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Staunton Spectator.

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GOING EAST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.29 p. m.	1.50 a. m.
" Charlottesville	4.20 "	4.05 "
" Gordonsville	5.20 "	5.00 "
Ar. Richmond	8.50 "	8.50 "
" Junction	7.30 "	7.20 Breakfast.
Le. Junction		9.10 a. m.
Ar. Washington	9.40 "	1.10 p. m.
" Baltimore	11.55 "	3.05 "
" Philadelphia	3.40 a. m.	6.50 "
" New York	6.45 "	10.05 "

☞ Passengers by the Express Train connect at Hanover Junction for all points North. By Mail Train at Gordonsville for points North.

GOING WEST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.40 p. m.	2.50 a. m.
" Goshen	4.25 "	4.21 "
" Millboro'	4.49 "	4.41 "
" Covington	6.50 Supper	6.08 "
" White Sulphur	8.11 p. m.	7.03 "
" Hinton	11.05 "	9.25 "
" Kanawha Falls	3.10 a. m.	12.50 p. m. dinner
" Charleston	5.41 "	2.37 "
" Huntington	9.00 " Ar.	5.15 "
Ar. Cincinnati		6.00 a. m.

Connecting with the early trains leaving Cincinnati.

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(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

EAST.

Leave—	Accom.	Mail.	Accom.
Staunton	6.15 a. m.	11.15 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Weyer's Cave	6.57 "	11.47 "	4.12 "
Arrive—			
Harrisonburg	7.24 "		4.55 "
Leave—			
Harrisonburg	7.45 "	12.15 p. m.	
New Market	9.47 "	1.07 "	
Mt. Jackson	10.25 "	1.20 "	
Arrive—			
Woodstock	—	2.05 "	
Leave—			
Woodstock	11.29 "	2.30 "	
Strasburg	12.27 p. m.	3.06 "	
Winchester	3.00 "	4.11 "	
Arrive—			
Harper's Ferry	5.56 "	5.35 "	
Washington		8.00 "	
Baltimore		9.30 "	

WEST.

Leave—	Mail.	Accom.	Accom.
Baltimore	7.10 a. m.		
Washington	8.35 "		
Harper's Ferry	11.00 "	7.10 a. m.	
Winchester	12.16 p. m.	10.45 "	
Strasburg	1.00 "	12.18 p. m.	
Woodstock	2.05 "	2.15 "	
Mt. Jackson	2.38 "	3.18 "	
New Market	2.57 "	3.54 "	
Harrisonburg	3.44 "	6.10 "	10.30 a. m.
Weyer's Cave	4.12 "	6.57 "	11.30 "
Arrive—			
Staunton	4.45 "	7.50 "	12.20 p. m.

Mail Train through to Washington and Baltimore without change of cars, and makes close connection at Harper's Ferry with Express Trains for the West. The Accommodation leaving Staunton at 3 15 p. m., runs through to Harper's Ferry on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

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A NEW TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

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My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of Suitings, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c., of the latest styles and best manufacture. ☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed. Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

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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, mar9-tf Waynesboro', Va.

POETRY.

For the SPECTATOR.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

"Love's mission is to reveal the hidden beauties of Nature and lead the soul in happiness to God."

From out the pearly gates of Heaven,
An angel winged its radiant flight,
Its pinions caught the hues of Even,
The parting smiles of Day to Night!
It swept the star-dust as it passed,
Through unknown realms with wid'ning wings,
It heard throughout the boundless vast,
The choral chime each planet sings!
Undazzled by the comet's glare,
That flashed in flame through sapphire deeps,
With folded hands and flowing hair,
By sun and system on it sweeps!

And never turning once to gaze,
Back to the realms where far-off shone,
The gleaming Jasper sea that rolls
In music, round the great White Throne;
It swept into the murky fold
Of air, that swathes the sphered world;
It shone a flash of starry gold,
Midst dusky clouds, fantastic furled;
It lighted on a mountain side,
The mountain brooklet caught its smile,
Through flowery mead, and forest wide,
It flashed it seaward, mile on mile!
A Heaven-born song, the angel sung;
The birds in dreams heard down the vales,
Since then the nights of earth have rung
With melodies of nightingales!
It breathed its breath upon the flowers,
They clasped their petals, held it there,
Till purpled morn, when through earth's bowers,
Unclasped, they breathed it on the air!

It donned a garb that mortals wear,
And moved into the human throng,
And in a vision, after prayer,
I saw all this,—have sought her long!
I found her when I least supposed;
She shone upon me like a gleam
Of God's own glory half disclosed,
To the Apocalyptic's dream;
She's with me now, 'tis she that fills
My soul with music all day long,
And 'neath her touch my soul it thrills,
As did the birds which heard her song!

