

Weekly Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.
CLEVELAND, TENN., AUGUST 5, 1880.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.
Marriages and obituary notices, over one square, charged for at half regular rates.
All local news 10 cents a line for each insertion.
No notice inserted for less than fifty cents.

The Errand.
Do me a courtesy,
Thou tall white rose;
Nobly knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.
Now, in my mind, I see
A deepened light
Watching the whirl
From her window-pane
Of the rain.
Slender as thou, is she,
All ways as pure,
As white, be sure,
With thy perfect grace
In her face.
Do me a courtesy,
Thou artless rose;
Nobly knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.
Knowing her value, she
Has still no art,
Opening her heart
From the common eye
To spy.
All know, as well as we,
The secret truth
Blushing as both—
Or they would surmise
From her eyes.
Go thou, and, secretly,
In thine own way,
Tell her, this day,
Though so dark, is white
By her light.
Do me this courtesy,
Thou silent rose;
Nobly knows
How the rain comes down
In the town.
—James H. Moran, in Harper's Magazine.

TWO WOMEN.

The fierce fires of a July sunset had burned themselves away in shimmering heat, and with the fervid sunset had come no breath of fresh air to give promise of a cool, refreshing night, or a less sweltering day on the morrow. In the marble-floored corridor of Mrs. Isabelle Sydney's city residence several trunks stood strapped and piled, ready for the expressman's cart the first thing in the morning; and in Mrs. Sydney's boudoir—a large, beautiful room, that was the perfection of tasteful luxury—that lady sat, in an open bamboo rocking-chair, languidly fanning herself.

She was handsome, decidedly, from the little wavy tresser of rich bronze-brown hair, that the hot weather only made the wavier, to the tiny toe of her blue-rosed slipper, that rested easily on the Persian silken anastock, that was partly concealed by the billowy foam of lace and lawn upon the train of her robe de chambre.

Very handsome, very imperious, very rich and influential in the circle in which she moved—a woman who had, ever since she married Mr. Sydney Sydney, of the great firm of Sydney & Force, bankers and brokers, been accustomed to say "do this," "do that," and to be obeyed.

And to-night, with the silver-and-crystal pitcher of iced orangeade on the marble stand at her side, the gas burning so low and brightly beside the silvery pink globe, directly at her shoulder, an open novel, freshly cut, awaiting her royal pleasure to become interested, lying across her snow-white lap, one would have known that Isabelle Sydney was one accustomed to personal ease and the extreme of selfish gratification. But somehow she seemed in no haste to begin reading, delightful as she knew, by rich experience, the author invariably was. She leaned back in her chair and waved her fan slowly, gracefully, as she did everything, and then quietly arose and stepped to the telephone and delivered a low-spoken message.

About five minutes afterward Marion Day came in the room, with her white zephyr shawl over her arm, a wide-rimmed gypsy hat on her lovely, rippling hair, looking like a princess in her cool gray linen dress and linen collar and cuffs.

Marion Day, daily governess, at two hundred and fifty dollars a year, to the Sydney children, Aimee and Marguerite, five and seven, whom she had just kissed good-bye until their return from their six weeks' stay at the seaside and mountains.

Mrs. Sydney raised her eyebrows in acknowledgment of Marion's presence.

"You were just going? Miss Marguerite and Miss Aimee are retired, I suppose. Miss Day? I sent for you, as it will be necessary for me to keep you later than usual this evening."

A look of consternation instantly came into Marion's face.

"I am afraid I cannot stay to-night, Mrs. Sydney. I have already been detained nearly an hour beyond my time, and my mother is very much worse to-day."

Mrs. Sydney laid her fan down on the table—a movement that somehow reminded Marion that this rich, haughty woman's will was her law.

"I am very sorry, of course, that your mother is worse; but really, Miss Day, I cannot see that I should be obliged to suffer on that account. I am particularly anxious that you should write out a form of light study for your pupils to follow while they are away. You can remain, and have the use of Mr. Sydney's library until half-past nine."

Marion looked pained and dismayed, as she listened.

