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Weekly



Herald

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VOL. VI.

CLEVELAND, TENN., APRIL 22, 1881.

NO. 15.

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SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

According to the New York Herald, ten thousand brakemen are killed in this country every year.

The new Czar's wife is a sister of the Princess of Wales, and his own sister is Duchess of Edinburgh, so that he is doubly allied to Queen Victoria's family.

New Yorkers are having a regular scare over the unhealthiness of their city. The death-rate goes on increasing, and the Sanitary Department is unable to explain it away.

Five hundred fresh applications for consulates have been filed at the State Department, and there are no less than twenty-seven applications for the Second Assistant Postmaster Generalship!

Miss Flora Torrey, stepdaughter of Judge W. R. Wagstaff, of Paola, Kan., has just been admitted to the bar, after a searching examination. She is a handsome blonde, highly educated, and accomplished in music and painting.

Now that it is believed "literary fellows" are to have their innings, it is to be hoped Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler, will not be forgotten. He says he has been through every college in the country.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the Communists do not agree at all. In his sermon on Sunday Mr. Beecher ridiculed the idea that the world owes any man a living. "If the world paid its debts," he said, "halters would be scarce."

The Danish Minister intimates that his government will sell the Danish West India Islands—St. Thomas and St. John's—to the United States if a satisfactory offer is made. His government is not anxious to dispose of the islands, however.

A theater manager at St. Louis has been condemned to pay \$500 damages to a man who was unable to obtain the best seats for an opera season at the time they were advertised to be for sale. It was proved that they had been sold previously to a speculator.

The disc of the sun, which has been free from spots for some time, was dotted with a number of them last Friday. This is supposed to indicate an unusual disturbance of some kind, and by some is believed to have some connection with the approaching storms predicted by Mr. Vennor.

And this is the way it will work out in Nebraska. The Omaha Herald says "the female vote of Nebraska will not be so distressingly large as many suppose. Its worst effect will be to give some men two votes instead of one." This is giving an undue advantage to our wild Western brethren.

The postoffice officials at Hartford, Ct., have put a stop to the swindling operations of a fellow who has been advertising for agents at fifty dollars a month, to distribute samples of soap. About a hundred letters, enclosing stamps or one dollar to pay for an outfit, have been sent to the Dead Letter office to be returned to the writers. He was arrested, but released without trial, and disappeared as soon as possible.

The Detroit powder, made by the Vigorite Company of California, was recently tested near San Francisco to show its superior power and the entire safety with which it can be used. A cartridge, lit with a match, burned slowly without an explosion; a ball was fired through a can of it with the same result, and weights were allowed to fall upon the powder without igniting it. In actual blasting its power exceeded any other description of powder.

The vicar of a village near Gravesend, England, who is somewhat unpopular with some of his parishioners, made certain remarks in a recent sermon at which a lady smiled scornfully. The vicar walked down from his rostrum to the pew where the lady was seated, and, having given her a good shaking, returned to his place and finished his discourse.

Several years ago, in East Tennessee, near the present site of Rugby, two intimate friends, Guill and Dent, quarreled, and Dent stabbed Guill to death. Before dying, Guill made an old negro servant, who had formerly been a slave, promise to avenge him, but in a fair fight with a knife, Dent fled to Texas, but returned, and was found by the colored man, who told him his purpose. Dent met him near the grave of Guill, and the duel resulted in the death of both.

FROM LOG HUT TO BROWN-STONE FRONT.

The Adventurous Life of a New York Woman who has Just Returned to the City. Mrs. Frank Ray, who was the first white woman that entered Leadville, has lately returned to this city. Her father was Mr. John McMahon, who lived for a long time at Sixth avenue and Forty-ninth street. On May 8, 1856, she was married to Joseph Ordway in St. Ann's Church. Soon afterward they went to Lawrence, Kansas, where Mr. Ordway died. In 1862 Mrs. Ordway married Frank Ray, a Texan. Mrs. Ray and her husband were with the train that was attacked by Indians at Snake River. She gives a graphic account of the massacre, and of her subsequent life.

