

## The Tifton Gazette.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

BALDRIDGE & FULWOOD,  
Editors and Proprietors.

Official Organ City of Tifton.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One Year.....\$1 00  
Six Months..... 50  
Three Months..... 25

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Entered at the postoffice, at Tifton, Georgia, a  
mail matter of the second class.

### Tifton as a Resort.

There is no location in the South that is so admirably adapted for this special purpose as our own little city of Tifton, located about equally distant between the Gulf and the Atlantic, and far enough north to occupy about the crest of the rolling ridge land, running from the southwestern corner of the State in a north-easterly direction giving it the highest elevation that is possible for this latitude, which is about four hundred feet above sea level, lifting it above the malarious flat lands further south, and at all times commanding a delightful breeze from either the Gulf or the sea.

It was practically demonstrated during the Yellow Fever epidemic at Brunswick, that this dread malady could not live in Tifton. The gates of the city were thrown open to the refugees from the "City by the Sea" and not until neighboring cities compelled us to, did we quarantine against the yellow fever. Having an equable, dry climate, both winter and summer season, we can challenge any other section to produce another such all the year-round-climate.

For this reason, many people afflicted with throat and lung troubles have found a cure in our midst, and that after having tried numerous other resorts. If you will examine the map you will see that, geographically, Tifton is strategically located, with commodious railroad facilities, leading to the four cardinal points of the compass, as well as to all points of interest and commercial importance, we become at once the natural commercial center of the country about us, and having a Horticultural and Agricultural section that is unexcelled by any. We can say to all, that for health, business, pleasure and future prospects combined, we can present the happiest and strongest combination of any section in the United States.

### Hubbard Bros. & Co's. Cotton Report.

The government weekly weather report again says that the crop is suffering from too much moisture, with the exception of that in Southwestern Texas. There some rain has fallen, but an inadequate amount. Under the most favorable weather conditions, it is asserted by prominent authorities, that State will not raise within 1,000,000 bales of last year's crop. There is, therefore, great diversity of opinion, and as usual, ignorance of the actual condition makes the supposed one the more vehemently espoused. The trading is, however, listless, excepting from the transfer in positions by those remaining strong in their faith.

The recent large purchase of Spot Cotton in New Orleans for account of English spinners, checked in our market, a general selling movement, with great celerity; and it was noted that the arrest of the decline was followed by the considerable buying of the more conservative houses in the trade. This later development is an augury of the appreciation by the trade in general that a marked recession from present prices is unlikely: that "cotton is cheap."

Mail advices from the South are of the most contradictory character, and from them it is difficult to get any concurrence of opinion, excepting that the crop is late, and that this must eventually express itself in their receipts at the ports. Farther, the plant is small in numerous localities, and it is evident that its capacity to contend with further adverse conditions in an unknown quantity, with the probability against it.

With the progress of the season, it appears that the movement of merchandise in the South exceeds that for several years, and the smaller business men there are less conservative in their purchase.

### ATTRACTIVE ASHBURN.

In 1887 I spent a night with Hon. W. J. (Uncle Jack) Story, one of my the most pleasant in recollection although outside his hospitable home raged one of the most severe rain-storms I have ever witnessed. His dwelling was situated in the midst of an oak grove, near a small stream, and as we sat around the glowing hearth, the whistling wind lashed the mourning pines into plaintive fury and the slender oaks bent their heads to the driving rain. It was half a mile to the nearest neighbors house, and settlements were few and far between.

A few months I passed there again. Time and mammon, hand in hand with the Goddesses of Progress and Push, had, with one wave of their magic wands, transformed the rural scene. As if by touch of some fabled genii, the old homestead had disappeared, and a city grown in its stead. The roar of the whistle and ring of the saw frightened the nimble deer to other haunts, and the bustling squirrel have fled before the sound of woodman's axe.