"How can I leave her any longer? She is dangerously ill, Mrs. Sydney. She may be dying—alone!"

"That is nonsense! Consumptives never die in summer-time. We will be gone to-morrow, and you can devote yourself exclusively to her until September. You really must abandon your fanciful objection and remain, Miss Day, or else—"

A swift mercilessness came into her low, even tones, and Marion's breast throbbled with a sense of horrible cruelty. She could not restrain a tear-choked sob.

"But, Mrs. Sydney, if—"

Mrs. Sydney bowed crushingly.

"You will bring this disgraceful scene to an end, Miss Day! Either you remain and perform the duty I require of you, and which cannot be postponed, or you resign your position as governess, and forfeit your last quarter's salary. You have your choice!"

Poor Marion! For one little moment she wondered if there was a heart in Mrs. Sydney's bosom; then, with the cruel practicality that governed all her life in these later days, she remembered how ill she could afford to forfeit a dollar of her well-earned wages—money that was even then needed to buy cooling fruit and cooling drink, and the medicine to alleviate the agonies of that darling, patient mother who was slipping farther and further away every day.

What ought she to do?—what ought she to do? It went up from her quivering lips in a wild, silent prayer, and then she looked in Mrs. Sydney's cold, handsome face with the despair a criminal might feel before a judge.

And she walked tremblingly into the library, and laid aside her hat and shawl, and sat there at the long, green, cloth-covered table, warm, tired, heart-sick, heart-sore, full of fear and apprehension, and wrote the necessary schedule for her mistress; and at ten o'clock of that breathless July night started for the wretched, close, little salt of rooms that nowadays was "home" to her.

To stumble up the dark, hot stairway; to go in the room lighted only by God's stars, and—

When she spoke to her mother, to receive no answering response, and to know, in that next, awful minute, that that dear, patient, unselfish mother had died all alone—all alone, some time that sweltering day! All alone? Nay, for surely God's angels had been given charge concerning her.

But, kneeling with rigid face, and dilated eyes, and breaking heart beside the saintly-faced dead, Marion moaned in utter desolation and brokenness of spirit.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother! To think you died all alone—all alone! To think that she kept me—that wicked, wicked woman! And I pray God to visit upon her a full measure of the suffering I endure this night!"

Three days later, Mr. Sydney ran down to Long Branch to stay over Sunday.

"I suppose you haven't heard that Miss Day's mother is dead—buried yesterday? Did the day before you left home—that scorching-hot Wednesday?"

And for once, at least, in her selfish, pleasure-seeking life, Isabelle Sydney's face blanched, and a terrified feeling swept over her that was several minutes in its passage.

Seven years, with their wonderful changes to some, their steady flow to others—their sorrows and joys, their reward and punishment to all.

And Mrs. Stanley Sheridan, sitting in the nursery of her most magnificent place in San Francisco, with her three little ones around her, thought how good—how wonderfully good—God had been to her in all His ways concerning her.

She was sitting in a great easy-chair—sacred to mamma by everybody, from grave, stern papa down to two-year old Clifford, the pet and darling of the household—a quiet-faced, lovely woman, with serene patience in her eyes, and under motherliness in her lightly-closed lips, as she smiled back in Ethel's face—Ethel, her first-born, a merry, saucy girl of six years, who was pucking her forehead into a frown of pretended dismay.

"Of course we shan't like her, mamma—I know we shan't! Olive Fredtilday's governess is a horridly cross lady. She makes Olive go over, and over, and over her 'rhythmic if it's wrong.'"

"And because Olive's governess is strict you are determined that your new governess, that papa will bring from New York to-day, will be strict too? Indeed, my child, I think I shall have to tell Mrs. Sheldon—that's her name—to make a certain little lady Ethel I know go over, and over, and over her grammar exercises."

"But if she's hateful, mamma?" and Ethel leaned confidently against her mother's chair. "Mamma, you wasn't hateful when you were a governess, were you? Tell us over again all about it—how that wicked lady wouldn't let you go home until poor grandma was dead."

