Staunton Spectator.

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BY R. MAUZY & CO.

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The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is
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STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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☞ Any one sending us FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis*.

Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 54. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1877. NO. 15.

Staunton Spectator.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square of eight lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

☞ A liberal discount will be made on advertisements published for 3, 6, or 12 months.

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Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Particular attention given to collections.
Office—with Hon. A. H. H. Stuart. no7-6m*

WM. A. HUDSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—In front of the Court-house. se12-tf

J. R. TUCKER, Lexington, Va. H. ST. GEO. TUCKER, Staunton, Va.
TUCKER & TUCKER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties. Also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and will attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge. au22-tf

RO. L. PARRISH, Covington, Va. WM. B. MCCHESNEY, Staunton, Va.
PARRISH & McCHESNEY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Will practice in all Courts holden in Augusta county.
☞ Prompt attention given to collections.
☞ Office on Augusta Street, opposite Court-house. nov9

N. K. TROUT. W. E. CRAIG.
TROUT & CRAIG,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
We have entered into Partnership as Lawyers, occupying the old Offices of the Senior member. The Junior member will aid in conducting the old business.
☞ Particular attention given to collections.
jel5-tf

GEORGE A. ROSZELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
HARRISONBURG, VA.
☞ Special attention given to collections.
jel5-tf

A. M. HENKLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public, and may be consulted at his office at all hours.
☞ Special attention given to Surgery.
OFFICE—In his new building on Frederick st., between Augusta and Water streets.
feb 4—1y

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS,
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practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—1y

GEORGE M. HARRISON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
will practice in all the Courts holden in Augusta county, and in the Circuit Courts of the adjoining counties.
☞ Strict attention given to the collection of Claims.
OFFICE—East of Court-house, over Clerk's office of Court of Appeals. oc 31—tf

THOMAS D. RANSON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

MEADE F. WHITE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.,
will practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockingham and Highland.
Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
OFFICE on Court-house Alley. feb 6—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.
ELDER & NELSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

TOBACCO AND CIGARS.

READ THIS.

For sale at the old Tobacco stand, Corner Main and Augusta Streets, formerly occupied by Armentrout, a large and carefully selected Stock of

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCOS,

At Old Prices.

Notwithstanding the increase of the prices of all Tobaccos in consequence of the addition al Revenue Tax, yet at this old stand you can buy at the same low figures as heretofore.

Nineteen different kinds and styles open at Retail.

Tobacco at	60c.	per pound.
Tobacco "	75c.	" "
Tobacco "	80c.	" "
Tobacco "	90c.	" "
Tobacco "	$1.00	" "
Tobacco "	1.20c.	" "
Tobacco "	1.30c.	" "
Tobacco "	1.40c.	" "
Tobacco "	15c.	per plug, old and sound.
Tobacco "	20c.	" "
Tobacco "	25c.	" "

In addition to the above, I keep a large stock of all grades of Smoking Tobaccos, from 50c. per pound to $2.00 per pound, and 70,000 Cigars of my own manufacture, from $18 to $80 per thousand.

Don't forget the place. When you come to town give me a call, and you will see that I can supply you with anything pertaining to the Tobacco trade at the very lowest prices.

Respectfully,
mar23— CHAS. E. HAINES.

TOBACCO AND SEGARS!

Having purchased the Tobacco establishment of Messrs. Cochran & Walker, and having added thereto a full line of goods laid in on favorable terms, I am enabled to offer inducements to dealers. My stock consists of all the various grades of

TOBACCO and SEGARS, SMOKING TOBACCO, PIPES, SNUFF,

and all articles kept in a regular Tobacco house. Those in want of anything in my line of business will please call and examine my stock.

C. T. Cochran remains with me, so that I have the advantage of his long experience in conducting the business.
feb16-tf M. A. BRIGHT.

TOBACCOS! TOBACCOS!! TOBACCOS!!!—If you want good CHEAP TOBACCOS, go to

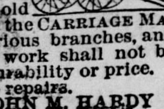
W. H. & M. PAGE'S,
AUGUSTA STREET,
OPPOSITE THE PLECKER BUILDING,
STAUNTON, VA.

They have a full line of Lynchburg Twist, Plug and Smoking Tobaccos, at wholesale and retail. Merchants will do well to examine their stock before buying. Also keep on hand a full supply of GROCERIES, which can be bought low for cash. sep12-4m

SCOTCH SNUFF.—For sale at Factory prices, freight added.
feb16-tf M. A. BRIGHT.

CARRIAGE MAKING.

J. H. WATERS & SON,
Manufacturers of
CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA



Keep constantly on hand Carriages and Buggies of every description. By close attention to business and fair dealing, they guarantee entire satisfaction.
☞ Strict attention paid to REPAIRING.
Give them a call before purchasing. apr 28

CARRIAGE MAKING.—

At the solicitation of many of my former patrons, I have again taken charge at my old stand, where I will carry on the CARRIAGE MAKING Business in all its various branches, and I am determined that my work shall not be surpassed in finish, style, durability or price.
Special attention given to repairs.
aug4-tf JOHN M. HARDY

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. B. TAYLOR. J. C. CHADWICK. D. C. HOFFMAN.
TAYLOR, CHADWICK & CO.,
(*Successors to Reip & Son*,) Manufacturers of Plain, Japanned and Stamped Tinware, and dealers in Stoves, Hollow-ware, and Tinners' Tools, Machines and Trimmings.
No. 14 S. HOWARD STREET, BALTIMORE.
☞ Sole Proprietors of the celebrated MERRIMAC COOK STOVE—the best and cheapest Stove in the market. jy25-1y

STIEFF

Grand, Square and Upright
PIANOS

Have received the highest encomiums wherever they have been introduced.