And in the glances of her eyes,
So full of love that beam on me,
I see the light the streamlets caught,
And dimpling carried to the sea!
When on my cheek her breath I feel,
(Its by my side she sits for hours;)
I feel across my senses steal
The same sweet scent she gave the flowers!
God tells me she will linger here,
To render happy all my life,
That having her, I need not fear,
Since I've an angel for a wife!
That after while when she has rid
My soul of earth and sin's dark leaven,
She'll spread her wings so long kept hid,
And lead my soul to Him in heaven!

P. MOWBRAY GORDON.

WE PARTED.

We parted one eve at the garden gate,
When the dew was on the heather,
And I promised my love to come back to her
Ere the pleasant autumn weather—
That we twain might wed
When the leaves were red,
And live and love together.

She cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair
And I kissed the lips of cherry,
And gave her a ring of old-time gold,
With a stone like the mountain berry—
As clear and blue
As her eyes were true—
Sweet eyes, so bright and merry!

"The wealth of my love is all I have
To give you," she said in turning,
"The gold that wears—like the radiant stars,
In yonder blue vault burning!"
And I took the trust,
As a lover must
Whose soul for love is yearning.

Fate kept us apart for many years,
And the blue sea rolled between us:
Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress
And made fresh vows to Venus—
Till I sought my bride;
And fate defied,
That failed from love to wean us.

I found my love at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And we twain were wed at the little kirk
In the pleasant autumn weather;
And the gold that wears
Now soothes my cares,
And we live and love together.

THE BEST WIFE.

"The best little wife in the world!" said Herbert Ainscourt.

"Of course—I dare say," responded Mr. Portcross. "But what's your exact idea of the best wife in the world? Jones says he's got the best wife in the world, because she keeps his stockings darned, takes him to church three times of a Sunday, and never lets him have an idea of his own. Jenkins says he's got the same identical article, but Jenkin's wife keeps all the money, draws his salary for him, and makes him live in the back kitchen because the parlor is too good for the family use."

"Oh! but Daisy isn't a bit ogreish—a little, submissive, soft voiced thing that hasn't an idea except what is reflected on me. I tell you what, old fellow, I'm master of my own house; I come when I please, and go when I please. Daisy never ventures on a word of reproach."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself, larking around at the clubs as you do, dissipated-bachelor fashion."

"Ashamed! what of?"

"Why, I suppose you owe some duties to your wife?"

"Where's the harm? My wife doesn't care."

"Probably you think so because she is quiet and submissive; but if she were to object—"

"Object! I'd like to hear her try it."

"Now, look, here, Ainscourt, your wife may be a model wife, but you certainly are not a model husband. People are beginning to talk about the way you neglect that pretty little blue-eyed girl."

"I'll thank people to mind their own business. Neglect her, indeed! Why, man I love her as I love my own soul."

"Then why don't you treat her as if you did?"

"Oh, come, Portcross, that question just shows what a regular old bachelor you are. It won't do to make too much of your wife, unless you want to spoil her."

Mr. Portcross shook his head.

"That sounds selfish. I don't like the ring of that metal."

And he went away, leaving Mr. Ainscourt to finish his games of billiards at leisure.

"What a regular old fuss-budget Portcross is," laughed the latter. "Always poking his nose into somebody else's business. There's one comfort—I never pay any attention to what he says."

Meanwhile Mrs. Ainscourt was sitting alone in her drawing-room, her two little white hands tightly locked in one another, and her fair head slightly drooping—a delicate little apple-blossom of a woman, with blue, wistful eyes and curly flaxen hair, looking more like a grown-up child than a wife of twenty-one summers.

"Oh dear!" sighed Daisy. "It is so dull here. I wish Herbert would come home. He never spends any time with me now-a-days, and read the newspapers, so I can talk about the things he's interested in, and try so hard to be entertaining. It's very strange."

And then her oval face brightened into sudden brilliance, and the sparkles stole into her eyes; for the quick ear had detected her husband's footsteps on the stairs. The next moment he came in.

"Well, pet, how are you?" with a playful pinch of her cheek. "There are some *bonbons* for you. Where are my light gloves."

"O Herbert! you are not going away again?"

"I must, Daisy. There are a lot of fellows going to drive to High Bridge, and I'm one of the party. You can go over to my mother's for dinner, or send for one of your friends, or something. There, good-bye, puss, I'm in a deuce of a hurry."

