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CLEVELAND, TENN., AUGUST 11, 1876.

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CUSTER'S EAST CHARGE.

BY LEAVITT HUNTS. (From the New York Evening Post.) In you ravine, with teeming life, Two thousand lodges rise; The Sioux in camp, but ever free, The warpath watch, with gun and knife Well armed against surprise.

OUR COUNTY OFFICERS.

- The following are the officers elected in Bradley county for the next two years: SHERIFF—George B. Hays, TRUSTEE—A. J. White, DISTRICT NO. 1, JUSTICE—A. J. Carson, CONSTABLE—McCallister, DISTRICT NO. 2, JUSTICE—J. H. Henry, W. F. Lowery, CONSTABLE—C. M. Quinn, DISTRICT NO. 3, JUSTICE—J. A. Lacy, A. Wattenbarger, CONSTABLE—F. Sandridge, DISTRICT NO. 4, JUSTICE—Ben. Davis, J. L. Jones, CONSTABLE—J. M. T. Johnston, DISTRICT NO. 5, JUSTICE—H. M. Smith, Wm. Trewitt, CONSTABLE—Lee and Blackburn God, DISTRICT NO. 6, JUSTICE—J. C. Tipton, E. J. Pirkle, F. E. Hardwick, CONSTABLE—J. P. Campbell, J. A. Lawson, DISTRICT NO. 7, JUSTICE—W. C. Day, Peter Bryant, CONSTABLE—S. T. Talley, DISTRICT NO. 8, JUSTICES—S. S. Barrett, B. F. Greentree, CONSTABLE—W. F. Barrant, DISTRICT NO. 9, JUSTICE—Sim. Geren, T. H. Galbraith, CONSTABLE—Mart, DISTRICT NO. 10, JUSTICE—J. P. Davis, J. T. Sartin, CONSTABLE—N. B. Hicks, DISTRICT NO. 11, JUSTICE—Sam. Kelly, Webilon Harvey, CONSTABLE—Tom. Kelly, DISTRICT NO. 12, JUSTICE—Harris Smith, Jack Boon, CONSTABLE—R. R. Johnston, DISTRICT NO. 13, JUSTICE—J. M. Thompson, W. Taylor, CONSTABLE—Kyle.

THE INDIAN WAR.

Total Destruction of a Wagon Train. CHEYENNE, August 3.—George Powell, a hay contractor at Fort Fetterman, reports that yesterday evening thirty Indians attacked A. H. Reels' wagon train, loaded with government stores for Fort Fetterman killed and scalped the wagon-master, wounded a teamster and killed four horses and ten cattle. They burned the wagons together with their contents.

GOSE TO THE DOGS.