Made of the very best Materials Throughout, they are nevertheless offered at prices that will compare favorably with those of any *first-class* manufactory on this continent. The *best* is always the *cheapest*, and hence purchasers of STIEFF Pianos will find a satisfactory equivalent for their money.

The *lasting* quality of their instruments is fully attested by the many Educational and other Institutions, in the Southern States especially, where over 400 are in daily use, and by the unanimous verdict of the best performers of this and other countries. Terms as favorable as is consistent with the times, and every instrument fully warranted for *five* years.

We are also Sole Agents for the Southern States of the
"Matchless Burdett Organs,"
which speak for themselves. A full supply of every style constantly in store, and sold on the most reasonable terms.

Fifty Second-hand Pianos always on hand, at prices ranging from $75 to $300.

For Illustrated Catalogue, address.
CHAS. M. STIEFF,
No. 9, North Liberty Srreet,
feb8-tf Baltimore, Md.

BALTIMORE, OTTOBER, 1876.
CHAS. SIMON & SONS'
Dress-Making Department.

We would call the attention of our friends and the public in general to this Department.

Under the present management, we have met with unprecedented success. We have filled orders for customers residing in nearly every Southern State, and have in our possession numerous flattering testimonials, both as regards fit and style, as well as great superiority in neatly finishing our work.

☞ Our Specialty this season will be ☜

BLACK GROSGRAIN SILK DRESSES,

trimmed in same material and made in the most fashionable style, for the low price of

$50.00.

These Dresses should not be judged by the price, as they are in every respect superior to anything heretofore offered for the money.—Samples of the material and directions for self-measurement sent free by mail upon application.
CHAS. SIMON & SONS,
63 N. Howard Street,
sep26-3m Baltimore, Md.

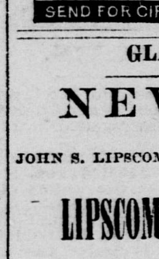
FAIRBANKS SCALES

FAIRBANKS
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
Over 300 Modifications.
TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS
FAIRBANKS & CO.
166 BALTIMORE ST BALTIMORE, MD.
dec21-1y

DR. OLIVE,
32 NORTH LIBERTY STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
The Oldest Established Chronic Disease Physician in the South.

A regularly educated and legally qualified physician has twenty years' experience in the special treatment of all CHRONIC DISEASES, DEBILITY and IMPOTENCY, the result of abuses, excesses or other causes, and which produce some of the following results: Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Pimples on the Face, Physical Decay, Aversion to Society, Confusion of Ideas, etc., RENDERING MARRIAGE IMPROPER OR UNHAPPY, are permanently cured. Pamphlets of sixteen pages free at office, enabling persons at a distance to state their case, with a view to treatment, by mail or express. Medicines effective, but harmless. All taints of the blood radically cured. Call or write, no matter who failed.—The opinion of Dr. O. costs nothing. Send two stamps for pamphlet and reply. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays. 2 to 4 P. M. nov28-1y.*

ESTABLISHED 1816.
CHAS. SIMON & SONS,
No. 63 N. Howard Street, Baltimore,
DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS,
would call special attention to their extensive stock of
DRESS GOODS, LINEN GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES AND HOSIERY,
the best assortment of
Mourning Goods
in the city.
SAMPLES SENT FREE!
All orders amounting to $20 or over, will be sent free of freight charges by Express, but parties whose orders are not accompanied by the money, and having their Goods sent C. O. D., must pay for return of the money.
feb 22 1y



PORTABLE and STATIONARY
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS.
SAW, FLOUR AND GRIST MILLS.
MILL GEARING MADE
Without Patterns.
SHAFTING, PULLEYS AND HANGERS
OF IMPROVED DESIGNS A SPECIALTY.
The UNEQUALLED JAS. LEFFEL DOUBLE
TURBINE WATER WHEEL, 7000 in use.
ADDRESS, POOLE & HUNT,
SEND FOR CIRCULARS. BALTIMORE, MD.

GLASSWARE, &C.

NEW FIRM.

JOHN S. LIPSCOMB. C. B. SOMERVILLE.

LIPSCOMB & SOMERVILLE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

QUEENSWARE,

GLASS-WARE,

CROCKERY,

of every description, and

SILVER-PLATED WARE.

We intend to keep a full line of

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS,

and will make a specialty of this branch of our business.

Our Mr. Lipscomb will still superintend the putting up of Terra Cotta pipe, Gas Fixtures, &c.

We are now receiving a full stock of NEW GOODS, and trust the public will extend to the new firm the liberal patronage heretofore extended to our Mr. Lipscomb.
sep26-tf LIPSCOMB & SOMERVILLE.

STOCK SALES.

SHORT HORN CATTLE.—Two fine Bull Calves, 9 months old, 3 or 4 Cows and Heifers, also Berkshire Pigs, for sale at low prices.
A. M. BOWMAN,
mar 9—tf Waynesboro', Va.

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE.

☞ **The Best Place for** ☜
BARGAINS.

Goods Delivered Free.

