

The Stephens City Star.

HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNFAREWED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIED BY GAIN.

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The Edelweiss.

The Matterhorn, o'er mist and cloud
Uplifts its head and shoulders proud;
It wears a kingly diadem,
And at its ermine mantle's hem,
Just as the sun arose, one morn,
A little Alpine flower was born;
The light-winged wind that bent to kiss
Its leaflets called it Edelweiss.

A little while it saw the high,
Blue dome of air we call the sky;
It heard the torrent madly sweep
All white with fear from steep to steep,
It felt the mountain winds that blow
From heaven across eternal snow,
And once upon its lonely bed
An eagle's shadow fell and fled.

But to the mountain came that day
An English youth from far away,
And climbing down its rugged side,
The little blossom he espied,
And gathered it because it waved
Upon the perilous heights he braved,
And bore it back with him, where stand
The great oaks of his native land.

Between his Browning's leaves of song
Its petals lay forgotten long,
While all the fields with snow were white,
Or all the lanes with roses bright,
Till now across the summer sea,
He sends the Edelweiss to me,
And for his sake this morning-time,
I weave its story into rhyme.

UNCLE NAHUM'S WEDDING.

Uncle Nahum Nixon was reading the paper in his back parlor. Nobody would think, to look at the simple surroundings of the unpretentious apartment, that Mr. Nahum Nixon was one of the wealthiest men in the town. The carpet, it was true was Axminster, but it had seen twenty good years of service, and was worn down to the very warp; the faded red curtains were of moreen instead of satin damask; the old clock on the mantel was no Parisian affair of alabaster and gilt, but a substantial Connecticut time-piece, that struck with a jwhirr, like a partridge springing out of her nest; the chairs of old-fashioned mahogany and haircloth stood bolt upright against the wall; the portraits of Gen. Washington on horseback and the surrender of Cornwallis ornamented the gray papered walls in frames of sombre gilt, and the one elegance of the apartment was a casket of preposterous wax flowers under a cracked glass shade.

But Uncle Nahum had remembered that furniture ever since he was a child, and he wouldn't have exchanged it for the fittings of a Parisian boudoir, or the choicest specimens of the modern East-lake pattern. He was a rich man—that was quite enough for him.

"If you please, Mr. Nixon," said the trim little maid servant, "Mr. Marmaduke Bourne wants to see you, if you please sir, if you are quite at leisure."

"Mr. Marmaduke Bourne, eh?" The old gentleman took off his spectacles and laid them upon the folded newspaper. "Ask him in, Polly."

And Mr. Marmaduke came in—a tall, fresh-colored young fellow, with sparkling gray eyes, brown hair, all in a mat of curls, and a straight Greek nose that seemed as if it might have been borrowed from some ancient statue of Apollo.

"Well, sir?" said Mr. Nixon.

"Well, sir?" counter interrogated Mr. Bourne, "did you get my letter?"

"I got your letter," said Uncle Nahum. "So you want to marry my niece Faith?"

"Yes, sir," valiantly acknowledged Mr. Marmaduke Bourne.

"Ah," nodded Uncle Nahum. "But perhaps you don't understand all the facts of the case."

"The facts, sir?"

"I want my niece to marry Colonel Ashland's son," slowly enunciated Uncle Nahum.

"But, sir, she don't love him."

"Pshaw," snarled Uncle Nahum. "And if she don't marry him she'll be a beggar—I'll give her no money of mine. Now you understand matters. Marry her or not, as you please."

of the muscles around his eyes, "he has been here."

"I—I didn't ask any question, Uncle Nahum."

"No, but your eyes did," chuckled the old man. "He wants to marry you, the improvident young donkey."

Faith came to her uncle's chair and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"That isn't the worst of it, Uncle Nahum—I want to marry him."

"Humph," snarled Mr. Nixon, in high contempt. "And what do you expect to live on, I should like to know."

"We can both work," said Faith bravely.

"You're more likely to starve," said Mr. Nixon. "Mind—don't count on help from me. If you will get married you do it at your own risk."

"Then you consent, Uncle Nahum?"

"No!" roared the old bachelor. "Nothing of the sort."

"But, Uncle Nahum, I should be wretched without Duke," softly pleaded Faith.

"Fiddlestrings," said the old man.

"And I'm sure he couldn't live without me!"

"Trash," grunted Mr. Nixon.

"And if you please, Uncle," added Faith, "perhaps I'd better go to my friend Violet Smith's to make up my wedding things, since you disapprove so decidedly of my plans. She lives in New York, you know, and it will be convenient for shopping, and—"

"And for all the other tomfooleries in general" rudely interrupted the old gentleman. "Yes, go to your Violet Smith's, but don't expect to come back here."