"It was about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of July 10, 1862, and we had been out about two days from Denver, Colorado, when the Indians came upon us. They killed and scalped many of our train before we got our horses and wagons in a square. When the fight was over I was the only woman who was able to move. Poor Mrs. McMahon has never yet fully recovered from the shock. Her husband was killed and scalped in her presence. My clothing was almost gone. I had torn it in strips to bandage the wounds of our men, while I stood by Frank and fired my rifle as fast as I could. After we got out of the canon, and a relief train from Salt Lake overtook us on the following day, I was somewhat unnerved, but I kept up.

"After the massacre we took up our home in Bannock City, Montana. We remained there one year. In 1863, the great finds in Virginia City set every one on the road crazy to reach that place. My husband and I went there. We established ourselves in a little hut, and Frank went to work. He fell in with a man who was called Bummer Dan. He, Dan, and others located some of the richest mines in the Territory about Virginia City. My daughter Cora was born in Virginia City, and in our hut we had more than three times her weight in gold. We used to hide our finds, for the road agents were very numerous and daring then. They would come right into the city and rob the houses. I saw Plummer, Slade, and other road agents lauged in Virginia City.

"After a three years' sojourn in this place, Frank sold out and bought a large farm in the Gallatin Valley, Montana. We built a house, and had the farm well stocked. High water and grasshoppers came. Frank started on a trip East. He died in Buffalo. I was then with my child Cora on our farm in the Valley. After a three years' fight with the water and the grasshoppers, I had to move. I returned to Denver in 1869, penniless. Something had to be done; so I placed Cora with the Sisters in Denver, and started out. A piece of ground given to me in Alma, by Mr. Dexter and Mr. Wolcott held me there. I built a little cottage on it, and took in washing. While living in Alma I got a place as cook for Mr. Meyers and his men. They were sixteen miles away, working a holding. I put up in Meyers' hotel. There were few people there, but Meyers' luck brought in many, and I thought I ought to lay off a claim and strike out for myself as well as the rest. I located behind Tabor's place. Digging out the snow, I put up some logs, first thawing out the ground with hot water to make plaster of the mud to stop up the chinks, and over these logs I stretched sheets for a roof. Then I took in boarders and washing, and when spring came I found myself located in the centre of Leadville, corner of Harrison and State streets. I had some trouble battling for my rights, but I succeeded in court and out of it. That square is now covered with buildings, and is known as Mrs. Ray's block. My daughter was well grown then, and I took her from the Sisters when I located in Leadville and saw I was making a strike. Having a desire to give my dear child an education and to remove the little Mexican wail whom I found abandoned in Robinson's Run, I came East.

Mrs. Ray has taken a brown-stone house up town. She is delighted with the city after her long absence.—N. Y. Sun.

It Was All Right.

Several people were making purchases in a Woodward avenue grocery yesterday when an old man with a cane in one hand and a bundle in the other stood in the door and asked: "Did any of you drive up here in a wagon?" "Yes, I did," replied one. "Was it an old white horse?" "Yes." "And an old woman in the cutter?" "Yes." "And can she manage the horse?" "I guess she can."

"Then it's all right," said the man of the cane and bundle. "The old boss has run away and the old woman is hanging to the dashboard and yelling murder! With all her might, but if she can manage him there's no use of anybody getting excited over it. Let me inquire what the price of cranberries is to-day."—Free Press.

The Nevada Assembly has passed, over the Governor's veto, a bill providing for the attachment of official salaries.

"Miss Preston is now my wife!" "And Mr. Bigelow is now my husband!"

"But I thought you were opposed to matrimony?" "And I supposed you were equally so."

"My friends," interposed Mr. Bigelow, "this is a day of surprise—but I trust of such a nature that we shall all be made the happier thereby. My regret, Mr. Manson, at robbing you of your housekeeper is quite dissipated by the knowledge that you have so soon supplied her place."

