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## MOSS

### A REDUCTION!

There will be a reduction of from 20 to 30 per cent. on toilet requisites for the next 10 days at Moss' Drug Store. You can find some of the best cloth and hair brushes ever shown in the city, and the prices will astound you. Remember the place. For 10 days only.

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Lumber, Lath, Moulding, Sash, Doors, Porch Trim, etc.

Prices right, too.

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Country Produce, Fresh Vegetables daily, and the best in Staple and Fancy Groceries, at Very Reasonable prices.

**R. L. CUMMINGS.**

One Dollar Gets The Commercial, Union City's Leading Paper.

**AT SEA.**

O! we go down to sea in ships,  
But Hope remains behind,  
And Love, with laughter on his lips,  
And Peace, of passive mind;  
Waits out across the deeps of night,  
With lifted sails of prayer,  
We voyage off in quest of light,  
Nor find it anywhere.

O! That who wroughtest earth and sea,  
Yet keepest from our eyes  
The shores of an eternity  
In calms of paradise,  
Blow back upon our foolish quest,  
With all the driving rain  
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,  
And waft us home a rain.  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

**SEPARATED BY THE GALVESTON FLOOD.**

Story of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parrish the Strangest of All Those That Have Grown Out of the Terrible Tidal Wave.

SANTA FE, N. M., August 7.—Chance never figured in a prettier romance than that which has reunited Frank Parrish and his young wife, and has brought to them a second honeymoon.

The man and his wife were living in Galveston, Tex., at the time of the terrible tidal wave last year. They were caught in the flood and separated. The man was nearly drowned, carried across the bay, and lay an invalid in the house of a stranger for weeks. The wife sought him hopelessly for days, then donned widow's weeds and went to the home of distant relatives at Murfreesboro, Tenn.

The man, as soon as he had partly recovered his strength sought, among the ruins of his home for his wife's body. It was not there. He widened the circle of his search but never did he find a trace of her. Disconsolate, sick, weary of life, he went to the ranch of a brother near Roswell, N. M.

Chance drawing the wife to this State a few days ago, reunited this tragically parted couple, and, happy in their reunion they are spending their second honeymoon on the brother's ranch.

**SEPARATED BY THE FLOOD.**

When the Galveston flood swept over the city both Parrish and his wife were at their little home. As the water rose they clasped each other in their arms. Then their home was lifted from its foundation and the merciless wave swept the husband and wife out into the darkness, the flood and the storm. The husband swam bravely, shouting for help to the winds which whistled their derision. His arms grew weak; he could feel his wife slipping inch by inch from his embrace. He could feel that his swimming stroke was impotent against the waves.

Then he sank. The water closed over him. The chorus of winds was drowned by the strange, harsh music of water rushing into the ears. He choked. He felt the breaking of his last faint hold upon the woman beside him.

Then all was still.

When consciousness returned to Parrish he found himself in a farmer's home on the main land. The farmer told him, bit by bit, of the terrific havoc the storm had wrought, and of his miraculous escape from death—being buffeted across the bay and thrown upon the beach, where by mere chance, the farmer had found him and brought him back to life.

**PARRISH GOES TO NEW MEXICO.**

Two months passed before the sick man was able to return to the scene of his former happiness. Saddened and desolate he wandered over the ground whose landmarks had been swept away by the anger of the elements, ground once so familiar, now so strangely altered. He lingered by the ruins of his dwelling as by a new made grave. Everywhere he asked the same question, and everywhere he received the same discouraging answer.

No one had seen his wife since the night of the flood. His heart grew heavy with des-

pair. He bade good-by to the wreck of his fortunes and the resting place of his broken hopes. Then he turned his face toward a new field to begin life over again, alone. There could be no solace for his grief, but in labor might be obtained some measure of forgetfulness.

Frank Parrish went to the home of his brother, Charles Parrish, in the mountains of Lincoln County, N. M. Slowly came back to him his strength and health, but joy of life was no longer his. To work for work's sake was not the same task that it had been when work meant the care of a little woman who to him was the dearest and loveliest in all the world; the building of a home together, the delight of daily companionship and sympathy; the constant presence of that influence which has power to make devils or heroes of men—the passionate influence of love.

It was not satisfactory at the best, working for work's sake, but Frank Parrish did what any man with the right sort of stuff in him would have done—he tried with all his might to make something worth while of him in his new environment.

To inspire him he had his memories and they were sweet.

All this while Mrs. Parrish was wearing the sonnet weeds of widowhood in Murfreesboro, Tenn. She had gone there to make her home with a distant relative of whom she had never happened to speak to her husband. Of her husband's brother she knew nothing more than the fact that his existence somewhere in America.

When the fury of the flood had torn her from her husband's arms, a wave had driven her against some wreckage. She grasped it and slowly, painfully, she drew herself upon the roof of a house—perhaps it was that of her own house. She never knew. There she remained until the storm had spent itself—until the heavy clouds had broken—until the blackness of the night had been split, and the new day had dawned. Within a few hours more she was found and rescued.

