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Staunton Spectator.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Advance Payments.

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of One Dollar per Square of Ten Lines or less, for every insertion. Unless the number of insertions be maked upon the manuscript it will be published until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞ *Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for Office, Communications calling upon, Advocating or Opposing Candidates, and all Communications or Notices of a Personal or Private character, or intended or calculated to promote any Private Enterprise or Interest, will be charged for as advertisements.*

SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

☞ Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Augusta County, Va.

Professional Directory.

JOHN ECHOLS, Monroe county. R. H. CATLETT, Lexington.
H. M. BELL, Staunton.

ECHOLS, BELL & CATLETT, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, Will practice in the State and Federal Courts at Staunton, and in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockbridge, Rockingham and Alleghany.—They will also attend to special business in any part of Va. and West Virginia. [Sept 12—tf

THOS. J. MICHIE. J. W. G. SMITH.

MICHIE & SMITH, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Practice in the Federal Court at Staunton; in all the Courts of Augusta county; in the Circuit and County Courts of Rockingham; and in the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge.
Collection of claims promptly attended to.
Nov. 14—tf

BOLIVAR CHRISTIAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Attends the Courts of Augusta and adjoining Counties.
Attention given to the interests of residents in this country in lands in Missouri, Iowa, and other Western States. Oct 24—tf.

ORLANDO SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Commissioner in Chancery, STAUNTON, Va., Practices in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
Will attend to the purchase and sale of Real Estate on Commission. Nov 14—1y.

GEO. BAYLOR. MARSHALL HANGER.

BAYLOR & HANGER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Practice in all the Courts of Augusta county, and attend promptly to the collection of claims in any of the adjoining counties. Nov 7—tf

GEORGE M. COCHRAN, Jr., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Office in rear of Court House, adjoining David Fultz. Aug 15—tf

DR. ARTHUR has returned and will be glad to see his old patrons.
Staunton, Oct 24—tf

Fire and Life Insurance.

VIRGINIA INSURANCE COMPANY. Books and Subscriptions to the Capitol Stock of this Company are now open at the Banking House of W. H. Tams & Co., and at the offices of the two Banks in Staunton. The attention of Capitalists is called to the merits of this Stock, which is recommended to them as probably the *most remunerative investment* of money now offering. By Order of the
Jan 9—tf COMMISSIONERS.

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned, representing the "Maryland Life," and the "Merchants and Mechanics Fire" Insurance Companies, of Baltimore, Md., (two of the most reliable companies in the U. S.) is prepared to issue Policies, for any amount desired, against loss of life or property. O. SMITH.
☞ Office in rear of "Spectator" building,
Nov 14—tf Staunton, Va.

Photographs.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY! The subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY in Staunton, over the store of Roane & Alby, opposite the Virginia Hotel where Pictures of every style can be had. Their rooms are newly and neatly fitted up for the accommodation of all who may favor them with a call. They are thankful for past patronage and hope, by close attention to business, to merit as much or more in future.
☞ One of Steif's celebrated Pianos will be found in the reception room for the amusement of friends and patrons.
Sept 12— J. H. BURDETT & CO.

SPLENDIDLY EXECUTED PHOTOGRAPHS, (large size), of Leading Southern Generals, &c., at less than the frames can be purchased at anywhere else. Only $1.75 each, frame and all. Also, Carte de visites of the same, at only 15 cents each, or eight for One Dollar.—Call at the Post Office.
Nov. 28—tf JEWELL.

To Farmers.

A. J. HAMILTON, of Rockbridge. G. W. WAESCHE, of Rockingham.
A. M. HAMILTON, of Rockbridge.

HAMILTON, WAESCHE, & CO., General Agents for McCORMICK'S COMBINED SELF-RAKING REAPER AND MOWER, AND SEPARATE MOWER, For the entire Valley of Virginia and twenty-five counties immediately East of the Blue Ridge extending from the Potomac to the North Carolina line.
☞ Mr. THORNTON BERRY will act as our Agent in Augusta county, from whom Farmers can procure Machines and receive all necessary information as to terms, &c.
Feb 27, 1866—tf H. W. & Co.

Watches and Jewelry.

GOOD TIMES.—Persons desiring good times in their pockets are respectfully requested to get their Watches repaired by BARNARD MAYNE, Watchmaker from Europe. All work warranted at moderate charges. He keeps also for sale, fine Watches, Spectacles, Jewelry, Keys, Watch Crystals, etc., corner Main and Augusta streets, up stairs.
Jan 30—8ts BARNARD MAYNE.

