and artificial grass lands, 3,742,772 acres; rice plantations, 363,742 acres; olive groves, 1,503,327 acres; chestnut groves, 1,600,937 acres; woods and forests, 12,088,822 acres; pasturage, 16,794,817 acres; marshes, lakes, &c., 3,005,835 acres; waste lands, from 6,500,000 to 8,000,000 acres; making a total of about 75,000,000 acres. One-half of soil that is cultivated is devoted to cereals, while only 4 per cent. of the entire surface is devoted to the cultivated grasses; cattle and other domestic animals are, therefore, numerous. In the whole of Italy the estimated number of domestic animals is given as follows: Horses, 1,462,816; cattle, 4,007,472; sheep, 9,736,101; swine, 4,050,021; goats, 2,615,427. This is only one-fifth the number of domestic animals in the United States in 1869. The annual average of cereal and other productions, in bushels, is as follows: Wheat, 101,484,236; maize, 48,727,330; rice, 3,972,325; chestnut, 15,771,000; potatoes, 27,794,157; other vegetables 11,899,178. Of oil the average is 1,775,849 hectoliters, and of wine, 34,977,849 hectoliters. Northern Italy is in higher state of cultivation than the southern portion. Among the hills of Piedmont, which are as 0,774 to 0.226 of plain, and more particularly where the vine is cultivated, the land is mainly owned by small farmers, in lots averaging from 1½ to 7½ acres, but on the plains, especially where rice is grown, the farms are large, ranging from 100 acres to 3,500 and upward, and are generally leased to substantial farmers. The principal products are wheat, rice, Indian corn, oats, rye and other grains, vines and mulberry trees, lucerne, flax and hemp; apples, peaches, pears, cherries, chestnuts and walnuts. Irrigation is general upon the plains. The yield of wheat however, owing to defective tillage is only about one-third of the English average per acre. Experiments have proved that it may be doubled with proper cultivation. The use of improved agricultural machines, hitherto discouraged, and of commercial fertilizers, is increasing. The cultivation of the vine in Piedmont is also receiving greater attention, the old practice of festooning having been generally abandoned, and the improved French methods of culture substituted. In Lombardy there is much activity in agricultural pursuits. As in Piedmont, small farms are common in hilly districts, and large farms on the plains. Most of the latter are irrigated. On the small Mountain farms the spade is largely used, as it is also on the hills of Piedmont. The cultivation of the vine and mulberry trees, with wheat and other grains, prevails in the hills of Lombardy, while rice, flax and hay are grown on the plains. Silk is the staple product. Cattle are generally kept by all farmers, and the country is rich in butter and cheese. In Venetia none of the cereals are largely cultivated, but are mostly imported from the Levant and the Black Sea. In the Roman States and the provinces which immediately join them, the modes of culture are very rude, and the production is, of course, very limited.

The subdivision of the soil throughout Italy is much more favorable to farmers of small means than the English system of large landed estates, but is not so minute and impoverished as that which prevails in France. In a population of 26,000,000 the number of landed proprietors is given at 4,150,000, with an average of 12½ acres each. In Piedmont and Sicily, one in four is a land-holder; in Param and Lombardy, one in six; in Tuscany, one in thirteen; and in all Italy, in 1862, seventeen in one hundred owned land. The most subdivisions are in Piedmont and the two Sicilies; the fewest, in Tuscany. Romagna and Umbria, where large tracts are owned by the province, the commune, and the religious orders, and are generally badly farmed.

The cultivation of cotton and tobacco has been introduced into some of the Italian provinces, and most satisfactory results have been obtained.

A Western editor who saw an item to the effect that Rhode Ireland was suffering from the potato-bug, wanted to know why the inhabitants didn't turn out with their soldiers and kill the mongter.

1840 TO 1871

FOR THIRTY-ONE YEARS

PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN - KILLER

Has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveler, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our LAKES OR RIVERS WITHOUT IT.

PAIN-KILLER was the first and is the Only Permanent Pain-Reliever.

Since the PAIN-KILLER was first introduced, and met with such unsurpassed sale, many Liniments, Panacea, and other remedies have been offered to the public, but not one of them has ever attained the truly ENVIABLE STANDING of the PAIN-KILLER.

