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Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, 41 per square foot insertion, and 30 cents each subsequent insertion. Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.

The Happy Man.

By day, no biting cares assailed My peaceful, calm, contented breast; By night my slumbers never fail Of welcome rest.

Soon as the sun, with orient beams, Gilds the fair chambers of the day, Musing, I trace the murmuring streams That wind their way.

Around me nature fills the scene With boundless plenty and delight, And touched with joy, sincere, serene, I bless the sight.

I bless the kind creating Power Excited thus for frail mankind, At whose command descends the shower And blows the wind.

Happy the man who thus at ease, Content with that which nature gives, Him guilty terrors never seize, He truly lives.

—Chamber's Journal

DR. STONE'S REMEDY.

Our new house! What a world of loving and joyful anticipation depend from that little phrase! How well it sounded on Harry Lane's lips when he said it again to pretty Molly Brown!

"Well, just a fortnight after you give up that pedagogic business the last nail will be driven in this magnificent dove-cote; then two months for preparing, painting and most excellent drying, and then, Molly dear."

"What a deal of work it will be," said Molly, quite anxiously. "And what a deal of comfort," retorted Harry; "and how nice it will look when it is done; the pink and red flowers for the parlor, the blue for the sitting-room, and the green and white for the bedrooms, and the kitchen—well, I believe we won't sit down there at all."

"On purpose for you," said Harry, "to be your study, or sewing-room, or sanctum, or what you will, only I beg permission to pay you a visit once in a while. Just look at this bay window. What a rare place for you and me on summer evenings."

niches and angles, partitions and staircases, until they are all demonstrated to her understanding by being finished past alteration. "So much the better," retorted Harry. "I can have it all my own way, and that I could never get from you."

The girls stood waiting for the young carpenter. "How venacious Harry is," said Clara. "We have planned hours together, ever since we were the merest children, and now it is downright provoking that he should commence building without so much as acquainting me with his intentions. I heard he was at work here, but never supposed it was for himself until two days ago, and I have come up just to have a hand in the business. Old times give me a pretty fair right to do so, any one might allow."

Clara paused to survey the grounds, with a lofty air of proprietorship, and patted her foot to the humming of a prima donna waltz. Poor Molly could hardly keep back her tears or maintain her dignity by an assumed indifference, or still worse, think of something to say that should relieve a silence which, to one at least, was embarrassing. But finally she ventured the fortunate relative arrangement of the trees, which, as they were twenty years old, might safely be approved without a suspicion of conceit or vanity.

"They are well enough to be sure," replied Clara. "But what an idea to plant that thicket of roses and what not besides so near the house—a regular blot for toads and brooding hens—to say nothing of the garden coming so far in front. Cabages in sight of the parlor windows!"

"No, the flowers will screen them," said Molly, trying to laugh. "Maybe—the cabages, but nothing shorter than sunflowers and hollyhocks can hide the bean poles. Plainly, I shall give Harry a lecture on taste, and have the whole affair swept farther back. We used to arrange our establishments in a rather more stylish manner."

Molly could not imagine who should have a better right to locate the garden than herself, with her lover's approval, and she very naturally indulged a positive mental vindication of the beauty of flowering bean vines, and of the convenience and economy of a large patch of cultivated ground.

However, Clara did not lecture her cousin as they all went down street together, but told him about the new music which she had brought up, just suited to his melodeon, and that he must find his flute and they must practice that evening; and asked him if Farmer Doane still kept Snow White, that wonder among saddle horses, and if the sweet flag yet grew down in the meadow, and if he knew that she was a proficient in leather work, and was ready to frame some of his handsome engravings so he would help her about the painting and varnishing. And thus she rattled on, with her quick, gentle voice, and the fascinating play of her gloved hands, just leaving spaces for Harry's replies, but scarcely an opportunity for Molly to put in a word edgewise. Of course the poor little teacher could not shine had that been her forte. Harry did not go round the corner to Mr. Brown's gate as was his habit, because Clara was impatient to get her bonnet off, and Molly said it was no matter.

"Come over and see us to-night," said Harry. Molly made a hesitating reply, saying neither this nor that. "Not if I will go for you?" persisted Harry.

"This no way to urge a lady beyond her convenience; we don't like it, do we, Molly?" exclaimed Clara, slipping her hand into her cousin's arm. "But if you will stay at home, then Harry and I will call upon you; but not to-night, however, for we must have the music lessons."