The sensation excited in the village by the return of the two brides with their respective husbands may be better imagined than described. It gives us pleasure to state that neither Philip nor his sister ever had occasion to regret the double elopement.

Bro. Gardner's Lime-kiln Club.

"I was readin' a newspaper paragraph de odder day to de effect dat de keepin' of so many dogs aroun' 'em would allus keep de cull'd race poo," said the old man at the meeting came to order. "Let us analyze dat statement a bit. It an estimated dat de cull'd people of dis kentry own an eben 2,000,000 dogs. To feed dese dogs requirs at least 1,000,000 pounds of crumbs, scraps, 'later skins, apple cores, ole 'bones an' sich, worth about two cents a pound. In odder words, it costs about fifteen cents per week to feed a big dog, which am tied up an' can't forage on de sayburs. Now, what am de companionship of a big yaller dog worth to a family? Would ten times fifteen cents per week offset dat? When de cold wind howls an' night shuts down, isn't it wuth a two-dollar bill to see de chill'en gathered clus aroun' de stove—to 'lar de teakettle sing—to watch de fish snap, an' to know dat de dog am takin' a sweet nap under de bed? Who created de dog? Why, de Lawd, of course. What 'fur? Why, to be a companion to man an' purtect his pussan an' property. Would it look berry well to see a poo' cull'd man git up an' sniff at de handiwork of de Creator? Shall we refuse to accept de gifts created for us? If de Lawd didn't know what He war bout when He made an amamile an' called it a dog den advice from newspapers an' all right. I have estimated dat de 2,000,000 dogs spoken of prevent 500,000 burglaries each year. Dey am de cause of 6,000,000 chickens not bein' stole; likewise half a million cords of wood; likewise, ober 200,000 axes an' saws. I doan't believe in dog worship, but I do believe dat it am our dooty to take de gifts of our Creator an' make de best possible use of dem. I keep a Scotch terrier to bite Scotch burglars; an Irish setter to set down on Irishmen; an' I has one or two odders who pay dar way by killin' rats an' bitin' tramps. Nex' to de glorious sight of seein' a 200 pound man wheelin' a ten-pound baby along de streets am dat of seein' a cull'd man pacin' his way down town arter a codfish, wid five dogs followin' 'clus at his heels in single file."—Detroit Free Press.

Industrial Secrets.

Only one hundred years ago industrial secrets were kept inviolable. Workmen were put upon an oath never to reveal the process used by their employers. Doors were kept closed, artisans going out were searched, visitors were vigorously excluded from admission, and false operations blinded the workmen themselves. The mysteries of every craft were hedged in by thick-set fences of empirical pretensions and judicial affirmation. The royal manufactures of porcelain, for example, were carried on in Europe with a spirit of exclusiveness. His Majesty of Saxony was especially circumspect. Not content with the oath of secrecy imposed upon his work-people, he would not abate his kingly suspicion in favor of a brother monarch. Neither king nor king's delegate might enter the tabooed walls of Meissen. What is erroneously called the Dresden porcelain—that exquisite pottery of which the world has never seen its like—was produced for two hundred years by a process so secret that neither the bribery of princes nor the garrulity of the operatives revealed it. Other discoveries have been less successfully guarded, fortunately for the world. The manufacture of tinware in England originated in a stolen secret—as was also the method of casting steel.

Hero worship: It was on Washington's birthday. An old gentleman of eighty or more took down the old shot gun he had carried during the war of 1812 and went out and began to fire it. Inspired by the sight of such patriotic love for Washington in one so old, we approached him and complimented him on it. The old man, in trembling tones, replied: "Patriotism be damned! I'm trying to put a load o' buckshot in that dog o' Jones' that's out yonder."—Boston Post.

Commercial spirit: Yesterday the Galveston Recorder was grossly insulted by a prisoner who is a regularly-ordained chicken-thief, for which offense he was being tried. "I fine you \$10," said the Recorder. "Jedge, of you will take it out in chickens I'll let you hab dem you missed last week at ten cents less dan de market price."—Galveston News.

very anxious to introduce them in his own garden.

