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Weekly



Herald

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. VI.

CLEVELAND, TENN., JULY 8, 1881.

NO. 26.

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 notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

Life's True Significance.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Less the secret source of being,
And the soul with truth agreeing

Nature is our common mother,
Every living man our brother,
Therefore let us serve each other;

Life is more than what man fanciest
Not a game of little chances;
But it steadily advances

More of religion, less professional
More of freedom, less oppression;
More of life and less of fashion;

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the chaff of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,

But forever and forever
Let it be the soul's endeavor
Love from hatred to discover,

VIVA'S LANDLORD.

"Viva, dear, it's coming near the first of May!"

And gentle Mrs. Rayner laid down the coat that was perpetually becoming elbowless, and looked across the lamp-lit table with anxious eyes.

"Yes, mamma, I know," a trifle wearily.

Viva, a slender, pretty girl, with dark-brown hair gathered loosely behind shell-pink ears, and lips red as the cactus flower, met her mother's gaze with eyes bright with wistful thoughtfulness.

"And we must move, of course," cried a shrill young voice from the sofa, where sat Jessie, a volatile, overgrown school-girl, "because the front gate's off its hinges, and the roof leaks, and—"

"Yes, Jessie, we all know the reasons for moving, but give mamma an opportunity to suggest where."

"There's hardly much choice about that," the pale-faced little woman said sadly. "Some place where the rent would be moderate; but—a sudden look of longing shining out of the pain worn face—"I would give all the world, dear, to see the country again. I feel stifling here."

A gleam of quick determination came into Viva's velvety-brown eyes. "And so you shall, mamma!" she said, emphatically.

"My darling, how?" in mild surprise.

"Well"—Viva puckered up her low, white brow, and tried to look wise and business-like—"you see we could get a cottage in some of the suburban villages at half what a city house would cost. Besides everything is so much cheaper in the country, and we could return to the city the coming winter. There!"

"But your pupils, Viva?"

"I could manage to give all the lessons in three days of the week—taking the train in, you know, is almost as cheap—and do work for Crumley the intervening days. Now, mamma!" triumphantly.

"It looks plausible at first sight, my pet, but I'm almost afraid to hope. Dear, dear! how that boy does wear out his clothes!"

Viva came over and clasped two maroon morine arms around the invalid figure before her.

"Hope as much as you like, mamma darling," she cried, gayly; "for we'll watch the papers till we see a treasure advertised 'cheap'—in Italian, you know—and then—"

The rest was too glorious to describe. Three days later, Viva danced in, out of a blinding April shower, with rosy cheeks and stary eyes.

"Here it is, mamma," she cried, enigmatically, with a hearty kiss and hug that almost demolished the small figure in the arm-chair. "Now listen!"

It! I might as well have red hair and spectacles. My nervous old darling, I'll be back before you know I'm gone."

And with this decidedly sweeping, but scarcely possible assertion, she was out again under the rifting, drifting April sky, and going cityward as fast as the street cars could take her.

In the thickest, busiest portion of the city, up two flights of dingy stairs went Viva.

A timid knock at Room 12. "Come in!"

She turned the handle, and with the green veil well down, went in.

Two or three gentlemen, writing at baize-covered desks, looked up carelessly as she entered, and went on with their work.

A gentleman enveloped in clouds of cigar smoke, with feet considerably elevated above the level of his head, glanced toward the door, as the graceful figure in threadbare waterproof came timidly in. Down came the feet, out went the cigar, and Clifford Chandos, pushing a chair forward, bowed gravely, questioning, to the lady before him.

"I—I called to inquire about a cottage-advertisement."

"The cottage? Oh, yes, to be sure! Will you please to be seated, and I will give you the particulars?"

And Viva, taking the proffered seat, listened while the tall, grave man, with straight, black brows and keen, kindly eyes, explained the terms with pleasant courtesy.

And when she lifted the crimson green veil a moment, to conclude some necessary arrangement, Clifford Chandos started over to slightly as he saw the pretty, girlish face before him, as serene and dignified in its grave, business-like composure as though its owner were eight-and-fifty instead of eight-and-ten.

"When will you look at the place, Miss—"

"Rayner!" supplemented Viva.

"Miss Rayner. Shall we say to-morrow at one?"

"At two, if convenient."

"Certainly. Two, if preferable."

Then he held the door open as courteously as though she wore sealskin and diamonds, while with a quiet grace she bowed slightly and passed from the room.

And Clifford Chandos went slowly back to his chair, a softer light in his keen gray eyes, and actually for once in his life forgot to relight his cigar.

The day came at last when, from the stuffy city house, the Rayners moved to the pretty, roomy, raftered cottage, where honeysuckle and wild roses straggled at their own sweet will over roof and porch.

And Viva, coming home from the dusty city three evenings in the week, pale and tired, brightened and laughed her own low, happy laugh at the sight of her mother's face—grown young again—at the window, at the sound of Dick and Jessie's boisterous laughter.

It was curious all the repairing that cottage needed after they moved in. It was more curious that their quiet, handsome landlord should insist on supervising it all himself.

He grew into their simple lives in those days. Mrs. Rayner came to think the cheery voice better than any medicine, the children to shout lustily at sight of him, and Viva to listen for the sound of his firm footstep on the garden path.