C. A. RICHARDSON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
CASH GROCER,
Corner Main and Augusta Streets,
STAUNTON, VA.

☞ **Quick Sales and Small Profits.** ☜

REMOVAL!

BYERS & EAKLE,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES & PRODUCE,
HAVE REMOVED TO THE
CORNER MAIN AND AUGUSTA STREETS,
(Diagonally Opposite their Old Stand,)

Where they will continue to keep on hand the very choicest brands of Coffees, Sugars, Teas, Flour, Bacon, and all kinds of

Groceries and Produce,

which they are selling at the LOWEST CASH PRICES, or exchanging for Country Produce.

Their old customers will find them prepared to supply all their wants in the

GROCERY LINE,

at their NEW PLACE of business, and the public will find it to their advantage to examine their Stock and Prices before purchasing elsewhere.

All Good Delivered Free of Charge.

BYERS & EAKLE,
(McMahon & McQuaide's old stand,)
oct5-tf Corner Main and Augusta Streets

GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!

NEW STORE.
CHAS. C. WHEAT,
GROCER AND PRODUCE DEALER,
At Jno. B. Hoge's old stand, on Augusta Street.

Having resumed my old business, I would respectfully announce to my friends and the public, that I will keep everything usually found in a

CITY FAMILY GROCERY.

My Stock will be select and complete, embracing in part, the following:

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, MOLASSES, LARD, BACON, SALT, LEATHER, &C., &C., &C.,

Thanking my friends for their liberal patronage when in business before, I will endeavor, with good goods at low prices, to give satisfaction, and by strict attention to business, to merit a renewal of our old business relations.

☞ All Goods delivered free of charge.

Cash paid for Country Produce or taken in exchange for goods. jy11

J. S. GILLIAM, (late with C. A. Richardson.) R. T. LEFTWICH, (late with P. B. Hoge & Bro.)

NEW STORE.

We have just opened a well-selected stock of

GROCERIES,
on Augusta St., bet. Main and Frederick,
STAUNTON, VA.

We intend to keep good Goods and sell them low as possible. Call and see us.
m25-tf GILLIAM & LEFTWICH.

CONFECTIONERIES! CONFECTIONERIES!!—A full line of
CONFECTIONERIES,
consisting of Oranges and Lemons, Plain and Fancy Candles, Canned and Fresh Fruits, Pickles, Mince Meat, Nuts, &c. All to be sold in any quantity at the
LOWEST CASH RATES, BY
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

CAKE AND CRACKER DEPOT.—A large assortment of Cakes and Crackers, 20 or more varieties always on hand, fresh and nice, and for sale at the lowest cash rates by
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

ORANGES AND LEMONS.—A fresh supply always on hand, and sold at the lowest *cash* rate, by
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

FOR CHOICE GROCERIES of all kinds for the least money, call on
feb15 C. A. RICHARDSON.

ALL GOODS delivered free of charge, by C. A. RICHARDSON.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

W. R. TYREE,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PUTTY, and LAMP GOODS.

I am constantly receiving fresh supplies, of the above above named goods, which are guaranteed to be of the best quality, and will be furnished at prices which DEFY competition.

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded, night and day.

I also keep on hand a fine assortment of
IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
CIGARS!

I call the special attention of Country Merchants to my supply of Fancy and Proprietary goods. W. R. TYREE, Druggist,
oct10 Main Street, Staunton, Va.

DURANG'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY.
IS TAKEN INTERNALLY, AND POSITIVELY CURES RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA AND LUMBAGO. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO
HELPHENSTINE & BENTLEY,
DRUGGISTS, WASHINGTON, D. C
Sold by all druggists in Staunton aug22-1y.

TAILORING.

TAILORING! TAILORING!!—The copartnership heretofore existing between Graves & Sprinkle has been mutually dissolved and the business will hereafter be conducted by P. B. Graves.

He has reduced his prices for cash, and will do all kinds of work pertaining to the Tailoring business, in the very best manner, and at figures so low that no one will fail to be satisfied. He has removed his shop to Court-House Alley, and invites all his friends and the public generally to give him a call.
nov 30 P. B. GRAVES.

BARE & SPRINKLE,
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
New St., next door to Mrs. Scherer's Millinery Store, and 3 doors from Loeb's Corner,
Staunton, Virginia.
All work in our line executed with neatness and dispatch. Special attention paid to cutting repairing and cleansing. aug 5—tf

JOSEPH HAMMERS,
FASHIONABLE TAILOR,
Shop in Bruce Building, next door to Glenn's Store,
AUGUSTA ST., STAUNTON, VA.
☞ All work done cheap for cash. dec14-1y

LUMBER BUSINESS.

H. J. LUSHBAUGH & BRO.,
Manufacturers of
Sashes, Doors and Blinds,
BRACKETS, MOULDINGS, FLOORING, &c., &c., &c.
Near Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad Depot,
STAUNTON, VA.
N. B.—No material but seasoned lumber used
dec 5—1y

POETRY.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day,
He hath no other life above,
He gave me a friend, and a true, true-love,
And the New-Year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest;
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock,
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you;
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone;
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

For the SPECTATOR.

A Noble Sacrifice.

BY O. C. PEYTON.

Ah well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes.
—*Maud Muller.*

The Autumnal sun is sinking, in all its lurid splendor, as Philip Haxton dashes up to the large, double gate of his uncle George's beautiful, river-side home, and, without dismounting, leans forward from his jet-black pony to draw back the heavy bolt.