"I received your bill to-day, Mr. Leonard," said a customer as he entered the shop of a master mechanic. "We are sending out all of our accounts this season," returned the mechanic, bowing. "I want to pay you." "Very well, Mr. Baker, we are always glad to get money." "But you must throw off something. Let me see"—and the customer drew out the bill—\$27.46. "\$25 will do; there, receipt the bill and I will pay you." But Leonard shook his head. "I can't deduct a cent from the bill, Mr. Baker. Every article is charged at our regular price." "Oh, yes, you can. Just make it \$25 even money. Here it is." And Baker counted out the money. "I'm sorry, Mr. Baker that I can't afford to deduct anything. If you only owed me \$25, your bill would be just that amount. I would not have added a cent beyond what is due nor I take anything less than my due." "Then you won't deduct the odd money?" "I cannot, indeed." "Very well. The manner of the customer was changed. He was evidently offended. "The bill is too high by just the sum I asked to have stricken off. But no matter. I can pay it." "Then you mean to insinuate," said the mechanic, who was an independent sort of a man, "that I am beating you out of \$2.46?" "I didn't say so." "But it is plain that you think so, or you wouldn't have asked an abatement. If you consider my charges just, you wouldn't dispute them." "Oh, never mind, never mind! We'll not waste words about it. Here's your money," said Mr. Baker, and he added another \$5 bill to the sum he had laid down. The mechanic receipted the account and gave the change, both of which his customer thrust into his pocket with a petulant air, and then turned and left the shop without another word. "It is the last bill he ever has against me," muttered Baker to himself, as he walked away. "If that is his manner of treating his customers, he'll soon go the dogs. It was downright insulting, and no gentleman will stand that from another, much less from a vulgar mechanic. Mean to insinuate! Humph! Yes, I do mean to insinuate," and Mr. Baker involuntarily quickened his pace. "He'll lose a good customer," he continued to himself. "I've paid him a great deal of money, but it's the last dollar of mine he ever handles." Baker was as good as his word. He withdrew his custom from the offending mechanic, and gave it to another. "I've got one of your old customers Leonard, said a friend in the same business to the mechanic, some six or eight months afterwards. "Baker." Leonard shrugged his shoulders. "How came you to lose him?" "I'll tell you how to keep him." "Well, how?" "If your bill amounts to \$30, make it \$25 and a few odd cents, by increasing some of the items. He will want the surplus knocked off, which you can afford to do; then he will pay it, and think you just the man for him." "You lost him, then, because you wouldn't abate anything from a true bill." "I did." "Thank you. But suppose my bill should be twenty-six or seven or eight, what then? I couldn't knock off the odd dollars for the purpose of making an even sum." "No. In that case you must add on until you get above thirty." "And fall on that?" "Yes. It will be knocking off odd dollars, which he will think clear gain." "That would hardly be honest." "Hardly. But you must do it, or lose his custom some day or other." "I shall have to accommodate him I suppose. If he will be cheated, it can't be helped." "On the very first bill Baker paid to his new tradesman, he obtained an abatement of \$1.90, add money, and actually paid \$3 more than was justly due. Still he was well satisfied, imagining that he made a saving of \$1.90 cents. The not over-scrupulous tradesman laughed in his sleeve and kept his customer. Having withdrawn his support from Leonard, it was the candid opinion of Mr. Baker that he was "going to the dogs," as he expressed it, about as fast as a man could go. He often passed the shop, but rarely saw a customer.

"No wonder," he would say to himself. "A man like him can't expect, and don't deserve custom." In the eyes of Mr. Baker, the grass seemed to grow upon the pavement before the door of the declining tradesman. Dust settled thickly in his window, and the old sign turned greyer and greyer in the bleaching air. "Going to the dogs, and no wonder, Baker would say to himself, as he went by. He appeared to take a strange interest in the gradual decay of the mechanic's fortune. One day a merchant friend said to him: "Do you know anything about this Leonard?" "Why?" "Because he wants to make a pretty large bill with me." "On time." "Yes, on the usual credit of six months." "Don't sell to him. Why, the man is 'going to the dogs' at railroad speed." "Indeed?" "Yes, I'm looking every day to see him close up. He might have done well, for he understood his business. But he's so unaccommodating, and I might say, insulting to his customers, that he drives the best of them away. I used to make large bills with him, but haven't dealt at his shop now for some time." "Ah! I was not aware of that. I am glad I spoke to you, for I shouldn't like to lose six or seven hundred dollars." "Six or seven hundred dollars! Is it possible he wants to buy so recklessly? Take my advice and don't think of trusting him." "I certainly shall not." When Leonard ordered the goods the merchant declined selling except for cash. "As you please," returned the mechanic, indifferently, and went elsewhere and made his purchase. It happened that Mr. Leonard had a very pretty and interesting daughter, on whose education the mechanic took great pains; and it also happened that Baker had a son, who, in most things, was a "chip of the old block." Particularly was he like his father in his great love for money; and scarcely had he reached his majority ere he began to look about with a careful eye to a good matrimonial arrangement by which plenty of money would be secured. Adelaide Leonard, on account of her beauty and accomplishments, was much caressed, and mightily freely in society. Young Baker had met her frequently, and could not help being struck with her beauty and grace. "There's a chance for you," said a friend to him one evening. "In Miss Leonard?" "Yes." "She's a charming girl," replied the young man. "I wonder if her father is worth anything?" "People say so." "Indeed!" "Yes, they say the old fellow has laid up something quite handsome, and as Adelaide is his only child, she will, of course, get all of it." "I was not aware of that." After this, young Baker was exceedingly attentive to Miss Leonard, and made perceptible inroads upon her heart. He even went so far as to visit her pretty regularly at her house, and was meditating an avowal of his attachment, when his father said to him one day: "What young lady is that I saw you on the street with yesterday afternoon?" "Her name is Leonard." "The daughter of old Leonard in—street?" "Yes sir." Mr. Baker looked grave and shook his head. "Do you know anything about her?" asked her son. "Nothing about her; but I know that her father is going to the dogs as fast as a man ever went." "Indeed! I thought he was very well off." "Oh, no! I've been looking to see his shop shut up by the sheriff, every day, for these two years past." "Indeed." "Miss Leonard is a very lovely girl." "There's no gaining Adelaide's personal attractions," replied the son; "but if her father is in the condition you allege, that settles the matter as far as I am concerned. I am glad you introduced the subject, for I might have committed myself, and when too late, have discovered my error." "And a sad error it would have been, Henry. I hope you will be perfectly frank with me. I have much more accurate knowledge of the condition and standing of people than you can possibly have." The son promised to do what