"No, Uncle," said Faith, meekly. "But, you'll let me thank you for all your kindness, and—"

"No, I won't," said Uncle Nahum, so shortly that poor Faith fled upstairs, in dismay and had a quiet little cry, notwithstanding she was so very, very happy.

For Uncle Nahum, brusque and crabbed though he was, was all the father she had ever known. But she packed her trunk and went to Violet Smith's in New York, which was all the pleasanter, in that Marmaduke Bourne had also betaken himself to this modern Gotham and gone to work studying law as if he meant to take Coke and Blackstone by storm, and miss Violet Smith, who was a sentimental young lady, sympathized intensely, and the young couple were as unreasonably happy as many another couple has been before and will again.

But one day Duke Bourne came in with a face full of tidings.

"Faith," said he, "have you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Faith.

"Your uncle will get the start of us, after all."

"What do you mean, Duke?"

"Why, he's going to be married."

"Uncle Nahum?" cried Faith incredulously.

"Yes, Uncle Nahum. That accounts for his being so willing to get rid of us, eh, little one?"

"And who is the bride, questioned Faith.

"Why, that's the mooted point yet. Nobody seems to know. Some say one, and some say another; but the general impression seems to be that it is the rich widow who owns the brown stone block on the corner."

"I'm sure I hope he'll be happy," said Faith, with tremulous lips and eyes suffused with tears. "But—but I think he might have said something to us about it."

"People are not generally in a hurry to proclaim the fact that they are about to make fools of themselves," said Duke Bourne bitterly.

"Why, cried Faith, laughing through her tears, "that is precisely what he said about us."

But the next day a letter from Uncle Nahum himself settled the matter. He wrote:

"There is to be a wedding at my house on the 17th, and I want you and Duke to be there without fail."

"A wedding! At his house!" cried Faith. "I supposed weddings were celebrated at the bride's residence."

"So they are, dear," said Miss Smith; "but your uncle was always so eccentric."

"What shall we do?" asked Faith.

"Why, go, of course," said Marmaduke Bourne; to show that we bear no malice at being disinherited, if for no other reason."

The 17th of March arrived, a cold blustering night, and the old brick house was all in a glimmer of lights as the young betrothed pair drew up to the

door. Uncle Nahum met them on the threshold, in his old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat, with a huge white camellia in his button hole, and a pair of surprisingly white gloves.

"Have you brought your white frock?" was his first question to his niece.

"No Uncle, I—"

"That won't do," said Uncle Nahum. "No one must come to my wedding without a marriage garment. It's lucky I provided one for you. Come upstairs, quick, and put it on, for the parson is waiting and the company are here."

"But, Uncle, the bride?"

"You shall see 'her by-and-by," said Uncle Nahum, deceptively. "Come up stairs now and change your dress."

"But, Uncle, a white silk," cried Faith, looking in dismay at the glistening dress laid out for her use.

"What then? Isn't white silk the thing for a wedding? Put it on quick, and I'll send some one up to bring you down in five minutes."

And so, with a doubting heart, Faith Nixon robed herself in the white dress, with its trimmings of vapory blonde and long trail.

"Where's your veil?" said Uncle Nahum, when he came himself, a few minutes later, to the door.

"Uncle, I can't wear a veil," pleaded Faith.

"But you must," said Uncle Nahum. "Nobody comes to my wedding without a veil." And he placed the wreath lightly on her head.

"But, Uncle Nahum, they will take me for the bride."

"Let 'em," said the old gentleman. "Take my arm. Now come down stairs and I'll show you the bride. Here she is."

Lifting her bewildered eyes, Faith Nixon beheld her own figure reflected in a full length mirror at the stairway.

"Here's the bride," chuckled Uncle Nahum, "and here's the groom," touching Bourne's shoulder. "And here's the parson, all ready and waiting. Now, reverend sir, to the clergyman, 'marry 'em as fast as ever you can.' And before either of the astonished young people could remonstrate, they were made man and wife.

"Duke," cried the bride, as soon as the ceremony was over, "did you know of this?"

"No, I didn't," said Mr. Bourne, with his arm very tight around his little wife's waist, "but I must say I approve very highly of the whole proceeding."

Uncle Nahum stood by, rubbing his hands, with his whole face wreathed in one prodigious smile.

