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THE Weekly Herald.

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VOLUME 2. NO. 6.

CLEVELAND, TENN., FEBRUARY 16, 1877.

TERMS \$2.00 A YEAR

OGDEN BROTHERS, Successors to SMITH, OGDEN & CO., KNOXVILLE, TENN., WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN BOOKS,

Keep constantly on hand a large stock of STATIONERY, Wall Paper, Note, Letter and Cap Papers, and everything found in a first-class Book Store. JOB PRINTING done at reasonable prices. Give us a call. aug 13-15

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Keep on hand all kinds of School Books, Novels, News Papers and Periodicals. Also a full line of STATIONERY, JEWELRY, WALL PAPER &c. sep 2-15.

DELANO HOUSE, OPPOSITE DEPOT Cleveland, Tenn.

Convenient to Railroad. Commercial Tourists will find it to their interest to stop at this House. Baggage transferred to and from public Square Free of Charge.

S. H. D'ARMOND, Proprietor.

Carpentering & Repairing DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

Lumber Furnished to Order by BAKER & SLAUGHTER, CLEVELAND, TENN.

Shop on R. R. Street, opposite the Depot.

Are also authorized to use BREWER'S CELEBRATED RUBBER PAINT for Shingles and Tin-roofs for Bradley, McMinn and James counties. Orders solicited. Send size of roofs and we will estimate. Nov. 13-74

A. L. HEARTSILL,



UNDERTAKER

Cleveland, Tenn., Keeps on hand and for sale a full assortment of

METALIC

And Imitation Metallic Cases.

All kinds of wooden COFFINS for sale cheaper than shown in the picture. He has a fine house for the use of his customers.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FUNERALS.

He also keeps a Large Stock of BUREAUS, TABLES, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, MATTRESSES, &c., &c. which he will sell cheap for cash or produce. aug 26-76-17.

SAMUEL H. DAY, M. D.

(Late of Birmingham Ala.) OFFICE AT Scrogg's Drug store.

Can be found at my office or at my dwelling on Church Street. I will attend to all calls regardless of time or weather. Billed always due when patient is discharged. sep 9-17

W. C. CARSON, DENTIST, Has Located Permanently at Cleveland, Tenn.

And solicits patronage. Office will be kept open constantly by himself or his father, who has had an experience of 40 years in the business. Office formerly occupied by Dr. W. H. Cooke. June 18-74. 17

TIT FOR TAT. BY M. K. D.

In the days when all the world was romantic, and no one was ashamed of it, two gentlemen of England conceived the preposterous, but at the same rather fashionable idea, that because they were friends their son and daughter, then infants in their cradles, must love each other when they grew to be man and woman; and, having compared notes and found that they quite agreed on this point, set to work with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to arrange matters so that they must turn out exactly as they desired.

If they lived, of course their commands would be sufficient. Of this they were assured; but if they died, who knew what two misguided young people might do. Consequently, each made a will, and matters were so arranged that, if either of the young people declined the hand of the other, that young person would be penniless, and his or her estate go to the other young person who was willing.

After some years, the gentleman whose child was a daughter, left his native England for America, while the other, who was a widower, his wife having given her life for that son, remained in England; so that the ocean rolled between the two romantic friends.

The English resident was named Edmund Harrington. The American, Charles Seabright.

Both were, as we have said, wealthy, and both brought their children up carefully.

As they grew older, they permitted them to correspond with each other, but each detested the task so, that the letters were actually written by the elders themselves.

Once, at the age of fourteen, when the news came that little Harold Harrington had fallen from a tree and broken his leg, Elsie Seabright was desired to reply that she felt great regret, and send her best love and wishes for his speedy recovery; but the girl, who could never listen to the boy's name with anything like patience, refused to write one word of this amiable epistle.

"I wish he had broken his neck, so that I could hear nothing more of him," she said, with a stamp of her slippered foot; "and I won't write him."

So again mamma wrote the letter, having first locked Elsie up in a dark pantry by way of punishment.

"And I'm sorry to find a child of mine so unfeeling," she said. "A broken leg causes great pain and may make one lame for life."

"A nice thing for me that would be if I am to marry him," said Elsie.

Indeed if she had been as sympathetic as her mother wished her to, Elsie would have had opportunity enough to exercise these feelings, for her young betrothed was always in some pickle, and had nearly drowned and nearly shot himself a dozen times, to say nothing of ordinary tumbles.