Philip's father is a wealthy merchant of the business-like, growing city of —— in the State of Virginia. The mysterious providence of God, five years ago, deprived him of a fond wife, and Philip of a true, Christian mother. Mr. Haxton is not a Christian, and really shows very little interest in the religious training of this only and idolized son of his. And, although Philip cherishes the fondest, sweetest of memories of the lessons his gentle, loving mother sought to impress upon him long ago, he has never taken a definite step towards a purer and better life. He is one of that sadly unfortunate class of human beings who make such an utter misapplication of the philosophy of the maxim, "Live for the Present," as to totally forget that there is beyond all the future that may ever be present, an infinite, unseen existence, the very best of preparation for which is to live truly and honestly with God, one's self and one's fellow-men in the now present. Philip is a gay, fun-loving man of some twenty years. His father places no restraint whatever upon his expenditure of money and is too much wrapped up in the conduct of his business to personally overlook the life and character of his son.—That son is of a wild, roving nature and devoted to the chase. A large proportion of his time is spent in rambling over his uncle's plantation, which stretches for three miles along the left bank of the —— river.

But, making as he does the mistake we have referred to, in failing to use the present to prepare for the future, he yet successfully practices that other trite and useful maxim: "Never cross bridges before you come to them." He never allows any trouble or care which the future may bring to overshadow for a moment the pearly sunlight of his life's clear sky. His practical creed is to be just as happy and joyous as he can make himself now, and to let the future take care of itself. Right feeling and right thinking people cannot help but admire the practice of such a creed in any life, but they always feel a tinge of sadness that those who are possessed of hearts as kind and generous as Philip Haxton's, do not really seek to prepare for a future beyond all time, and *then* be disinterested concerning anything of evil the future, before, in this world may bring, since preparation for the world to come does, or rather should, impart such a disinterested feeling. The practical creed of all those who have made genuine truthful preparation is: "Live for the present and trust God for the future."

But although Philip is wild and roving in his nature and one who would far rather spend a day rambling alone among the mossy cliffs, hunting or fishing, than among the group at Elmwood, he is of a noble type of manly character and of so generous, friendly a disposition that he never fails to win the confidence and esteem of all who meet and know him.

He has opened the double gate now and closed it behind him. As he rides slowly up the slope, through the grove, towards the house, his mind is full of pleasing memories of the past. He recalls the bright days of the last few years—the hopes, longings and aspirations of his heart, through those years, seem swept into the nearness of yesterday.

One of the most intimate companions of all those bygone years was his uncle George's only daughter, whom Philip has always familiarly and lovingly called "Little Cous."

Edith Haxton is a little, fairy-like body—one of that type who admirably succeed in making their homes places of quiet rest and calm, to which their inmates never turn in hours of weary care without being made stronger for the struggle of human life. She has a wealth of raven hair which hangs in waving tresses upon her shoulders; her eyes are black and reveal in their vim and brightness a wealth of mind; her features are beautifully proportionate and full of affection and tenderness; her unjeweled hands strikingly portray that lack of desire for mere external show which characterizes her; her manners are charmingly sweet and attractive, and there is nothing at all of that unapproachable stiffness which makes some people so little attractive.

Such is the "Little Cous" with whom the brightest days of Philip's past have been spent, and whose simple, childlike character has exerted over his life the most pleasing of influences. Is it a wonder that as he is recalling that past now, with its beautifully tinted pictures, her fairy-like form and lovely face should stand before him, and like the "Ghost of Banquo" will not down even if he were to bid it be down.

To tell the truth, Philip Haxton is thinking of this "Little Cous" just a little more tenderly than he has a right to think of a cousin. How can he help it? Nearly all the sunshine of his earlier days was imparted by her bright, cheerful nature. Her sweet smiles have dissipated the gloom of every hour that bore anything of gloom. To her he has always confided his dearest secrets, and her loving sympathy has ever been his. If success has crowned any of his youthful efforts, a word of kindly approval from her has been valued more than from any one else. She has encouraged him in all his failures, and in that bitter hour, the darkest and most crushing of his life, when he was standing by his mother's bedside and her grasp on his hand was growing weaker and weaker as her spirit was about to take its heavenly flight, this darling cousin had put her arms lovingly around his neck and promised to be a true, devoted friend.

All these intervening years she has faithfully kept that promise, and little by little Philip has learned to love her. "Learned" did we write? We recall that ill-chosen word, for it had been no task to him to love this gentle, affectionate cousin.

Edith Haxton had never suspected for a moment that her loving interest in her cousin, and the thousands of little kindnesses which that interest had led her to show him, would be misunderstood. Nor had she dreamed either that all of cousin Philip's efforts to make her happy were aught else than manifestations of his noble, generous nature.

But, alas, for him, he had lived on, lisping and lisping; and, true to human nature, had been finding in each exhibition of Edith's cousinly love for him that which would fan and warm a flame which was destined soon to end in bitter, crushing disappointment.

Philip rides to the large, gable barn, and after taking off his saddle and providing Robin with food, walks musingly back towards the house.

Edith comes tripping out into the yard to meet him.

"Oh! I am so glad you have come," said she, in her charteristic, jubilant tone, "I've got a real secret to tell you and a little bit of trouble that you must help me out of."

"Are you really glad that I have come?" "Well, I suppose I must repay you by doing my best to help you in your trouble. It is a treat to be permitted to get away from the counting-room for a holiday out here. But come now, tell me the trouble."