And with one careless kiss pressed on the quivering damask rose of a mouth that was lifted up to him, he was gone.

Daisy Ainscourt neither went to her mother-in-law, nor sent for one of her girl friends. She spent the evening all alone, pondering on the shadow which was fast overgrowing her life.

"What shall I do?" thought the little, timid, shrinking wife. "Oh, what shall I do?"

But, child as she was, Daisy had a strong, resolute woman's heart within her, nor was she long in coming to a decision.

"Daisy," said her husband to her the next day, "you haven't any objections to my attending the Orion Bal Masque?"

"Are masked balls nice places, Herbert?"

"O yes, everybody goes; only I thought I'd pay you the compliment of asking whether you disapproved or not."

"Can I go with you?"

"Well—ahem—not very well, this time, Daisy. You see, Mrs. Fenchurch really hinted so strongly for me to take her, that I couldn't help it."

"Very well," assented Daisy, meekly, and Herbert repeated within himself the pæan of praises he had chanted in Mr. Portcross' ears: "The best little wife in the world!"

But notwithstanding all this, Mr. Ainscourt was not exactly pleased, when, at the selfsame Bal Masque, during the gay period of unmasking, he saw his wife's innocent face crowning the picturesque costume of a Baravian peasant girl.

"Hallo!" he ejaculated, rather ungraciously, "you here!"

"Yes," lisped Daisy, with a girlish smile. "You said everybody went! And oh, Herbert, isn't it nice?"

Mr. Ainscourt said nothing more, but Mrs. Fenchurch found him a very stupid companion for the remainder of the evening.

He was late at dinner the next day; but, late as he was, he found himself more punctual than his wife, and the solitary meal was half over before Mrs. Daisy tripped in, her cashmere shawl trailing over her shoulders, and her dimpled cheeks all pink with the fresh wind.

"Am I behind time! Really, I am so sorry! But we have been driving in the park, and—"

"We! Who are we?" growled her husband.

"Why, Colonel Adair and I—the Colonel Adair that you go out with so much."

"Now, look here, Daisy!" ejaculated Mr. Ainscourt, rising from the table and pushing back his chair. "Adair isn't exactly the man I want you to drive with!"

"But you go everywhere with him?"

"I dare say—but you and I are two."

"Now, dear Herbert," interposed Daisy, wilfully misunderstanding him, "you know I never was a bit proud, and the associates that are good enough for my husband are good enough for me Let me give you a few more oysters."

Ainscourt looked sharply at his wife. Was she really in earnest, or was there a mere mocking undercurrent of satire in her tone? But he could not decide, so artless was her countenance.

I'll talk to her about it sometime, was his internal decision.

"Daisy," he said, carelessly, when dinner was over, "I've asked old Mrs. Barberry to come and spend the day with you to-morrow?"

"Oh, have you? I'm sorry, for I am engaged out to-morrow?"

"You! Where?"

"Oh, at Delmonico's. I've joined a Woman's Rights Club, and we meet there to organize."

"The deuce take woman's rights!" ejaculated the irate husband.

"Of course I don't believe in them, but it's the fashion to belong to a club, and such a nice place to go evenings. I am dull here evenings, Herbert."

Herbert's heart smote him, but he answered, resolutely:

"I beg you will give up this ridiculous idea. What do women want of clubs?"

"What men do, I suppose."

"But I don't approve of it at all."

"You belong to three clubs, Herbert."

"That's altogether a different matter."

"But why is it different?"

"Hem—why? because—of course anybody can see why—its self-evident."

"I must be very blind," said Mrs. Ainscourt, demurely, but I confess I can't discriminate the essential difference."

Herbert Ainscourt said nothing more, but he did not at all relish the change that had lately come over the spirit of Daisy's dream.

She did change, somehow. She went out driving, here, there and everywhere. He never knew when he was certain of a quiet evening with her; she joined not only that club, but innumerable societies for a thousand and one purposes, which took her away from home almost continually. Mr. Ainscourt chafed against the bit but it was useless. Daisy always had an excuse to plead.

Presently her mother-in-law bore down upon her, an austere old lady in black satin and a chestnut-brown wig.

"Daisy, you are making my son wretched."

"Am I?" cried Daisy. "Dear me I hadn't any idea of it! What's the trouble?"

"You must ask himself," said the mother-in-law, who believed—sensible old lady—in young married people's settling their own difficulties. "All I know in the bare fact."

So Daisy went home to the drawing room, where Herbert lay on the sofa pretending to read, but in reality brooding over his troubles.

"What's the matter, Herbert?" said Daisy, kneeling on the floor beside him, and putting her soft, cool hands on his fevered brow.