It was tit for tat, at all events, for when Elsie had the measles, Harold received the information with a contemptuous indifference amounting to heartlessness, and had indeed said he did not care.

He hated girls, and this one the worst of all.

So, with the ocean between them, the young people grew to maturity and the year approached in which they were to meet.

But meanwhile all sorts of sad things happened. Elsie lost both her parents, away in England, Mr. Harrington died suddenly of apoplexy. So the two who had looked forward so many years to meeting when their children were married, never met again.

Mr. Harrington would not bring his son to America to see the lovely Elsie, as she had proposed, and but for those obstinate wills the whole matter would have been dropped, for the last thing the young people desired was to meet each other.

But the young man was of age, and the young lady also, and the property must be settled, and could not be until the match was either on or off.

The old lawyers in whose hands the affair rested, knew the feelings of their wards, but they judged that a meeting might mend matters. At least, it was necessary that they should meet.

So Harold, as in duty bound, was to cross the ocean to meet his betrothed, and give her an opportunity to refuse him.

The news of his arrival brought into full activity those feelings of repugnance that Elsie had conceived for Harold in her childhood. She had, for a while, resolved

to yield to her dead father's wishes, but now she felt that it would be impossible.

Yet there was enough of worldly wisdom in her head, to teach her how much better it was to be rich than to be poor.

If she refused her, her fortune and his also would be her own by law.

She would force him to refuse her, and then she would return him his, and all would be as it should. But how could she do this?

The girl sat for a while in deep revery, and then arose and clapped her hands together. A thought had struck her.

There was in the house a seamstress—a vulgar girl, as plain as it was possible to be, and with as conceit as any young beauty was ever blessed with.

Her rough manners and rough speech had become proverbial amongst her own class, the other servants speaking of her generally as Crusty Betsy. And this girl had of late been occupied in the room of her young mistress over some new dresses.

Straight to this apartment Elsie went, and locking the door, sat down opposite Betsy, said: "I have something for you to do, and I'll pay you well for it."

"Just name it then," said Betsy.

"When I was a girl, Betsy," said Elsie, "poor papa promised that I should marry a young gentleman who lives in England when I was grown, and that if I did not I should lose my fortune. Now the time has come and he is coming, and that I can't marry him, Betsy, and I want him to refuse me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," said Betsy, "and if I were you I'd huff him off quick enough, and make him glad to go, that I would."

"And I can't think how to do it, Betsy," said Elsie, "and if you can you must do it for me. While he stays you must pretend that you are Miss Seabright, you must wear my clothes, and take all the airs you possibly can, and make him as unhappy as possible, so that he'll have to refuse you—that is, me, you know. Be Sharp as you can with him, Betsy—never the least bit kind or nice. You'll try, won't you, Betsy?"

"I can give any one as good as they send, miss," said Betsy. "I'm no mealy-mouth, and you'll pay me well, miss."

"I'll give you a hundred dollars, Betsy," said the girl, for you will save me my freedom and my fortune; and you'll not refuse him, you know, for all will be spoilt."

"I'll manage," said Betsy.

Then the two girls left all other work to examine Elsie's wardrobe, and soon Betsy was dressed in the most elegant attire, hair powdered, as was the custom, and white gloves upon her hands.

"And I," said Elsie, "will be your poor companion, and you must call me Miss Smith, and snub me and order me about."

Thus all was arranged when the little letter Elsie had been so long expecting arrived, and breaking its blue seal, she read that Mr. Harrington would pay his respects to Miss Seabright in an hour. How Miss Seabright laughed as she sat waiting in the drawing-room watching Betsy sail up and down with all her new assumption of dignity. Betsy with the most amiable intentions would have been sure of offending; but Betsy, bent on being unpleasant, would be a grand success.

Just then Betsy herself leant from the window.

"Oh, miss!" she cried, "there's a carriage at the door, and there's a gentleman coming out of it. Bless us if that's him I don't wonder at your wanting to be off your match."

"Dear me, oh, deary me! But before she could explain, a servant had brought Elsie a card bearing the name of Harold Harrington, and, as she arose, the most extraordinary figure entered the room.

It was a very tall young man, between whose shoulders, nevertheless, grew an enormous hump. He also, though he seemed to move actively enough, walked upon crutches.

On his head, from which he had removed his cap, was a black silk skull-cap, such as entirely bald old gentlemen then wore.