This city was Ashburn. And since then its growth has been steady, rapid and phenomenal. Peopled by a class of the most refined, intelligent and moral citizenship, their influence so counteracted upon their surroundings, that to-day the town is recognized as one of the most moral and religious as well as progressive in this section of the state. Its business men have thoroughly demonstrated that religion does not interfere with business, and its extensive turpentine and lumber operators prove beyond question, that the man elevates the calling; degrades the man.

If you want a thorough description of the town, topographical and otherwise, subscribe for the homepaper, the Advance, and get it. Space is too limited for me to attempt it here.

Since my first visit to the place, each succeeding one has brought new surprises, and the one paid last Saturday was no exception to the rule. Several new and handsome buildings have been erected since I was there last, among them, the \$3,000 residence of Capt. J. S. Betts and the equally handsome one of Capt. J. S. Shingler, which is approaching completion.

Ashburn is second only to Tifton in handsome residences in all South Georgia, and almost equals the Gate City in some of her magnificent business emporiums. Among the largest is the brick building occupied by J. S. Betts & Co. These gentlemen have a pay roll nearly 300 strong, and the loads of goods that go out of their palatial establishment would make a wholesale dealer's mouth water. Their immense mills turn out car-loads of lumber daily, and the hum of their saws give the town an air of push and business.

Shingler & Lawrence, neck and neck with a middle Georgia boy, W. A. Murray, are three hustlers that have done much to make their town an acknowledged trade centre. The stocks carried by them are large and varied, and they have built up a business that is advertising their town through three counties.

I stepped into the full stocked grocery establishment of J. W. Walker. He doesn't look as if he was a fast walker, is the best advertisement of his own goods that I have ever seen. No man could eat impure groceries and present the bold and advancing front to the public that friend Walker does. He is only equaled as an advertisement by friend Stark Cox, at the hotel. Stark once kept a livery stable, but as he waxed fat the horses he drove waxed lean and he found he had to quit keeping hotel or a livery stable one, and as a man could get along better without a team than he could without something to eat, he let the livery business go.

I also met Col. J. A. Comer, a clever

er fellow and rising young attorney who will fittingly grace the Georgia bar, although his good looks are a little against him.

Deft-fingered R. A. Whiby has a good jewelry establishment, which he has built up by industry and application to business.

Other firms too numerous to mention are there. Among them the Fair Store, where Jefford's prices speaks more plainly than his tongue; The World Store under the management of T. W. Tison & Son, does its share of the worlds business; the two milinery establishments; livery stables, beef markets, etc., the solid establishment of G. B. Gorday, and the well-stocked and excellently managed store of M. W. Gaskins & Co., all go to place Ashburn in the front rank of Georgia's growing, bustling cities.

It has handsome churches and good schools, all excellently managed and well filled. In the Methodist church, the Valdosta District conference is in session this week, and Ashburn church-goers are happy. Two of the largest Sunday schools in Worth county are located there. Since the early organization the Methodist has been under the Superintendence of J. W. Evans and the Baptist that of W. A. Marray, and to such an extent have the hearts of the little ones entwined themselves around these good men, that they have never been able for all these years to exchange them.

Here also is the home of the justly celebrated Henry Smith, of the Advance. He is independent of blackberries, for his collard patch makes him so, and he does not fear to make his subscribers mad dunning them for hog and hominy. He had just come back from Cordele when I got there and was almost in despair. He was getting over the effort to convince the people that he was not John Smith, and up at Cordele they wanted to take him for Hoke Smith's brother, so Henry had to leave.

He is modest and retiring, and neither wanted to eat or drink all that Hoke's brother would have to had do, to say nothing of probably narrowly escaping an appointment in the Interior department.

Its city council have had some fine work done recently on Ashburn's streets, which add in no small degree to the city's beauty and healthfulness.

Out at the beautiful suburban home of clever Joe T. McLendon I experienced a pleasant surprise. Three years ago, together with his two handsome, energetic sons, I ate some peaches from a tree on the Tift Bro's farm. This evening, I ate some peaches from a tree that was grown from the seed of one of the peaches at that date, and this tree has born nearly ten bushels of fruit this year.

