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### A Night Watch.

"Is it not morning yet?" From side to side the sick girl tossed, hot-browed and heavy-eyed, and moaned with feverish breath when I replied,  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" Oh, twelve hours, how slow they move! The night was darkly lowering  
Gold on the waves strikes the sudden showers;  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" The clock ticked, sounds hollow; not half the night gone, again I answer to the restless moon—  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" With tender care I bathed her brow and smoothed her damp fair hair,  
And try to soothe her with soft words of prayer.  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" If she could sleep, if these tired lids these burning eyes could keep!  
God knows the thorns are sharp, the road is steep!  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" "It's coming dear." And while I speak, the shadows press more near,  
And all the room grows colder with my fear  
"It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" How faint and low the pious accents! Do not tremble so, My heart, nor tell me, while I answer, "No  
It is not morning yet."  
"Is it not morning yet?" I bow my head; God answers while the eastern sky glows red,  
And smiles upon the still lake on the bed—  
"Yes, it is morning now!"

### "ROSES."

"Roses, indeed!" said Mr. Merritt, with a dark frown on his countenance—"a dollar's worth of roses! I never heard of such nonsense in my life. What in the name of common sense do you want of roses, I'd like to know? Ain't there lots of wild ones down in the swamp?"  
Mary Merritt stood crimson and confused beneath the lash of her father's sneering words. She was a slight, pretty girl of eighteen, with bright brown eyes, hair smooth and glossy as a chestnut rind, and a complexion of the purest pink and white.  
"I thought I'd like a few flowers in the door-yard," hesitated Mary, scarcely venturing to lift her eyes from the floor.  
"Flowers!" sarcastically echoed her father. "Wouldn't you like a set of diamonds, or a black-velvet gown? Or a carriage and four? If I'd known you was such a fine lady I'd have had the house newly furnished with red velvet cushions and a Brussels carpet. You must have a dollar of money to spare, to go about ordering dollars' worth of roses!"  
"It's my own money, father," cried poor Mary, fairly stung to desperation. "I earned it with my own hands, binding shoes at night, after the day's work was done."  
"And you're mine, ain't you—and all that belong to you?" said Josiah Merritt, grimly. "And if you're able to earn an extra money, it had better be handed over to me. Give me that letter with the dollar-bill in it!"  
"Can't I have any roses, father?" said Mary, with a sinking heart.  
"Not on this here farm," said Mr. Merritt. "All the spare money we can raise goes to payin' interest on the old mortgage and keepin' up the buildings and fences. A dollar ain't much, but buyin' poor Mary's precious bill, 'bout a dollar will help a long. Now go back to your milk-skinning, or your bread-making, or whatever you're about. And if you want any roses or posies go out into the fields arter them."  
He went out as he spoke, banging the kitchen-door after him, and Mary sat down and cried.  
She was so tired of the plantain-weeds and running white clover in the door-yard; she had so longed for a few bright spots of color there. And she had worked so hard to earn the money that her father had just coolly confiscated. Josiah Merritt kept no servant, and she was the patient household drudge. So Mary washed and ironed, baked and cleaned, made cheese and butter, raised a whole colony of young turkeys, geese, and chickens, and mended her father's shirts and stockings between times.  
For poor Mrs. Merritt had been "worked" out of the world years before, and nothing remained of her but a tender memory in Mary's heart, and a crooked tombstone, half-buried in weeds and briars, in the village churchyard. Nor did she venture to plead that one of the confiscated roses had been "for mother's grave!"  
"It's too bad," said Joel Harvey, who, from the back shed, where he had been sharpening his sickle, had heard the whole altercation. "Why didn't you let the poor girl have her roses, Mr. Merritt?"  
"Because I don't believe in encouraging no such high-frown notions," retorted the farmer, stiffly.  
"Yes, but—"  
"It's my business, Joel Harvey, not yours," said Mr. Merritt. "And now, if that there sycamore's ready, we'll go back to the ten-acre lot. Time is money, and we've wasted enough of it already this morning."