Over his ears was a big black bandage, which also quite covered his chin.

On his right eye was a large, green patch; on his left cheek another.

All that was visible of his face was his nose, which was certainly well shaped, but which was much the color of red flannel; and about his throat was indeed a flannel muffler.

This was Harold Harrington. Elsie's surprise was so great

that she sank into a chair, and forgot to prompt Betsy as she had intended.

But Betsy needed no prompting. She was not in the least embarrassed.

She advanced to meet Mr. Harrington with a grin of supreme insolence on her face and burst into a loud laugh.

"Well," she said, "you are my young man, are you? I must say whoever picked you out showed no very great taste; 'twasn't for your beauty, that's plain."

"No madam," said the new arrival, "it was not for my beauty. Do I address Miss Seabright?"

"Why, who else should I be?" cried Betsy. "'Twas not for your cleverness, neither, you were chosen. But now you've come, sit down. Been in the wars, haven't you?"

"My infirmities," sighed the young man, "are the result of my wrecklessness as a boy. I have a most sympathizing letter from you upon my fall which broke my limb. You remember it! You also condoned me upon the careless shot which cost me my eye, though you didn't know how serious was the result." "It was while I was on a trip to Switzerland that broke my back, and while endeavoring to drink some boiling tea the housekeeper left carelessly upon the table, I scalded all the hair from my head. This scar upon my cheek is the result of having attempted to shave myself with my father's razor. It was injudicious of him not to tell you the result of my injuries, but now you see them for yourself. I will not go into further particulars. You remember all my accidents?"

"Yes," said Betsy, "and a fine figure of a man they've made you. You'll do to scare the crows from an orchard, I must say, and you are sent to me, that I might have my pick and choice of offers to marry. It's enough to make one die of laughing."

"Then you refuse me?" said the young man eagerly.

"Oh no, I don't; there's the fortune, you know. Money is money, and an object even like you is better than poverty. Though how folks will laugh to see us two paired off together! One comfort, though; so broken down as you must be, you can't last long."

"On the contrary, I expect to live to be eighty," said the young man.

"Expectations don't go for much," said Betsy. "Look how the old folks went."

"We were driven off their affections very suddenly," said the young man, sighing. "My father loved yours dearly, Miss Seabright."

"Folks will take queer notions. Well, I must say you are an object. I can't help laughing whenever I look at you," says Betsy.

"We shall have a merry life together," said Harold, "if your disposition continues."

"Oh, I shan't see much of you," said Betsy. "I can promise you, after the ring is on. What possessed you to smash yourself up so? But I shan't refuse you. It's money makes the mare go," says the old song."

"It may be," said Harold. "But let the mare stand still for me, then. I quite decline to fulfil the engagement. So, madam, you have the fortune without any incumbrance in my person."

"And good riddance to bad rubbish," said Betsy. "There are better fish in the sea than you, or women would be poorly off. You're going, eh? Well, the sooner the better. Miss Smith, ring the bell."

Elsie rose and touched the bell. But now that the deed was done, and her object attained, she felt dreadfully ashamed of herself.

Certainly a more unhappy and singular object than this before her could not well be imagined.

Indeed, compassionate as was her heart, she felt that his appearance was not only painful, but almost ludicrous, and all the more should he have been tenderly and kindly used.

Why had she played this childish prank, and allowed a vulgar woman to insult him in her presence?

And this gentleman—for hideous as he was, he was evidently was a gentleman by breeding as well as by birth—how would he henceforth think of her?

He would always believe that she had uttered those rude words; she, and none other.

And as he left the room she followed him and the servant who had answered the bell retired at her nod, and left the two together in the long hall, where they could hear the long and violent explosion of laughter with which Betsy was now filling the drawing-room.

"Mr. Harrington," said Elsie, her face crimsoning as she spoke, "I cannot let you go without a

word of explanation. I—I have been so grieved that you should be so insulted, I never meant—"

"My dear young lady, you have nothing to do with it, and my feelings are not in the least hurt," replied the young man. "Who could care anything for a person like the woman we have just left could say? But I am amazed that that should be Miss Seabright. I know she is a lady by birth. I understood that she was beautiful and gentle. I—"

"Oh, Mr. Harrington," cried Elsie, "I have been such a foolish girl! She is not Miss Seabright. I am Miss Seabright. I—I—it was a ridiculous stratagem of mine. I hated the idea of a betrothal to a stranger, and I desired that you should take the initiative in breaking off the match. But, believe me, I had no knowledge of your infirmities, which could be only a subject for sympathy to me; and I beg you to forgive me for placing that coarse woman in a position in which she could insult you. Prove it by remaining with me until I can offer you some refreshment after your long journey."