On one of these occasions Mr. Bigelow, after a little visible embarrassment, said, hesitatingly:

"I would like to ask your advice, Miss Esther, on rather a delicate question, and one of great importance to myself. There is one thing I wish to secure to make my establishment complete, but I hardly know in what manner to ask for it."

"What is it you refer to?" asked Esther, unsuspectingly.

"A wife," was the significant reply. Instantly a deep crimson flushed Esther's cheeks. She did not trust herself to speak.

"Need I say that you are the one, whom, of all others, I would seek to place in that position?"

He took her unsuspecting hand and kissed it with all the gallantry of a young lover.

"But what will my brother say?" inquired Esther, when she found voice to speak.

"What should he say? You are your own mistress, surely?" "Yes, but he is always ridiculing the idea of marriage, and I couldn't venture to tell him."

"No need of it. Let's run away to New York and get married. You know," he added, gayly, "we are both young and romantic, and it would be quite in character."

Esther at first objected, but when she came to consider that in this way she would be relieved of a great portion of the embarrassment which such a step would naturally bring with it, she consented, and that day week was appointed for the departure. She required this time to make preparations.

Meanwhile, if Esther had not been so exclusively occupied with her own affairs, she might have noticed that a change had come over Philip. He was often absent evenings, and when at home was more silent and abstracted than was his wont. The former she readily attributed to the cause which he assigned, namely, a pressure of business. The latter she did not observe, her mind being pre-occupied. We, who are in the secret, may take the liberty of following him on one of his business calls. It was at a neat cottage, from whose front door dangled an immense knocker, that Philip Manson knocked. The door was opened by the same Miss Preston, who some months ago he thought "might do" for Mr. Bigelow.

"Good evening, Maria," was his salutation as he entered. After a brief conversation about the weather, the crops, and other standard topics, which, however trivial they may seem, could hardly be dispensed with, he began to show signs of embarrassment, and finally ejaculated: "Maria—Miss Preston—I mean Maria, what are your opinions about marriage?" "Why," said she, "I hardly know. I don't think I have given much consideration to the subject."

"Because," continued Philip, "I find my opinions have suffered a great change on this point. There was a time when I thought it unwise, but now if I could get a good wife, such as you, for example, I should be inclined to try it."

"Oh, lor! Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk!" Five minutes afterward, Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Philip, and the two were, to all intents and purposes, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the gentleman, after a pause, "is that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriage, and I hardly dare to tell her that I am about to marry. If we could only go away and have the ceremony performed it would be pleasanter."

"Suppose we go to New York," suggested the bride-elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning."

So next Monday morning was agreed upon. It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same place, with the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party was aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bands of matrimony, and are now legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same street, and even on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity. On the morning succeeding the two marriages, for by a singular chance they happened on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down street. It so happened that Philip and his wife were at the same moment walking up street. The natural consequence was the two parties met.

"Good heavens! my sister!" exclaimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! my brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?" "Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

"It is the next house on the left, sir," answered Esther, who had had time, while the gentleman was speaking, to examine his appearance, which did not fail to impress her favorably.

"Thank you for the information. I trust you will pardon the trouble I occasioned you," replied the gentleman, bowing.

"Not the least trouble in the world," replied Esther, a little fluttered by a deference to which she had not been accustomed.

Two days afterward Esther heard that Mr. Wellfleet's estate had been purchased by a stranger named Bigelow. She at once conjectured, and rightly, that this was the same with her visitor. A few days elapsed, and Esther Manson received another visit from the gentleman.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Miss Manson," he commenced (it seemed he had ascertained her name). "I am aware that our slight acquaintance will hardly justify it, but I trust time will remove this objection. You must know," he added, smiling, "that I am a bachelor, dependent in many respects upon my housekeeper, who, though a good woman in her way, I am afraid is not reliable in matters of taste. As my furniture has arrived, but has not been arranged, I would esteem it a real service if you would give me your opinion in some little matters respecting its proper disposition. My carriage is at the door ready to carry you over."