"So you supposed it was I who was to be married, eh?" said he. "Not a bit of it—not a bit of it. I'm too old a bird to be caught with such chaff as that. No, no, little Faith. Did you think I was going to turn my wee birdie out of her nest, after all the years she has been cherished there? No, no, I only wanted to assure myself that your fancy was a real fancy, and that this young rascal here," smiting Bourne on the shoulder once more, "loved you for yourself alone and not for the money he thought the old man was going to leave you. And you're to live here, both of you, and we'll be happy ever after. Strike up your harps and fiddles. Let's have a dance—let's all be merry together."

Uncle Nahum Nixon himself led off the bridal quadrille, dancing in the good old style of fifty years ago.

"I don't have a wedding every day," said Uncle Nahum, breathlessly, as he cut one last pigeon wing, "and I mean to make the most of it."

A New Cure for Consumption.

A prominent citizen of Genesee, N.Y., has been prolonging his own life at the expense of the canine creation. Some two or three years ago the gentleman in question, who was pronounced by physicians to be in quite an advanced stage of consumption, began the habit of taking his pet dog to bed with him.

The animal soon exhibited unmistakable signs of lung difficulty, coughed almost constantly, and finally died. The gentleman procured another dog and slept with him for a time, when this animal also fell a victim to the disease.

Another dog was procured, with which the man now sleeps, and, though the third animal will probably die the same way the others did, the man is constantly improving, and is better than before for years. He is a well-known business man of Genesee, and we would give his name if necessary.—[Livonia Gazette.

THE NEWS.

The coinage executed at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, during the month of July, aggregated 1,313,000 pieces, valued at \$806,850. This amount was made up of 800,000 dollars, 43,000 five-cent pieces and 470,000 cents.

Applications were received in New York from North Carolina to sell oats from that state in that market. This is another unprecedented feature in the grain trade. Everything goes to show that the South will have the largest crops of all kind of grain ever raised there.

Hecker's flour mill, extending from Cherry to Water street, New York, was burned. There were 600 men in the old ten-story building and they had to rush for their lives. So rapid was the spread of the flames that it was for a time feared that some had been cut off, but all escaped. Forty engines were at work, but could not save the building. Loss \$1,250,000. Insurance \$400,000.

Captain Payne is at Wichita, Kansas, and says he will enter Indian Territory at once with colonists.

The New York board of police have resolved to prevent the glove fight on the 14th proximo between Tug Wilson and John L. Sullivan, in Madison Square Garden.

The sugar-refining firm of John H. Gilger's Sons, 141 South Front street, Philadelphia, has failed. Charles M. Gilger, who has conducted the business under that firm name, cannot be found. It is impossible to tell how Mr. Gilger's liabilities compare with his assets.

It is reported from Matamoros, Mexico, that there are over four hundred cases of yellow fever in the city. The sanitary condition is frightful.

There were 100 cases of yellow fever at Laredo, Texas, in one day. Six deaths were reported.

The collision of two Lake Shore Road freight trains west of South Bend, Indiana, wrecked sixty cars which took fire and burned up. A party of tramps were on the train, and those who escaped say seven of their number were in the blazing wreck.

On Limestone creek, near Mayeville, Ky., the cabin of a negro family was washed away. The man escaped, but his wife and mother were washed into the Ohio river and drowned. On Lawrence creek, two miles west of Mayeville, the Boga family, consisting of a man, wife, five children and his mother, had their house torn to atoms and the woman and children were drowned. Near Manchester, Ohio, the house of Richard Barnes was washed away and his family drowned.

The claims, including mortgages and judgments, against John H. Gilger's Sons, sugar refiners, of Philadelphia, whose failure has been announced, aggregate nearly half a million dollars. It is now alleged that Charles M. Gilger obtained about \$265,561 on forged drafts and promissory notes.

It is reported that yellow fever has broken out at Austin, Texas, and that Dr. Swearingen, State health officer, has gone there to investigate the progress of the disease. The death rate at Matamoros is greater than at Havana. Twenty-two cases were reported Aug 2nd, and seven deaths. One case occurred in New Orleans. The health board is taking active measures to prevent the spread of the disease.

The Indiana, Bloomington and Western Railroad has been opened between Columbus, Ohio and Indianapolis, giving the Baltimore and Ohio Company an important connection with Central Illinois, Indiana and Ohio.

The number of immigrants for this year reaches the unparalleled number of 789,063; 84,786 arrived during July.

A destructive thunder storm swept over Milwaukee, Wis. The damage to property is variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$100,000. One man was killed by lightning, and an infant was drowned.

W. A. T. Smith, a colored clergyman, made persistent application for accommodation at the Adams House, Providence, R. I., and was refused and driven out because of his color. He has employed counsel to prosecute the landlord under the civil rights law.