SAVE YOUR SIGHT.—By coming in time to Dr. Young's Old Stand where you will find an excellent assortment of *Spectacles, Eye-Glasses, Shortsighted and Colored Glasses* for sale by
March 13—6m G. C. YEAKLE.
☞ Old Silver taken in exchange for goods.

Plaster.

PLASTER.—25 Tons of Plaster for sale by
Feb 6—tf McCLURE & BUMGARDNER.

Marble Works.

MARQUIS & KELLY, *WESTERN VA. MARBLE WORKS,* at Staunton, Harrisonburg, Lexington and Charlottesville. sep5—tf

Alexandria Advertisements.

J. P. BARTHOLOW & CO., No. 25 King st. bet'n Water & Union sts., ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, Manufacturers and wholesale and retail dealers in Agricultural Implements and Machinery, seeds and fertilizers, plows and plow castings of all kinds, harrows, cultivators, corn-shellers, hay, straw, and fodder cutters &c., and a full stock of all Agricultural Implements, clover and timothy seed, orchard and herd grass, osage, orange, millet, Hungarian grass, &c. Peruvian guano, Bartholow's prepared Peruvian guano, bone dust, Mexican guano, Coe's super-phosphate, ground plaster, &c. Garden Seeds, embracing the largest variety ever offered in this market. Our American seeds are selected and grown for our sales, and seeds which are better of foreign growth we import directly from Europe. We are just in receipt of a large and extensive variety of seeds grown in England and the south of France, imported by us this season, comprising the finest variety of each kind grown, *warranted fresh and genuine*: Peas, beans, onion sets, cabbage and seed corn.
☞ Agricultural Implements and Machinery repaired at short notice. ☜
Extras and Repairs furnished at short notice.
J. P. BARTHOLOW & CO.,
Alexandria, Va.,
and 558, 7th street, Washington, D. C.
Feb. 13, '65.—3m

JAMES F. CARLIN, wholesale and retail dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Steel, Bar Iron, Ploughs, &c., No. 63, King Street,
Nov 28 Alexandria, Va. 6m

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

AUGUSTA SAVINGS' BANK STILL IN OPERATION.—The undersigned tendering his thanks for past favors, informs his friends and the public, that he has just returned with a new and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES, DYE STUFFS, and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
For the quantity as well as quality, he asserts, without fear of successful contradiction, that it is unsurpassed in this market.
Having no partner with whom to divide the profits, unfortunately, no family to support, no children to educate, and, withal, without extravagant habits, it would seem strange if he could not compete in selling bargains with any other establishment in the State. My will to do so is good, and "where there is a will there is always a way." My stock consists principally as follows:
French and English Merinos, Bombazines and black silk, figured and plain alpaccas, all wool delaines, half wool delaines, 18 pieces white and colored flannels, Manchester and domestic ginghams, striped bed and lindsey domestics, Swiss muslins, and Nainsook, plain and check cambric, table linen and toweling, Irish linen from 75 cents to $1,50, 400 ladies' and misses' hoop skirts, balmorals, best quality; veils and head dresses, 10 pieces broad cloth, from 5½ to $10 per yard, a full stock of plain and fancy French, and domestic cassimeres, cassinets, tweeds and Kentucky jeans, hosiery and perfumery, soaps of all qualities, nubias, latest styles and patterns; opera hoods and scarfs, linen cambric handkerchiefs, 24 dozen linen handkerchiefs, at 20 cents each or $2. per dozen; plain and figured silk velvet vestings. A large collection of dress buttons and trimmings, full stock of bonnet and cap ribbons, 3 dozen colored corsets, 4-4 and 5-4 bleached cotton, 6,000 yards brown 4-4 cotton, 400 bunches cotton yarn, Nos. 7 to 15, calicoes, 2 doz. chemises, plain and needle work collars, cambric edging and inserting, 400 pairs ladies', misses' and childrens' shoes, shawls, dusters and ladies' cloaks, the latest patterns, 2 pieces broad cloth for cloaks and many other articles not here mentioned, all sold at a small profit, *for* cash by
S. H. HILB,
Next door to the Marble Yard.

