Staunton Spectator.

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RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is $2.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ When payments are not made strictly in advance Three Dollars will be charged.

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

Staunton Spectator.

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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.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

☞ Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

SAMUEL S. SMELTZER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. OFFICE at 109 Augusta Street. nov26-1y

WM. A. HUDSON. WM. PATRICK.
HUDSON & PATRICK, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA., Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

J. E. GUY. R. L. PARRISH.
GUY & PARRISH, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. Office in Sullivan Building 2nd floor, Augusta Street. dec4-tf

ALEX. H. H. STUART, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Having recovered his health, and retired from public life, will hereafter give diligent attention to such causes in chancery, and in the Court of Appeals at Staunton, as may be entrusted to his care. no20-4t

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

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

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, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LEWISBURG, WEST VA., 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—No. 10 Lawyer's Row, Court-house Alley. 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*, STAUNTON, VA. may 5

RAILROADS.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY.

On and after December 13th, 1878, Passenger Trains will run as follows: Mail Train daily except Sunday. Express daily.

GOING EAST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.00 p. m.	12.35 a. m.
" Charlottesville	4.15 "	2.45 "
" Gordonsville	5.20 "	3.45 "
Ar. Richmond	8.30 "	7.00 "
Ar. Washington	9.40 "	7.57 a. m.
" Baltimore	11.55 "	10.15 "
" Philadelphia		1.45 p. m.
" New York	6.45 "	4.45 "

☞ Passengers by the Express and Mail Trains connect at Gordonsville for points North, and by Express Trains at Charlottesville for Lynchburg, and points South.

GOING WEST.

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Le. Staunton	2.20 p. m.	4.55 a. m.
" Goshen	3.46 "	6.15 "
" Millboro'	4.05 "	6.35 "
" Covington	5.35 "	8.20 Breakfast.
" White Sulphur	6.45 "	9.23 "
" Alderson's	8.40 Supper	
" Hinton	10.30 "	11.15 "
" Kanawha Falls	3.07 a. m.	2.20 p. m. dinner
" Charleston	5.36 "	3.59 "
" Huntington	9.00 " Ar.	6.30 "
Ar. Cincinnati		6.00 a. m.

Connecting with the early trains leaving Cincinnati.

No. 22 leaves Staunton daily, Sundays excepted at 6.30 a. m., connecting at Charlottesville for Lynchburg, arriving in Lynchburg 2.32 p. m., connecting with A. M. & O. R. R. Round Trip Tickets on sale to Jacksonville, Florida, good until the 15th day of May,—price $40.00.

Via Piedmont Air Line leave Richmond going South 10.25 p. m. and 11.40 a. m. Via Atlantic Coast Line, leave Richmond at 10.35 p. m., and 11.35 a. m.

First-Class and Emigrant Tickets to the West lower and time quicker by this than any other route.

For Tickets and information, apply to or address
JOHN H. WOODWARD, Ticket Agent, Staunton, Va.
Maj. P. H. WOODWARD, Passenger Agent.
CONWAY R. HOWARD, G. P. and T. Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, Engineer and Supt. apr15

SCHEDULE OF TRAINS ON VALLEY AND B. & O. RAILROADS.

(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	7.34 "		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	1.12 "	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.

S. M. WOODWARD, JR., Supt. V. R. R.
J. H. AVERILL, S. of T., B. & O. R. R. jy2

GROCERIES AND PRODUCE.

NEW FIRM.
W. F. WOOD & CO.,
No. 2 South Augusta Street,
Next door to C. E. Haines's Tobacco Store. Here will be found a full line of
FRESH GROCERIES,
and all articles usually kept in a first-class City Grocery, with Prices to suit the times. All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE bought and taken in exchange for goods. Parties who make PRIME BUTTER will do well to give us a call before selling. A choice article of **New Orleans Molasses**—new crop—just received.
Just received a lot of Northern Seed Irish Potatoes—Early Rose, Peerless, Goodrich.
may6 W. F. WOOD & CO.

FURNITURE.

NEW ENTERPRISE.

In addition to their large SASH AND BLIND FACTORY, LUSHBAUGH & BRO., have opened an extensive FURNITURE MANUFACTORY, Where all kinds of plain and Elegant Furniture, such as MARBLE TOP CHAMBER SETS, CABINETS, BOOK CASES, PARLOR SETS, DESKS, Office and Library Tables, BEDS, BUREAUS, &c., &c., are manufactured and offered to the trade.

Having first-class facilities they propose to put up work which, in style and finish, will compete with foreign manufacture, whilst in material and workmanship it will surpass.—They will use nothing but the **Best Seasoned Timber**, and having experienced mechanics and all kinds of improved machinery, will allow no article to leave their manufactory which will not stand the severest tests. Believing that work of this character can be manufactured here in our midst, where the material is so plentiful and superior, as cheap if not cheaper than the larger cities, they have inaugurated this HOME ENTERPRISE! and propose to push it to success. It will be their aim to establish for their goods a reputation, and to this end no effort will be spared to make them second to none in workmanship and finish, and as cheap as the same character of work can be sold. All they ask is an examination of their goods and prices.