"The matter? Nothing much, only I am miserable," he sullenly answered.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Because you are so changed, Daisy."

"How am I changed?"

"You are never at home; you have lost the domesticity which was, in my eyes, your greatest charm. I never have you to myself any more. Daisy don't you see how this is embittering my life?"

"Does it make you unhappy?" she asked, softly.

"You know it does, Daisy."

"And do you suppose I liked it, Herbert?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I passed the first year of my married life in just such a lonesome way. You had no 'domesticity.' Clubs, drives, billard playing, and champagne suppers engrossed your whole time. I, your wife pined at home alone."

"But why didn't you tell me you were unhappy?"

"Because you would have laughed at the idea, and called it a woman's whim. I resolved when we were first married, to fritter away neither time nor breath in idle complaints. I have not complained; I have simply followed your example. If it was not a good one, whose fault was that?"

"No, Daisy, not yours."

"I don't like this kind of life," went on Daisy. It is a false excitement—a hollow diversion; but I persisted in it for the same reason, I supposed that you did—because it was the fashion. Now tell, me Herbert, whether you prefer a fashionable wife, or Daisy?"

"Daisy—a thousand times Daisy!"

"But Daisy can't get along with a theatre going, club-living husband."

"Then she shall have a husband who finds his greatest happiness at his own hearthstone—whose wife is his dearest treasure—who has tried the experience of surface and finds it unsatisfactory. Daisy, shall we begin our matrimonial career anew?"

And Daisy's whispered answer was, "Yes."

"But what must you have thought of me all this time?" she asked him, after a little while.

"I know what I think now."

"And what is that?"

"I think," said Mr. Ainscourt, with emphasis, "that you are the best wife in the world."

[From the New York Observer.]

The Wonderful Sleeping Preacher.

Truth is not unfrequently stranger than fiction. The supernatural cannot be explained by science. What the writer is about to state are facts, and if human testimony from the very best of men is worth anything, they are beyond disputation. The subject of this short sketch is the Rev. C. B. Sanders, now living at Mayesville, eleven miles east of Huntsville, Ala., and for 23 years a highly esteemed minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. He utterly refuses to be called a spiritualist, clairvoyant, or that he is a subject of mesmerism, or animal magnetism, but simply says of himself, "I am a vessel of mercy whom the Lord has chosen to this end;" and further says, "My peculiar developments will not be explained from a scientific standpoint, at least so long as it is assumed that my physical sufferings are the cause of my mental phenomena." He is indeed a wonder to himself and to the many who have both seen and heard him while in his peculiar sleeps for the last twenty or more years.

The developments of Mr. Sanders commenced in 1854, and continued more or less until 1876. In 1854 he was attacked with a typhoid fever, during which he was taken with violent convulsions, affecting his whole body, especially his arms, chest, throat and tongue. The suture of the skull is separated to such an extent that one could bury the little finger in the opening.—His head and lungs seemed to be the seat of the most intense pain. In extreme cases, respiration would be suspended for such a length of time that it seemed impossible ever to return, the pulse beating feebly but so rapidly as to be beyond counting. These paroxysms continued until 1859; but he still suffers from violent pains in the head and lungs.

He is called the "Sleeping Preacher," for want of a better name, by all who know or have heard of him, and the writer heard him thus called eighteen years ago. Sometimes he sleeps, and yet seems to be wide awake, the eyes wide open but without winking, and in this state will talk, answer questions, walk to a considerable distance, and in this respect seems somnambulistic; and yet has no knowledge when in his normal state of what he has said or done. Sometimes, when the pain is severe in his head, he has it bandaged heavily, covering the eyes, will pass into one of his sleeps, which may continue for an hour, or day, or several days, and in this condition will call for pencil and paper, and with his hands under the cover will write letters to his friends, moral essays, or report sermons at that time being preached miles and miles away, following the lines as closely as if awake, not omitting the dotting of an i or the crossing of t. He thus reported, during one of his "sleeps," a sermon preached by the Rev. F. A. Ross, of Huntsville, Ala., in 1874, twelve miles away, giving text, subject, in fact the whole sermon complete, and read it the next morning to his friends. Dr. Ross was written to, and vouches for the correctness of the sermon. In 1876 Mr. Sanders was in Tullahoma, Tenn., conversing with Dr. Cowan, between 12 and 1 at night (Mr. Sanders being in one of his nervous sleeps.) The passenger train for Chattanooga was heard coming. Mr. Sanders began telling Dr. Cowan of a passenger on board who was suffering from a disease of the heart, and described his condition; suddenly he exclaimed, "There, that man dropped a silver coin." When asked who, he replied, "A man on the platform of the car, wearing a cap. The coin is silver, with an advertisement on one side, which is up"—Search was made that night, by the aid of a lantern. Mr. Sanders directed the exact spot to look. The advertisement read as follows:

JAS. S. BRADLEY,
Gilder and Frame Maker.
154 W. St., N. Y.
Cheapest in the City.