IN THE SECOND STORY I HAVE NOW opened a first rate Stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, such as Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, caps, Linen Shirts from 2½ to $6. Also Brown cotton and cotton Yarn by the bale or in smaller quantities.
Oct 17—tf S. H. H.

TO THE CITIZENS OF AUGUSTA, Highland and Pendleton Counties.—Isaac Paul & Co., having taken the large Store formerly occupied by Antonia, as a Confectionary, on Main street, between Augusta and New streets, where we intend keeping a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, Queensware, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, and everything usually kept in a first class Retail Store.
Terms cash, or Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the highest market price.
Hoping, by strict attention to business, honorable and fair dealing, to receive a share of your patronage. Very Respectfully.
Nov21,'65-1y ISSAAC PAUL & CO.

BRUCE & PECK Beg leave to inform their old customers and the public generally that they have opened at their old stand, corner of Augusta and Beverly streets, Staunton, Va., a large and carefully selected stock of
FAMILY GROCERIES
QUEENSWARE, WOODEN & WILLOW-WARE, BOOTS AND SHOES,
which they will sell at wholesale or retail. Their goods were purchased from first hands in New York, for net cash, consequently they will be able to sell them upon the best terms.
They will exchange goods or pay cash for produce. Oct 17—tf

NOTICE.—We have just received a large assortment of New Goods, Notions, Dress Goods, &c., including all kinds of Dress Trimmings, Bindings, Insertions, Edgings, Ruffles, Comforts, Ladies' Cloaks, Kid Shoes, Morocco do., and all other kinds. Mouslins, Merinos, Calicos, Plaids, etc. All kinds of Gents' and Ladies' Gloves: Kid Gloves, white and colored. Brown Cotton, Cotton Yarn, Cassimeres, Cassinets, home made Jeans and Linsey, Ready-made Clothing, Furs, Muffs, Fancy Soaps, etc., which we offer for sale at reduced rates for cash or country produce.
Dec 19— ISAAC PAUL & CO.,
Antonia's old stand, Main street.

HOGE & MASON are now opening their second supply of FALL and WINTER GOODS, consisting in part of French Merinos, Poplins, (plain and striped), Alpaccas, all-wool Delaines, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Satinets, Factory Goods 6-4 and 3-4, Gents' fine calf Boots, Men and Boys heavy Boots, Gents', Ladies', and Misses' Shoes, and Hats of every description. Salt, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Candles, Willow and Wooden Ware, to which they invite the attention of purchasers. [Nov. 28—tf

CARD.—POWELL & BLACKLEY, dealers in Groceries, Flour, and Produce of every description. Will endeavor to keep a *full supply* and *general assortment* always on hand, and to give satisfaction to all who may patronize them.
P. N. POWELL & CO.'S old stand,
opposite the Post Office, Staunton, Va.
January 23, 1866—3mos.

NEW GOODS.—We have just received one of the largest stocks of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, and Shoes, ever brought to this market, and propose to sell them low for cash.
Goods exchanged for Country Produce.
Sept 19—tf HOGE & MASON.

50 SACKS Liverpool Salt, 15 bags Rio and Laguira Coffee, 20 barrels Sugar, 15 kits Mackarel and Shad, 5 barrels N. O. Molasses and Golden Syrup, just received and for sale low by
Sept 12—tf HOGE & MASON,
next door to Central Bank.

FOR SALE.—50 bushels prime Corn Meal, 20,000 Shingles. ISAAC PAUL & CO.,
Jan 2—tf Main Street.

ENGLISH DAIRY AND NEW YORK State Cheese for sale by
BRUCE & PECK.

A LARGE LOT of superior MACKAREL & HERRINGS for sale by
BRUCE & PECK.

SUPERIOR TEA.—Those who wish to get a very superior article can procure it of
Jan 9—tf G. E. PRICE.

LARGE LOT OF MARKET & CLOTHES BASKETS for sale by
BRUCE & PECK.

TALLOW CANDLES—a large lot for sale by BRUCE & PECK.
Nov. 14—tf

CUCUMBER Pickles and Golden Syrup for sale by BRUCE & PECK.

LAGUIRA & RIO COFFEE for sale by
BRUCE & PECK.

Poetry.

[For the Spectator.]

He's gone to my Mother.

INSCRIBED TO MISS MAGGIE A. LAMBERT.

My mind does but wing its way to mother,
When I think of my departed brother,
Who gave up himself in the prime of life,
A sacrifice in his country's strife.
But weep not! he's gone to his mother.