Messrs. Lushbaugh & Bro. still continue the business of BUILDERS & CONTRACTORS, in which they have been extensively engaged for years past. They also manufacture and keep constantly on hand at their factory, near the C. & O. R. R., at South end of Lewis Street, all kinds of—
SASHES,
DOORS, BLINDS,
BUILDERS MATERIAL,
&c., &c., &c.
☞ Estimates for buildings, &c., promptly furnished.
H. J. LUSHBAUGH & BRO., Staunton, Va. mar4

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

Purchasers of Furniture will always find it greatly to their advantage to examine the large stock kept on hand and manufactured by
S. M. WILKES,
Before purchasing.
UNDERTAKING!
METALIC CASES, WALNUT AND ROSEWOOD FINISHED COFFINS, always ready for use.
☞ NO DELAYS! NO TRAINS MISSED.
S. M. WILKES, South SideMain St., Staunton. apr27-tf

MEATS, &c.

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

FRESH MEATS,
At Reduced Prices for CASH.

Having given up my stall in the Market House, I have opened a **Daily Market** for all kinds of **Fresh Meats**, in the
O'CONNER BUILDING,
ON AUGUSTA ST.,
next door to Leftwich's Grocery Store, where I am prepared at all hours to furnish the very best BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, PORK, and SAUSAGE at reduced prices for CASH. I also keep constantly on hand the best quality of SPICED and CORN BEEF, of which I make a specialty.
I respectfully solicit the patronage of my old friends and the public generally.
☞ Smoked Tongues always on hand.
feb25— REEVES CATT.

TAYLOR & SMART,
PORK PACKERS,
O'CONNER BUILDING,
— AUGUSTA STREET, STAUNTON, VA., —
Keep on hand and for sale at low figures,
S. C. Hams,
S. C. Canvass Hams, 12 lb. average,
S. C. Breakfast Bacon.
S. C. Shoulders,
K. R. Lard,
Tierce Refined Lard.
Also Fresh Sausage, at 8c. per lb.; Smoked Sausage at 10c. per lb.; Spare ribs and chines, 5c.
They respectfully ask the patronage of the public, as they can make it to the advantage of this community to encourage this new enterprise. feb25-3m

FRESH MEATS!

I wish to inform my customers and the public generally, that I am still selling
☞ CHOICE FRESH MEATS ☜
at the
MARKET HOUSE,
ON THE REGULAR MARKET DAYS.
My facilities enable me to sell as low as any who advertise to **sell low for cash.**
I will in a short time erect on my lot on Augusta St., a nice Meat Store furnished with my new PATENT REFRIGERATOR, when I will have at all hours all kinds of meats usually kept at a first-class Meat Store.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.
Respectfully,
mar4-tf JOS. P. AST.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for
Hop Bitters will Cure You.
If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties; or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you are simply ailing; if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,
Hop Bitters will Restore You.
If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties; or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work,
Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.
If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion, or are growing too fast, as is often the case.
Hop Bitters will Relieve You.
If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating,
Hop Bitters is What You Need.
If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,
Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.
COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.
The HOP PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is *superior* to all others. It is perfect. Ask Druggists.
D. I. C. is an asolute and irresistable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N.Y.
apr1-1y

DR. GEO. S. WALKER, so well and favorably known in Augusta and adjoining counties, is associated with
GEO. W. MAY & CO.
in their drug business on Augusta street, opposite the Augusta National Bank, and will be glad to see his many friends at his new place of business. oct8

WADSWORTH, MARTINEZ & LONGMAN'S
PREPARED PAINT,
for economy, beauty of finish, desirability, is the cheapest and best Paint offered. GEO. W. MAY & CO., Sole Agents. oct8

GEO. W. MAY & CO. sell the
Jones' Ventilated Truss and Abdominal Supporter.
This truss is nickel plated and will never wear out, and is acknowledged to be the best in the market. Send for circulars. oct8

GEO. W. MAY & CO., Agents for the
Buffalo Lithia Water,
just from the Spring oct8

DR. RADCLIFFE'S SEVEN SEALS OF GOLDEN WONDER. Literally demolishes pain. GEO. W. MAY & CO., Sole Agents.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

TUTT'S PILLS!
INTRODUCED. 1865

A TORPID LIVER
is the fruitful source of many diseases, prominent among which are
DYSPEPSIA, SICK-HEADACHE, COSTIVENESS, DYSENTERY, BILIOUS FEVER, AGUE AND FEVER, JAUNDICE, PILES, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY COMPLAINT, COLIC, ETC.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of Appetite and Nausea, the bowels are costive, but sometimes alternate with looseness, Pain in the Head, accompanied with a Dull sensation in the back part, Pain in the right side and under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, General weariness; Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness at night with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.

TUTT'S PILLS
are especially adapted to such cases, a single dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

TUTT'S PILLS
are compounded from substances that are free from any properties that can injure the most delicate organization. They Search, Cleanse, Purify, and Invigorate the entire System. By relieving the engorged Liver, they cleanse the blood from poisonous humors, and thus impart health and vitality to the body, causing the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.