his father wished. From that time the visit to Miss Leonard was abated, and his attentions to her when they met in society, became coldly formal. The sweet young girl, whose feelings had really been interested, felt the change, and was for some time unhappy; but in a few months, she recovered herself, and was again bright and cheerful as usual. One day, about a year after his timely caution to his son, in regard to Miss Leonard, Baker happened to pass along a street where he had not been for some months. Just opposite a large, new, beautiful house, to which the painters were giving their last touches, he met a friend. As they passed Baker said: "That's an elegant house. It has been built since I was in the neighborhood." "Yes, it is a very fine house, and I suppose didn't cost less than twenty thousand dollars." "No, I should think not. Who built it. Do you know?" "Yes; it was built by Leonard." "By whom?" Baker looked surprised. "By old Leonard. Do you know him?" "Impossible! He's not able to build a house like that." "Oh, yes he is, and a half a dozen like it, if necessary." "Leonard?" "Certainly! Why, he's worth at least \$100,000." "You must be in error." "No. His daughter is to be next month to an excellent young man, and this house has been built, and is to be furnished as a marriage present." "Incredible! I thought he was going, or had gone, to the dogs long ago." "Leonard! The friend could not help laughing aloud. "He gone to the dogs! Oh, no! There isn't a man in his trade who does so good a business, as little show as he makes. Good work, good prices, and punctuality, are the cardinal virtues of the establishment, and make all substantial. How in the world could you have taken such a notion?" "I don't know, but such has been my impression for a long time, replied Baker, who felt exceedingly cut down on account of the mistake he had made, and particularly so in view of the elegant house and a hundred thousand dollars, which all might have belonged to his son in time, if he had not fallen into such an egregious error, about old Leonard. So the world moves on. People are prone to think that what they smile on lives, and what they frown on is blighted and must die.

