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Special inducements to newly married couples and genuine bargains offered to all customers who buy of us. We are receiving weekly up-to-date

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Groceries Announcement

Having just reopened in the Swiggart building, opposite the Commercial Bank, we are ready to serve our patrons with the best of everything in this line.

WE HOPE

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ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS
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to merit even a larger patronage than that enjoyed by us in the past. Try us when you are hungry.

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A GREAT RACE FOR

HIGHEST HONORS

among the various brands of flour would undoubtedly result in a first prize for the now famous SUNSHINE White as a lily, light as a thistle, best as a bread baker, SUNSHINE well deserves a good thing that can be said about it. It has friends in many a family, and we would like yours to make its acquaintance.



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WASHINGTON LETTER.

Secretary Gage is chafing under the muzzle that has been put upon him by the Administration, and some predict that it may result in his resignation. Since turning the matter over to the diplomatic branch of the Government, with the hope of reaching a satisfactory settlement of the tariff war with Russia, into which the Secretary's blundering construction of law plunged this country, Mr. McKinley informed him that he must cease talking for publication about the acts which led to the tariff war. This Mr. Gage is inclined to regard as a double reflection on his judgment, but whether he will take it seriously enough to resign is not yet apparent. Those best informed express the opinion that the interests which placed Mr. Gage in charge of the financial branch of the Government will intervene, if necessary, to prevent his resigning, as they do not wish to take any chances with a new man.

The Republican fight over the control of the Pension Bureau is growing sensational. Commissioner Evans this week made a statement—his first public resistance to the demand for his removal—that breathes defiance between the lines, and may be considered a dare to Mr. McKinley to redeem the written promise of the Republican National Committee to Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, during the campaign last year, that Evans would not be continued at the head of the Pension Bureau during this Administration if Mr. McKinley was re-elected. Mr. Evans intimates that in addition to the desire of the pension sharks to control the work of the Pension Bureau, there are Republican politicians who wish a chance because they have not been allowed to dictate, in defiance of law, appointments and promotions in the bureau. Taken all in all, this statement of Mr. Evans would be "hot stuff" in much colder weather than that which Washington is now passing through, and his friends say that he has unlimited ammunition of more of the same sort, and that having become tired of being abused for doing his duty and standing between the Government and a ring of pension looters, he will use it without regard as to who is hit if the fight against him is kept up. Democrats are playing the role of interested spectators in this fight. Gen. Sickles, who used to be a Democrat, and who is a leader on the anti-Evans side, was a McKinley stumper in 1896 and 1900, and "Corporal" Tanner, who seems to be second in command, is a Republican who was summarily kicked out of the office of Pension Commissioner by the late Benjamin Harrison for doing the very thing that Evans is being fought for not doing.

The opinion is increasing among Democrats that the Republican talk about revising the tariff so as to hit trust-controlled articles is nothing more than a vote-making bluff. In many congressional districts in the West and middle West there is a strong sentiment among Republican voters against trusts. It is to keep this vote from being lost to the party that the tariff revision talk was started, and it is expected that a considerable number of Republican representatives from that section will make speeches during the coming session of Congress in favor of taking the duty off trust-controlled articles, not because they expect or really desire any legislation along that line, but because the speeches will make good campaign documents in next year's Congressional fight.

It seems that Secretary Gage's order imposing a countervailing duty on Italian sugar, on the suspicion that Italy was paying an export bounty on sugar, was as

big a blunder as that he made on Russian sugar. The Italian Government has officially informed this Government that it does not pay a bounty on sugar exported, just as Russia did. Matters of this sort are too important and far reaching in their effect to be determined upon without absolute knowledge of the facts.

Within a few days—probably next week—the advisory headquarters of the Ohio Republicans will be established in the Canton home of Mr. McKinley, and the adviser-in-chief will be no less a personage than Mr. McKinley himself. Although there is no national issue involved in the Ohio campaign this year, unless the election of a legislature that will name Senator Foraker's successor can be considered as such, Mr. McKinley is very anxious that the Republicans shall win, not that he would grieve to see Foraker lose his seat in the Senate, but because of its moral effect on the congressional campaign of next year. As a shrewd politician he recognizes that unless the Republicans can retain control of Congress, many of his plans concerning the Philippines will be upset, as he has no idea that all these plans can be put into effect through legislation by the present congress.