And the child's sweet eyes grew tender and misty over the well-known, ever-touching story of the time when beautiful mamma was only a poor governess in Mrs. Sydney's house in those days—those lonely, pitiful days—before papa met and loved her, and married her.

And almost before the little story was told, "papa," a tall, handsome gentleman, grave and stern every where but at home, came in, on his return from the East, to be smothered with childish hugs and kisses, and greeted by mamma, with all her heart in her eyes.

"And has the new governess come, papa?" Ethel asked, eagerly.

"She has come, little girl, and is waiting for mamma to see her. Shall she come in here, Marion, my dear?"

And so the servant was sent to usher her in; and as Mrs. Sheridan caught the first glimpse of the slender, black-robed figure, with the sad, troubled face, she could not restrain the exclamation of amazement and almost alarm that rushed to her lips.

"Can it be possible? Mrs. Sydney's husband had died of brain fever a month after the stupendous failure that left his widow and children absolutely penniless, and who had married again, three years later, to be deserted and neglected by the wretch whom the law declared her lord and master—her petted darling laid away in merciful sleep—Isabelle Sheldon made a little, low moan of horrified surprise and dismay.

"Marion Day! Marion Day! You will not want me for your children's teacher!"

And, sinking in a chair, she burst into tears, tasting, to the very bittered lips, the cup she had once forced to this sweet, gentle woman's lips. While Marion, who had prayed at her mother's death-bed that heaven would avenge her, went up to the trembling, crying woman, as an angel might go to a despairing soul crouching outside the gates of Paradise.

"We all need forgiveness, Mrs. Sheldon. Why should I judge you? Ethel, dear, ring for Marie to show your governess her room. You must be tired after your long, tedious journey, and lessons need not begin for two or three days."

"I thanked God every mile of the way that He at last had sent me a friend. It was my only hope against despair. I should have starved—and to find it was you! Marion Day, you are one of God's chosen, if ever there was one!"

And, as she passed by her, on her way to her room, she caught Mrs. Sheridan's hand and kissed it reverently. Nor ever again did either of them refer to that dark stain of the past; while Marion, with her husband's and true arms about her, lifted to grave, silently face to face, as she stood by their boy's crib that night, and knew she had his approbation and—Another's.

In the Rapids.

A letter from Montreal to the Toronto Globe describes the terrible adventure of the crew of a raft in descending the Laclaire Rapids. The pilot was Daillebot, the Indian lacrosse player. He mistook the channel, and instead of going over the smoother course got into the "sauf," or jump, as the channel part of the rapids is called. There were thirteen of the crew, and the raft had hardly touched the rough water before it began breaking up. There was more than half a mile yet for the raft to go before the fate of the crew could be ascertained; and seen from the other raft, which took the correct course, the spectacle was a terrible one. Long logs of timber would lift high into the air, and human beings would be seen clinging to them, the next moment to be dashed down and buried in the seething waters. Other logs continually upheaved with their living freight looking like bundles of weeds. Some timbers while upheaved would touch bottom at one end, and the fearful velocity of the raft would shoot them bodily into the air, to fall among the men who were struggling for their lives, and to add new terror to those which already faced them. As the raft, or all that was left of it, reached clear and smooth water, the half-smothered remnant of the crew managed to bring their raft to the shore to repair damages; for three of the crew rafting on the St. Lawrence rapids was over.

Chinese Proverbs.

The Rev. W. Scarborough, a Wesleyan missionary, has recently published a work called "A Collection of Chinese Proverbs." From among them we call the following:

Whether you are my relative or not, my turnips are three hundred cash per hundred-weight.

The fisherman patiently waits till the shoal comes, and if not large fish, he gets small ones.

Their rush east; they rush west; and all for the sake of a profit small as a fly's head.

Even if Kwan lan yeh, the mirror of justice, were selling bean curd, good as may be the man, the article is certainly poor.

Brothers in the morning, enemies at night.

A man known well is a treasure.

A proverbial when he repents becomes a priceless treasure.

Every man loves his own skin and flesh.

If you honor your parents at home, why go afar to burn incense?

Out of the broken kiln come very good tiles.

Stoop not in the melon-field to draw up your boots.

