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Weekly



Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

CLEVELAND, TENN., JUNE 3, 1881.

NO. 21.

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.

VOL. VI.

LETOWER PICKENS, Chattanooga, Tenn.

D. J. WHITESIDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.

D. J. WHITESIDE & CO., DEALERS IN

HATS, CAPS,

Cents' Fine Furnishing Goods, 211 MARKET STREET, Chattanooga, Tenn.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER

She Read Her Title Clear.

At a church social some time ago a theological student was detailed to assist a young lady, whom he had long admired from afar, in making out a new Sabbath school library catalogue.

"Next book?" almost as mechanically as fast as he had transcribed the former title. He was aroused from his reverie by the following rejoinder to one of his demands for "next book."

"Why don't you do it?" He started as though the girl had been reading his thoughts. "Do what?" he inquired, by way of drawing her out. But the young lady replied not a word. To gain time he again said:

"Next book?" "No time like the present," said the maiden, with an encouraging smile. "I see it is of no use to hide my thoughts from you Miss M.," he said, struggling with his embarrassment.

"Your last two remarks have shown me how perfectly you realize my state of mind. I will, therefore, follow your advice and embrace the present opportunity of asking you whether you are willing to accept me as your partner for life. Your answer, I am confident from these remarks, will be affirmative."

"To what remarks do you refer?" she said. "To the two sentences in which you so delicately blended words of advice and encouragement on this most important of subjects, when you said, 'Why don't you do it?' and 'No time like the present.'"

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, and then burst into a merry laugh. "Why those were the titles of the books you called for. Well, you have got yourself into a pretty fix," and she laughed at the discomfited student momentarily.

SNYDER'S CURATIVE PADS!

THE MOST WONDERFUL HEALTH RESTORERS KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE. Are worn externally. We make three different kinds, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

E. F. SNYDER & CO., 143 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For sale by JNO. D. TRAYNOR, Druggist, Cleveland, Tenn.

THE HERALD Job Office

Is prepared to print anything in the line of LETTER-HEADS, BILL-HEADS, NOTE-HEADS, VISITING CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS, SHOW-BILLS, ALL SIZE CIRCULARS, 100,000, 50,000, 25,000, &c.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Canadian house of commons has passed a resolution to exempt beet sugar from excise duty for eight years. This is to encourage the manufacture of beet sugar in Canada. Land of the free—The new settlers in Texas will find plenty of elbow room, if not elbow. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grand for a bath-tub and all Mexico for a back-yard."

TORTURING WITH ELECTRICITY.

The Agency which the Killers of the Czar Were Compelled to Undergo.

According to advices from Geneva, Russakoff and Jaliboff, the killers of the czar, were mercilessly put to torture in the presence of General Loris Melikoff Russakoff was electrified by powerful batteries, and forced by the intolerable agony he suffered to answer the questions put to him.

Park Benjamin, the scientific expert, said to a New York reporter: "The idea of torturing criminals by electricity is not original with the Russians. It is a British invention, and was first suggested about five years ago by an English mechanical journal, in commenting upon the execution of criminals by electric shock instead of by hanging."

The English writer wanted to do away with the cat-o-nine tails, which is administered in England to garrulous and other criminals of certain classes, and use the electric battery, as he somewhat grimly expressed it, so as to produce absolutely indescribable torture (unaccompanied by wounds or even bruises), thrilling through every fiber of such miscreants.

The torture inflicted by electricity is one of two kinds—by contraction of the muscles at rapidly recurring intervals and by burning with sparks. The tortures of old days, when not done by fire or compression, were the straining and tearing asunder of the muscles. Of this kind were the rack, the screw, the stocks, and the cages of Louis XIV., in which a man could stand up or lie down. The electric shock exactly reverses these conditions. It produces an enormously rapid contraction of the body of the muscles at very short intervals. The degree of pain produced is about the same. The force of the electricity has to be nicely graded, as a too powerful shock would numb or kill a man.

"The other method is by condensing a number of intermittent sparks on the flesh. This burns the skin, and at the same time produces contractions of the muscles. If put to the side of the jaw it would make every tooth ache."