The young man bowed, looked at her a moment, and then replied frankly: "Madam, I quite appreciate your motives and entirely forgive you. I am pleased to accept your invitation."

It was the custom in well-arranged houses at that day to send guests to their rooms for awhile before dinner.

Accordingly Miss Seabright ordered a servant to show Mr. Harrington to an apartment on the upper floor, and retired to her own room to dress for dinner.

Ten minutes after her entrance into this apartment, this servant brought her a large bundle and a small note—a bundle several feet long, and a note a few inches square. She opened the note first and read these words:

"MY DEAR MISS SEABRIGHT: I also have a confession to make. I also, before I met you, had resolved that you should be the one to decline the conditions of our father's will, intending after that to give you back your share of the property. Consequently I set about devising a scheme; and, reading my school day letters, it occurred to me that no one ever went through so many small accidents quite unscathed and unmarred before. I knew that few women would choose to marry a very hideous man, consequently I concocted a disguise which I fancied would make me repugnant to the least particular of the fair sex."

"Allow me to lay at your feet my crutches, which I never needed, thank Heaven; my hump, which was a feather pillow; the skull cap, which did not hide a bald pate, and all my bandages and patches. The vermilion which adorned my nose I have removed with a little water; and though I obtained my invitation to dinner under false pretences I beg to be allowed to pay my respects to you in proper person, and to apologize for my trick, which, after all, dear madam, was only tit for tat."

At first Elsie was unreasonably angry but her anger did not last long.

They met at dinner, and before they parted it was quite concluded that they should carry out the wishes of their parents by agreeing to dine together always.

Gen Miles has Another Fight With the Indians.

A dispatch dated Tongue River, M. T., Jan. 19, says that Gen. Miles has had another severe fight with the Indians, and has gained another signal victory over them. The Indians consisted of bands of Cheyennes and Ogallallas under Crazy Horse, and numbered between 600 and 800 lodges. Gen. Miles' command left this point on the 27th of December, and proceeded up Tongue River. His command consisted of five companies of the Fifth Infantry and two companies of the Twenty-second Infantry, numbering in all about three hundred fighting men. Through the lack of transportation General Miles was compelled to employ a Montana ox team that happened to be at this point to transport his supplies. This team he sent out three days in advance of the departure of the main command under Major Charles Dickey, with two companies of the Twenty-second Infantry and one of the Fifth Infantry. After overtaking the train with balance of his command Gen. Miles abandoned the wagons and drove his oxen, in order to have them at hand to assist in pulling his train up steep hills and through deep canyons. At the time of leaving the post a heavy snow was on the ground, and severe storms, with intensely cold weather, obtained during

the whole period of the expedition. The movement of the troops was necessarily tedious and the hardships endured very great.

Gen. Miles, after proceeding 6 miles up Tongue river, discovered signs of recent Indian encampments, and pushing on, struck their full force on the 7th inst. On the evening of that day quite a heavy skirmish took place, and on the 8th the Indians to the number of one thousand warriors well armed and plentifully supplied with ammunition appeared on his front. Gen. Miles attacked him, however, with his little command and succeeded in gaining a decisive victory. The loss of the Indians is hard to estimate, but is known to have been very great. The battle field was covered with traces of blood. The Indians fought with great desperation.

The battle was contested on very rough and broken ground, where it would have been impossible for cavalry to ride. The Indians were entirely on foot and charged the troops repeatedly. Our officers and men displayed the greatest coolness and courage and poured deadly volleys into the ranks of the "hostiles" for more than five hours. The fight raged as terribly as ever was witnessed on a battle field. A heavy snow storm prevailed during a portion of the fight.

Gen. Miles' loss was four killed and six wounded.

Gen. Miles pursued the Indians into Wolf Mountains as far as his limited supplies would permit. The command has returned in good condition considering the hardships it has endured.

Judgment for \$10,000.