Mr. Bradley was written to, and replied that he issued such silver tokens twenty years ago.

"He is gone! gone! gone! poor fellow, what a pity!" "Who is gone?" was asked. "Lieutenant McClure; he has just died in Clarksville, Tenn.," was the answer. A telegram was received by Mrs. McClure, the next morning, announcing the death of her husband by bursting of a blood vessel. Mr. Sanders was at Athens, Ala., 150 miles from Clarksville. Coming into a friend's house one morning, with a slip of paper in his hand, he commenced reading it, saying, "Your folks are all well at Salisbury, N. C.; I went to see them last night; there was a large fire there;" and then described its origin and progress in minutia. The next letter from Salisbury confirmed his statements.

The writer could fill columns of the *Observer* with similar wonderful things concerning the "Sleeping Preacher."—His most eloquent sermons were preached while in his abnormal condition. A newspaper is as easily read with his eyes heavily bandaged as when in his normal condition. In regard to his peculiar exercise of the mental powers of seeing and hearing, he says it cannot be explained so as to understand the phenomena. His soul does not leave the body, but like rays of light his sight penetrates in every direction, and without any limit—distance seems annihilated. In all his written communications during the "sleeps" he invariably signs the same X† Y=Z—No explanation is given as to what this formula means. He has been told that this condition will return again, when all will be explained.

For the last three or four years he has been free from this peculiar state, sleeps naturally, and is conscious of having once dreamed, the first time in 22 years. The pain in his head and lungs continues with severity; yet his general health is good. From 180 he has increased to 220 pounds. He is now, as he has always been, a hard worker in the cause of the Master. Before closing this sketch I copy from a letter received from his intimate friend, the Rev. Geo. W. Mitchell, Athens, Ala., who has written a short sketch of Mr. Sanders:

"There have no new facts occurred since the book was written. * * * Mr. Sanders has been in almost incessant ministerial labor, and has been greatly blessed in the same, not only in his own pastoral work, which has steadily prospered, but, in other congregations. Scores, I may say hundreds, have been brought to Christ through his ministry."

The book written by Mr. Mitchell has the endorsement of such names as Dr. F. A. Ross, Huntsville, Ala.; Rev. H. R. Smith, Montgomery; Rev. Dr. McDonald, Lebanon, Tenn.; Rev. M. B. DeWitt, Nashville, Tenn., and a host of other names of clergymen, doctors, judges and other prominent citizens, many of whom were eye-witnesses.

ASHWOOD, TENN.

DECAY IN THE BELIEF IN WITCHCRAFT.—A doctrine, the denial of which two centuries ago in New England would have been considered proof positive of infidel tendencies and a long stride toward atheism; a doctrine which the most revered divines identified with a standing or falling Bible; which was commended to favor by the almost concurrent voices of the learned of preceding Christian ages; which bishops and councils had stamped with a solemn approval; on the ground of which death had been inflicted on thousands upon thousands of men and women, especially from the thirteenth century onward—this doctrine has now dssappeared.—It is alien to our consciousness. It is no longer included in the stock of our religious beliefs. The first scepticism respecting it was resented and deplored by good men as an evidence of the degeneracy "of the present age"—that bad "present age" which good men in every generation have pronounced worse than others before it. The first signs of the obsolescence of this ancient belief were observed with dismay by sincerely pious men, who rallied for the defence of the faith, and grasped the ark more tenaciously the more they saw it to be in danger. They hurled their proof texts—"Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" they spurned the novel interpretations which made "the witch" to be a mere juggler; they shouted, "Sadducee;" they scattered their sarcasms on the effrontery of the new lights who fancied themselves on a loftier pinnacle than the generations before them. All was in vain. The obsolescent belief soon became obsolete.—The eighteenth century smiled at the credulity of the seventeenth; and the nineteenth century does the same.

Witchcraft, along with faith in it, has vanished. The devils who helped their human allies to pinch and prick sleeping children, sometimes to poison cattle and upset milkpails, have taken their flight. Salem is quiet from the incursions out of Tartarus; it is actually, as well as nominally, a city of peace. Gradually, and yet rapidly, men came to disbelieve what they had before believed. Emancipated from the old tenet, they began to deride it as a weak superstition. Spasmodic efforts to save the decaying doctrine proved useless. Even the potent voice of Wesley fell on listless ears. *—George P. Fisher in Saturday Afternoon for January.*

FOR HUSBANDS.—Don't think when you have won a wife that you have also won a slave.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relation to you is changed, not her nature.