A distinguished surgeon of whom questions were asked concerning the machine said: "The best way to explain it is to give you actual experience, then you will know exactly how it feels. Here is a Faradic induction coil. I pull out this tube a little way. Now, let me place this electrode to your hand, there."

"Oh!" exclaimed the inquirer, as a tingling, thrilling sensation ran through every finger, and his hand closed in an involuntary grasp. "Does it hurt?" asked the doctor. "A little."

"Well, we'll try again. Now you see I pull this tube farther out. I again touch it to your hand, and—" "Whoop!" shouted the victim; "take it away!" The feeling was as if the hand was crushed in a vise. Every nerve ached and trembled with pain.

"That hurt, did it? Why that's nothing. Here's something of a very different sort." He fastened to one wire a small wet sponge and to the other wire something like a paint brush, with the brush part made of fine wire. He put the sponge in the visitor's hand and then touched the back of the hand with the wire brush. The pain was unbearable. The surface of the skin was scorched and the muscles of the hand were contracted in a violent manner.

Not of their deceived father, sailor,

she said, coming toward him, the tears raining down her cheeks, her lips smiling; "but their father, who must always believe me to be true and loving—my father I saw this blessed night."

"Who—who—your father—this night? Where is he?—where is he?" She threw herself upon his breast, her arms clasped wildly about him: "Here, here," she cried, rapturously, "here is my father—my Tom, my dear old boy." And then cried aloud: "Babies, children, wake up! Come to mummy, for daddy's come home from the cruel, cruel sea, and he's tried to make mummy believe he was somebody else, and that daddy was drowned, Oh, Tom! I knew you when I opened the door; I never could be mistaken in you, never, never!"

Indian Education in Virginia. The effort has been for a natural, all-round growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail, and object-teaching, pictures and blackboards take their place, with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the moment, to keep up the interest and attention of the undisciplined minds that, with the best intentions and strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps.

Nothing, however, can equal the charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." "If I cannot read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts. Later attractive little primaries have been very useful, and unbound numbers of children's magazines, such as are used in the Quincy schools. Most of the Dakotas can now read at sight as simple English as is found in those, and are beginning to take pleasure in reading or in listening to easy versions of our childhood classics of Robinson Crusoe, and Christopher Columbus, and George Washington with his little hatchet. One of their teachers who tried the hatchet story on them in preparation for the 22d of February, says: "Such attentive listeners I never saw before. They were perfectly enraptured. They understood everything, even to the moral. A few days after this I was annoyed by talking in the class. When I asked who did it, every one blamed his neighbor. I said: 'Now, boys, don't tell a lie. Who will be a George Washington?' Two boys at once stood up and said: 'We did it.'"

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had learned to recite: "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other day." The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming, triumphantly: "I victory! I victory! Louisa Bullhead got mad with me. She big temptation. I fight her. I victory!"—Helen W. Ludlow, in Harper.

The Cause of Her Grief.

Some time ago, on the Norman coast, a bather was drowned. Up to a few days ago his body had not been recovered. Every morning the young and disconsolate widow of the drowned man comes and seats herself on the beach, questioning the unreplying ocean with eyes red with weeping. It is in vain that her friends try to dissuade her from this painful practice.

"No," says she; "the sea has taken him from me, and the sea must bring him back to me." They began to fear at last that the woman would lose her reason, and a distant relative was appointed to bring her around to thoughts of resignation. "Come, come, Henrietta," said he, "you must give a reason for this."

"A reason?" exclaimed the widow, between her sobs. It is very easy for you to demand a reason, but—boo-hoo-hoo!—if they don't find his body I can never get married again!"

The remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Theodor Billroth, the illustrious pupil of Langenbeck, of removing a cancer from the stomach of a woman, and forming a helpful if reduced stomach, has been attended with success, though the operation had never been attempted but once before on a human being.

babies, wake with mummy and pray

for daddy on the wild, wild sea?—and how I'd fix their hands, and how we four would kneel down and say 'Our Father,' and feel sure that the Lord knew what we were asking for and would answer our prayer! Didn't Tom ever know how I must have counted days, then weeks, then months, and at last years, wanting him, waiting, watching for him, ever true in word and thought? Couldn't he tell you that he guessed I loved all sailors for his sake, and that I pitied lonely ones that came to port here and who made friends with me? For I've gone to them and I've said: 'Cheer up, my lads! I'm Tom Bollivar's wife, and he's on the briny deep! Let me help you all I can; if you're sick or lonesome or want little jobs of woman's work done for you, why, come to me. I'm Tom Bollivar's wife and he's on the briny deep!'"