MUSCLE SHOALS, ALA. HEAD QUARTERS OF SECTION 2d, August 1st, 1876. EDITIONS HERALD. Every thing is going on lively on the whole line, three of the four contractors having nearly done their earth-works and blasting rocks daily. Mr. Geo. Williams of Keokuk, Iowa, who has the Locks contract, is laying tracks on the tow-pass, from his gang to convey stones to the Locks employment, and is already with it up to Blue-water Creek, where he has built his Head Quarters. He will employ alone about three or four hundred men for at least two years. The first and second section will be finished in 3 or 4 months from now if not before. All the hands very quiet, and hardly any shooting and fighting done on the line. Good health prevailing in all the camps. Respectfully yours, C. C. NOEL. The Reign of the Dog. Brownsville Democrat. Mr. James, Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Georgia, sends us a little pamphlet, he has lately published, entitled "A Manual of Sheep Husbandry in Georgia." He treats the subject in all of its aspects, and does it well. As showing what the dogs means in that energetic State, we copy the following: "The special correspondent on sheep husbandry—those actually engaged in the business, and hence more familiar with the subject—were asked to state the principal obstacles to sheep husbandry. Ninety per cent. of the whole number report the ravages of dogs as the principal, and generally the only, obstacle. The statistics collected by the tax receivers seem to corroborate the reports of these two sets of correspondents, since there are thirty-one dogs for every one hundred sheep, or nearly one to three, and since these dogs are allowed to destroy in one year 28,625 sheep, worth \$73,852, or nine per cent. of all the sheep in the State. Notwithstanding this loss, the annual profits are 63 per cent. Remove the cause of the loss, and the profits will be 72 per cent. on the capital at present invested in sheep, and the amount so invested would in a very few years be quadrupled, when the clear profits, at the above rates, would be \$2,372,787 per annum—more than the total receipts into the treasury of the State in the year 1874, and more than one-fourth of the State debt. "The value of the sheep annually killed by dogs (\$73,852) would more than pay the per diem and mileage of the members of the House of Representatives of Georgia." So we in Virginia are not alone in this misery, if the county of Montgomery, one of the very best grass counties in the State, does boast of 7,000 dogs and only 1,200 sheep! But there is nothing shadowy in the way Georgia grapples with it. Through her Agricultural Bureau—and it is very efficient—the actual facts are brought home to the people and kept there; and when a distinct proposition like this, involving as it does a great interest, is fairly apprehended, the remedy will come of course. Tennessee is in this miserable company of dog cursed States. We verily believe the freedom of the State own enough of these worthless mongrels, of every breed, which consume and destroy enough food that if sold and the money put at interest, would school every child of their race in the Western District. The dog tax has done some good, but it would do more if the tax assessor would take his gun or a bottle of strychnine and make sad havoc of those not given in as he found it out in his rounds of assessment. A Boston Boy on Hens. The Boston Courier prints the following "boy's composition": Hens is curious animals. They don't have no nose, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their wittles whole and chaw it up in their crops inside of 'em. The inside of hens is sometimes filled up with marbles and shirt-buds and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum-pudding. Bet yer life I like plum pudding. Skinny Bates eat so much plum-pudding once that it set him inter the colberry. Hens has got wings and can fly when then are scart. I cut my Uncle William's hen's neck off with a hatchet and it scart her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens.

A Brave Old Soldier. From the Lincoln Sentinel. He was quite an old man, and he had quite a bad limp, and he remarked as he touched his hat: "All I want is money enough to get to Savannah. I feel that I have not long to live, and I want to be buried in that nice, cool graveyard just outside of Savannah." The appeal didn't open a single wallet. He was talking to three men who had found a shady spot under a grocery awning, and he seemed a little disappointed. Pulling a new string, he remarked: "Gentlemen, won't you do something for an old soldier?" "Were you a soldier in the last war?" asked one of the group. "I was," was the prompt reply. "What branch of the service?" "The heavy artillery." "Where were you stationed?" "Well," slowly replied the stranger, as if he hadn't expected such a question, "we were some times here and sometimes there. The fact was, our artillery was so heavy that we generally kept it on a hill. The Confederate Government didn't seem to expect that us three or four men were going to drag a big cannon all over the country and whip the Yankees to boot. Yes, I was wounded in the left leg." "In what action?" was asked. "I never knew what they named it; my business was to get up and hump and knock thunder out of a whole Union regiment to once, and you just bet I didn't have any time to fool around and ask what they were going to name the battle. I went into the war to fight, and didn't I just throw myself through?" "Did you throw yourself under a wagon?" quietly asked one of the three. "Sometimes I did and sometimes I didn't. They used to let me fight any way to win. I've fit from under a wagon and from the top of a tree, and the boys used to call me the wild-cat." "They must have seen you 'clawing to the rear,'" suggested another of the trio. "Very likely, gentlemen. Sometimes I could fight better at the rear, and I went back. Then I'd change and fight on the flank, and then, I'd advance and mow 'em down in front." "Where did you say you were wounded?" "In the leg—just about there. The surgeon said that three or four bullets hit me at once." "Be honest now, old man, and tell us if you didn't get that leg hurt in a mill or around machinery?" "Great God! Do you doubt my word?" grasped the man, starting back. "We do!" they replied in chorus. He closely scanned each face, and was indulging in gestures to show he deplored such conduct toward one who had fought bravely, when one of the men said: "Come now, speak the truth, and we'll raise you thirty cents." The old man turned to go, halted hesitated, and then replied: "I suppose, gentlemen, that I fell off a building in Atlanta and hurt my leg, but it happened so during close after a battle that I could never really tell whether the fall or the fight hurt me the most. Now, please pass in your ten cents!" Sitting Bull says the Government's hostility to him has prejudiced the people against him so that he cannot consistently visit the Centennial. We have the authority of the Cincinnati Enquirer for the statement that Gov. Tilden has expended \$30,000 for portraits of himself, to be scattered over the country as campaign arguments. The pictures are lithographs, copied from a daguerreotype taken about twenty years ago, before Mr. Tilden became the desiccated, weazen-faced old man that he now is. "I've got another, my dear," said Dorkins as he hurried into the house. "If you were on top of Trinity Church spire on the back of a goose how would you get down?" Mrs. Dorkins thought she'd jump down, slide down the lightning rod, fly down on the goose, fall down, and then gave it up. "Why, if you wanted to get down, you could pick it off the goose," said Mr. Dorkins, exultantly. A book agent who started out to canvass for "The Tribulations of the Martyrs," was kicked out of five offices the first day, and nearly scalded to death by an irate woman whom he interrupted in her culinary duties. Now he swears that the tribulations of the martyrs amount to just nothing compared to his own, and he wants his name added to the list when a new edition of the book is printed.