But should I sigh? she's gone beyond the tomb,
To that bright City where still there's room
For him, who has followed her footsteps bright
To that celestial dome, which knows no night.
Mourn not then! he's but gone to his mother.

At my home, dear mother, thy voice I miss,
But can I envy your eternal bliss?
Nay, mother, nay, thy form but haunts me still,
And brother's too—but, 'twas my Master's will.
Why lament? he has gone to his mother.

How oft my mind recalls to father's home,
Of that absent form whose dwelling is the tomb—
Pardon if I would from death recover
That noble, true and gallant brother.
Why recover? he's gone to his mother.

His soul with angel's wings has soared on high,
From earthly toils to a heavenly sky,
To meet the soul that onward passed before,
To realms of love that lives for ever more.
Oh! joy! he is at home with his mother.

Is it not vain to weep for living dead?
Then only yearn for their pathway to tread;
And live in life that we may find in death,
A mother's crown with an angel's wreath.
Then hope in death to meet a brother.

February, 1866. W. A.

[For the Spectator,]

The Gambler.

BY J. C. R.

Who sits up from twelve to one?
Whose heart 's as hard as any stone?
Who leaves his dear wife all alone?
The gambler.

Who wounds, yea breaks the mother's heart?
Who from the evil will not part?
Who causes the tear of sorrow to start?
The gambler.

Who brings poverty to his door?
Who cries for help but is answered no?
Who suffers on earth the curse of wo?
The gambler.

Who causes his sister grief and pain?
Who says from gaming, I can't refrain?
Who seeks a ruin they are sure to gain?
The gambler.

Who boasts of *unbelief* in God?
Who fears not vengeance's fearful rod?
Who tramples on Jesus' precious blood?
The gambler.

Who, without reform, from heaven will go?
Who will sink into the pit below?
And live forever in eternal wo?
The gambler.

Select Story.

A TROUBLED HONEY-MOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

George Jameson and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's "*waterfall.*"

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to redden her nose; Mr. Vaughan 'did' the dignified *pater familia* to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that here was a match made in heaven.

The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty traveling suit of gray alpacca, with azurline blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made up for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match the dress, with its blue face trimming to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious; and in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, Georgie and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance, George buckled up his traveling-shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out and see to the trunks! I should die if, when we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner in my travelling dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice.

"All aboard for Danville! all aboard! Come hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due.

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she said rapidly to herself, she had better get in and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband——"

"Oh! yes, yes; all right!" said the conductor, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding that had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said a ticket agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo—you'll likely find her there. Just starting—not a moment to lose."

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.

"Most likely she got on the wrong train and went by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a way-station fifteen miles further ahead.—We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally blest the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner.—Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be—and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impetuously, knocking over an old lady with a flower-pot and bird-cage in her hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to the Belvidere House—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He started up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had got off at Margate, ten miles back;—George seized on the hope.—There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road for all vestige of fences and wheel-tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn back, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him! People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise in; but probably it realized that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out.

"Hilloo there! Is it you, or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sake!" cried she. "You're in for it, hain't ye!"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody mustn't come a huckelberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" cried George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed! I'm after my wife!"

"Land sake! Your wife! Well, of all things. I declare, I never!

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night, to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do, that's a dear woman!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, and, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on—"

"No you won't, neither. You'll go right over to our house and have a cup of coffee and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I dry your'n. And I'll send Tom over to Margate with the hoss and wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump," cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be well rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was despatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue, swallow-tailed coat, home-made, gray pantaloons, cow-hide boots, and white hat with a broad brim, for the Starks' were friends—felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plasters for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander informed him a lady, answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband?

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie! Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American house to wait for him. She expected him by every train until he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American.

Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was there waiting for her husband. Room 221, right hand second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and, holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last."

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as she made the very hair raise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! help! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Kate than she was like the venus Medici!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chambermaids, and as many white-apron waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending the stairs, and George, in his mad haste, ran right against the lady and broke in the rim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! my dear wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane, or drunk. Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windham depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations along the road for information of you. Why did I receive no answer.

"Because the telegram does not run into old Mrs. Shark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise——"

"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George: and though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George," cried Katie rushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced!"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world!—Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air.

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow-tail did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Starks were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes.

Time.