### MARK TWAIN ON THE ANT.

Not Much Wished to be Found When You Go To Him.  
Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to be that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I asked the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones who vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalist point them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leatherheadness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No, he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.  
He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something that comes of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and, instead of going around it, he climbs over it backward, dragging his booty after him, tumbles down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently boists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction; comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top—which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heidelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg; steeply; when he gets up there he finds that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual in a new direction.  
At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been all over the ground for two yards around, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever. He traverses a good deal of zig-zag country, and by-and-by stumbles on his same booty again. He does not remember to have ever seen it before; he looks around to see which is not the way home, grabs his bundle and starts. He goes through the same adventures he had before, finally stops to rest, and a friend comes along. Evidently the friend remarks that a last year's grasshopper leg is a very noble acquisition, and inquires where he got it. Evidently the proprietor does not remember exactly where he did get it, but thinks he got it "around here somewhere." Evidently the friend contracts to help him freight it home. Then, with a judgment peculiarly ant-like (not intentional), they take hold of the opposite ends of that grasshopper-leg and begin to tug with all their might in opposite directions. Presently they take a rest and confer together. They decide that something is wrong, they can't make out what. Then they go at it again, just as before. Same result. Mutual recriminations follow. Evidently each accuses the other of being an obstructionist. They warm up, the dispute ends in a fight. They lock themselves together and chew each other's jaws for a while; then they roll and tumble on the ground till one loses a horn or a leg and has to haul off for repairs. They make up and go to work again in the same old insane way; but the crippled ant is at a disadvantage; as he may, the other one drags off the booty and him at the end of it. Instead of giving up, he hangs on and gets his brine bruised against every obstruction that comes in the way. By-and-by, when that grasshopper-leg has been drawn over the same old ground once more, it is finally dumped at about the same spot where it originally lay. The two persevering ants inspect it thoughtfully and decide that dried grasshopper legs are a poor sort of property after all, and then each starts off in a different direction to see if he can't find an old nail or something else that is heavy enough to afford entertainment, and, at the same time, valueless except to make an ant want to own it.—Mark Twain, in "Tramp Abroad."

### FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.  
Soft duffy white fringe is now used on snowy wool goods.  
Cashmere straw is extensively employed for children's hats.  
For weddings creamy white satin is being used for the entire dress, with lace and tulle for trimmings.  
Fringes of white pearl edging, quaintly cut, and bouffant of satin on the sleeves, are on imported wedding dresses.  
Dark green Surah silks are brightened by borders of foulard of gay colors in striped pattern, such as a cream ground with figures of pale blue and red.  
Heliotrope shades of cashmere of light weight are combined with satin de Lyon of lighter or darker shades for dressy costumes for the seaside resorts.  
Turbans for little girls have the plain trim of cashmere straw, with the crown of satin damask, gathered to a cluster in the center, and garnished with a deep silk tassel, after the fashion of the Turkish fez.  
Nearly akin to the nun's veiling in effect are the delicate mill bonnets. These are generally of the unbleached or pale cream tint, and are in plain patterns, and robes with embroidered borders and other trimmings.  
Bridemaids wear simple and charming dresses of white muslin with colored ribbons and Leghorn hats, in English fashion, or else they have white Spanish lace veils draping the head like the mantillas of Spanish women.  
Pearl-colored broadened satin with plain satin and point lace is again the favorite dress for the mother to wear when accompanying her daughter to the altar. There are, however, departures from this conventional color, and pale blue, gold brocade or very dark maroon with flounces of white lace is worn.  
Long sear-like pieces of point lace are imported with lace trousseaux, to be used first as bridal veils, and afterward as mantillas or as overskirt drapery; the bride has one end of this scarf fastened far forward in her coiffure, then caught up on each shoulder, and falling thence low on the train of her dress.  
We have noticed some stylish costumes for misses, made of zephyr cloth and handkerchief plaids. The skirt was made of the plaids, laid in kilts; this, of course, attached to a lining at the top. The overdress of zephyr was a round, wrinkled apron, caught high at the sides, and looped quite fully in the back. The jacket and sleeves, were trimmed with plaings of language lace.

### The Streets of Canton.

They are very narrow and dirty in the first place, with an average width of from three to five feet. They are paved with long, narrow slabs of stone. Their names are often both devotional and poetical. We saw Peace street and the street of Benevolence and Love. Another, by some violent wrench of the imagination was called the street of Refreshing Blessings. Some romantic mind had given a name to the street of Early Bestowed Blessings. The paternal sentiment, so sacred to the Chinaman, found expression in the street of One Hundred Grandsons and street of One Thousand Grandsons. There was the street of a Thousand Benedictions, which, let us say, were enjoyed by its founder. There were streets consecrated to Everlasting Love, to a Thousandfold Peace, to Ninefold Brightness, to Accumulated Blessings; while a practical soul, who knew the value of advertising, named his avenue the Market of Golden Profits.  
Other streets are named after trades and avocations. There is Betelnut street, where you can buy the betelnut of which we saw so much in Siam, and the Cocoon and Drink Tea. There is where the Chinese hats are sold, and where you can buy the finery of a mandarin for a few shillings. There is Eye-glass street, where the compass is sold; and if you choose to buy a compass, there is no harm in remembering that we owe the invention of that subtle instrument to China. Another street is given to the manufacture of bows and arrows; another to Prussian blue; a third to the preparation of furs.  
The shops have signs in Chinese characters, gold letters on a red and black ground, which are hung in front, a foot or two from the wall, and droop before you as you pass under them.  
One of the annoyances of the streets is the passage through them of mandarins in their palanquins, surrounded by guards, who strike the foot-passenger with their whips if they do not get out of the way quickly enough.—Harper's Young People.