By this time they had taken their seats on the bench over which the honey-suckle was hanging, and Edith's face has flushed till it is of a ruddy glow.

Slipping her little hand into cousin Philip's she began:

"There is one secret, cousin, that I have never told you."

"I trust," he replied, "that it was no lack of confidence in cousin Philip's ability and willingness to faithfully keep all your secrets."

"Oh! no, cousin, not that; but because I have not had an opportunity to have a quiet, cosy little chat with you.—Somehow or other I can never get myself exactly fixed for one of our chats unless we are rambling together through the meadows, over the hills, or sitting on the old grape-vine bench down by the holly-spring."

"But come now, tell me the trouble.—My curiosity is quite aroused. If cousin Philip can help his little cous., he will gladly, and he twined a strand of her raven hair playfully around his finger as he spoke."

"No, I cannot to-night! But to-morrow morning we will take a stroll, and then, when we are all alone, I will tell you and you may advise me what to do. Now I dare say your long ride from the city has made you quite hungry and tired, so come with me into the dining-room and take a nice lunch and then slip away for a good, long night's rest."

"Philip followed his cousin into the hall and thence into the dining-room, and, after eating a lunch, he kisses her good-night and goes up to his room.

Perhaps the kind, affectionate look, reader, which his fine, blue eyes gave this fairy-like cousin, as he left her, meant only a true *cousinly* love; but, alas! for him, the warm kiss which he impressed on her lips meant infinitely far more.

* * * * *

The morning has dawned! The forest songsters are welcoming the opening day with glad notes of praise!

Philip Haxton springs from his couch, his heart buoyant with anticipations of a day of pleasure with cousin Edith. A day like so many others with which the past is full!

He descends the stairs and meets his cousin in the hall.

"Come now," said he, "let's be done with that useless formality called 'eating breakfast' and strike for the woods."

"Willie, walk in! we are all waiting for you."

The meal is eaten amid a round of pleasant conversation, telling of city and farm news, neighborhood and city gossip, &c. When all have risen from the table Edith leaves the room to get her shawl and hat.

Hand in hand these cousins stroll down the winding path by the orchard, and then cross the clover heath and are soon lost in the deep shade of the grove.

Edith's heart is full of unselfish interest in this dear cousin's happiness, and in her innocence she has never dreamed that he is cherishing dearer feelings towards her. All her kindness, her little efforts for his good, have been that she might exert over him a refining, ennobling influence.

But Philip's heart! Alas! it is full of a love far deeper than that of a cousin. And as he walks along with this gentle, little cousin, he is dreaming over and over again the same old day-dream that has exerted so powerful an influence over his life. How very often in hours of temptation has he been able to bid the tempter depart by recalling her loving counsels! How strong a bulwark has this love for her—a love that he has never breathed, but which has made up so very much of his inner and heart life—been to him during all the past!

Now they are seated at the old holly spring—a place that recalls so many of the most pleasing reminiscences of their childhood day—and says cousin Philip:

"Now 'Little Cous,' tell me the trouble and let me try to help you."

Edith's eyes dropped down towards the ground, and, as she commenced, Philip noticed that a deep blush was on her cheek, the course or meaning of which he could not tell.

"Cousin Philip, do you remember Mr. Ralph Duane, whom you met here during the Christmas holidays?"

"Oh, yes! and he struck me as being a very pleasant and interesting gentleman. He is connected, in the capacity of travelling agent with the firm of Lawson, Gould & Co., "Wholesale Dealers in Furniture" of our city and is known as a thorough-going business man. I have quite frequently met him on the street and in the social circle since I met him here first, and the opinion formed of him here has been fully verified."

"I first knew him, cousin, I think I told you—while I was a pupil of Professor Stuart's school in Mellville. His father is a successful, well-to-do-tobacco merchant of Mellville, and a warm, personal friend of Professor Stuart's. Ralph Duane was one of the very few young men whom the Professor would permit to make regular visits upon the pupils."

"Well, Little Cous," said Philip jestingly, I am patiently waiting to hear the trouble."

"Cousin Philip," said Edith, and, as she looked up, the blush on her cheek became deeper, "I don't believe, that after all, it is half as much of a *trouble* as I thought it was. So I'll tell you, Ralph Duane's visits to Elmwood have been quite frequent recently! I have learned to love him! His manly integrity of character and his gentle sweetness of disposition have won my heart! He has, only last week, asked me to be his wife! Now, my precious Cousin Philip, the advice I wished is what shall I tell him?" and, folding her little hands and resting them on Philip's knee, she looked up into his face.

There is a trite and truthful maxim which says: "Blessings brighten as they take their flight." As Philip Haxton looked down into the dark, soul-full eyes of this Cousin, just at this moment when they were lit up with a brilliancy which a sincere, truthful love alone can impart, he thought her the pure ideal of all he ever dreamed of noble woman—one who can make of her home a sacred shrine to which the heart of her husband can turn in a weary hour of bitter care and crushing trouble for that unselfish sympathy which is not found in the world, for encouragement in failure and for a word of kindly approval to reward in success. In one short, sad moment all the precious hopes of his earlier years come flitting before him—he thought of the bright, sweet home, of which he had dreamed, whose most sacred charm and sweetest fascination would be the beautiful character of Edith Haxton—he remembered, how many of his thoughts had been of her; how very much of purpose of heart and life her kindness and gentleness had inspired him with; how frequently in hours of temptation her bright face had stood before him spectre-like, a guardian angel, to woo him from evil and lead him into paths that were right and true; how much of his very life she has filled and how his thoughts of her have given a golden hue and coloring to all the pictures of the future and have enabled him to see in the sky of life always a bright, silvery lining to each cloud.