The Rev. J. C. Woodward, of Atlanta, according to the Constitution, preached a sermon that is likely to receive a great deal of attention. Some praise as well as some criticism. Mr. Solomon seems to think that a clergyman might as well wear a smiling face as anyone in his flock. He does not share in the belief that a lecherous expression is a sign of sanctity or that a smiling face is a sign of the opposite condition. Naturally, he leans to the belief that men should be social. In fact, he starts out with the knowledge that they are already social and that the real task is to give that feeling a proper direction. He deprecates the fact that friends do not know each other, that even parents and children march along in parallel lines without an exchange of feeling, and as a remedy for much of the sourness and envy that exists he calls upon the people to take the scowl off their faces and the vinegar out of their mouths and to laugh and romp. "Too many wives in Atlanta," said he, "are the slaves of their husbands, and husbands are hated by their slaves." And then:

"The church that makes 'Hark from the tomb the doleful sounds,' its keynote will drive the young from its sanctuary. The devil has more sense than us all. He provides shameless houses, gambling rinks, and saloons—the breathing holes of hell—for his followers, and all these are social institutions. Emancipate the social feature from a saloon and it is practically dead. Let us match him by instituting coffee houses where our young folks may repair for light drinks and evenings of helpful, innocent amusement, such as ball, checkers and tennis. The young may, can and must be saved; but to save them we must not everlastingly haunt them with long-face piety and crocodile tears. Don't fling a theology at a fellow every time you cross his path. And sometimes another subject will be more attractive than hell. Be friendly; prove yourself a friend, and you will win your man. In a word do not allow the devil to monopolize the company of your young people. Let us provide them entertainment in the name of Christ."

This is a bright and cheerful view to take, and it would help largely to make a dull Sunday enjoyable. If we banish pleasure from our lives we simply banish those to whom it is necessary into the arms of those who will furnish it, even in objectionable form. Mr. Solomon should return to the subject. It is on a good line and he will be followed with interest. —Chattanooga News.

A QUESTION OF JEALOUSY

[BY LOUISE LAKE.]

The man had been looking at her, but now he turned his head slowly towards the ballroom.

"What are you looking at?" he asked.

"Mr. Raymond."

"Why?"

"Because he is paying the devoted to Miss Lovell—the pretty one. He is trying to make me jealous."

"And is he succeeding?"

"Well, yes,—that is, I wish it were the other Lovell girl, the ugly one, you know."

"Why don't you retaliate—make him jealous?"

The girl laughed outright. "Why, I shouldn't know how to begin," she replied.

"And you wish him to steer clear of all pretty women except yourself? I almost believe you love that man."

"Do try to be original. You know you can when you try. Everybody thinks I love him, even I myself—sometimes."

The man looked at her curiously.

"Well, let's make him jealous," he suggested.

"I don't know where to begin."

"Oh, I shall begin. You simply have to hold your end up and try to appear interested. He sees you perfectly well. Now prepare yourself; I am going to make love to you."

"Give me your watch. You have fifteen minutes. At eleven I have an engagement—with him. So begin; I promise to hold up my end."

She opened his watch and put it in her lap.

"I was five years old when you came into my life," he said. "The other boys had gone fishing and I sat alone on the fence, wishing that I were dead. And then you came to me—do you remember, Dorothy?"

The girl flushed and frowned slightly as he spoke her name. He glanced at the watch in her lap and continued.

"A little thing you were; with wide blue eyes. Your dress was soiled and torn and one stocking was hanging down over your shoe top."

"You smiled into my face and asked if I was afraid of the cow. 'Afraid. Boys don't get afraid,' 'Because if you are,' you went on, 'I'll drive it away.'"

"And then you asked me to play with you, and, half scornfully, I got off the fence, and you took my hand and guided me down by the spring where the violets were. And you made me sit down while you trimmed hats for me—hats of mulberry leaves stuck together with pine needles and wild violets scattered over. Do you remember, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said the girl, "Yes, I remember."

"And then, Dorothy, my birthday party! I was sixteen. You wore a blue dress, and was lovelier than a dream. I was half mad with joy and love, and in blind man's buff I caught you and kissed you—kissed you twice—on your lips. Do you remember, Dorothy?"

She did not answer.

"And you said I peeped and that I was a cheat, and that you hated, hated me! Yes Dorothy, I did peep I was a cheat."

"And early the next morning I was in the woods searching for the first wild violets. And I took them to you—some white and some purple. You cried, but you forgave me. You have not forgotten, Dorothy?"

"No," murmured the girl, "I have not forgotten."

"And you told me to be strong and good and you would be proud of me, for that night I was going to leave home for college. And—"

and then, Dorothy, you broke down and cried again, and I—I do you remember."

"Don't!" whispered the girl.

"And I have tried to be strong and good. I have fought hard, and, God, be thanked, in the main I have won. For there was always your face, Dorothy—the look of you eyes, the touch of your lips, the scent of the wild violets. And now I have come back to tell you all over again: I love you, Dorothy, I love you."

There was no answer. She did not move. She hardly breathed.

"I go away to-night, Dorothy. It is useless for me to stay. I can not live this life that you live. I can't see you live it."

"No, no," she whispered; "you must not go."

"Why?"

"Because—you must not."

"Dorothy, Dorothy"—his voice, too, had sunk to a whisper—"is there some hope for me after all? They are wrong who say that you have no heart for any one; that you live only for these silly conquests. My God, Dorothy, say that they are wrong!"

The color had faded away.

"No," she answered; "they are quite right. It is my life."