### A Strange Ceremony.

The strange ceremony of plowing around a village in order to drive away the cattle plague recently took place in one of the villages of Russia. The *Russky Courier* describes it thus: "The cattle plague broke out in the village of Ozerk, in the province of Kaluga. In a few days thirteen cows died, and the peasants were panic stricken. After warm discussions, it was decided to drive out the plague after the manner of our forefathers in similar emergencies—that is, by ploughing around the village. At midnight, all the women of the village assembled at a spot, to which were brought the things needed for that half pagan, half Christian ceremony, to wit, a holy image, a plough, harness, a bag of sand, and a pair of tar. A strong young woman was harnessed to the plough, and, with the assistance of two other girls, proceeded to pull it along. A young girl carrying the holy image (*kona*) headed the procession; she was followed by an old woman with the sand bag, who threw the sand right and left, the ploughing party trying to cover the sand in ploughing, while the woman with the tar pail besprinkled the soil with tar. A crowd of girls and women followed, each carrying some article with which to make a noise, scythes, tin cans, iron pans, boilers, basins, pokers, and other utensils. Though the noise made was indescribable, and the women's yelling and shouting incessant, they were ineffectual to frighten off the plague spirit, for its ravages in that village are undiminished."

### Flora McFlimsy's Dresses.

A New York correspondent tells how Miss Flora McFlimsy's gorgeous dresses happen to be described in society papers.  
We met the other day the reporter of a "society" paper. She assured us that the thirst of the public for names was something remarkable. The more names that filled the columns of a society paper the more entertaining it was considered. Her account of her quest for society information was not a little amusing, and showed a curious side of human nature. The scene is that of a brilliant party, all the remarkable dresses of which are to be described in the columns of the society paper. The following dialogue takes place:  
Reporter to showily-dressed Flora McFlimsy—"I would like to describe your dress. Will you allow me? I am the reporter of the *Society News*."  
Flora—"Oh, mercy, no; you must not do anything of the kind; mamma would dislike it so much."  
Reporter, turning to go—"Very well, it makes no difference."  
Flora, hesitating—"Dear me, did you really want to write about it?"  
Reporter—"I had thought to make some mention of it, but it is not necessary."  
Flora—"How awfully odd it would be to stand up and have you look me all over, and then write about my dress. No, I am sure mamma would not like it."  
Reporter bows and turns to depart—"Very well, just as you say."  
Flora, hastening after the reporter—"Come back and write about my dress if you want to. Ma won't care anything, I can't help it if she does."  
It is thus that the public learns the important information that Flora McFlimsy was at Mrs. Bank's brilliant ball and wore an elaborate dress, made so-and-so, and trimmed so-and-so.

### Jenny Lind.

Mrs. Hooper writes that the eyes of Jenny Lind are as lovely as ever in their expression and in their soft depths of lustrous blue. Her abundant brown hair, slightly silvered, she still dresses in the same fashion as of old. She lately spoke in warm terms of affection of America, saying: "Your country takes the rabble of all other countries and gives them a chance." To an allusion to the charm of her singing in her youth, particularly in devotional music, she answered, with a voice expression: "It was because my voice came from God, and I sang to God."

### Went to His Own Funeral.

Vibal Donat, a Bordeaux merchant, insured his life in Paris for 100,000 francs, and was shortly thereafter declared a fraudulent bankrupt. Donat next disappeared suddenly, and his wife lodged in Paris a certificate of the death and burial of her husband in England, and claimed the payment of his policy of insurance. That the case was one of fraud, however, was clearly proved. Donat had actually ordered his own coffin, had registered his own death, and had actually attended his own funeral—rather that of the mass of lead which was found to be included in the coffin. He was arrested, and in due course convicted of the fraud.

### Fly fishing has begun in the Adirondacks, but the real fun will be postponed until the black flies begin to fish for the men.

### Rev. Louis Wazawannayana is a Dakota clergyman. He has one satisfaction, however. Nobody opens his letters for him.

### At Folkestone, England, lately, a married couple who only three weeks after marriage had separated, by mutual consent, met on the beach, when the husband ran up to the wife, put his arms around her, and kissed her. She gave him in custody for assault, and he was bound over in \$1,000 to keep the peace.

### Japan has a surplus of rice equal in value to \$25,000,000, but which it cannot realize upon, in consequence of the exclusive character of the navigation laws of the empire.

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