These were the thoughts that filled Philip Haxton's mind in this short, bitter moment while Edith is waiting for a reply.

I do not know whether Cousin Edith is noticing how agitated he has become, or how pale is his face. Little, surely, is she dreaming of the struggle that is going on in his heart—a struggle between self and right. Cousin Edith is waiting anxiously for a reply—how will he answer her?

With a noble, unselfishness few ever possess he crushed his own heart's eager longings, and says:

"Cousin Edith, Ralph Duane is richly worthy of a true woman's love. I am sure the offer he has made you is sincere. He will make you a faithful husband, one in whom you can confide and one whom you can trust. He will struggle to make you happy. If you love him accept his offer of marriage and be sure that no one wishes for you a brighter, happier future than does Cousin Philip."

Some human actions seem to partake far more of the divine than the human. None will argue that it was human nature for Philip Haxton to sacrifice thus all his own fond dreams, and, with a genuine unselfishness, plead the cause of another. There are few John Aldens in real life.

"I fully value your kind words, spoken of Mr. Duane, Cousin, and thank you warmly for your advice and expression of good wishes, And now, I am sure, you will keep as faithfully this secret as you have always kept mine.—Come, now, it is quite time we were returning to the house."

The homeward walk is taken almost in silence.

Edith's heart is filled with a strange, sweet joy—with a picture of a happy future before her.

But, Philip's heart! Alas! it is full of wild anxious throbbings. Little does the happy girl at his side know about what is going on there! Nor will he mar the joy of her heart by telling of his own love. There was a time, when, if he whispered his devotion and pledged his vows, he might have been made happy, but his feeling of characteristic modesty and self-depreciation bade him not, and, "now," he says to his wildly beating heart, "'tis too late."

How many are the hearts in whose unwritten history there are records of burden taken up again with only, "It might have been," to stay the heart's beatings.

Philip Haxton does not speak his love, but sternly resolves that it shall make him a better man.

So are there, ofttimes, in human hearts deeply seated affections which are fondly cherished but which the fate "that shapes their end" bids their possessors never to divulge. They are unwritten, unexpressed! But, God may be thanked for them and they be made an incentive to better and holier living, to a host of kindly deeds for others' good, and to faithful efforts to become worthy and true. They make up the great inner and unseen part of human experience! Let them be used to purify the nature and become a propelling motive urging forward.

Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

Does Grant Mean War?

The New Orleans *Picayune* publishes an extract from a letter written by a gentleman residing at Washington, which is suggestive. The writer says:

"My conviction is very clear that the electoral vote of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina will be given to Hayes. The Republican party never intends to give up this Government. If you knew as I do about the venality, corruption and villiany of those in power here, you would not and could not be surprised at their tenacity of purpose to hold the Government. With a Democratic Administration would come a thorough and complete investigation of the various departments, and there would be exposed corruptions and the perpetration of wholesale swindles and gigantic frauds such as would appal and startle the nation, and their perpetrators could not escape condign punishment. To the leaders of this Republican party civil war, with all its attendant horrors, is preferable to such profound and personal disaster as would follow the inauguration of Tilden. Do not, therefore, delude yourself with any false hope. Grant means war; so do Chandler, Cameron, and, I firmly believe, the Senate. The Republican leaders are a unit upon the question."

HON. A. H. STEPHENS ON THE USURPATION.—The following explains itself:

"*Washington*, Dec. 10.—*Editor Constitutional, Augusta, Ga.:* The statements going the rounds of the papers that I am advising a friendly acceptance by the people of the South of the inauguration of Mr. Hayes is utterly unfounded. I never have and never shall advise them or any other people to give a friendly acceptance of any administration inaugurated by the grossest frauds and most palpable usurpations. While I might not advise forcible resistance to an Administration thus inaugurated, yet I never could give it the sanction of my approval or friendly acceptance. For the overthrow of such a dynasty I should rather appeal to the peaceful instrumentalities of the Constitution.—These are the legislative halls, the judiciary, and the ballot-box, the latter of which should ever be held as sacred as the ark of the covenant.

[Signed.] ALEX. H. STEPHENS.

A thimble is an article of jewelry that was once more extensively worn than now.

[From the St. Nicholas Magazine.]

MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"What do you do on Christmas?" asked a pale-faced little girl in a black dress, of her cousin Jeanie.

"Christmas?" said Jeanie, with a puzzled look on her rosy face. "Why, nothing; only just not go to school."

"Nothing!" returned the first speaker, aghast. "Don't you have any Christmas-tree?"

"Christmas-tree! What's that?" asked Jeanie.

"Nor hang up your stocking?"

Jeanie shook her head.

"Nor have a single bit of a present?" May went on in utter amazement.

"What for!" asked Jeanie.

"Why, don't you know about Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives everybody a present?" said May, completely bewildered.

"Don't know nothing 'bout him," said Jeanie. "Don't b'lieve there's any such a person in Missouri."

May drew a long sigh. It was not the first time she had sighed since the jolting old wagon, called a stage, had landed her, two weeks before, at her uncle's home, a wretched, penniless orphan.