Molly leaned on the gate and watched the cousins slowly going along the rural street, as they twice or thrice appeared through some distant aperture in the foliage, and then, without a look at her pansies or canaries, went heavily into her chamber, and, oblivious of a score of pleasant little duties, such as were wont to beguile her time until Harry came in the evening, sat down to her very dubious cogitations. She had always found a rival in Clara whenever that young lady made her appearance, which was not infrequently; and when, six months before, Harry Lane, the very prince and peal of village swains, declared that she, his own Molly, was dearer to him than all the world beside, she had wondered if Cousin Clara was consciously and specifically included as a part and parcel of the depreciated orb. But Harry had proved the most devoted of lovers, and Clara, strangely enough, had kept herself out of the play.

Molly was happy in her complete satisfaction, and that old tiresome jealousy was quite driven away, and she had almost forgotten that it had ever

existed, until it made its untimely appearance, rattling and criticising within the sacred inclosure of the new house. And Harry was so easily amused with it, and fed it with the light of his handsome smiles and gallant expressions, and very poorly defended his betrothed from its encroachments. Molly looked out upon the lovely summer landscape and evening heavens with moist eyes, and with some despairing thoughts upon the practical bearings of her circumstances. She was as pretty as Miss Clara any day, and could sing and talk as well, but she was no match with her in impertinence, nor, a-lack-a-day, in her wardrobe just then, for she had been economizing against the wedding, and in favor of coming household arrangements, and who could have foretold that she must needs enter the lists again with the showy cousin in respect of ribbons and finery? Clara's new dress did look well, there was no denying that, and Molly's last year's bonnet and lawn were most indisputably flimsy.

If Molly did not think all this on that evening, she had sufficient leisure to do so on the following days. Clara seemed totally to ignore her cousin's engagement, and exhibited a tact in monopolizing her attentions which would have been very entertaining had it not been so cruel. She must of necessity protract her morning ride till after nine o'clock, so that Molly was forced to remain behind, and she contrived with marvelous invention to find some reason for commencing her evening walks a half hour too early for the teacher's convenience. Then if other arts failed, she could easily manage by a piece of ambiguous politeness, just flavored with a dash of insolence, to induce Molly to decline invitations and questionable advances.

And Harry all this while? Clara averred aloud and often that Molly, the good soul, didn't mind, and Harry echoed silently the comforting declaration whenever it was necessary to blush a little whispers that conscience might insinuate to the contrary. And bewildered by Clara's increasing play of wit and fascination, he had rapidly drifted away from his old moorings, and perhaps yielded to his inclinations when he allowed himself to be guided by her influence. And Molly, with the customary bad policy of slighted beauties, doffed the witchery of her smiles and winning speech, assuming a repelling and an almost defiant air, and thus unwittingly resigned the whole field to her rival.

All this happened in a community of excellent persons, not behind any other rural district in active, mutual sympathy and neighborly sentiment, there was plenty of speculation abroad respecting it. A trio of individuals being immediately concerned, there were at least three sides to the question, and old grudges and whims and predilections rapidly marshaled the good people into their respective parties, and the clamor of tongues soon grew "fast and furious," reaching all ears but those with which it had most to do.

Molly was so certain that her work had been misobserved that she was completely surprised one evening by an event that gave a new direction to her contemplations. She had sent away her scholars and was mournfully leaving the schoolhouse, expecting one of those dreary, solitary evenings at home, when she came into collision upon the threshold with no less a personage than Dr. Stone.

"I am not a shadow that you should think to walk through me in this fashion, Miss Brown."

Molly proffered a hasty apology to the smiling, substantial gentleman before her, who, for a bachelor of forty-five, possessed a very portly and comfortable aspect.

"If you have leisure, Miss Brown," he continued, "please walk up the street with me. I wish to confer with you concerning a little business."

The doctor was the school committee. "There," thought Molly, almost crying, "I suppose that my school has been growing wrong with all the rest, and now I must listen to certain animadversions on my stupidity. He might have chosen a more retired place to read me a lecture."

But there was not a particle of reproach in the doctor's countenance, which withal was very handsome, as he inquired if Miss Brown had been invited to the picnic which was to be held in a famous grove six miles distant, on the ensuing Saturday. Molly did not reply at once, for she was ashamed to confess that she had been neglected; and yet Harry had not said a word to her about it. The tears came into her eyes, and she was much distressed.

"I do not wish to trouble you," said the doctor, kindly, "and if you will pardon the very great liberty I am about to take, I think I can render you an important service. I have observed that your affairs are becoming somewhat complicated, and I imagine that the active interposition of an old friend would relieve the embarrassment directly. To speak plainly, your Harry seems to be strangely affected, is in a decidedly morbid condition—we understand how it is—and it is my opinion that nothing short of a fit of jealousy

will get the delirium out of his head. His heart is all right yet, I'll answer for that."