Stay not under the plum-tree to adjust your hat.

If you look before and behind, food and clothing will never be wanting.

Put attention to your business in the second and third place, and let the first thing be not to cheat conscience.

The dark ages or middle ages comprised a period of about 1,000 years, extending from the year 486 to 1495. So called because learning was at a low ebb.

P. T. Barnum.

The New York correspondent of the *Froy Tim* gives some interesting reminiscences of the showman, P. T. Barnum, whose seventy years of life have been crowded with interesting incidents: Some men feel like retiring as age advances, but Barnum is too intensely active ever to think of rest so long as he retains strength and faculties. Barnum has not as yet grown old. True, his hair is silvered, but his feelings are fresh and his mind ion as great as ever—perhaps, indeed, greater, for see what a grand scheme he has undertaken in the reconstruction of Madison avenue garden. The plot, which contains two and a half acres, will be made the grandest place for popular entertainments in the world. Barnum has already done much for the public, but his past achievements will be displaced by this immense popular enterprise.

Barnum's father was a very poor man and hardly made a living, though he combined a petty express business with tavern-keeping. At the age of thirteen Barnum became a clerk in a country store. He early developed great business tact, and before he was eighteen opened an oyster saloon on his own account. He then engaged in selling lottery tickets, and showed his industry by assuming a fictitious name. His advertisement announced "the lucky Dr. Strickland," and the public was warned to buy of none other. Dr. Strickland, however, was none other than Barnum himself. Having gone through with this role he next turned actor, and established the *Herald of Freedom* at Danbury but indulging in some injudicious personalities he was prosecuted for libel and suffered brief imprisonment. He then moved to this city, where in his twenty-fifth year he opened a boarding-house. His wife (who had been a poor sewing girl) cooperated faithfully with him, but the business did not pay and he became miserably poor. He tried many shifts to make a living, but was unsuccessful until he got control of "Joice Heth." The latter was an aged crone whom Barnum exhibited as the nurse of George Washington. He advertised her as 161 years old, and attracted great crowds. She soon, however, broke down under the excitement of the show-room and died—her age being pronounced by the physicians as not more than fourscore.

Barnum has gone through remarkable vicissitudes, and I mention his case in order to show that no man should be so discouraged. The darkest hour often heralds the dawn. For three years after the death of Joice Heth, Barnum's efforts invariably failed. He traveled with a cheap show through the South, and afterward opened a petty theater at Vauxhall garden, in this city. He next canvassed as a book agent, and then turned his hand at cheap journalism, and wrote theatrical criticisms for the Sunday papers at \$4 per week. He advertised for an opening in some remunerative business, but this effort was also unsuccessful. Such was his ill-repute as a visionary adventurer that one who knew him well said that "when Taylor Barnum could make a sieve that would hold water he would expect to see him a business man."

At that very moment, however, fortune was about to smile on her determined and faithful follower. Barnum saw the American museum offered for sale and applied for the purchase. "Young man," said the agent, "the price is \$12,000; how do you propose to pay?" "In brass, sir," was the reply, "for I have no money." The agent was so pleased with the applicant that he trusted him for the amount, and Barnum at once began to thrive. One day the agent came for a specified payment, and found Barnum in his office eating dry bread and cold corn beef. "Is this the way you live, sir?" was the inquiry. Barnum replied: "I shall eat cold dinners till I get this debt paid." In a year this was done, and then Barnum gradually became famous. He was, however, just as great a man while under the shadow as he was while under sunshine. He is now worth \$3,000,000—a degree of success which is in no small extent due to his extreme liberality in advertising.

The Force of an Indian Arrow.
The Indian bows are made of extremely rigid wood, but the power to bend them effectually comes more from practice than mere physical strength. General Briston says:
I have seen a slight and small white man bend with ease the strongest bow when he had once acquired the art. A white man, too, can send an arrow as far and as deep as an Indian. I once had an officer named Belden with me, who had lived twelve years with the Indians, and he could shoot an arrow into a buffalo while running so that the point would come out on the opposite side. He would also plunge an arrow into a beast so that it disappeared, and not even the notch remained visible. The power of an Indian bow can be better understood when it is known that the most powerful revolver will not send a ball through a buffalo. Belden said he had seen a bow throw an arrow five hundred yards, and I, myself, have seen one discharged entirely through a board an inch thick. A man's skull was found in the West transixed to a tree by an arrow, which had gone entirely through the bones, and fastened itself so deep in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. The man most likely had been tied to the tree, and then shot.