"Then I leave to-night."

"No," she cried defiantly; "you will stay."

"Then you—love me?"

"I—I want you here."

"Do you love?"

"Will you stay?"

"Say you love me."

"Your time is up," came the quivering whisper. "It is eleven o'clock. She looked up at him trembling but triumphant."

There was a look on his face of quiet determination, but he smiled carelessly as he rose and stepped forward to meet a man who was coming towards them.

"Hello, Raymond, that you?"

"Goodby, Miss Cutly; you have given me an altogether charming quarter of an hour. Good by, Raymond, old man. I'm off at midnight, you know. Good by."

PAY THE DOG TAX.

The following card appeared in the Paris papers last week and as it treats of a matter in which our people are interested we give it publication; says the Carroll County Democrat.

I wish, through your paper, to reply to the many daily inquiries made in regard to the recent dog law. I think it best for all owners of dogs to pay the tax or else kill their dogs. First, it is the law, and all good citizens should obey the law, whether they approve of it or not, until it is repealed. Next, if they fail to obey it they are liable to be indicted. If indicted the least possible cost would be \$25.00.

While the grand jury has no inquisitorial power in the premises, still it would be their sworn duty to indict if they know the facts themselves. No one knows which of his neighbors will be on the next grand jury. Besides a man may have some enemy who would delight to report him to the grand jury. It is only a dollar any way on a dog or bitch for the life time of the dog, 95 cents of which goes into the county school fund, and will, if all pay their tax, greatly increase that fund. Those who care to can pay under protest and recover their money should the law be declared unconstitutional.

Therefore without expressing an opinion as to the constitutionality of the law, or as to whether I approve or disapprove of it, I believe it best and right, for the reasons above stated, to pay the tax. Resp. J. W. LEWIS, Atty. Gen. 12th Judicial Circuit.

"Do you know," said the West End lady to her pastor "that the man in the pew behind ours destroys all my devotional feelings when he tries to sing. Couldn't you ask him to change his pew?"

"Well, you see," was the reply, "I have a little delicacy in doing that, especially if I have to explain the reason. But—I might ask him to join the choir."—Montreal Star.

SCISSORS EDITORIAL.

Gov. McMullin is back from Texas and found his new possessions oil right.—Johnson City Comet.

McKinley and Bryan both having declined to run for a third time, why not drop the Presidential question and play ball?—Commercial Appeal.

A college professor has been discovered who uses a calendar eleven days slow. He would make a "cooking" reporter for some Knoxville newspaper.—Chattanooga Times.

Gen. Shafter says that he did not report that army clothing fraud at San Francisco, because it was such a little one. In that it differs some what from Shafter.—Memphis Scimitar.

Families with a stock of unmarried daughters on hand ought to add more fish to their menu. The phosphorus in it is these good for making matches.—South Pittsburg Hustler.

An institution which has been established in Knoxville for 53 years is the Tennessee school for deaf and dumb. To borrow an old joke "it makes little noise" but it is nevertheless under the excellent management doing a splendid work.—Knoxville Sentinel.

The Knoxville Sentinel demands for East Tennessee, as a matter of geography and right, the next Democratic nominee for Governor. Intimating very seriously that a notice of dissolution will follow, if henceforth, the hustlers on this side of the mountain are not given more elbow room at the pie counter.—Bristol News.

The nerviest man hails from Kentucky. A swarm of bees settled on the head of Phillip Carey at Fountain Ferry Park. He retained his presence of mind, and after walking two blocks, he shook the bees from his head into a keg, and after seeing they were safe in their new hive, he carried them to his home.—Clarksville Leaf-Chronicle.

The South's creed should be work. This brings success under all conditions, and under the happy ones surrounding us the measure will be full and running over. We should listen not to the scoffers, the malingers, the idler, the ne'er-do-wells. Let the denagogue tear the air to tatters, but heed him not. Elevate the men who work, who organize, who plan, who keep intact the great systems of industry on which our commercial fabric rests. They are the latter-day statesmen. They are the men whose hands we should uphold, to whom our thanks are due.—Nashville American.

An epidemic among crows has prevailed in Northern Indiana during the past three months, although the great mortality noted by farmers and others was supposed to be due to starvation during the long prevalence of deep snow. It was noticed, however, that the birds invariably gave indication of blindness just before death, some dropping while in flight and others dashing aimlessly about over the snow before succumbing. R. J. Weith, Elkhardt, observer for the Indiana Audubon Society, says he is confident that 10,000 crows died within a radius of two miles of that city. Mr. Weith also says that at least ten species of migratory birds usually there at this time of the season have failed to arrive.—Tennessee Farmer.

Lecture By William Jennings Bryan Union City, July 11.

For the above occasion the Mobile & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell tickets to Union City and return from points between Cairo and Henderson at one and one third fare. Night trains will make all stops between above points on the morning of the 12th of July.

R. C. GARTH, Agent.