A Noted Divine says:
"Dr. TUTT:—Dear Sir: For ten years I have been a martyr to Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles. Last Spring your Pills were recommended to me; I used them (but with little faith). I am now a well man, have good appetite, digestion perfect, regular stools, piles gone, and I have gained forty pounds solid flesh. They are worth their weight in gold.
REV. R. L. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.

TUTT'S PILLS.
Their first effect is to **Increase the Appetite**, and cause the body to **Take on Flesh**, thus the system is **nourished**, and by their **Tonic Action** on the **Digestive Organs**, **Regular Stools** are produced.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD, OF NEW YORK, SAYS:—
"Few diseases exist that cannot be relieved by restoring the Liver to its normal functions, and for this purpose no remedy has ever been invented that has as happy an effect as TUTT'S PILLS."
SOLD EVERYWHERE, PRICE 25 CENTS.
Office 35 Murray Street, New York.
☞ Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts" will be mailed *free* on application.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, acts Instantaneously, and is as Harmless as spring water. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.

OLD AND RELIABLE.
DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR is a Standard Family Remedy for diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.—It is Purely Vegetable.—It never Debilitates—It is Cathartic and Tonic. TRY IT.
SANFORD'S
To Have Good Health, the Liver must be kept in order; its unhealthy action causes Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Headache, Bowel Complaints, Seasickness, and other Disorders.
LIVER
The Liver is the seat of malarial diseases. The Liver Invigorator protects the system from Miasmatic Influences. It Purifies the Blood, Regulates the Bowels, Assists Digestion, and Strengthens the System.
INVIGORATOR
The Liver Invigorator has been used in my practice and by the public, for more than 35 years, with unprecedented results.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
S. T. W. SANFORD, M.D., 162 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
ANY DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU ITS REPUTATION.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
For Restoring the Hair
To its Natural Vitality and Color.

Advancing years, sickness, care, disappointment, and hereditary predisposition, all turn the hair gray, and either of them incline it to shed prematurely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, by long and extensive use has proven that it stops the falling of the hair immediately; often renews the growth; and always surely restores its color when faded or gray. It stimulates the nutritive organs to healthy activity, and preserves both the hair and its beauty. Thus brashy, weak or sickly hair becomes glossy, pliable and strengthened; lost hair regrows with lively expression; falling hair is checked and established; thin hair thickens; and faded or gray hairs resume their original color. Its operation is sure and harmless. It cures dandruff, heals all humors, and keeps the scalp, cool, clean and soft—under which conditions, diseases of the scalp are impossible.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the VIGOR is praised for its grateful and agreeable perfume, and valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE. jell-1ye5w

GOOD NEWS FOR THE BALD. GEO. W. MAY & CO. are agents for
CARBOLINE,
Nature's Noblest Remedy, will positively produce a growth of hair on a bald head.

WE offer to families and contractors, and all who wish to paint,
PURE LEAD AND OIL
At BOTTOM FIGURES.
oct8 G. W. MAY & CO.

ATTENTION FAT MEN.—Use ALLEN'S ANTI-FAT. Get rid of your corpulency—no possible danger from its use. Send for circulars to GEO. W. MAY & CO.

PRESCRIPTIONS accurately compounded and store opened at all hours of the night and day.
oct8 GEO. W. MAY & CO.

POETRY.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is one of the most remarkable compositions we have ever met with. It evinces an ingenuity of arrangement peculiarly its own. Explanation: The initial capitals spell, "My boast is in the glorious Cross of Christ." The words in *italics*, when read from top to bottom and bottom to top, form the Lord's Prayer complete:—

Make known the Gospel truths, *our* father king,
Yield up thy grace, dear *Father* from above,
Bless us with hearts *which* feelingly can sing,
"Our life thou *art* for *ever*, God of Love!"
Assuage our grief *in* love *for* Christ, we pray,
Since the bright prince of *Heaven* and *glory* died,
Took all our sins and *hallowed the* display,
Infant *be*-ing, first a man, *and* then was crucified.
Stupendous God! *thy* grace and *power* make known;
In Jesus's *name* let all *the* world rejoice,
Now labor in *thy* heavenly *kingdom* own,
That blessed *kingdom* for thy saints *the* choice,
How vile to *come* to thee *is* all our cry,
Enemies to *thy* self and all that's *thine*,
Graceless our *will*; we live *for* vanity,
Loathing the very *be*-ing, *evil* in design.
O God, thy will be *done from* earth to Heaven;
Reclining *on* the Gospel, let *us* live,
In *earth* from sin *deliver*-ed and forgiven.
Oh! *as* thyself *but* teach us to forgive,
Unless *it's* power *temptation* doth destroy,
Sure *is* our fall *into* the depth of woe.
Carnal *in* mind, we've *not* a glimpse of joy
Raised against *heaven*; in *us*, hope we can flow.
O *give* us grace and *lead* us on thy way;
Shine on *us* with thy love and give *us* peace,
Self and *this* sin that rise *against* us slay.
Oh! grant each *day* our *trespass*-es may cease;
Forgive *our* evil deeds *that* oft we do,
Convince us *daily* of *them* to our shame.
Help us with heavenly *bread*; *forgive* us, too,
Recurrent lusts, *and we*'ll adore thy name;
In thy *forgive*-ness we *as* saints can die,
Since for *us* and our *tresspasses* so high,
Thy Son, *our* Savior, bled on Calvary.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