Cooking on a Large Scale.

Harvard college owns a building fitted with all the conveniences to cook for several hundred hungry young men, and there are no boarding in it a number which must keep the cooks busy. Here is a short account of the establishment, from the *Golden Rule*:
The Harvard Dining association has ninety employees besides its steward. A ten-horse-power engine, burning two tons of coal per day, heats the building, and supplies steam for the cooking and baking; but when Sander's theater is heated, a third ton of coal is required. The cooking apparatus is on a vast scale. The great soup-kettle holds 220 gallons, and it is said to be the largest kettle ever cast in this country. Only 110 gallons of soup, however, are required for the daily dinner. The oatmeal kettle holds fifty-five gallons, and that for cracked wheat twenty gallons; but not quite, though very nearly, this amount is consumed daily.

The great range, twenty-five feet long, contains four ovens, and does all the frying and heating plates, etc. There are seven kettles for boiling meats and five for vegetables, and none of them of very small size, while the great charcoal grate will easily broil steak for 650 men. But the most astounding parts of the culinary arrangements are the two great ovens, one for baking meats, and one for bread and pies. The first will cook 2,000 pounds of meat, the other 250 pies. They are not by any means too large, however, since from 800 to 1,000 pounds of meat are consumed daily, and some ninety loaves of Graham and seven-y-five of white bread. The heat never leaves the pastry oven from one month to another.

"How much flour do you use per day?" I asked.

"We average at least a barrel and a half," was the reply.

"And how many pies at one lunch?"

"A hundred and twenty-five, for which three barrels of apples are needed."

Some delicious-looking butter was unpacking from a huge box, and I learned that seventy-five pounds are here daily used for the tables, and about the same amount for cooking. That the students had not gone hungry on that day, was conclusively shown from the fact that at breakfast 450 pounds of vump steak and sixty-five pounds of fish had been consumed; that the larder contained for the dinner 300 pounds of turkey and 500 pounds of beef; that 100 gallons of milk (the daily allowance), and forty puddings of large size, were in store, while twelve immense pans of gingerbread were being prepared for the oven.

Anecdote of John Brougham.
A New York paper tells this story of the late John Brougham, dramatic author and actor: Since his death many number of gentle incidents in his life have been recalled. One of these is noteworthy. After he had played here some time he became a marked favorite on the stage, particularly with women, who were captivated by his handsomeness, his grace, and his vivacity. He received, of course, many letters, flowers and mementoes of the romantically silly sort, to which he paid no attention. One of these dreamy admirers signed her own name to her billets, and wrote repeatedly, despite the discouragement of silence. She was very desirous to meet the comedian, beseeching again and again the privilege of an interview. Finally, Brougham named a time and place for their meeting. She came promptly, and proved to be very young, pretty, and of good social position. She was well educated and clever, too; but her judgment was so morbidly warped by love to such an age. Instead of making love to her read her a moral lecture; talked to her literally like a father; pointed out the great danger of her conduct, and told her that most men would take advantage of her innocence. "It sounds very egotistic," he added, "for me to say it, my child, but all actors are not John Broughams." She was moved to tears and to the deepest gratitude by his kind counsel; declared that she had opened her eyes to her folly and that she would not be guilty of it again. She kissed his hand at parting, and went away, it is said, completely changed. A year or two after she was married. She invited the comedian, as the story runs, to her wedding, but he did not go. He had been much attracted to her, and he knew enough of human nature to know that, under the circumstances, prudence, if not safety, consisted in his keeping away. John Brougham was a man of heart, and he was also a man of honor.