She sought everywhere for her husband, amid the ruins of their home, among the sandhills, even upon the black barges, into which were tumbled the swollen bodies for carriage into the sea, there to be weighted down and sunk. She questioned the living, and gazed into the silent faces of the dead; but nowhere did she find a trace of the man she sought.

**CHANGE LEADS HER TO NEW MEXICO.**

Then she made her way to Tennessee. As the weeks went by she regained her health, for youth is buoyant and recuperative; but mind and heart were not at rest—her loss seemed at times too great to be borne. She was so melancholy that her relatives finally planned a change of scene for her. She acquiesced with indifference.

In the days of her happy wifehood she had been a merry mate for the man who loved her. Now she was pensive and sad, her thoughts were always with the husband whose tragic fate she steadfastly mourned.

One of Mrs. Parrish's new-found friends was a Miss Ellen Alexander, who was about to leave Tennessee for New Mexico to teach a private school in Otero County. Before the commencement of the term it was arranged that Mrs. Parrish should accompany her. In Mexico she would find different associations and the change would perhaps enliven her depressed spirits.

Late in July Mrs. Parrish and Miss Alexander arrived in Roswell. The day was Thursday. They learned that the stage by which they were to proceed to Lincoln and Capitan, at which place Miss Alexander had a married sister would not go until Monday.

**THE REUNION.**

The next day Mr. Parrish came

to town to purchase supplies and machinery. He wished to go back the same day, but was delayed until Sunday. He was disappointed. For two days the husband and wife were in the little town without knowing it, both detained against their wills.

On Sunday at noon Mrs. Parrish left the hotel at which she was staying for a walk.

On Sunday at noon Mr. Parrish, his team ready, stepped from the postoffice to the sidewalk and in another moment would have mounted the vehicle, taken up his reins and been on his way to the mountains.

Looking up he saw before him what he thought was a vision—a wraith from the sea. But the vision was so real that it did not melt in the sunshine of that Sabbath noon. It did not fade away as all the other visions of his lost love had faded, phantoms of a fond imagination. Instead it held out two longing, trembling arms, and the light of deathless devotion illumined its face.

"My wife! My wife!"

And so it is that a second honeymoon has begun down here in the New Mexico mountains.—St. Louis Republic.

**BOB TAYLOR'S ADDRESS.**

An eloquent speech delivered a few days since at the Haywood County Confederate Reunion held at Brownsville a few days ago:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Time in his tireless flight has brought us again to the full leaf and flower of another summer.

"The grass grows green above the dust of heroes; the roses tinge once more about their tombs, and the morning-glories point their purple bugles towards the sky as if to sound a reveille to our immortal dead.

"Another year with its sunshine and its shadows, its laughter and its tears, its sowing and its reaping, its cradle song and its funeral hymns, now lies between us and that dark day at Appomattox, when the star of Southern hope went down and the flag of Southern chivalry was furled forever.

"Another year has added whiter locks to the temples of these old veterans who wore the gray and deeper furrows to their brows and they now stand among us like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age, covered with scars and glorious as the living monuments of Southern manhood and Southern courage.

"But we are not far enough away from that awful struggle to forget the bloody hills of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnson died, and the fatal field of Chancellorsville where Stonewall Jackson fell.

"We are not far enough away to forget the frowning heights of Gettysburg, where Pickett's charging lines rushed to glory and the grave.

"We are not yet far enough away to forget Murfreesboro and Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga, and a hundred other fields of death and carnage where the flower of the South, the bravest of the brave, and the truest of the true fought for the cause they thought was right and died for the land they loved.

"We are not yet far enough away to forget the agony and the tears of a nation that was crushed when the shattered armies of Lee and Johnston, worn and weary, half starved, barefooted and in rags, stacked their arms in the gloom of defeat and left the field of valor overwhelmed and overpowered, and yet undaunted and unconquered.

"When time has measured off a thousand years, we will not forget the sufferings and the sacrifices of the brave men who so freely gave their fortunes and shed their blood to preserve the most brilliant civilization that ever flourished in any land or in any age, for literature loves a lost cause.

"Historians will some day sit down on our battle fields and write true history—history which will read like the wildest dreams of fancy that were ever woven into fiction, and poets will linger among our graves and sing sweeter songs than were ever sung before, for each monument is a volume within itself of wild and thrilling adventure, and every tombstone tells a story as touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's pride, tender as the last farewell.

"I would not utter a word of bitterness against the men who wore the blue. They fought and died under the old flag to perpetuate the Union, and they were men worthy of Southern prowess and Southern valor.

"I would not if I could rob Grant, the great and noble chieftain, of his fame and glory. Every Southern soldier ought to stand with uncovered head when his name is spoken, for when all was lost in the darkest and saddest moment of Southern history, he was magnanimous to Lee and kind to his tattered and famished army.

"Along the blue lines of the tri-

**A GEM IN POESY.**

[News-Journal, Winchester, Tenn.]