A person who was sent to prison for marrying two wives, excused himself by saying that when he had one she fought him, but when he got two they fought each other. "Mrs. Spink," observed a boarder to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mattresses." "Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good deal in it," was the rather slippery reply. Even during the heated term two of our Western contemporaries got into a grammatical dispute. Its singular how men could be in such a mood, while the heat is in tens.—New York Commercial Advertiser. In Bath Abbey, England is to be seen the following: "Here lies Ann Mann, She lived an old maid and died an old Mann." It wasn't a loaded Onondaga county preacher who recently said: "Brezzer, sezasser for a cmmil—hic—tgo srough ze knee of an idol, zan for—hic—a rich man to live—hic—peazably with hiz muzzer-in-law." An Illinois judge has decided that a washing bill cannot be collected, and any experienced washer-woman will tell him that he is right six times out of ten, which is probably better than the average of his decisions.—Ex. It is supposed that the reason graduates of female colleges are called bachelors of art instead of maids of art, is that the former is a higher degree. At least the maids are always after the bachelors.—Norwich Bulletin. Some one says that no matter how warm it may be during the day, at night it is too cool to sleep in the open air without covers. And yet we notice that those who don't.—Norristown Herald. This is the way a citizen of Denver advertises for a lost calf: "Rund away—1 Red and vite caf. His to be hint leg vas plack, he vas a she calf. Euiopotv vat prings him pack pais 5 tollars. Jacob zuddering, Clear Creek, three miles behind the pridge." A brave young man in a neighboring town got patriotically intoxicated the other night, and while in that condition resolved to avenge Custer's death—and next morning not one sound wooden Indian could be found in the place. A shoemaker's son has secured the naval cadetship in Fernando Wood's district, and it is hoped it is not the last of him, but that he will toe the mark, welt the enemy if he ever gets a chance, and get his share of the booty. In a suburban school a teacher gave out the word "psalter" to a class in spelling. It was a "poser" to all till it reached the foot of the class, when a curly headed little fellow spelt it correctly, and on being asked to define it, shouted out, "More salt!" Queen Victoria lately sent £3 to a little boy who had been run over in the streets, and a writer says that since this incident was made public, the London cab-drivers have found it impossible to get through the city for the crowd of small boys waiting to be run over. Mr. Bulger bought his first thermometer last week, and having read that when a thermometer was under 75 the weather was very pleasant for comfort, he pasted a big "75" on the wall, and hung his weather indicator under it. But it didn't do a bit of good, he says. A gentleman having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual to his great surprise found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have become early of late." A very sympathetic gentleman went out to the county jail yesterday, and while looking about among the inmates he saw one fine-looking fellow whom he pitied most sincerely. "How came you in here?" said the s. g. to the jail bird. "Oh, I came in here to get out of the crowd," replied the tender youth. An ex-carpenter publishes a paper out in Illinois. He ought to make a good display of adze, and that's plain.—N. Y. Com. Adv. And yet it is very doubtful if he makes enough these dull times to enable him to "plank" down for his "board" at the end of each week.