After a pleasant hour with genial Bob Patton, of Patton & Morgan, who have recently connected their mills with Ashburn by tram road, I boarded the homeward bound train feeling better for only a brief stay with those clever, good, hospitable people.

Don't take anything for Torpid Liver until you have tried Dr. Westmoreland's Calisaya Tonic.

H. H. H.

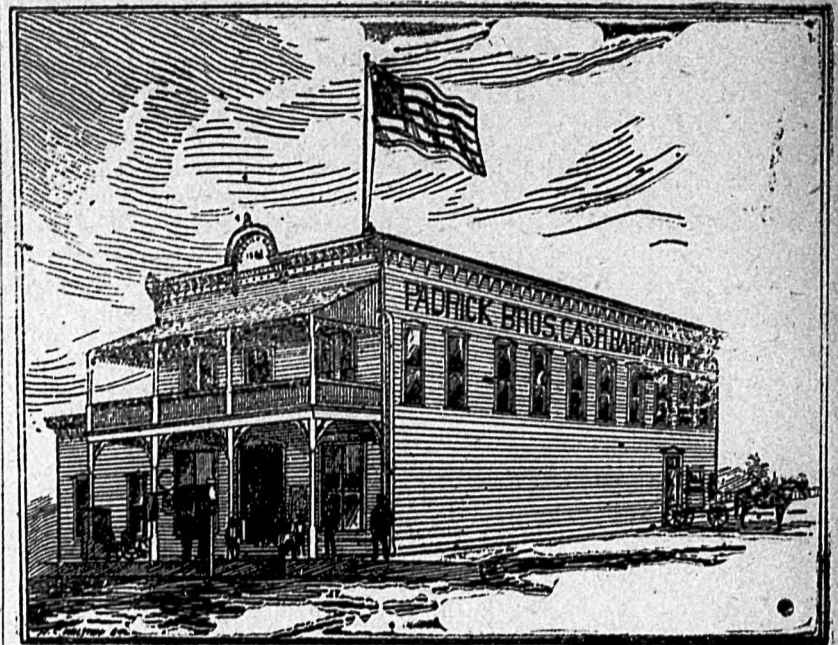
Hay Presses,  
Hay Rakes;  
Hay Mowers.

I am selling the latest and most approved machines on the market. Correspondence solicited. N. F. TIFT, Manufacturer's Agent. Albany, Ga., June 1, 1895.

# DO NOTHING

—BY—

## 1-2-HALVES.-1-2



If you intend saving money,

go at it as if you meant it. You will leave a "stone unturned" if you don't get some of the GREAT VALUES we are offering at present.

## A Great Remnant Sale

In Lawns, Muslins, Dimities,  
Ginghams, Chambrays,  
Crepes, Sateens, Ribbons, Silks,  
Etc., Etc.

These goods will be sold away below value.

## The Golden Rule

demands that you tell every man, woman and child, about the saving chances offered through our entire stock. We have car loads of goods soon to arrive. Our prices will help us unload our preset stock.

40c. Tobacco at 25c. Coffee, worth 25c. at 19c.  
Potash, 10c. at 05c. Snuff, 2 1-2cts. per box.  
Brooms, worth 20c. at 12½c. Blacking at 04c.  
Soda, 10c. size, at 6c. Black pepper, per pound, 10c.  
Gun powder, per pound, 20c. Gun caps, per box, 05c.

## Hides Have Advanced

from \$3.00 to \$10.00 per 100 lbs. Consequently all leather goods have advanced. We have 3500 Pairs Shoes, purchased before the advance. Our customers will reap the benefit. Come and get your shoes at less than market value.

## OUR CUT PRICES

Reach every department through our STORES.

—Come and C.—

PADRICK BRO'S.  
Leaders of Low Prices.  
Main St., Tifton, Georgia.