SHORTCOMINGS.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed!
She has counted six and over
Of a purse well filled and a heart well tried—
O! each a worthy lover!
They give her time; for her soul must slip
Where the world must set the grooving,
She will lie to none, with her fair red lip
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,
As her thoughts were beyond recalling,
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,
From her eyelids rising and falling,
Speaks common words with a blushful air;
Hears bold ones, unreproving;
But her silence says what she never will swear,
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the light guitar,
And drop a smile to the bringer,
Then smile as sweetly when he is far,
At the voice of an indoor singer;
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;
Glance lightly on their removing
And join new vows to old perjuries—
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think when the song is done
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel when left by one
That all men else go with him;
Unless you can know when upraised by his breath
That your beauty itself needs proving;
Unless you swear. "For life—for death!"
Oh! fear to call it loving!

Unless you must in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past!
Oh! never call it loving!

THE MATRICIDE! OR THE CRIPPLE'S CURSE!

A STRANGE STORY OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE—THE SLAUGHTER AT THE ACCURSED HOUSE—THE BLOOD-STAINED MONEY WHICH SENT AN INNOCENT MAN TO THE GARROTE.

On September 1, 1877, Pedro Domenic was garroted in Salamanca, Spain, for murder. On January 13, 1879, Bastien Domenic, a crippled beggar, whose daily post was in the plaza in front of the Domination Convent of St. Stephen, where Columbus first ventilated the scheme which led to the discovery of America, fell upon and butchered Salvador Aguaverde, Doctor of Chemistry to the University, as he passed by on his way to his daily lecture. No more complete or justifiable a vengence than that secured by the murderous mendicant's act was ever recorded in history.

At the head of the Calle San Sebastian, in the ancient city of Salamanca, stands a gloomy old house which seems to look down on the busy life of the street over which it lowers with a perpetual frown. Green mold stains its walls, the crumbling ornaments over its broken doors are overgrown with moss, the winds and the birds have deposited seeds in the interstices of its masonry, and grasses have sprouted out and grow in bright tufts on the somber stones, while from the shattered casements tawdry rags flap in the hot breeze, and frowsy women and lean men lounge and smoke and gossip all day, and almost all night, too, for the matter of that. Casa Maldicha is in a decent neighborhood, but it has a reputation as evil as its name.

THE ACCURSED HOUSE.

One hot night in July, 1877, a starveling little tailor, who sheltered his famished bones in one of the garrets of the accursed house, was disturbed in his work by a faint moaning, which seemed to proceed from the next division of the attic. The interruption was repeated several times, and he finaly uncrossed his skinny legs and got up. When he opened his door he fancied that a dark figure passed swiftly down the foul and unlighted corridor and was swallowed by the gloom.

The light of his miserable candle revealed no one, though the moaning had ceased, and the only noises audible were the labored breathing of the other denizens of the garrets, who, with open doors, were sleeping through the suffocating night in brief forgetfulness of their daily misery.

"I must have been mistaken," he said to himself. "The old girl has been sound asleep this long time. *Carocha*! My poor empty stomach has made my ears ring."

And he returned to his room. He had scarcely reseated himself when a shuffling step approached outside, and the door opened. Upon the threshold appeared a figure garbed in filthy rags, and

HORRIBLE IN ITS MISSHAPEN UGLINESS.

It was a man, but so twisted and deformed, either by nature or disease, so pinched by want, and withered by misery, that there was little human about him save his deepset fiery eyes. Even his voice was shrill and cracked, as if it was produced by some skillful mechanism.

"*Sangre de Dios!*" he snarled, as he dragged his hideous, crippled form into the room. "You are up late, Pedro."

"I have not earned my dinner yet," returned the tailor, dismally stroking his attenuated stomach.

"But I have brought you some devils in hell! man. Look here."

And he produced from under the ragged blanket which served him for a cloak a deep porringer filled with a smoking stew and a pewter bottle, such as is used to hold the cheap Catalan wine. The lean tailor sniffed the air approvingly.

"An *ollo podrida*!" he exclaimed, "and wine, too, by all that's holy! *Caramba*! Bastien but you must have been in luck to-day."

"Not to-day, but to-night. Three beggardly coppers were all I picked up to day, and I made up my mind to a fast of hard bread and water. But as I got to the door below, a man rushed out and against me,

UPSETTING ME IN THE GUTTER.

I swore like a fiend, of course. He muttered something, threw me some money, and hurried off. I found four good new *pesos* (silver dollars) in the mud. Behold the result."

And he tossed a handful of money on the rickety table beside the srew and the wine. The tailor uttered an exclamation of delight, but cut it short with a sharp cry.

"God be with us!" he cried. "What is that?"

"What is what? What do you mean? Why, it is money, man, and food and drink, of course."