"What is a Christmas-tree, any way?" asked Jeanie, seeing that May was not going to speak.

"Oh, it's a beautiful green tree, covered with lights and presents and beautiful things! When mamma was alive we always had one on Christmas Eve."

"Does it grow so?" asked Jeanie curiously.

"Of course not! what a question!" said May, "Do you know what Christmas *is*, anyhow?" she added, with a quick flush of color.

"Of course I do," retorted Jeanie; "but *that* hasn't anything to do with Christmas-trees."

"Yes it has," said May, earnestly, "a great deal to do with them, and with every way that we have for having everything just as sweet and lovely as we can on that day. Mother always said so."

Jeanie opened her eyes wider, and then asked softly:

"But what about the Christmas-tree, May?"

"Well, it's cut down and brought into the house, and all the things put on before you see it, and when it's all ready the folding doors are opened, and—oh! it's beautiful!" May added in ecstacy. "Last Christmas I had such lovely things,—the prettiest blue dress you ever saw—I've got a piece of it in my trunk—and new clothes for my doll; oh, such nice ones! a whole suit with overskirt, and all in the fashion; and a cornucopia of candies and a box of nuts and raisins and —— Oh, I can't think of half the things," added May, brightly, yet half ready to cry.

"I wish I could see one," said Jeanie; "but we don't have such things here.—Ma hasn't got time, nor anybody."

"I'll tell you what we can do, I guess," said May, who had been receiving an idea in her mind; "we might get up one ourselves—you could; of course it would not be so nice as mamma's, but it would be better than none."

"Well, let's!" said Jeanie, "and not tell a single one till it's all done."

"Where can we have it? We need a fire and a door that will lock," said May.

"Oh, Pa'll let me have the out-room, I know, if I coax him," said Jeanie, "and we can put a nail over the latch to fasten the door."

The out-room, you must know, was a roughly built room, a little apart from the house. It had a big open fire-place and a huge kettle, and when there was any big work, like making up the year's soap, or putting down the year's supply of salt pork, a great fire was built there and the out room came into use.

"Well," said May, reflectively, "I guess we can do it; we can trim it up, you know."

"How," asked Jeanie, to whom all Christmas ways were unknown mysteries.

"Oh, I'll show you. We can get evergreens in the woods, and oh, some of that lovely bitter-sweet, and I can make paper flowers," May went on enthusiastically, as ideas rushed into her mind.—"We can have it real pretty; but don't let's tell anybody a thing about it."

The next week was a very busy one to the two plotters. Every moment, when out of school, they were whispering in corners, or engaged in some mysterious work, which they would hide if any one came near.

Mrs. Stanley was glad to see the first cheerful look on the face of the orphan, and did not interfere so long as the girls kept out of her way. The boys—of whom there were two younger and one older than Jeanie—were very curious, and Will—the older one—rather teasing about it; but on the whole May and Jeanie succeeded very well in keeping their secret.

Two days before Christmas Jeanie followed her father as he started off in the morning to the barn to feed the cattle. How she managed her teasing I cannot say, but in a short time came into the house, radiant, gave a mysterious nod to May, and they at once disappeared upstairs.

Soon they stole down the back way, armed themselves with brooms, materials for a fire, and a big nail with which to lock the door, and slipped into the out-room.

It was not a promising looking place, but they were young and enthusiastic; so Jeanie went to work to build up a roaring fire, and May began with the broom."

Well, they worked all day, harder than ever before in their lives, and all the next day, and when at last the room was ready for company it really looked very pretty.

The bare walls were ornamented with wreaths of the gay bitter-sweet, and ever-green boughs, brightened by an occasional rose or lily neatly made by May, of thin white paper. The big kettle was transformed into a table by means of a board or two across the top, and a white sheet spread over all. The two windows were curtained with old newspapers, concealed by branches of evergreen. In the center of the room stood a tub, and braced up in it by stones and sticks of wood, hidden by sprays of green, stood a very pretty evergreen-tree. There were no candles on it, for the united wisdom of the two workers had not been able to compass that. But the bright flickering light of the fire was enough, and in fact made just the right effect, as it did not reveal too much.

On the tree were hung bits of bright ribbon and other pretty things out of May's trunk—keepsakes from her old playmates. These were used just for decoration. There were long strings of popped corn besides. There were festoons about the branches, and among them a present for each one of the family.

All this time, one of the girls had been obliged to stay in the out-room every moment to keep the door locked, for the boys were just wild to find out the mystery. Mrs. Stanley had stopped in her dreary round of drudgery—for this home, you must know, was the temple of work—to ask what all the fuss was about. But Jeanie told her that her father said she might use the out-room; and she was too busy and tired to feel much interest,—so she said, "well, she didn't care so's they didn't do any mischief."

On the eventful night, when called to supper, May went into the family-room, for Jeanie could not tear herself away from contemplation of the wonderful tree. To her it was the embodiment of everything beautiful and enchanting in the world. With no books but school-books, no pictures, no papers, nothing beautiful to be seen in that little grinding prairie home, she had never even conceived of anything so lovely.

When at last they rose from the table, May stopped at the door.

"Aunt," she began timidly,—for she was rather afraid of the hard-working woman, whose sharp gray eyes seemed to look through her, and whose thin lips never opened but to make some practical remarks,—"will you come over with uncle and see our Christmas-tree? Come, boys." And she started off.