The following impromptu lines, composed by our young druggist and friend, Will D. Muesel of Estill Springs, Tenn., were picked up in the office of Attorney Jesse M. Littleton, one day this week. They are printed for two reasons—first because of their true poetic quality, and, second because the subject matter at once finds a responsive echo in the breast of every loyal Tennessean. We congratulate our young friend upon his gift.

I sat in the lawyer's office,  
With the pictures on the wall,  
Was the picture of "Our Bob" Taylor  
Was the dearest of them all.

There was Bryan, McKinley and Evans,  
And old Alf Taylor, too,  
But none like Bob, so handsome,  
And none so kind and true.

He is our till the years grow weary,  
He's the Bob for you and me,  
He is the pride of a million people  
"Our Bob" of Tennessee.

**"LOWEST FORM OF ABUSE."**

Is What Mr. Bryan Characterizes Maclay's Attack on Schley.

Lincoln, Neb., August 2.—In his comment on the Schley controversy, W. J. Bryan takes the side of Rear-Admiral Schley, giving him credit for the victory at Santiago and declaring it a "pity that there should be any controversy that seeks to discredit a brave, honorable sea fighter, who successfully led the American forces in one of the greatest, if not the greatest naval battle in the history of the world." Mr. Bryan denounces the Maclay history of the struggle and thinks it strange that a historian finds it necessary "to resort to the lowest form of abuse in dealing with an historical character."

**THE OLD-FASHIONED BEDSTEAD.**

The old-fashioned bedstead! how well I recall it!  
Upstairs in spare room of grandfather's mansion:  
Quadruped! giant! its stature so tall  
It seemed lifting to heaven its snowy expanse,  
Ah! how can I banish that first night's reflection,  
As, gazing aloft at its infinite space,  
I wondered at every new tour of inspection  
How I would climb up to its lofty embrace.

The hop, skip and jump proved an infinite fatigue,  
A leap from the washstand fell equally flat,  
And I followed until, while my fringed recalls  
Was scattered around on the floor where I sat,  
At last I constituted a stairway that aided  
A wild running jump from the old mantle,  
piece,  
And like a Alpine climber by effort o'rsaided,  
I landed hip-deep in its mountain of fleece.

O! weird Himalaya of old-fashioned chateaux—  
I felt in thy clutch like a tempest-tossed tar,  
And I prayed all the night to the great god of battles

To save me from jarring some overhead star,  
And certain am I that for life I'd been fated  
To stay there, had not some one heard me by chance,  
And brought in a ladder, and thus consummated  
My flight from that bedstead in grandfather's mansion.

—Boston Courier.

phant for when the unhappy Confederates marched between them and laid down their guns, there was no shout of victory, no flourish of trumpets, but only silence and tears.

"When that conflict had ended the Confederate soldier proudly stood among the blackened walls of his ruined country, magnificent in the gloom of defeat and still a hero.

"His sword was broken, his home was in ashes, the earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him. He had placed all in the scale of war and lost all save honor, but he did not sit down in despair to weep away the passing years. His slaves were gone, but he was still a master. Too proud to pine, too strong to yield to adversity he threw down his musket and laid his willing, but unskilled hand upon the walking plow. He put away the knap-sack of war and turned his face toward the morning of peace. He abandoned the rebel yell to enter the forum and the court room and the hustings. He gave up the sword to enter the battles of industry and commerce—and now in a little more than a third of a century the land of desolation and death, the land of monuments and memories has reached the spring time of a grander destiny, and the sun shines bright upon the domes and towers of new cities built upon the old and the cotton fields wave their white banners of peace and the fields of wheat wave back their banners of gold.

"Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the Lee's and Jackson's and the brilliant Gordon and the dashing Joe Wheeler who is as gallant in the blue as he was glorious in the gray, and the impetuous and immortal Bedford Forrest, the Marshal Ney of the Confederacy.

"Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the stalwart and sinewy men of the rank and file, who followed the stars and bars through the smoke and flame of every desperate battle and stepped proudly into history as the greatest fighters the world has ever known.

"A country so richly blessed, not only with brave men and beautiful women, but whose blossoming hills and verdant valleys are so generous and kind, and whose mountains are burdened with coal and copper and zinc and lead enough to supply the world for a thousand years; whose virgin forests yet stand waiting and sighing for the woodman's axe; and whose winding rivers flow clear and cool and make music as they flow.

"It is the beautiful land of love and liberty, of sunshine and sentiment, of fruits and flowers, where the grape vine staggers from tree to tree as if drunk with the wine of its own purple clusters; where peach and plum and blood-red cherries and every kind of berries bend bough and bush, and glow like showered drops of rubies and of pearls. It is the land of the magnolia and the melon, the paradise of the cotton and the cane. They tell us now that it is the new South, but the same old blood runs in the veins of these old veterans and the same old spirit heaves their bosoms and flashes in their eyes.

"The same old soldiers who wielded the musket long ago, are nursing their grandchildren on their knees to-day and teaching them the same old lessons of honor and truth and the same old love of liberty, the mocking bird sings the same old song in the same old trees and the brooks leap and laugh down the same old bottoms. We till the same old fields and drink from the same old springs and climb among the same old rocks

(Continued on Second Page.)