Don't think that you can dispense with all the little civilities of life toward her on marrying. She appreciates those things quite as much as other women.

Don't be gruff and rude at home.—Had you been that sort of a fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving her grudgingly. What she needs give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do She will feel better, and so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have no more right to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't find fault with her extravagance in ribbons, &c., until you have shut down on cigars, tobacco, beer, &c.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at night to see the show, or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper, and hurry off to spend evenings, lounging around away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend your evenings enough with her.

Don't prowl in the loafing resorts till midnight, wasting your time in culpable idleness, leaving your wife lonely at home to brood over your neglect and her disappointment.

Don't think that board and clothes are sufficient for all a wife does for you.

COOKING POTATOES.—To most of us the food we eat is valuable because we like it, and not so much because we consider ourselves a machine on which profit and loss is to be nicely calculated in regard to what we eat. But, as perhaps some of our readers are chemically or financially disposed, and have a desire to know to a penny what their bodies cost, and to a grain the material of which it is made, we give the following about cooking patatoes from an English agricultural magazine;

As food, the potato is valuable on account of the potash and phosphoric acid it contains, and it is of the first importance that the potash salts should not be lost in the process of cooking, for it is to these salts potatoes owe their anti scorbutic properties. Potatoes steamed with their skins on lose very little potash and scarcely any phosphoric acid, while if steamed after pealing, they lose 7 and 5 per cent., perceptibly. Similarly, potatoes, when boiled with their skins on, lose more than 2 per cent. of their phosphoric aid; but if they are boiled after peeling, they lose as much as 33 per cent. of potash and 23 per cent. of phosphoric acid. Hence, if potatoes must be peeled, they should be steamed, not boiled; and, if they must be boiled, they should at least retain their jackets during the operation—the best way of all, from a scientific point of view, to steam them before peeling, or to bake them in their skins.

WHY LACE IS COSTLY.—The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on the piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark under ground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the thread from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels ground so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are sometimes used; and for a larger width as many as eight hundred on the same pillow.

A Wheeling inventor is getting up a new patent chair for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs up through the seat, and while the patient is howling and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.

An honest newsboy in San Francisco advertised that the gentleman who gave him a $5 gold piece in mistake for a quarter could have it by calling at his "corner."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

WORK FOR MONTH OF FEBRUARY.

ORCHARD AND FRUIT GARDEN.—Among the varieties of apples, pears, cherries, &c., on nine farms out of every ten, as a rule, there are some the fruit of which does not meet the wishes of its owner. This is mostly due to local causes, impossible in some cases to remedy in any other way than by regrafting; and such being the fact, this month is a very good time to collect grafts of *tried* and reliable kinds for the purpose. Cut wood of last year's growth only, tie and mark carefully each variety, and if sawdust is convenient pack in a box with same, in sufficient quantity, so that there will be no danger of it becoming dry before time to proceed with the operation of grafting. Experience in keeping grafts for spring use gives this method the preference to others with us, though, where sawdust is not easily obtainable, the grafts may be buried in the earth and kept free from frost, fresh and in good condition for use when the proper time arrives. In grafting trees of the above-named kinds of fruits, when at bearing age, it is not safe to cut off all of the limbs at one time, as the shock thus produced is likely to weaken and endanger the health of the trees. Better graft about half of the tops the first spring, leaving the rest remain for a year or two afterwards. Almost anybody can graft with fair success if they will take proper pains, as there is no mystery and but little art involved.—The old plan of sawing off the limbs, and splitting the stumps thus remaining, inserting the wedged seams, containing four or five buds each, in the split, is generally practiced, and answers the purpose quite well—having its advantages and disadvantages, like all other plans. If, however, it is not desirable to resort to the "splitting process," it can be obviated by delaying the operation until the bark parts freely from the wood, when the limbs may be sawed off as before, paring smoothly with a sharp knife the rough surface of the stump, splitting the *bark* only for half an inch or so, wedging the graft on one side only for an inch and a half or two inches, and inserting between the bark and wood on the principle of budding, wrapping securely with bass-bark, or other material to keep in place, then covering the entire wound with grafting wax to keep out rain and air. A few hours careful labor, appropriated as above described, will be amply rewarded in profit and pleasure.