Molly drew herself up with an air of offended dignity, and stammered something about there being no occasion—she was satisfied, and nobody else need—

"Tut, tut!" said Dr. Stone, "I have deliberately undertaken to serve her, and I shall not be deterred except by very clear and emphatic reasons. There is no sense in letting Harry go on so. That wild and unprincipled girl, Clara Evans, is doing her best to draw her net over him. She is playing a high game and may win. Such a thing is possible, and it will avail neither him nor you anything if he finds he has been mistaken when it is too late."

Here the doctor paused, and looked so long and pensively down upon the grassy path that Molly was convinced that the popular suspicion which had attached itself to his previous history, and which affected to account for his protracted celibacy, was not wholly unauthorized. Her heart suddenly opened to him when she thought it not unlikely that he had been the victim of such arts as were destroying her peace.

"I am older than you are, Molly," he continued, "and have seen more of life, and therefore my advice may claim your attention. As I said, nothing else than a fit of jealousy will give Harry his wits again. Let him see that there is a chance of losing you, and his flashing cousin may go home again very suddenly. I'll wager he hasn't said a word to you about the picnic, and there isn't a girl who hasn't received her invitation three days ago. Miss Clara will tell him it is sufficient just to let you have time to put your bonnet up and that's all the ceremony they'll stand upon."

Molly burst into tears. "Tut, tut! I don't love to see little girls cry; so wipe your eyes, and we'll speedily set the tide the other way. I haven't been with the young people these many years, but with an excellent object in view I am happy to depart from my usual custom, and if you will accept a conceited old bean like myself I'll take you down to Green Valley on Saturday with my fleetest horse, and we'll make quite an impression."

"What will people say?" inquired Molly, but half persuaded.

"What we wish to have them say is that you have given Harry the go-by, and that I intend to settle down like other sensible gentlemen, and all that sort of thing. You are a girl of spirit Molly, and I'll wager if you'll twist your curls anew, and put on the prettiest white dress, and fall into your old ways of laughing—all for my edification, of course—we shall have people talking fast enough at Harry for your feet before day after to-morrow night."

The picture was so pleasant that Molly laughed involuntarily. "Now be a little stiff, Mollie," said the doctor when they parted; "don't yield at once, and I'll wager that you shall not need to give your Harry another lesson. I'll manage it for you."

At the next turn Dr. Stone fell in with Aunt Goodenough, an excellent old lady who came hobbling along in her big bonnet and spectacles. After passing diffuse compliments and discouraging with considerable proximity upon the weather and the rheumatism with which she was afflicted, Aunt Sally proceeded to remark:

"Well, doctor, I expect if we was young we should be going to the picnic along with the boys and girls."

Dr. Stone plainly winced. "Young, do you say? I am sure I never was more vigorous than I am at present. I don't think you ever saw a gray hair in my head" (Aunt Sally had been perubund for years). "Young indeed! There isn't a fresher, gayyer young man in these parts. I think I have done myself injustice in allowing the grave cares of business to force me into undue sobriety, and I have determined to assume my proper character, and shall begin by going to the picnic with the rest."

A snail of intense astonishment broke over the benevolent countenance of Aunt Sally, and an additional point painfully stimulated her curiosity. "Oh, la, now, I always said you would take Peggy Williams!"

"Miss Williams, indeed! Why, she is old enough to be my mother—that is a very desecrating lady, but not quite suited to my years. A girl of twenty would do very well."

and into a snug, brown house, where dwelt one of her esteemed co-peers. Aunt Sally was as good as her word. She did not make the doctor's secret public, but this unexpected and startling revelation in affairs was discussed, tub rosa, in not less than a dozen places before the evening bell.

Upon the morrow Harry Lane's ears were assailed by strange intelligence. The rumor was confirmed by innuendo and jest from every idle neighbor who came along, and, as the forenoon wore away, began to assume to his comprehension a very definite and portentous aspect. The doctor had wealth and reputation, and was in the prime of life. Harry drove nails and spikes right and left. Molly was as good and beautiful as an angel. Harry planned a panel till he could see through it. Such considerations and destruction were unendurable. The young carpenter made a neat toilet and was at the school promptly at four. But his rival's steel was pawing the earth close by the entrance. As soon as Harry could make his way through the noisy, dispersing children, he entered the schoolroom. There he found Molly pouring over her desk, and the doctor beside her, saying, heaven knows what, to call up such smiles and blushes. If they had seen Harry coming they could not have tormented him more. For once in his life Harry felt awkward. His first impulse was to knock the doctor to the floor, the next to snatch Molly away and run for it; but not quite clear about performing any rash exploit, he stood irresolute, hesitating and a little foolish.