"But," said Esther, a little hesitatingly, "I do not claim to have much taste. I fear I shall prove no more reliable in that respect than your housekeeper."

"I have but to look around me," said Mr. Bigelow, politely, "to be fully satisfied upon that point."

Esther's cheek flushed with pleasure at this compliment, and she made preparations to comply with her new visitor's request.

It was not without a little consciousness of the singularity of her position that Esther found herself riding by the side of a gentleman with whom she had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words in the course of her life.

The distance, however, was but short, and she had little time for reflection. On arriving at her place of destination she found the chief part of her business accomplished. The furniture, which, by the way, was new and handsome, had been arranged in the rooms after a fashion, but Esther was able to point out several changes for the better, with all of which Mr. Bigelow professed himself delighted; he, moreover, asked her advice as to the proper place to hang several fine pictures that he had picked up in the course of his European travels. This was accorded with some hesitancy.

Mr. Bigelow would not be satisfied without showing his new-found acquaintance all over the house, from kitchen to garret. When all was completed he overpowered her with protestations of gratitude for her kind service, and landed her at her own door just five minutes before her brother came in. Esther was rather glad of this, as she was a little suspicious that her brother would consider her adventure rather a Quixotic one.

To avoid comment she did not even inform Philip that she had ever met Mr. Bigelow. He took frequent opportunities to call upon her, upon some slight pretext or another, but it always chanced to be at a time when her brother was absent.

"I wonder," said Philip, carelessly, as he sat by the fire one evening, "whether Mr. Bigelow will not be looking out for a wife before long?" "I—I don't know," said Esther, and in her embarrassment dropping half a dozen stitches from the stocking which she held in her hand.

"Not that I approve of marriage—at least, in my own case," said Philip, not noticing this demonstration, "but it may be different with Mr. Bigelow. He has no sister to superintend his establishment. I don't know, however, whether there is anybody likely to suit him in this village. Let me see—there is Miss Preston; she might do."

"No I don't think she would suit him at all," said Esther, with a spirit which considerably surprised her brother. "She knows very little about house-keeping."

"Why, I thought you and Miss Preston were friends," said Philip, a little puzzled.

"Well, so we are," returned Esther in her usual tone; "but I—I hardly think she would suit Mr. Bigelow."

"Perhaps not," he rejoined, and so the conversation ended.

From the conversation which we have recorded above, the reader will obtain some insight into the character of Esther's feelings toward Mr. Bigelow. She would hardly confess it to herself; but, as a matter of fact, her ideas of marriage had suffered a material change within a brief period.

Meanwhile the gentleman continued his visits. Oftentimes he would ask to see the bed of flowers on which Esther rather prided herself, and sometimes he would petition for seeds, being very fond of flowers, as he said, and

Katie's Answer.

Och, Katie's a rogu, it is thrue, But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue, An' her dimples so sweet, An' her ankles so neat, She dazed, an' she bothered me, too— Till one mornin' we went for a ride, Whin, demure as a bride, by my side, The darlint, she sat, Wid the wickedest hat 'Neath a purty girl's chin ever tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate! For my Kate looked so temptin' an' sweet, Wid cheeks like the roses, An' all the red posies That grow in her garden so neat.

But I sat just as mute as the deá, Till she said, wid a toss of her head, "If I'd known that to-day 'Ye'd have nothing to say, I'd have gone with my cousin, instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld, For I knew she'd not scold if I told 'Uv the love in my heart That would never depart, Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: "If I dared to do so, I'd lit go uv the lake, an' I'd throw Both arms round her waist, An' be stalin' a taste 'Uv them lips that are coxin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illigant red, As she said, widout raisin' her head, "An' her eyes lookin' down 'Neath her lashes so brown, 'Would ye like me to drive, Mistor Ted?"

TWO ELOPEMENTS.