"A million of money for one inch of time," said England's proud Queen Elizabeth, while filled with remorse in her dying moments; but all the wealth of the world could not purchase a single hour.

Young woman, are you improving your golden hours so as to save yourself from vain regrets by and by, when the fatal archer lets fly the arrow of death and cuts short your dream of life? You have heart sympathies to cultivate, mind to educate, powers to make active for good, and influences to wield for the right and the true. How much of your time is absorbed by lofty aims and noble strivings?

Young man, can you afford to waste an hour in idleness and frivolity? Can you afford to neglect your opportunities of storing your mind with useful information, of making solid acquirements, and preparing yourself thoroughly for those high efforts that win success in the great undertakings of life? You have a great deal to do, before you attain to your majority, in order to meet the just expectations of society. You have to do with a fast age, to share in operations moving with lightning speed, and you must be capable of quick decisions and brisk movements, for time and tide will not wait for you. Every hour not needed for repose and recreation, should be filled up with benefits to yourself and others. Act upon this hint, and you will bless us for dropping it. Here is an old saying and a true one which you will do well to fix in your memory: "Who *knows* nothing in his thirtieth year, *is* nothing in his fortieth, *has* nothing in his fiftieth, *learns* nothing, *is* nothing, and *comes* to nothing."

FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is worth while for all farmers, everywhere, to remember that thorough culture is better than three mortgages on their farm. That an offensive war against weeds, is five times less expensive than a defensive one. That good fences always pay better than lawsuits with neighbors. That hay is a great deal cheaper made in the summer than purchased in the winter. That more stock perish from famine than founder. That a horse who lays his ears back and looks lightning when any one approaches him, is vicious—don't buy him. That scrimping the feed of fatting hogs, is a waste of grain. That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs. That educating children is money lent at a hundred per cent. That one evening spent at home in study, is more profitable than ten in lounging about country taverns.

MONEY.—Men will work for it, fight for it, beg for it, steal for it, starve for it, and die for it. And all the while, from the cradle to the grave, nature and God are thundering in our ears the solemn question—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" This madness for money is the strongest and lowest of the passions; it is the insatiate Moloch of the human heart, before whose remorseless altar all the finer attributes of humanity are sacrificed. It makes merchandise of all that is sacred in human affections, and even traffics in the awful solemnities of the eternal.

She who makes her husband and children happy, who reclaims the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

PUBLIC PEACE.—Lord Bacon said: "The surest way to prevent seditions (if the times do bear it,) is to take away the matter of them; for, if there be fuel prepared, it is hard to tell whence the spark shall come that shall set it on fire."

[For the Spectator.]

The Augusta public at least will remember that at the late term of our Circuit Superior Court, in November last, two Yankee Dutch worthies, (the class referred to by Mr. John Lewis in his examination before the Reconstruction Committee,) were tried and condemned to the penitentiary, but on a second trial granted by Judge Thompson, were acquitted. Here the error was certainly on mercy's, not on justice's side, as subsequent facts prove.

To be understood, I refer to J. Augustus Fischer, charged with having stolen a horse of Capt. Hottle, of Mt. Solon, and J. Kuhn with having bought a lot of goods under false pretences of F. Scheffer of the Virginia Hotel.

In evidence that they were not the immaculate and much persecuted worthies, that a stranger listening to their council might have believed, the following circumstance fully attests. On Wednesday week, the 7th inst., they were found together between Harrisonburg and Sparta, and in some unaccountable way, they came into possession of a horse and buggy of a young man by name of Martin, said to be from Lexington or its vicinity. He was found by them somewhere between the point at which they got the buggy, lying in the road insensible from intoxication, as they say, but the public are unable to make up an opinion on the subject, and Martin does nothing to aid them in doing so, as will presently appear. Fischer and Kuhn instead of stopping in the town of Harrisonburg to enquire about the owner of the buggy, if lost as they alleged, drove through and are found that night near the village of Mt. Solon, in possession of the horse and buggy.—A young man from Harrisonburg got on their track and overhauled them and, armed with written authority by a Justice of Augusta, sent them to Harrisonburg to have the matter investigated. The Commonwealth's Attorney there made the attempt, sent for Martin a half dozen times to appear against them, but it was calling for spirits from the vasty deep, he did not come, and unacquainted as he or any one else was with their past history, they were discharged. Kuhn who is represented by his cousin Fischer to have two wives already was making serious efforts in the village of Dayton to add number three to his list, but was seriously thwarted as it is said by the husband of the woman he was making love to, and a fight ensued which resulted in Kuhn receiving a bullet in each leg, which ought to have been in the head or heart as the world would have been rid of a great scamp. When the community hoped that they were rid of both these individuals, we regret to learn that Fischer is about to settle at Centerville. The community might find a better man.