One evening, when the soft May wind was swaying the "lady-fingers," as the children call them, over the door, Viva snatched up her hat and strolled down to the pretty rustic gate.

"Yes, Viva, I want to ask you to leave Rose cottage."

Was he mad? "To leave Rose cottage!" she repeated, blankly.

She stopped short, and looked up at him with brown, bewildered eyes.

"Are you not satisfied with us as tenants? What will mamma say?"

"I did not ask your mother to leave Rose cottage"—and his voice was trembling and low—"I asked you."

"Me? Why, Mr. Chandos—"

She broke off abruptly as she saw the look in the eyes of the man regarding her. Such a look as would make more successful wooers in the world to-day—a look of passionate love and resolute determination to have her in spite of herself.

"Viva, my darling—my darling!" he cried, all the mischief in his voice swept away in his fiery earnestness, "won't you understand? I love you very dearly. Viva, and I want you for my wife!"

"Yes—I understand," she said, simply. "I am not a rich man, dear, but I would give my life to make you happy!"

She looked up at him with bright, outshining eyes, and though her cheeks flamed hotly, she said, in her gentle, straightforward, girlish way:

"I would be honored to be your wife were you penniless, Mr. Chandos!"

"Mr. Chandos!" sternly. "Little wife, say 'Clifford!'"

And, her hand in his, she said it, simply: "Clifford!"

In a short time they passed before a massive entrance gate and pretty gothic lodge.

"This is the great place of the neighborhood, Viva. Shall we go up and look at it?"

They paused at the great stone steps of an ideal country-seat, stretching, verandahed, porticoed, with huge stone lions on guard at the door.

"Come in, dear!" holding out his hand, with a curious smile.

"But the owner?"

"I go with his permission."

Then, passing the servant at the door, he led her through rooms where the mighty touch of Midas was softened and made perfect by the mightier touch of taste. Through a conservatory where birds and flowers were drowsily falling asleep, and marble statues gleamed palely forth from tropical, dusky nooks.

"It's a handsome place, dear, isn't it?" he asked, when once again they stood 'neath the darkening sky.

"Handsome? Oh, Clifford!" with an ecstatic, long-drawn breath.

"I hardly know how much rent I ought to charge you, little woman," he cried, quizzically, drawing her closer to him; "but I'll be moderate. Suppose we say—one thousand kisses per annum!"

AN INTELLIGENT REPTILE.

At Great Risk of Death to Itself a Snake Was a Child's Life.

"I want to tell you how my child's life was saved up in the mountains the other day," said an old farmer who came into the Appeal office yesterday.

"You don't mind an item with a snake in it, do you?" Hearing no reply, the old man continued: "Last Tuesday I was coming down from the lake with my little girl, when I stopped the horse and got out to get a drink at a spring, my bottle having given out. While I was drinking the horse got frightened and dashed down the road with the child in the wagon. I only have twelve girls, sir, and wouldn't spoil the set for worlds. Well, I gave up the horse and child for lost, but I followed them up, and presently found the horse right on the edge of a precipice, at a dead standstill. He couldn't move an inch. When I got closer I thought that a strap had caught round his forelock and one end had also caught round a tree. I went to pull on the strap, and I jumped about ten feet, for I must clear open if it wasn't a rattlesnake that was holding the horse. He had wound his tail around the horse's leg and his neck was turned three times around a sappling and his teeth were fast in the wood. He was twelve feet long, sir, for I measured him right then and there. A few pounds more strain would have snapped the snake in two. I got the horse away from the precipice. And I in a well tell you the whole truth. The snake wasn't over five feet long, for when I took the strain off he came right back to his natural size. You know how elastic a snake is. The child is four years old and wasn't frightened in the least. If you put this item in the Weekly send me four copies—I want 'em for relatives in the East."—Carson (See.) Appeal.

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How to Keep Cool.

As warm weather approaches, we devise all sorts of plans to keep cool, and by very earnestness defeat our purpose. To be cool, one must be tranquil—and avoid unnecessary exertion. The prudent housekeeper will make her morning fire suffice to do the chief part of the cooking for the day. Cold boiled meats, cold vegetables, cold desserts for dinner, when that meal comes in the middle of the day, are in order. Potatoes made into salad are not to be scorned by any lover of that vegetable. If a cup of hot tea or coffee is desired, it can be made on an oil stove, and such food as is prepared warm can be warmed over. But custom renders cold food as palatable as, and during hot weather even more palatable than hot food is in cold weather. A little persistence on the part of the house-mother will prove this the case, and the experiment is certainly worth trying. Farmers' wives who stew over the stove in mid-summer noons have a harder time of it than farmers do in the fields, and there is no necessity for this. Iced tea and coffee and milk are as delicious as hot tea and coffee when one's palate is accustomed to them. The hardest part of the work should be done in the morning, if possible, and if you can lie down awhile in the heated part of the day, so much the better. Plenty of sleep, with frequent baths, will enable almost any one to bear the warm weather philosophically.

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D. J. WHITESIDE, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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No. 1. For Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick and Nervous Head Ache, and all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver. The most effective Blood Purifier extant; gives strength to the weak and debilitated. Price, \$2.

No. 2. For Female Weakness and irregularities, Falling Womb, Whites, scratches the blood, purifies the secretions and strengthens weakly and delicate females. Price \$2.

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