And how often has this room been crowded with sailor men! And how they've kissed the children, in case they'd pass Tom's ship, they said, and would seem to take the kisses to him; or they'd kiss 'em because they had little ones of their own far away who must be looking out to see and thinking of their daddies. And I've helped 'em all I could—indeed, indeed I have; and me and the children, why, we've gone down to see their ships off, and I've made the children wave their hands and say 'Good-by!' right loud and the men have called, 'Three cheers and a tiger for Tom Bollivar's wife! and 'God care for the babies!' And I've done all this for love o' Tom. And you don't say that he ever thought of that, only that I didn't care for him. If he didn't know me without words, then he didn't love me as I always thought he did."

And she wiped her eyes on the frock she was mending. The man looked at her for a minute, seemed to hold back something he was about to say, put his hands nervously in his pockets and went on: "Well, lass, yes, he knowed it. He thought he knowed it for a truth, but—and now comes the all-freshest awful part o' this here gospel-truth yarn."

"Yes, sailor." "Well—now don't ye cry out, an' don't ye flop down—but Tom Bollivar he never never, never come home no more." She smiled up in his face. "Why?" she simply asked. "Because—he'd drowned dead," he replied.

"I don't believe it, sailor." "But I was w' him all the time, I orter know." "Then why wasn't you drowned, too? If you thought so much of him as you say, why didn't you drown trying to save him, if nothing else?" "I—I well, I was washed ashore. But poor Tom!—oh, lor! poor Tom, he's went."

"Oh, dear! If that's the case, I might as well make up my mind to be a widow." "I rather think so. Well—why don't ye get frustrated, Widder Bollivar?" cried the man, agast; "ye promised that, anyways."

"I'll get that way after awhile, sailor." "But I tell ye, Tom Bollivar ain't no more; he's drowned dead, him that was your husband." "Well, I can't help it, can I? I didn't drown him, did I? I'm a widow, ain't I? Now I'll tell you what I think about it. You see, sailor, I can't live here all alone, now, can I?"

"What do ye mean, Widder Bollivar?" "That's it—that's right—I'm Widow Bollivar. But I musn't be Widow Bollivar all my life, so I must get married." "Married! My God! woman, you husband he ain't cold yet." "I can't wait until I'm cold because you say he ain't quite cold yet, can't I?" "Do ye mean to say ye don't love him?"

"It would be foolish to love a dead man and yet marry a live one." "Who—who'll live for a wife when they knows all I knows? Widder, I'll tell the whole town, I'll tell the whole world, I'll put ye in the 'log'—I mean the papers."

"When did ye hear from Tom last?"

He gulped, and his eyes were wrathful. "Six months ago," she said, easily "he was sailing for Madagascar, and hadn't time to say much."

"Tom Bollivar's wife," said the man, solemnly, and suppressing his strange anger, "ye'll not be likely to hear from him agin' in a hurry; he went w' soon."

"I expect not. There ain't much o' him writing, anyway, seeing I can't answer, not knowing if I'd send my letters to sea that they'd find him."

"Lass, he'll never write agin' no more. Tom won't. There now!" "That's a pity for Tom," she said biting off her thread, "for he always likes to write a bit about the children. Oh, dear!"

The man looked at her in blank amazement. "Tom Bollivar's wife, I think I'll commence that there yarn I promised."

"Lor, sailor; you don't mean to say you ain't begun yet? What a tedious one you can be, to be sure! Bless my heart!"