"Bastien!" gaspe dthe tailor, gripping his companion's distorted wrist. "Look, look! It is blood!"

The cripple ripped out a frightful oath. As his companion said, the three large coins were dabbed and besmeared with blood, and there were stains on the hand with which he had drawn the money from his pocket. The two men glared at one another for a minute, petrified by astonishment and terror. Then the tailor snatched up his candle.

"The noises in old Teresa's room!" he cried. "The man I saw in the corridor! Blessed heaven guard us! What can have happened?"

And he rushed out of the room.

The door of the next apartment was closed but not locked. It swung open, creaking, under the tailor's touch. A draught of hot wind blew his candle out but a weired crimson glow pervaded the place, and revealed, in the middle of the room, a ghastly huddled heap, from which rose two hands, clasped as if in prayer, and gripping the remnant of a broken rosary.

It was the dead body of an old woman.

It was stretched on the floor, surrounded by a lake of blood. The face had been crushed in by a tailor's goose, which lay beside it. The body had been ripped open, and a savage Catalan knife with a blade eighteen inches long, was still sticking in the gaping wound. The knees were bent, as if the fatal blows had been struck while the victim was praying, and she had sunk back without the strength to straighten them. The glow from a charcoal-fire in a rusty brazier in a corner lighted the hideous scene with lurid glances.

The terrified tailor's eyes lighted on the goose, and he picked it up mechanically.

"Saints in heaven!" he gasped. "It is my iron, which she borrowed from me this morning

TO SMOOTH HER NEW PETTICOAT WITH!"

"And the knife she got me to buy for her last week," said the cripple. "See, I know it by the cross on the handle."

The noise of approaching feet behind them startled them. Their loud voices had alarmed the neighbors, and they were soon the centre of an excited and horrified throng. Some one called a policeman, and the whole neighborhood was shortly aroused and streaming to the Accursed House.

Stupefied and bewildered, the two discoverers of the tragedy told confused stories, and the ever-ready suspicions of the police were aroused. Their agitation, the gory weapons in their hands, the bloody money on their table, discounted every explanation they made. They were arrested and brought to trial.

A terrible array of facts rose against them. The shop-keeper who had sold the knife to the cripple itentified it. The goose was identified as the tailor's property. The dollar which the cripple had changed to purchase food was stained with blood. The butchered woman was a poor old creature, who had lived no one knew exactly how, except that she usually had a little money. The only people in the house, with whom she held any communion, were the two brothers, and the only name even they knew her by was "Old Teresa."

Goaded by misery, the prosecution argued, they had assassinated and plundered her and on the strength of this argument Pedro Domenic was condemned to death. The cripple, out of consideration for his physical misery, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

"Justice is accursed!" shrieked Bastien in a piercing voice, when these sentences were rendered. "It drinks innocent blood, and I curse it and its instruments. May their eyes be blasted! May their flesh rot from their bones! May their tongues drop out,

AND THEIR SOULS ROAST IN HELL!"

It required half a dozen strong arms to drag the foaming cripple to a cell. The audience which filled the Court, impressionable as all the Southern audiences are, applauded his maledictions, and the courtroom had to be cleared by force. When Pedro Domenic was garroted it took three regiments of soldiers to prevent the mob from rescuing the victim, who was dragged to his doom in a condition of abject stupefaction sickening to behold.

Like most other sensations, however, this one was as short lived as it was violent. People spoke for a few days of the murder at the Casa Maldicha, and of the cripple's curse, and then a new excitement rose and they were forgotten.

A few months later they were revived in full force by the news that, in a fit of sudden madness, one of the Judges who had condemned the brothers to their respective fates had assaulted his wife and nearly strangled her before she could be rescued. The unfortunate man was found to be hopelessly insane, and within a year died,

CHAINED TO THE WALL OF A MAD-HOUSE.

A strange fatality seemed to pursue all the chief instruments in Pedro Domenic's death. The prosecuting attorney was frightfully mutilated in the terrible accident on the Salamanca railroad, in September, 1878. Before the end of that year the second Judge, ruined by the dishonesty of a friend, to whom he had confided his fortune for investment, blew out his brains. People shook their heads ominously, and said, "The curse of Bastien is being fulfilled."

While the interest in the tragedy of the Accursed House was thus revived, Bastien Domenic suddenly appeared one morning at his old post in the Plaza St. Stephen. The authorities had got tired of taking care of a fellow who could neither work nor make himself useful in any other way, and with the consent of the surgeons, who announced that the cripple had fallen into a condition of incurable but harmless idiocy, had released him. So he became visible one morning, squatting on the stone pavement with his grease-caked hat between his gnarled knees, as he had squatted for many years before.

But, unlike his former self, he no longer spoke to any one; the tricks of the street-boys could not provoke him to any retort; even the vagrant curs, once his pet aversion, sniffed his tatters unmolested. Crouching with bent head and rounded back from morning till night, watching every passer-by with his keen, fiery eyes, and mumbling to himself, the only audible words that escaped him were:

"HE WILL COME YET.

It is the will of God, and he must come."