Dennis Dineen, a Canadian farmer, is about to bring suit against the Montreal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having imported English sparrows. He says these birds have eaten up thirty acres of his barley, destroying his potatoes, and made sad havoc with his early vegetables.

The Central Railroad freight house on Water and Columbia streets, Albany, 200 by 400 feet in dimensions, fell with a crash, and is a total wreck. There were 15,000 barrels of flour and a large amount of other goods in the building, which are damaged to a considerable extent. Twelve freight cars were damaged.

The Chicago Railway Age has figures showing that the total construction of way line of railroad for seven months in the United States has been more than 6,000 miles. Should the proportion hold good during the remainder of the year the total mileage built for 1882 would be nearly 18,000, but it is not likely to run over 10,000.

Southern News.

The Norfolk (Va.) Landmark, whose editor has responded to several calls to the field of honor, advocates the passage of an act of the Assembly commanding the sheriff to conduct each duel at short range, and to keep it up until there is a funeral. Such an enactment would doubtless exercise a good influence on the sanguinary sons of Virginia.

New cotton grown on the premises was picked, ginned and spun into yarn at Saluda factory, Lexington county, S. C., and forthwith dispatched to Philadelphia.

A hail storm visited Chesterfield county, Va., damaging corn, oats and vegetation along the line of the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad as far south as Weldon, N. C. It is feared the crops have been badly washed out.

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Herald says there is more "life and boom" in that section than for many years before. It says people are hunting real estate to lend money on at eight per cent interest per annum, while three years ago money could not be borrowed on plantations in that part of the country at any price.

R. B. Andrews & Co., clothiers, Raleigh, N. C., have made an assignment to Chester L. Whitnie. Preferred debts \$53,000; general liabilities and assets not stated.

The South Carolina Democratic Convention has nominated for governor Colonel Hugh F. Thompson, for lieutenant-governor, John C. Sheppard, of Edgefield; J. M. Lipscomb, of Newberry, for secretary of state; C. R. Mills, of Charleston, for attorney-general, and W. E. Soney, of Berkeley, for comptroller-general.

John W. Clyde, a colored postal agent recently arrested at Charleston, S. C., on a charge of robbing the mails, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head.

Colonel S. R. Proctor, aged 66, brother-in-law of General Beauregard, committed suicide at New Orleans by shooting himself through the head. It is attributed to ill health.

Bishop Emberton and Richard Spelman charged with crime against Mrs. J. B. Garrett, of Tompkinsville, Ky., while being taken to Glasgow, Ky., for safe-keeping, were shot to death.

It has been discovered that many court records, valuable historical relics and some books worth almost their weight in gold, have been stolen from a basement room of the capitol at Nashville, Tenn., and sold as waste paper.

The Raleigh (N. C.) Observer says: "The farmers look with complacency upon this hot weather. It is just the thing for cotton, which has grown so much in the past four weeks as to surprise everybody."

In one mill at Randleman, N. C., 4,608 spindles are running, and 100 looms are at work on plaids and checks for Philadelphia and New York markets.

W. B. Johnson, of Lee county, Ala., made this year \$1,500 worth of oats on the same land that produced \$365 worth of cotton last year.

A tract of eighty thousand acres of land has been purchased in Sumpter county, Fla., for a colony from Duluth, Minn.

There is a great building boom at Vicksburg, Miss., and the demand for mechanics is much above the supply.

One of the finest cotton factories ever erected in the South is now approaching completion, at Rome, Ga.

Foreign News.

Alexandria dispatches say that the number of Christians murdered at Damanhour, Tachah and Mihal is now estimated at 550.

The state of Alexandria is causing serious disquietude. The natives who remained are incendiaries, and a majority of those who have returned are looters looking after their concealed plunder. It is impossible to mistake the bitterly hostile attitude of this class and the native police.

A rebel official telegram says that Midshipman Dechair was taken before Arabi Pasha, who ordered him to be sent to Cairo and to be well treated. He is now comfortably lodged there, and has been allowed to write to his relatives.

The Khedive last evening dispatched a native emissary to the camp of Arabi Pasha to procure the release of Midshipman Dechair. The emissary has not yet returned.

A telegram from rebel sources at Cairo states that the rebel government is maintaining refugees from Alexandria. The native journals comment favorably upon Mr. John Bright's resignation of his seat in the British cabinet. Arabi Pasha has offered £300 for the head of Morico Bey.

The Governor of Assiout, with 2,000 men, is holding the town for the Khedive. Assiout is the capital and the largest city in Upper Egypt. It is the most important military station south of Cairo, and controls communication with Darfour and Senaar.