Again the man gulped and gritted his teeth. He went on, sadly: "Ye know, six months ago, Tom he sailed around Madagascar, don't ye? Well, I was along w' Tom, I was. Me an' him we was chums; whatsoever he done, that there done I; wheresoever he went, thersesoever went I; whensomever he wrote to ye, I seen that there letter, true as gospel. When he was a-thinkin' o' ye, I knowed it. But there's storms at sea, lass—oh, sich storms! Why, this here storm outside is a baby squall compared w' them there at sea, w' 'ereakin', an' 'groaning', an' 'cussin', an' 'orderin', an'—there's storms as makes ye think o' home an' your wife an' babies, an' to look up in the face o' the angry sky an' try to speer out the pityin' face o' Jesus Christ as walked on the water; an' told them waves to be still; storms as makes ye look up at that there sky that seems to be fightin' w' the mad sea; that rises up to clinch w' it, an' fall back all shattered an' broke; there's storms as makes a sailor's heart cry for the help o' God for them as he loves, even if the help don't save his own life. Who knowed more about storms nor me an' Tom Bollivar? We'd fellered the sea right on to twenty year, an' never separated. I can't tell ye, for ye'll feel that bad."

"No, I won't, sailor; upon my word I won't. I like it—I like to hear you talk; it sounds old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned?" "Yes; Tom used to sit where you sit and I sitting in this blessed identical spot, seeing as I do now, and he'd tell his awful yarns and try to make me believe them. You see, I don't swallow all I hear."

The History of Life.

I saw an infant in its mother's arms, And left it sleeping. Years passed—I saw a girl with woman's charms, In sorrow weeping.

Years passed—I saw a mother with her child, And o'er it languish. Years brought me back—yet through her tears she smiled, In deeper anguish.

I left her—years had vanished—I returned, And stood before her; A lamp beside the childless widow burned, Grief's mantle o'er her.

In tears I found her whom I left in tears, On God relying; And I returned in after years, And found her dying.

An infant first, and then a maiden fair— A wife, a mother— And then a childless widow in despair— Thus met a brother.

And thus we met on earth, and thus we part, To meet, oh, never! Till death beholds the spirit leave the heart, To live forever.

TOM BOLLIVAR'S WIFE.

Somebody knocked at the door. And such a night as it was!—the snow and the wind making it dreadful to think of while you sat beside a roaring fire, let alone being out on the dismal flat where the little house braved the fury of the elemental war. It was quiet inside, the loudest sound being the moan of the wind and the hiss of the feathery snowflakes falling down the wide mouthed chimney to the flaring logs below.

A woman was sitting by those flaring logs, mending a little child's frock. The six lit le shoes, in various worn stages, placed before the fire, told a story that oftentimes louder noises than the moan of the wind and the hiss of lost snowflakes on the fire disturbed the room. Sitting there sewing, and with a woman's mind far away from what she was busy at, and yet tied all the stronger here by reason of her wandering thoughts, the woman started—somebody knocked at the door.

She arose hurriedly, suppressing a cry, and unlocked and flung the door open. A man's voice in the snowy darkness said, harshly: "Where do Tom Bollivar's wife live at—here?" "Yes," she answered, her hand upon her heart, her eyes peering out in the night; "I am Tom Bollivar's wife. What do you want of me?"

"Lass, will you ask me in? I've news of Tom." "You have! Come in, sailor, and tell me what you know." Into the light and warmth stepped a rough, brassy fellow, dressed in the slipshod manner of a sailor upon shore. He shook the snow from his shaggy coat and his beard. Slapping his slouch hat upon his knee, and looking fiercely down into the little woman's face all the time, as though to intimidate her. She returned the look with an odd expression—not frightened, but startled, bewildered—the look that had come to her face when she opened the door and peered out at the man; then from the bewildered look another came, one of understanding, comprehension, and she said to him, calmly: "Sit by the fire; you must be chilled through 'his grussome night."

The startled look seemed to have flown from her face by this, but he said, more harshly: "I am chilled through, Tom Bollivar's wife, and that ain't no lie, 'cordin' to Scrippler. Are ye all alone here, woman?" and glanced about him. "No," she said, pointing to the six worn little shoes. The man looked at them, and then turned his face away from her for an instant. "Now, sailor," she said, "what's this great news o' yours?" "Ain't ye afraid o' me, ye a lone woman?" "Bosh! Tell me the news!" "Tom Bollivar's wife, ye frustrate me. But it's right, ye ain't afraid o' me—why should ye be? I—I kinder thought ye might be, though. But—I'm a rough sailor, and—"

"Oh, pahaw! Hurry up with the news." "I—I don't know how to commence the yarn, w' you a settin' there so unskereed."

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