On the morning of January 13th Professor Aguaverde, who had lately returned from a six months' residence in Paris, set out for the University to resume the course of lectures which his absence had interrupted. The chemist was a tall, thin man, cold, methodical and stern of manner. He was young yet, but worn with intense study. Though an able scientist, he was universally disliked, his repellant manner and brusque speech exciting common aversion.

He passed through the plaza at a couple of yards distance from the crouching cripple. Some loungers in the square saw the latter's distorted form draw itself together. Before they could interfere Bastien launched himself at the Professor, uttering a roar like that of a furious beast of prey.

He had snatched a huge Albecete knife from his breast and cut his victim down with the first blow. The chemist struggled fiercely, screaming for help, but his cries only added to his assailant's fury, and by the time assistance arrived he was fairly butchered to death. The assassin, dripping with blood, kept the police at bay with his murderous knife till a well-aimed stone stretched him senseless, and he was secured.

WHEN HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS

He asserted that his victim was the mysterious stranger of the Accursed House, the man who had given him the bloody money, and for whose crime his brother Pedro had suffered death. Brief as the first view he had had of him had been, its tragic consequences had imprinted every lineament on his memory. "His face haunted me," he said, "as if it was painted on my eyeballs with fire. I could not describe it, but I could have picked it out from among a million in the night."

The man was evidently sane. His idocy had been either cunningly assumed, to facilitate his release, or dissipated by the securing of the vengeance over which he had been brooding so darkly and so long! The authorities, impressed by his sincerity, ordered an investigation.

The inquiry proved his assertions to be correct to the letter. Salvador Aguaverde was indeed the murderer of the old woman of the Casa Maldicha. More frightful than that crime was the train of horrors it had led up to. The murdered woman was

THE MURDERER'S OWN MOTHER!

Aguaverde was the bastard of a prominent lawyer at Segovia. His mother was the pretty daughter of a restaurant-keeper of that city. Her lover, who was one of the patrons of her father's establishment, after seducing, supported her as his mistress. He loved her sincerely, but was already married, though separated from his wife. Aguaverde, as a boy, received a good education at the University of Salamanca, and when his father died his mother was possessed of means enough from his various gifts to continue the elevation of her son.

The latter was a thoroughly heartless and selfish being. He possessed no atom of affection for his devoted parent, who, in order to benefit him, lived a life of penury and want, happy that what she stinted herself of should render him more comfortable. The poor old creature, though really mistress of at least ten thousand dollars—a very large sum as fortunes in Spain go—lived like a beggar in the Casa Maldicha, barely permitting herself enough to eat and the few poor rags she wore. Yet even this was not enough for the miscreant whom she had

THE BAD FORTUNE TO GIVE BIRTH TO.

He had contracted a connection with a notorious adventuress, and, like all cold-blooded men, once his passion was inflamed, he entered on the *laison* with a positive fury, though he concealed his weakness under the cold exterior of his public austerity. To satisfy the cravings of the leech who fed on his amorousness, he sacrificed all the savings he had accumulated and pawned his income from the College. Then he turned to his mother, whom he had latterly altogether neglected, for more.

The old woman had been hoarding every farthing she was not absolutely compelled to spend, in order, at her death, to leave a fortune to the child of whose fame she was proud, although she dared not publicly call him her son, for fear of "disgracing" him. She complied with his demands willingly, until their magnitude alarmed her. Then she set to work with true woman's cunning, and ferreted out the object on which her savings were being squandered. There was a fiery scene between the mother and the son's harlot, and when Aguaverde came to pay one of his usual visits the courtesan upbraided him with being the son of such an old beggar.

MAD WITH FURY,

he sought his mother out. She pleaded with him, and offered him all she had if he would abandon the connection. He demanded money now. She refused.—He cursed her, and the old woman, in horror at the blasphemies leveled at her, fell on her knees and prayed for her unworthy son. It was while she was praying that the unnatural scoundrel struck her down with the first weapon that came to his hand—Pedro Domenic's goose.

The ill-fated tailor was at that moment in the next room dozing a famished doze over his work. The old woman fell, but was not killed, and her moans alarmed the monstrous assassin, who now resorted to the knife, and thoroughly silenced her. Then, hearing the tailor stir, he fled, his hands still so wet with parricidal blood that when he plunged them into his pocket to toss some money to the cursing cripple they left their crimson marks upon the coins.

Shortly after the news of the old woman's death became public, a lawyer of Segovia, an old friend of his father's forwarded to the parricide the money which his victim had given into his keeping. The old woman had made her lover's ancient comrade her confidant, but told him that her son was ignorant of his identity and of his connection with her. So, to the very last, the love of the mother whom he had butchered saved the assassin from even suspicion.

It was with this money that he went to France, while an innocent man mounted the scaffold he should have trod, leaving behind him, however, a legacy of vengeance, which Bastien the Cripple meted out in its fullest measure.

The latter is now an inmate of the desolate penal settlement at Cavas, condemned for life.