Pruning may be done during mild weather; and when we say pruning we do not mean the wholesale cutting off of limbs, as is the practice with too many farmers when they begin the "thinning out" process. *A great many more trees are injured by too much cutting than by too little;* but it is not the farmers alone who "overdo it" in cutting; the professional tree pruner, who advertises his business in his county paper, and with a hand-saw and a pair of shears ruins nine-tenths of the trees entrusted to his superior (!) skill by cutting the tops away instead of pruning, is a greater nuisance in the orchard than either the borer or codling moth. If, during mild spells of weather, you do not deem it advisable to gather a half or two-thirds of the limbs of your fruit trees on to the brush-pile, through the advice and aid of your "county professional," you can proceed with any planting you may wish to do, or which is remaining over from last fall's programme.

In the *fruit garden*, if the canes of blackberries and raspberries have not yet been removed, it should be attended to, and where the new canes are strong and tall they should be headed in one-third of the length of canes; and in order to insure a good crop of berries they must be well manured with either well-rotted stable manure or a good and liberal dressing of dissolved bone, to be worked into the soil in early spring. If the pruning of grape-vines is not yet attended to, it should have prompt attention. Strong-growing kinds, such as Concord, Clinton, Wilder, &c., must not be cut too close, as a crop of fruit may be sacrificed. Catawba, Iona, Delaware, and other feeble growers, will bear and be benefitted by close pruning. Let good judgment accompany the shears and the result will be more satisfactory.

Sowing Clover Seed.—The old-fashioned plan of sowing on snow during this month, when a timely one happens to fall, is a good one. It can then be sown with great regularity, and as the snow melts it is carried down into the crevices and cracks of the earth, which close up as the frost escapes and the rains fall. If not sown in this way, it is well to defer until all of the frost is out of the ground, and then, sowing on the wheat and rye fields, harrow in with a light harrow. This not only covers the clover seed, but benefits the grain plants; and if a roller is passed over both, it will be so much the better. The large or sappling clover ripens later than the more common sort, and some think it more valuable in every respect. A gallon of seed to the acre is sufficient for most soils.

Orchard Grass.—This grass seems to grow in popular favor wherever it is well adapted to sowing with clover, which has the effect of filling the spaces between the stools in which it grows unless heavy seeding is practiced. This, with early cutting, will cause a heavy, more even, and a finer growth. When sown by itself, two bushels to the acre are not too much. When with clover, one bushel of orchard grass and 8 to 10 lbs. of clover seed. The permanence of an orchard grass-sod is a matter of surprise to those not familiar with it.—With any sort of decent care it is very persistent; and this character, with its abundant yield, its resistance to droughts, its earliness in spring, all conspire to recommend it as one of the most useful grass plants for this latitude.

Corn Ground.—Winter plowing is desirable and effective where the temper of a light soil can be ameliorated by an admixture with a stiffer quality of subsoil lying below. This admixture should not be too violent, and the turning up to any great depth of a lower stratum, whose qualities have not been tested, is not to be advised; but by intermingling the two gradually, say by running the plow an inch deeper, and in spring crops plowing and harrowing thoroughly, will in most cases be a decided advantage. A dressing moderately light of lime will be found advantageous then.

Live Stock.—Every kind of farm stock needs especial care at this season and this care pays in every way. As a question of economy of feed, to say nothing of the greater comfort of the animals and its humanity, we advocate sheltering for our farm stock of all kinds.

Oats.—Preparations for this crop may be begun with benefit, and it is one deserving greater attention than it too often gets. A number of trials of winter oats were made in this State last fall, and we shall look with interest to the result.

Pastures.—May advantageously receive a dressing of bone dust and ashes, super-phosphate or salt and plaster, when the teams can go on the land without poaching. If harrowed in and rolled so much the better.

Manures and Composts.—Materials for increasing these are always available and can often be gathered when little other work can be profitably done.

Machinery, Tools, &c.—Give these some attention now and make needed repairs at once, before the time is at hand to use them.

For the SPECTATOR.

MY FATHER'S PLANTATION.

BY BERTIE VALERE

Far removed from the world's confusion,
Nestled in a lonely spot,
Stands my father's old plantation,—
Where we early cast our lot.

There, no sorrows round me gather;
Mine is one of earth's glad ways;
And beside my proud old father,
I shall spend my early days.

And when forced from its protection,
By the world, to strive with fate,
Mem'ries of the old plantation
For my loss shall compensate.

And when gloom, and cares, assail me,
And when sorrow 'round me sways,
I shall close my eyes, and think me,
E'en the child of other days.

I shall dream of golden sunshine,
Playing round my father's door;
And the thoughts of home entwine
'Round me, as they did of yore.