In a large, square, old-fashioned house—such as our fathers used to build when solidity was more sought after than utility—lived Philip Manson and his sister Esther. Philip had reached the mature age of forty years, and Esther was close to him. Still, each had pursued a solitary pathway through life, seeking no companionship save that of the other, till there was reason to believe that they would continue to follow the same course till in the fullness of time they were gathered into the family tomb—the receptacle of many generations of the Manson family. There was more reason to think so, since they took care to commend an unmarried life, not only by example but by precept.

"No," said Philip, when assailed on this subject by a match-making-lady; "marrying may be very good for some people, but I could not bear to have my habits broken in upon, and my whole house turned topsy-turvy by the introduction of a wife."

"But by-and-by, when you grow older, you will feel the need of a wife more than at present."

"No," said Philip, conclusively, "I have a sister who is devoted to me, and while she lives I shall need no other. As for Miss Esther, she often declared that she never would make a slave of herself for any man living. If other women were foolish enough to give up their independence, and tie themselves to a man, for no other earthly purposes than to burden themselves with cares and toil from morning till night, she was sure she had no objection. For her own part she was wiser. Her brother and she had always lived together peaceably and happily, and she did not think she could make any change for the better.

Of course, it was insinuated by those whose opinions differed widely from Miss Esther's, that in adopting this opinion she was only making virtue of necessity, and that it was best to be contented with one's lot, provided there was no chance of improving it. But Esther did not hear these remarks, and so was not disturbed by them. She continued to live in the old house with her brother. They kept no domestic, since Esther rather plumed herself on her housekeeping qualities, and there was really but little to do. So, as her brother was usually absent during the day, she was left for the most part to the companionship of her own thoughts, unless some neighbor chanced to call in—a thing, by the way, of rather rare occurrence, since most of the neighbors had large families of their own, which necessarily confined them at home.

Early one afternoon, just after Esther Manson had completed her task of clearing away the dinner dishes, and storing them away in the cupboard after a thorough washing, she was startled by a rap at the door.

Somewhat surprised by a caller at this unusual hour, she answered the summons. She was a little apprehensive that it was a neighbor who had of late proved very troublesome from her habit of borrowing articles, and owing to it is to be presumed, to an habitual forgetfulness, neglecting to return them.

"I hope," she mused, "that if it is Mrs. Bailey, she will be wanting to borrow something I have not got."

She opened the door; but no Mrs. Bailey presented herself to her expecting gaze—a gentleman of forty-five years, carefully, nay, elegantly dressed, stood before her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding, madam," said he, as he noticed Esther's look of surprise; "but can you direct me to the house of the late Mr. Wellfleet? I have heard it was for sale, and from the description I have heard of it, judge it will suit me."

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One Honest Man.

The other day six men sat around a stove in a Detroit tobacco store. There had been a long period of silence when one of them rubbed his leg and remarked:

"That old woman feels as if it was going to open again. I shall always remember the battle of Rich Mountain."

There was a slight stir around the stove, and a second man put his hand to his shoulder and observed:

"And I shall not soon forget Brandy Station. Feels to-day as if the lead was going to work out."

The interest was now considerably increased, and the third man knocked the ashes off his cigar and said:

"Yes, those were two hard fights, but you ought to have been with Nelson at Franklin. Lor, but wasn't I excited that day! When these two fingers went with a grape-shot I never felt the pain!"

The fourth man growled out something about Second Bull Run and a sabre-cut on the head, and the fifth man felt of his left side and said he should always remember the lay of the ground at the Yellow Tavern. The sixth man was silent. The other five looked at him and waited for him to speak, but it was a long time before he pointed to his empty sleeve and asked:

"Gentlemen, do you know where I got that?"

Some mentioned one battle and some another, but he shook his head sadly and continued:

"Boys, let's be honest and own right up. I lost my arm by a buzz-saw, and now we will begin on the left and give everyone a chance to clear his conscience. Now, then, show your wounds!"

The five men leaned back in their chairs and smoked fast and chewed hard and looked at each other, and each one wished he was in Texas when a runaway horse flew by and gave them a chance to rush out and get clear of the one-armed man. It was a narrower escape than any one of them had during the war.—Free Press.