Which Came Out Ahead?
A man who had inhaled rather freely in the morning was driving his cow to pasture, when a fellow came along and extolled the cow. "Yes, sir," said the owner, "everybody is praising that cow." "I wish I owned her," said No. 2. "Just then a couple of loads jumped in front of the cow." "Look here," exclaimed the owner, "if you'll eat those two loads I'll give you the cow." "Will you?" said the man. He seized a load and soon ate him up. It was too much for his stomach and he stopped to consider, while the owner of the cow began to fear that he had lost her. There was a pause, when a happy thought hit the load eater. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the load eater, "if you'll eat the other load I'll let you up on your offer." "Done," said the owner, and he gobbled the second load in a jiffy. They were both somewhat the worse for their meal, and it is still a disputed point which came out ahead.

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April 25-17

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A gentleman named his dog Penny because it was one sent to him.

One cent and costs is the standard fee for violating the fish law of Kentucky.

Moths eat up \$25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injure us a bit.

An English firm sold 8,000 fireproof safes in Turkey before it was ascertained that the filling was only sawdust.

Boston has about 5,000 students of elocution and oratory. Many of them study only for the purposes of private life.

When cows have learned to read, and not till then, it will pay enterprising firms to advertise on rooks, trees and fence-boards.

Andy Smith is a Chicago burglar who pays his exclusive attention to drug stores. If he robs them at their selling price, one or two breaks will make him a millionaire.—*Boston Post.*

The Russian army comprises 908 generals, 31,411 officers and 880,425 men. The reserves number 742,114 men, and the Cossack troops 1,972 officers and 51,350 men, with 105,116 men on furlough.

"It looks like the scene of a great battle," remarked a traveler, viewing the work of a recent cyclone in the West. "Yes," said the native, solemnly, and without removing his pipe, "the piece was tuk by storm."—*Boston Transcript.*

To fill up the gaps in the Paris parks caused by the destructive effects of the winter, 54,000 evergreen trees and 30,000 deciduous trees are required. In the Champs Elysees 8,200 trees were killed, and 6,000 had to be taken down to the roots.

"Don't you want to be my wife?" said a small boy to a smaller girl. With some hesitation, but with a certain firmness of tone, she replied: "Yes, I would." "Then," continued the boy, as he seated himself on the grass and lifted up his foot, "you may begin by pulling off my boots."

The Duchess of Elinburg is described as having acted the part of a faithful and unselfish daughter towards her mother, the late Empress of Russia, during her last painful illness, leaving her husband and children to do so.

The Czar is the only crowned widower among the European potentates. Alfonso and Christine, of Spain, are the youngest wedded couple; William and Augusta, of Germany, the eldest.

A hog killed and ate some of the Rev. Bryant Ransons's fine chickens at Mount Vernon, Ohio. The annoyed clergyman caught the brute and cut out one of its eyes. He had intended to destroy its sight entirely, so that it could see no more chickens to catch, but through pity he left the job half completed. His congregation, however, do not credit him with much mercy and have resolved to put him on trial for the act.

Benjamin Finb, 94 years of age, died at Trenton, N. J., while eating his breakfast. He was known as the most active man for his age in that State. He was the oldest railroad man in New Jersey, having been one of the original projectors of the Camden and Amboy Railroad in 1822. He was the first man to introduce stove coal in Trenton, which he did in 1822. It took him about a whole year to sell about a load of it—so little faith had the people in the article.

An English lady advises her countrywomen who are about to visit the United States that they must not undertake to bring unmade dresses through our customs without paying duty; that underclothing should be washed and marked with the owner's name, gloves and stockings be tried on and turned inside out, and lace and embroidery be sewed upon some of the garments as a temporary trimming. She has never found any trouble in bringing things through in that way.

An Englishman who travelled up the Nile states that his beard, which at home was straight, soft and silky, began immediately on arriving at Alexandria to curl, and to grow crisp, strong and coarse. Before reaching Es-Souan it resembled horsehair to the touch and was disposed in ringlets. He accounts for this by the exceeding dryness of the air, and considers that in the course of many generations it permanently curled and crisped the hair of negroes. The hair on the traveller's head was not affected.

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