"How are you, Lane?" exclaimed the doctor, as he helped the teacher put away her books and papers. "All ready for the sport to-morrow, I dare say? Let me lay your shawl on, Miss Brown; we haven't any time to spend here."

"Where can they be going?" thought Harry, as Molly prepared to leave with Dr. Stone. Matters looked desperate, and he made a plunge.

"Molly," said he, "I shall call for you early to-morrow morning. We shall want to be on the ground in good season."

Molly laughed and shook her wicked curls. "I am so happy as to have secured the companionship of Miss Brown for my own drive to Green Valley," remarked the doctor with exceeding complacency. "But really, I shall not allow you to jest with my lady in this manner. Of course you could not expect to obtain the belle of the village by such a tardy invitation."

Dr. Stone conducted Molly to the chaise and gently put her in with a protective manner which made Harry clench his fists and set his teeth; then with a patting salutation to the forlorn lover, drove down the pebbly road like a young Jehu.

Harry was left on the doorstep to digest affairs as he might, and afterward to go home and sing with his Cousin Clara. He went alone that evening to see Molly, but she was still away and would not return until a late hour, having gone to the next town to take tea with one of her relatives, who was also a patient of Dr. Stone. Mrs. Brown told him it would not be worth his while to wait. Harry sought his chamber in a most melancholy mood and passed a sleepless night in denouncing his folly and Cousin Clara, and in estimating the advantages and probability in favor of Dr. Stone.

Saturday came, and the oak grove at Green Valley rung with sport and merriment. Of all the fair forms that flitted here and there over the sunny slopes, down by the brookside or up among the flowery hedges, Molly Brown was the most brilliant and joyous. Her snowy dress glistened, her ringlets shook off the light, and her sweet voice made gladness everywhere. Dr. Stone was ever at her side, and by his genial humor and inexhaustible fun woke more laughter among the restless groups who attended him than the echoes at Green Valley ever before heard. Clara Evans was completely eclipsed, and Harry was dim and doleful. He had scarcely been able to speak to Molly during the long, weary day, and to see her thus was not at all consoling or inspiring.

As night drew near, and the young people were about returning, there was a new arrival upon the ground. A chronic patient of Dr. Stone's had found him out, and with much amazement solicited a brief consultation. It so happened that as the party was broken up and scattered in various directions to prepare for the coming ride, Molly was left alone. Harry drew near with trouble in his eye.

"What has happened, Molly dear, that we should be here as we are to-day?"

Molly laughed according to directions, but not very merrily. "Can you forgive me, Molly?"

She did not answer, for the doctor, quite breathless, stepped in between them.

"Our horses are waiting, Mr. Lane," and saying that, he took Molly's arm within his own, and with lover-like attention led her along the wooded path.

Harry might have stood where they had left him till the winter snows came, if Clara had not pettishly asked him

D. J. WHITESIDE & CO., DEALERS IN HATS, CAPS, Furnishing Goods, 211 MARKET STREET, Chattanooga, Tenn. apr 25-17

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A Boy Seized by an Eagle. While William Daniels, a youth, was eating his breakfast, a large eagle swooped down upon him through an open window and seized a fish he had in his hand, which he was about to put in his mouth. Quickly dropping that, the bird attacked Daniels, tearing the flesh from his back and face in a fearful manner. He made an attempt to defend himself, but was no match for the eagle. The boy was finally dragged out of the door into the yard, where the attack was renewed with beak and talons. Daniels called loudly for help. His father, who was in another part of the house, answered his calls, but not knowing what to make of the singular sight, as he says, thinking it was the devil, scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him. After a desperate battle of nearly half an hour the eagle finally struck a sharp stick in its neck that was standing in the ground, and was fatally wounded—not before, however, it had administered a terrible drubbing to the boy, whom it left upon the ground, bleeding, mangled and unable to rise. The fight was witnessed by several planters on the opposite side of the river, but as they had no means of crossing the stream they were unable to give the boy any assistance. The occurrence was one of the most remarkable ever known in this section.—Milton (N. C.) Chronicle. "In union is strength." If this applies to the postoffice department, it ought to be rather strong. Among the postoffices in this country there are twenty-five Unions, eleven Union towns, five Union valleys, and seventy-eight postoffices that have Union for the first word of their names, followed by hill or burg or mills, or some such word, thus making 129 postoffices in these United States whose names contain the word "Union."