Why is this So?

It is because DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is what it claims to be—a Reliever of Pain.

Its Merits are Unsurpassed.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, Twenty or Thirty Drops in a Little Water will almost instantly cure you. There is nothing to equal it. In a few moments it cures

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heart-burn, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

In sections of the country where

FEVER AND AGUE

Prevail, there is no remedy held in greater esteem. Every housekeeper should keep it a hand, to apply it on the first attack of any Pain It will give satisfactory relief, and save hour of suffering.

Do not trifle with yourselves by testing untried remedies. Be sure you call for and get the genuine PAIN-KILLER, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1 per Bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
Proprietors for the Southern and Western States.

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Wheloch, Finlay & Co.....New Orleans.
G. P. Jones & Co.....Memphis.
R. A. Robinson & Co.....Louisville.
Beard & Degoville.....Nashville
And by all Medicine Dealers. mr4

MAKING CLOVER HAY.—Cut it early; before the heads are turned brown. Cut it when it is dry. After it is cut, wilt it as rapidly as possible, by turning it, or throwing it up with the tedder. The leaves will not fall off in this process. Then cock and cap it, and let it remain thirty or forty hours, Open to the sun and air a little and get it in.

PAIN KILLER.—In another column will be found the advertisement of Davis' Pain Killer. There is probably no other preparation manufactured that has become so much of a household word as the Pain Killer. For thirty years it has stood before the public, and the innumerable testimonials that have been called forth voluntarily, testify fully to its merits. When you need a family medicine buy the Pain Killer.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—A writer, who must know what is good, makes the following suggestion concerning a good institution: As the season for apple dumplings, allow me the liberty of saying that they can be made so that every one, even of delicate digestive powers, can eat them with impunity. The housekeeper must know already, when I recommend that the dough, if it may be so called, should be made of about one pint of flour to six parts of potatoes, boiled and mashed thoroughly, and every lump removed. It makes a good paste, and the dumplings can be enjoyed by every one without fear of after unpleasant results.

TO THE LADIES.

We will send the following handsome articles at the following small prices: one elegant Ladies Lace Handkerchief for 50cts; one elegant Ladies Lace Collar, 50cts; and one pair of Ladies extra fine Kid Gloves, any size or color, 75cts. We will send any one of these articles by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.
Address, A. T. STEWART & CO., Columbus, Tenn.

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE ONE

Of the CHAMPION NEEDLE THREADING TWEEZERS, warranted to thread coarse or fine needles with ease, whether the eyesight be good or not. Agents make from $5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. Send 35 cents for sample by mail. Address C. H. PATRICK, 131 West Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

REAL ESTATE

Distribution,
OF MAURY COUNTY, TENN.,
For 1871.

TICKETS $2.00 EACH.

The whole Distribution will embrace the amount of

$90,000.00,

In choice Lands, Real Estate and Personal Property.