THE COLORED EXODUS.—The Louisville *Courier Journal* regards the colored exodus from the South as a political trick, and, in urging Congressman Whitthorne to press his resolution to investigate this emigration movement, says: "The whole 'exodus' scheme is a piece of scoundrelism. The monsters who are at the bottom of it know perfectly well what they are about. They have for their object the falsification of the next census. The 'exodus' scheme is a census movement purely. The negro is simply to be used, as the Republicans have always used him, as so much fuel to fan the flame of sectional strife and hate, regardless of his fate. As a trick it is the worst yet; a base-born, black-hearted piece of barbarous cruelty which every villain who supports it knows to be infamous and inhuman."

Miss Bridgland, well known in Washington society, was married recently at Cadiz, Spain, to Senor Carlos Rodrigues de Trujillo, one of the best families of Spain. The bride's father is the United States consul at Harve, and a native of Lynchburg in this State.

Methodism in Old Times.

Our friend, A. C. Rohr, has in his possession the Recording Steward's Minutes for Rockingham Circuit of the Methodist Episcopal Church, containing the proceedings of the Quarterly Conference from 1798 to 1822. The Circuit at that time embraced Waynesboro, Staunton, Harrisonburg, Spring Creek, Brock's Gap, Linvill's Creek, Port Republic, New Market and Woodstock.

In 1802 Brother Bruice was Presiding Elder, and Brothers Pitts and Moore were the Circuit Riders. The preachers received as their salary, $80 per annum, and their necessary travelling expenses.

In 1799, at the Quarterly Meeting held in Aug. the amount paid by Staunton for the support of the ministers was 92 cents. The number of members was 48. In 1799 Bishop George was one of the Circuit Riders for Rockingham Circuit. Harrisonburg is put down in the minutes for several years as Rocktown, and it was not until some time about 1818 that the name Harrisonburg was introduced.

In 1800 Bishop George was Presiding Elder and brother Painter Circuit Rider. Joseph Cravens was the Recording Steward for a number of years.

At the quarterly meeting in February, 1802, among other items of business, Bro. J. Ward, Circuit Preacher, handed over to the Recording Stewart $7.00, the amount received by him for marrying.

In 1802 Brothers Cassell and Ward were the Circuit Preachers. It was during this year that one of the most remarkable revivals occurred ever recorded in history. Bishop Asbury visited Rocktown, and conducted services for two days. After he left a mischievous young man named Shaver, went down on Linvill's Creek, was seen by Uncle Billy Bryan, who was a Local Preacher residing below town, and in answer to a question of Billy Bryan as to how the meeting was getting on, said that there was a wonderful meeting and that everybody was getting religion. There was no truth in the story, but Uncle Billy believed it, and he at once circulated the report all through the country. The next day a great many families came to town in their wagons, bringing provisions for several days, and proposed to camp out. On arriving in town they found no revival going on, and that Shaver's story was all a hoax. Brother Cassel, concluded, as so many friends had come to town, that he would preach that night. He did so, and in the midst of his sermon there was an extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit so abundant and powerful that the whole congregation seemed awe struck. All over the church was heard the cry of weeping penitents, and cries for mercy. The meeting was continued for nine days and nights, incessantly. There never was before, we presume, a meeting lasting nine days and nights without suspending the exercises a single hour. It is now known in Methodist history as the "nine days meeting."

In 1811 the following were the class leaders in Harrisonburg: Jos. Cravans, James Burgess, Dr. Peachy Harrison, Wm. Cravans, Joseph Thornton, Jacob Rohr. William Wheeler was the sexton of the church for many years, and like the preachers, did not receive an extravagant salary, as the following minutes show:—"May 1, 1810, William is to keep the house to the first of November Next for 7 dollars and a half to Wash the house once in the time."

There are a good many other points of interest in the old record, to which we may refer at some future time.—*Rockingham Register.*

SPURGEON'S ILLUSTRATION.—Recently, in illustrating the theme, "A Man in Christ," Mr. Spurgeon told a story that is worth repeating. He said: Some Christians remind me of the little boys who go to bathe; all frightened and shivering, they enter into the water just a little—up to their ankles, they wade and shiver again. But the man who is really in Christ is like the practiced swimmer who plunges into the stream head first, and finds water to swim in. He never shivers. It braces him. He rejoices in it. It has become his element. This is the man who understands the happiness of religion in a manner far beyond the conception of the half and half professor who has only religion enough to make him miserable.

I sometimes illustrate this by a quaint American story. An American gentleman said to a friend, "I wish you would come down to my garden, and taste my apples." He asked him about a dozen times, but he did not come, and at last the fruit-grower said, "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them." "Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up that fell over the wall and I never tasted anything so sour in all my life; and I do not particularly wish to have any more of your fruits." "O," said the owner of the garden, "I thought it must be so. Those apples around outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to secure the sourest sorts to plant all around the orchard, so the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey." Now, you will find on the outskirts of religion there are a number of "Thou shall nots," and "Thou shalts," and convictions, and alarms; but these are only the bitter fruits with which this wonderous Eden is guarded from thieving hypocrites. If you can pass by the exterior bitters, and give yourself right up to Christ and live for him, your peace shall be as the waves of the sea; and you shall find that the fruits of "this apple tree among the trees of the woods" are the most delicious fruits that can be enjoyed this side our eternal home.