The Supreme Court Saturday affirmed the judgment of the Chancery Court in favor of W. G. Harding vs. the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and ordered that, unless the amount be paid within the next sixty days, trains be enjoined from running over that portion of the Nashville & Northwestern road, a distance of about three miles. Under these circumstances, the money will doubtless be forthcoming by the expiration of the time named.—Nashville American.

George Francis Train.

George Francis Train thus describes himself in his own paper: "I receive no callers, talk with no adults, make no speeches, visit no theaters, concerts, lyceums or churches; enter no hotels, restaurants, courts or public places; see no interviewers, attend no dinners, balls or private parties; make no calls, give no Christmas presents, make no charitable donations, shake no hands, belong to no club, society or party; court no sympathy, ask no favors, need no money, desire no friendship, seek no office, have no wish, possess no aspirations."

Cronin's homeward journey was less triumphant than his advance upon Washington, yet there were thrilling incidents connected with it. At Virginia City The Chronicle tells us a good deal of excitement was created by the announcement that Cronin was on the train: "When the train came in, a man with a small cap and an immense two-compartment nose got off and walked up the platform. 'That's him,' cried every body. 'Hurrah for Cronin!'" It was afterwards ascertained that the man was not Cronin at all, but a party from Frisco who fell out of a three-story window last week, striking on his nose, and the accident caused the organ to rise with a voluptuous swell. Then erysipelas set in and made it look like the pictures of Cronin."

On A Strike.

Nashville American: The firemen on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad left their situations, Thursday. They claim that the cause of the strike is the imposition upon them of an arduous task, for which they receive no compensation. Heretofore a force has been employed by the Company to rub the engines and keep them clean. Now they require this duty of the firemen, in order to reduce expenses, without any extra compensation.

Bishop Quintard has taken charge of the Church of the Advent at Nashville, in response to a recent call from that congregation. Rev. Mr. Dorsett, formerly of Pulaski, is his assistant.

Joke on Horace Maynard.

The Memphis Avalanche tells a good one at the expense of Hon. Horace Maynard. A man named Sharpe, a notorious counterfeiter, who is now serving out a term of seven years in the penitentiary at Nashville, once employed our present representative at Constantinople to defend him. Mr. Maynard defended the old sinner (who was much younger then), and by a mighty effort brought about his acquittal. Sharp handed over to his counsel a handsome fee, and then "jumped the town."

Mr. Maynard's chagrin may be imagined when he found that his shrewd client had outwitted him and paid him in counterfeit money.

National Teachers' Association.

State Superintendent Smart, of Ohio, has issued a call for the meeting of the National Teachers' Association at Washington on March 1st, 2nd and 3d. The following subjects have been arranged for consideration: Organization of an Educational Museum, and provision of plans and means for its operation; the further consideration of plans for publications connected with popular education in the South; the proposed reduction of salaries, and the relation of secondary instruction.

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortunes, but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

Mental pleasures never cloy, unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of the reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

Supreme Court Decision.

The Supreme Court of Tennessee on Monday last decided that Rail Road Property in this State was subject to taxation by the State, County, and Corporations. This will help the Corporation of Cleveland, and the County of Bradley, but will be heavy on the Rail Roads.

Teachers' Salaries.

Here is a few remarks from the New York Tribune about the proposed reduction of teachers' salaries in that State that suits for this State also. On the subject it says:

"If we value the efficiency of the public schools we must pay a salary that will attract a more than common talent to their service, and induce the best men to devote their lives to them. The same qualities which make a successful teacher would win success in other and more lucrative pursuits. Cutting down the pay will surely result in driving out the class of men whom we ought especially wish to keep, and converting the schools into temporary refuges for the unemployed. It is poor economy which hires only the cheapest hands for work that requires trained ability and long experience."

In the Legislature Mr. Ford has introduced a bill to compromise the State debt at 33 cents on the dollar. He is too early. Since our State has to help pay off the rebel war debts it can be compromised cheaper than 33 cents.

Life becomes useless and insipid when we have no longer either friends or enemies.

The following is a sign in Chicago: Oofercoats, Pandylions, Shirts, Necks, Dies, Shoobenders, Coats, und Shtocking, will fit you, no matter vat your name vas.

Every man who rejoices in and circulates slander, thereby advertises the fact of his own unworthiness.

When a man detects a missing button after getting on a clean shirt, no one in the house is aware of the fact. He takes off the shirt and puts on another, quietly smiling all the time. He never, never, never, speaks of it to a soul.