SNOOKS.

[For the Spectator.]

The many incidents of cool daring that occurred during the war, not only in the army, but in every neighborhood in the South, deserve to be placed on record. There is living on the southside of Buffalo, in Amherst county, near Folly's Copper-mines, a plain farmer, Daniel W. Jennings. He had three sons in our army who discharged most faithfully their duty, and were at Appomattox C. H. at the surrender.—Last Spring, when Sheridan's Dutch minions were ravaging all the country from Charlottesville to within sight of Lynchburg, it so happened that most of the men of the neighborhood in which he lived were away, and many of the women and children had collected at Mr. Jenning's for protection. Anticipating a visit from some of these marauding Dutchmen, he collected what arms he had, and loaded and capped them afresh, and it presently happened that it was a timely precaution, for in a most unusual direction across his fields, he spied several men riding at a rapid speed towards his house. He discovered in a moment that four of them wore the hated blue coats, and seizing a six-shooter, he gave evidence of his intention to give them a warm reception. The number of females present plead with him not to risk his life and court for them, in the event of his fall, outrage and violence, but he firmly bade them be still, and as the vandals approached, he stepped from the door towards them, and in a moment the command to halt was uttered by the big surly looking Dutchman who commanded the party. Not noticing the command, old Jennings firmly advanced towards them, and as he grasped his pistol, said, "how dare you order me to halt, you scoundrel, on my own premises, I command you at once to throw down your arms," and at the same time turning to his little son, said, "tell the guard to come on at once and arrest these villians." Of course he was invoking imaginary aid, but in a moment the Yankee guns were handed to him, and like a a parcel of cowering spaniels they dismounted and surrendered, four of them all armed to the teeth, to D. W. Jennings, much to the relief of those neighbors they had captured and robbed of their watches, &c. He sent them over that evening to a party of Mosby's men in the vicinity who found them safe quarters in Lynchburg.

PUGH.

IRISH VERSION OF AN OLD FABLE.—Sargent S. Prentiss used to give an improved Irish version of an old fable, apropos to an episode in the Cabinet affairs of Andrew Jackson. "Once upon a time," as this version ran, "the lion made a fire in his den of a mighty bad smell intirely, and thin he called in the bastes of the field to give an opinion of the same." And he says to the bear, says he, "And Mr. Bear, how do you like the smell of me parlor to-day?"—And says the honest old bear, says he, "It smells bad." "Take that for yer impedince!" says the lion, giving the ould bear a whack that knocked the breath out of him intirely, after which he ate him up comfortably and called in the monkey; and says he to the money, says he, "And how do ye like the smell of me parlor to-day?" The monkey says, says he, "Yer honor it's the most delightful smell I ever smelt in all my life!" "Take that for lying," says the lion, knocking him down and ateing him up, after which he called in the fox, and says he, "Mr. Fox, and how do ye like the smell of me parlor to-day?" But the fox, when he saw the carcase of the monkey that the lion had just ate, lying dead in the corner, he whisked his tail across his eyes, as much as to say, "D'ye see anything green there hinney?" and he says, says he, "It's me that's got such a cowld, I can't smell at all, at all." Then the lion laughed and told the fox he was a clever baste, and might tread in his footsteps if he could straddle wide enough."

A WEDDING INCIDENT.—The story is told of a temperance man being at a wedding, was asked to drink the bride's health in a glass of wine which was offered him. He refused to partake of the intoxicating liquid, and said when he drank her health, it would be in that which resembled her most in purity, and he knew nothing better than water, pure water. He then drank to her health in a glass of God's beverage—sparkling water. The ladies assembled on the occasion immediately stepped forward, and making a respectful courtesy, thanked him for the beautiful compliment he had just paid the fair bride, when it was resolved that all intoxicating drinks be banished from the room.

A boarder at one of our city boarding houses on being asked how they lived there, replied that the hash was rather doubtful, but the beef was "bully." This dubious endorsement failed to attract a new boarder.

He who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.