AN APE IN A PULPIT.—Father Cassubon, a famous preacher, brought up the animal in question, which having become attached to him, wished to follow him wherever he went. One day when Cassubon was going to church, the ape, not being made secure, followed his master to the place of worship, and being a good climber, silently mounted the sounding board and lay concealed until the sermon was in course of delivery.—It then advanced to the edge of its perch to see what was going on beneath it, and to watch the actions of the orator. These were no sooner observed by the mimic than it began to perform also, and its imitations of the preacher were so grotesque that the whole congregation was put in a state of great risibility such as could not be repressed.

The good father was alike shocked and indignant at the ill timed levity of his audience, and began to administer some severe reproofs; but seeing all his efforts failing he launched forth into violent action, accompanied by loud vociferations. His frequent gestures the ape did not fail to take up immediately with no less animation than that which inspirited his master. And at this apparent competition of the two individuals the people burst into roars of laughter, and when the animal was pointed out to the pastor, though highly exasperated, it is said he could hardly command his own countenance while he gave directions to have the ape removed.

There is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man whom she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

"SOMEBODY'S MOTHER."

The woman was old, and ragged, and gray,
And bent with the chill of a Winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled along by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep,
Past the woman, so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At, last, came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go?"

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's 'Somebody's Mother,' boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor and slow;
And some one some time may lend a hand
To help MY mother—you understand?—
It ever she's poor, and old, and gray,
And her own dear boy is far away."

"Somebody's Mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was:—"God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is SOMEBODY'S SON, and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak,
But Heaven lists when its chosen speak;
Angels caught the faltering word,
And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

A DINNER AND A KISS.

"I have brought you a dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle
And lifted its shining lid:
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this;"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food;
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away;
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we would miss,
It always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

Beautiful Words to a Bride.

The following beautiful letter was written, several years ago, by a gentleman to a bride, on receiving her wedding cards. It is exquisitely fresh and original, and full of poetry. Though not intended for publication, it found its way into print, and we think it is too much of a gem to be lost entirely:

"I am holding some pasteboard in my hands, Addie. Three pluckings from the bush of ceremony! I am gazing on a card and a name—a name with which your gentle life began—a name with which your throbbing heart was lost. There was nothing strange about the card. The maiden sign still looks from it, calm and customary, as it looked on many a friendly visit, as it lies in many a formal basket. I am gazing, too, upon a card, where the nearer parent tells the world she will be 'at home' one day, and that is nothing new. But there is another card whose mingling there puts a fiery tongue into this speechless pasteboard enameling fate on common place. It tells us that feeling is maturing into destiny and that these cards are but the pale heralds of a coming crisis when a hand that has 'pressed friends' hands and plucked flowers shall close down on him to whom she shall be friend and flower forever.

I have sent you a few flowers to adorn the dying moments of your single life. They are the gentlest types of a delicate and durable friendship. They spring up by our side when others have deserted it, and they will be found watching over our grave when those who should cherish have forgotten us. It seems to me that a past so calm and pure as yours should expire with a kindred sweetness about it. The flowers and music, kind friends and earnest words, should consecrate the hour, when a sentiment is passing into sacrament.

The three great stages of our being are the birth, the bridal, the burial. To the first we bring only weakness; for the last we have nothing but dust. But here at the altar, where life joins life, the pair come throbbing up to the holy man, whispering the deep promise that arms each other with the other's heart, to help on the life's struggle of care and duty.

The beautiful will be there, borrowing new beauty from the scene; the gay and the frivolous, they and their flounces, will come to gaze on all its scattered thoughts pant for; and age will totter up to hear the old words repeated that to their own lives have given the charm.

Some will weep over it as if it were the tomb, and some will laugh over it as if it were a joke. Two must stand by it, for it is fate—not fun—this everlasting locking of their lives.

And now can you, who have queened it over so many bended forms, can you come down at last to the frugal diet of a single heart?

Hitherto you have been a clock, giving your time to all the world. Now you are a watch, buried in one particular bosom, watching his breast, marking only his hours, and ticking only to the beat of his heart—where time and feeling shall be in unison, until these lower ties are lost in that higher wedlock, where all hearts are united around the great central heart of all.

Hoping that calm sunshine may hallow your clasped hands, I sink silently into a signature.—*Temperance Ensign.*

MEN WANTED.—It has been truly said that the great want of the age is men. Men of thought; men of action. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe—in themselves as well as others.—Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who well stand for the right, if the heavens totter an the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither swagger nor flinch. Men who can have courage without whistling for it, and joy without shouting to bring it. Men through whom the current of everlasting life runs still, and deep, and strong. Men too large for sectarian limits, and too strong for sectarian bonds. Men who know their measure and tell it.—Men who know their duty and do it. Men who know their place and fill it. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. When in office, in the workshop, in the counting room, in the bank, in every place of trust and responsibility we can have such men as these, we shall have a christian civilization, the highest and best the world ever saw.

Never call a new acquaintance by the first name, unless requested to do so.