The Drawing will take place on the 27th day of December, 1871.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1—1 Magnificent Farm	$25,000 00
2—1 Fine Dwelling House and Lot, cor. Glade and Spring Sts	10,000 00
3—1 House & Lot on South Main St	5,250 00
4—1 House & Lot on South Main St	3,000 00
5—1 Business House on South Main St	7,500 00
6—1 Business House on Public Square	8,250,00
Next 34 prizes Building Lots $256 each	8,700 00
Next 31 prizes " " $250 each	8,250 00
Next 12 prizes " " $562 each	6,750 00
7—1 Elegant Rosewood Piano	900 00
8—1 Fine Buggy (Jenny Lind turn over)	600 00
9—1 Democrat Wagon	350 00
10—1 Gent's Fine Gold Watch	300 00
11 to 15 inclusive, 5 Elegant Tea Setts, $60,00 each	300 00
Next 20 prizes in books valued at $3 each	600 00
Next 20 prizes in Paintings, valued at $10 each	200 00
25—1 Silver Tea Sett	150 00
26—1 Gents Fine Gold Watch	135 00
Next 10 prizes, 12 Elegant Castors $12 each	120 00
Next 4 prizes, 4 Setts of Gold Band China	120 00
41—1 Elegant China Dinner Sett	100 00
Next 4 prizes, 4 Fruit Stands, $25 each	100 00
Next 25 prizes 25 silver goblets $4 each	100 00
" 6 prizes 6 Silver Cake Baskets, $15 each	90 00
" 8 prizes 8 butter dishes $12 each	96 00
" 4 prizes 4 Silver Pitchers $20 each	80 00
" 4 prizes 4 Silver Berry Dishes, $20 each	80 00
" 4 prizes 4 Setts White China	80 00
307—1 Satin finish Water Sett	75 00
Next two prizes 2 Silver Waiters $25 and $50 each	75 00
310—1 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine	75 00
311—1 Finkle & Lyon Sewing Machine	75 00
312—1 Elegant Boquet Castor	60 00
313—1 Ladies' Fine Gold Watch	60 00
314—1 Elegant Sett Ruby Jewelry	60 00
315—1 Silver Wine Sett	50 00
Next 12 prizes 12 Silver Soup ladles	60 00
328—1 fine English Saddle and bridle	45 00
329—Ladies' Saddle and Bridle	40 00
330—1 Elegant Memphis Full Rig Saddle and Bridle	40 00
331—1 Elegant Memphis Full Rig Saddle and Bridle	38 00
100 Photograph Albums	500 00
100 Gold Pens and Holders	500 00
100 Glass Setts	200 00
50 Bohemian Glass Toilet Setts	150 00
25 Elegant Music Boxes	125 00
8 Family Bibles	40 00
10 Double-barrel Shot Guns	150 00
10 Double-barrel Shot Guns	250 00
10 Single-Barrel Shot Guns	100 00
1 Double-barrel Greener Gun	100 00
100 Elegant China Vases	400 00
10 Smith & Wesson Pistols	150 00
6 Four Inch Revolvers	75 00
50 Elegant Watches	500 00
10 Elegant Toilet Setts	100 00
6 Guitars	75 00
31 Guitars	120 00
3 Elegant French Clocks	100 00
6 Setts Ivory Handle Knives and Silver Forks	60 00
6 Setts Ivory Handle Knives and Silver Forks	48 00
2 Setts Elegant Gold Band China	60 00
Two Thousand Prizes valued at $2, each	4,000 00
3,000 Gifts in all	$95,000 00

The grand prize to the head of the list is a part of the Farm formerly owned by Col. G. W. Polk, situated on the Mt. Pleasant Pike, West of Columbia. It contains 150 acres and has a fine residence with all out-buildings complete and well improved.

We call particular attention to the following:

1st. We propose to conduct this enterprise in a strictly honorable way.

2d. No persons will be admitted to the drawing but those who hold shares; the Committee to superintend the drawing must be selected by the shareholders. The Managers will take no part in the drawing but merely furnish the necessary appliances.

3d. No person connected with the management will be allowed to hold a share under any circumstances.

4th. Absolute titles to the various pieces of real estate will be made by the Managers, thus avoiding the usual trouble experienced in other Distributions.

5th. We will satisfy the public that this Distribution will be conducted in such a manner as to sustain the confidence of every shareholder in the management.

The Drawing will be made at Athens, Ala., at which place, for tickets and information in regard thereto, address

L. H. ATTWELL, successor to
HODGE & ATTWELL.

A Special Train will be chartered to run from Nashville to Athens, Ala., that all Ticket Holders may attend the Drawing, free of charge.

MANNER OF DRAWING.

There will be two Glass Wheels. One wheel will contain 45,000 numbers plainly printed, being duplicates of the tickets sold. The other will contain 3000 prizes. One number will be drawn from the first wheel, and the first prize drawn from the second wheel will be the gift of the number first drawn, and so on until all the prizes are drawn, whether the Capital Prize or one of smaller value.

All monies arising from the sale of Tickets will be deposited in the Bank of Columbia and First National Bank of Columbia.

REFERENCES.

Hon. W. B. WILSON, Columbia, Tenn.
Col. A. M. LOONEY, Columbia, Tenn.
W. J. DALE, Esq., Columbia, Tenn.
A. S. HORSLEY, Columbia, Tenn.
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