A reconnaissance was made from Ramleh on the Aboukir road. It is reported that Arabi Pasha's videttes are in close proximity to the works. The display of white flags on the forts is a mere farce. The rebels are strengthening their lines near Lake Marcotis. Scouts report seeing Arabi Pasha in camp with several European prisoners.

Arabi's military council have caused the arrest of twenty-seven pashas and boys who are more or less friendly to the Khedive.

Arabi Pasha has ordered a troop of cavalry to escort Stone Pasha's family to Lemalia. Stone Pasha is greatly relieved thereby.

The correspondent at Rome of the Daily News telegraphs that he learns in various quarters that Ricciotto Galvaldi is enrolling volunteers for an expedition to aid Arabi Pasha, but the movement is not likely to succeed.

Mr. Parnell has issued an urgent whip to the Irish members of the House of Commons to oppose the amendments made in the House of Lords to the arrears-of-rent bill.

The leading article in the Daily News says there is a possibility of a dissolution of Parliament, either by Mr. Gladstone, or after his acceptance of office, by the Marquise of Salisbury.

Fifty houses and a wooden bridge have been burned on the Krestovsky Island, in the Neva, one of the Islands on which St. Petersburg is built.

Wm. Mortens, the printer of the Freiheit, who was charged with publishing a seditious libel concerning the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, has been found guilty. Sentence has been postponed.

The fire on the steamship Gillert, on her voyage from New York to Hamburg, is attributed to the spontaneous combustion of tobacco. It is believed that it must have been smouldering all the way from New York.

In Summer.

The fields were green around me
When last I met my love;
The birds they flew above me,
And sang in every grove.

The skies were blue as sapphire,
The clouds were fleecy white,
The summer sun was shining
With radiant, heavenly light.

How happy was our meeting
Upon that summer day!
We bade farewell with sadness,
Afar apart to stray.

And now the breezes murmur
With voices of the past,
Whose aisles of light and shadow,
In memory's vision cast.

Inspire a dreamy longing,
And a sense of weary pain,
For that summer day so fleeting,
Will never come again.

VARIETIES.

A Tennessee man 79 years old has a breach of promise suit on hand.

A Kentucky man has for clock weights two pint bottles filled with whisky.

Athens, Ala., has a population of 8,000 and a valuation of \$8,000,000; that is, \$1,000 to every inhabitant.

Carlyle said that trifles were the hinges of destiny, but he never used any of them on his front gate.

Two thousand Kentuckians have been converted to Christianity in the last three months and still the boom.

Last year Texas imported corn, but this year will have 50,000,000 bushels or sell.

A blacksmith at Nantucket buys the livers of all sharks caught there, and makes them into cod liver oil. One liver yields three gallons of oil.

A girl who sets out to look graceful in a hammock has as much work on hand as the man who tries to be languid with a saw-log following him down hill.

The oldest mule in the world is owned in Covington, Ga. The owner has papers to prove that he is over 80. The kick is on the papers—not with the mule.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her daughter, Miss Harriet Stanton, and also Mr. Theodore Stanton, are living in France, where they are all doing literary work.

A gold watch which was stolen from a Philadelphian two years ago by four masked men in Kentucky has just been returned to him by express by the widow of Jesse James.

Philadelphia church charity is estimated to have permanently saddled 2,000 paupers on that city. Charity will make paupers faster than business failures or poor crops.

A Coney Island horse-jockey who died the other day confessed to having participated in thirteen "put-up" races where it was arranged beforehand which horse was to win.

The Oak Tree.

A long time ago two lads, called Edmund and Oswald, came before a court of justice. Edmund said to the judge:

"Three years ago, before setting out on a journey, I entrusted to this Oswald, whom I then considered my best friend, a valuable ring composed of precious stones, but now he will not restore the ring to me."

Oswald laid his hand upon his breast and said,—

"I swear by my honor that I know nothing about this ring. My friend Edmund cannot be in his right senses."

"Edmund, can you bring forward any witness to prove the fact that you entrusted the ring to his keeping?" said the judge.

"Unfortunately, we had no witness except an old oak tree in the field under which we took leave of one another," replied Edmund.

"I am ready to swear I know as little about the tree as about the ring," said Oswald.

"Edmund, go and bring me a branch of that tree; I desire to see it. You, Oswald, will wait here till he returns," said the judge.

Edmund went. After waiting a little while the judge became impatient and said,—

"What can be keeping Edmund so long!"

"Oh, sir," said Oswald, "he could not possibly have returned so soon. The tree is quite an hour's walk from here."

"Oh, you wicked liar," said the judge, who sees into all hearts. You know where the tree is."

And so Oswald was obliged to give up the ring, and was condemned to a long imprisonment.