I shall dream of silver moonbeams
Shining on our mother's hair;
As we little children gathered
'Round, to lisp our evening prayer.

I shall dream of pleasant rambles
Through the woods in search of flowers;
And with these autumnal treasures,
We would decorate our bowers.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

These dreams are not of expectation,—
They are memories of the past;
But the imagery of the old plantation,
Forever on my heart shall last.

CRAIGSVILLE, VA., Feb. 9th, 1879.

A lady of rank in Paris died some weeks ago, in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, of whom an interesting story is told. She was a famous card player, and was credited with knowing every game there was to know. When traveling in a foreign land she met one day, in a hotel, a Russian lady with that passion for gambling said to be inherent in the Russian nation. Anxious to play with the lady from Paris, she wrote requesting a few games. Her request was granted, and the ladies played all night, the Russian losing at every hand, until her opponent had won from her more money than the mines in the Ural had produced for her revenues in twenty-five years. At last the Russian lady made a despairing effort to regain her fortune, but without avail. Rising from the table, she told the French lady how she had lost more than she possessed, but that in her desire to pay a debt of honor she would instruct her steward to convey to her the title deeds of all the mines and estates she owned. At this the victorious antagonist smiled and requested that she might have her own way in the matter, since she had won. A priest and a lawyer were sent for. When they arrived, the Russian lady was asked to bind herself by a solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk money at any game of chance. She did so, and then signed an engagement to pay her antagonist the annual sum of $2,000. The vow never to play cards for money again she faithfully kept, and the $2,000 was punctually paid every year, the French lady giving it the name of the "Queen of Spades Bounty," and invariably giving it to the poor of Paris.

BEEF STEAK FOR WINTER USE.—Cut the steaks large and the usual thickness; have ready a mixture made of salt, sugar, and finely powdered salipetre, mixed in the same proportion as for corning beef; sprinkle the bottom of a large jar with salt, lay in a piece of steak and sprinkle over it some of the mixture, as much or a little more than you would use to season in cooking, then put in another slice, sprinkled, and so on till the jar is filled, with a sprinkle of the mixture on top; over all, put a plate, with a weight on it, and set in a cool, airy place, where it will not freeze. This needs no brine, as it makes a brine of its own.—Twenty-five or thirty pounds may be kept perfectly sweet in this way. Take out to use as wanted, and broil or fry as usual.

WELL TO DO COLORED MEN.—The New York *Independent*, speaking of the wealth of the colored people in the city of New York and Brooklyn says:

"In the city of Brooklyn there lives a colored woman who is a native of Norfolk, Va., whose property value is estimated at from three to five hundred thousand dollars, and has all been accumulated by her own enterprise. Another colored man in the city is set down at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a large number at from fifty to eighty thousand dollars, and a very large number at from twenty to fifty thousand dollars; all of which have been accumulated by their own industry.

"I have to-day," said Mr. Edison, "produced the highest temperature that has ever been made by artificial means. I concentrated the electricity from a thirteen-horse-power machine into the space of half an inch by enclosing carbon points in a block of lime. Pieces of iridium, one of the hardest metals to melt, dropped into the flame volatized immediately with an explosion. A small screw-driver passed across the flame would be cut in two, the part touched by the heat melting instantly. Even parts of the lime crucible fused under the intense heat, and the light from it was so glaring that it painfully affected my eyes.—*New York Herald.*

In our homes we keep the pictures of the friends who have left us, to assist us in keeping fresh and green the memory of their love. We also plant above their graves the evergreen and weeping willow, at once a picture of our sorrow and our hopes; thus when we go there we not only recall the friendship of earth, but pass joyfully over into the unknown where we shall meet again on the fields of immortal youth. So it seems to me that in the family life of the Church we should occasionally remember those who though absent are still with us through the ministration of their lifetime to the adorning of this our common home.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone forever. If man elects to mount the rounds of the world's ladder he must have what Charles Lamb calls "grit." The man who expects that quality of nature must become a pugilist, knocking the *i* out of all "i's." It is the element in the body-politic of every successful man.—A man low down you cannot keep down if he wants to rise. Men rise from gutters to rule palaces of kings, and to command the men content to remain in bondage.

To know a thing is right, and not to do it, is a weakness. When you know a thing, maintain that you know it; when you do not know it; admit the fact; this is wisdom. Fear not poverty, but fear missing of the truth.

When our pleasures become pure and healthful our minds will be full of sunlight, for the surest criterion of a sound nature is a capacity for innocent enjoyment. Happiness is a duty as well as a privilege.