"So that's what the young ones have been up to, is it?" said Mr. Stanley, lighting his pipe. "Come, mother, let's go over and see what they've got. That May's the beater for plans if ever I see one."

"Wall," said Mrs. Stanley, pushing back the table she had already cleared, "I don't mind if I step over a minute before I get out my dish water. I never see Jane so took up as she has been this week."

They went over to the out-room. The boys were already there, staring in a bewilderment of wonder. May leaned against the unique table, very tired, but happy, and Jeanie fairly danced around with delight.

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Stanley, "this looks something like, now! Why, this carries me back to when I was a boy, away down in York State. I'd never 'a' thought you two little gals could fix this old room up so pretty; would you now, mother?"

"Mother" didn't say anything. There was a sort of a choke in her throat, and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye, as she looked at the bright, happy faces of her children—faces such as she had never seen since they were babies, before they were initiated into the regular family grind.

After a moment she recovered herself, went up to May, and, to her utter amazement, gave her a warm kiss, and said:

"It's beautiful, dear, and I thank you for it." And then she looked a few minutes, and said she must go. But Jeanie sprang up.

"Wait, ma; the presents are coming yet."

"Presents!" said Mr. Stanley, "are these presents, then?"

"Oh, of course!" said May, "else how could it be a Christmas-tree?"

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Stanley.

May now went up to the tree and took down first a pretty necktie for Will, made out of some of her bits of silk.

"Why, that's just the very thing I want," said Will, amazed. "How did you know that, you witch? and who made it?"

"Jeanie and I," said May.

"No, May made it 'most every bit," said Jeanie. "I don't know how."

Next came a pair of warm red mittens for Harry.

"Jeanie made these," said May. "I can't knit."

Well, so they went on. Mrs. Stanley had a pretty pin cushion for her bureau; Mr. Stanley a net bag for his tobacco; Johnny a pair of wristlets to keep his wrists warm. Each of the children had a little bag of nicely cracked hickory-nuts, a beautiful red apple and a few sticks of molasses candy. The girl had nothing; they had been so busy they never thought of themselves.

When the presents were all distributed, and the children were busy eating nuts and candy, and having a merry time naming apple seeds, and doing other things that May taught them, Mrs. Stanley stole out, and went back to the kitchen to her dish-washing. But something was the matter, for she moved more slowly than ever before; she let the water run over, put the soap into the milkcup, and made various other blunders. She was thinking.

And when all the family were in bed that night, and she and Mr. Stanley were sitting alone by the fire, she spoke her thoughts.

"John, that tree has set me a-thinking. We aint doing just right by our children. It's all work and no play, and they're growing old and sober before their time. We're forehanded enough now to let up on them a little."

"You're right, mother," said Mr. Stanley. "I've been thinking the same thing myself. That little gal, with her pretty, lady-like ways, does make me think so much of her mother, only 'twan't natural to her to be so down-hearted as the little one has been. But see her to-night! I declare I'd do anything a'most to keep that happy face on her. What shall we do, Sally?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley, her face unwontedly bright with new thoughts, "it is n't eight o'clock yet, and I've been thinking if you'd go to the village and buy a few things to put by their beds for Christmas it would be good. Children think so much of such things," she added, half apologetically.

"So it would! and I'll do it, wife," said Mr. Stanley, taking his boots out of the corner, and hastening to put them on. "Make out your list, and I'll go down to Kenedy's. He don't shut up till nine."

Kenedy's was a country store where you could buy everything, from a needle to a thrashing-machine, and about nine o'clock Mr. Stanley came home with a market-basket full of things. There was a gay merino dress for Jeanie, a pair of skates for May, a new knife for Will, a sled and a picture-book for each of the boys.

There was, besides these, a package of real store candy, some raisins, and down under the whole, where Mrs. Stanley could not see it, a neat dark dress for her, which Mr. Stanley had bought to surprise her.

Well, everybody *was* surprised the next morning, you may be sure, and after the breakfast—of which little was eaten—Will went out and killed a turkey. Jeanie and May put on big aprons and helped; Will chopped stuffing and suet; and, for the first time in their lives, the children had a real Christmast dinner—plum-pudding and all.

That was the beginning of a new life in the plain farm-house. Little by little books found their way to the table, an easy-chair or two stole into the rooms, pictures made their appearance on the wall, and in time a wing was added to the house! After awhile a neat-handed farmer's daughter came to help Mrs. Stanley. Shrubbery came up in the yard, vines began to grow over the windows, and the fence had a new coat of paint. Now that she was not always tired out, Mrs. Stanley began to go out among her neighbors; friendly visits succeeded, then a tea party. Will joined the book-club in the village, and Mrs. Stanley invited them to meet at her house in turn, and in fact, some innocent pleasures came into these hard-working lives, and all owing, as Mr. Stanley would say, holding the bright, happy May on his knee, "to this little girl's Christmas tree."

THE OFFICEHOLDERS AGAINST THE PEOPLE.—A letter from Washington to the Whig says, forcibly:

"Every subject becomes contemptible in presence of the momentous political questions peering above the horizon of the second century. Are majorities to rule, or are the officeholders strong enough to declare their tenure perpetual? No well-informed person doubts that if it were not for this class, from the Cabinet campaign minister down to the postmaster who edits a county newspaper, the country's demand for a change would have been respected and conceded, and that now, instead of anarchy and industrial paralysis, the country would be healthfully engaged in merchandise and agriculture."