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Staunton Spectator.

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DR. JNO. W. HARRIS.
OFFICE in Chapman's Block, opposite Staunton Opera House, Main St. jan27-tf

N. BALDWIN,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE & RES., first door West Opera House.
Oct 28—3m*

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STAUNTON, VA.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and prompt returns made.
OFFICE—No. 2 Law Building. oct7

SAMUEL S. SMELTZER,
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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. feb19-tf

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Office in Sullivan Building 2nd floor, Augusta Street. dec4-tf

J. R. TUCKER, H. ST. GEO. TUCKER,
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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

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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

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public, and may be consulted at his office at all hours.
☞ Special attention given to Surgery.
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feb 4—1y

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

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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,
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will practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockingham and Highland.
Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
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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,
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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

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OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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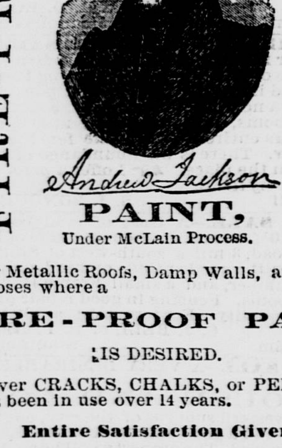
and Real Estate Agents,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

PAINTS.

1866. OLD IRON SIDE 1880.
PATENTED.
FIRE-PROOF! WATER-PROOF!



PAINT,
Under McLain Process.

For Metallic Roofs, Damp Walls, and for all purposes where a

FIRE-PROOF PAINT
IS DESIRED.

It never CRACKS, CHALKS, or PEELS OFF—has been in use over 14 years.

Entire Satisfaction Given.

ALL KINDS OF LEAKY ROOFS made water-tight by the application of this Compound.

By the proper application of this Paint, and at comparatively small cost, we have repaired old roofs, condemned as unworthy of further repairs, and extended their usefulness for years.

By the production of this paint, we have more than doubled the value of tin for roofing purposes. *Estimates carefully and promptly made on application.* All work warranted and satisfaction given.

This Paint cannot be had of any other parties in this State. We do not sell it to the trade, and always have our own men to apply it to insure good work and the genuine article.

Metallic roofs coated with this compound will last for many years without additional cost, and **never leak from rust, holes, expansion, or contraction.**

Parties desiring their roofs treated by this process will do well to call at our office or address Box **210**, Staunton, Va.

All examinations of roofs and estimates of cost made free of any charge.

Certificates and names of many prominent residents of this State, who have had several years' trial of the Paint and workmanship, furnished on application.

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Wholesale and Retail Druggists.
No. 6 S. Augusta St., Staunton, Va.
L. LEWIS SAGENDORPH, Gen'l Agent,
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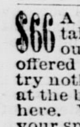
WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

T. M. TURNER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
No. 102 E. Main Street, Olivier's Book Store,
STAUNTON, VA.



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$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. Give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address
H. HALLETT & CO.,
jel0-1y Portland, Maine.

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BALM FOR ALL PAIN.

THE GREAT
EXTERNAL & INTERNAL REMEDY
FOR ALL PAIN.

This is one of the Finest Liniments known, as thousands can testify.

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache Earache, Lumbago or Lame Back, Pleurisy or Pneumonia, Frosted Feet, and all Excruciating Pain, no matter where located. Apply according to directions without rubbing, and you will have relief in from one to five minutes. Not five minutes need any one suffer with pain of any kind, but go to your drug store and get a bottle of Thayer's Balm for Pain and give it a trial. Price **25** and **50 cents** per bottle.

Sold by all druggists.

USE THAYER'S
CONSUMPTION
CURE.

This is the finest preparation that has ever been put before the public. It never fails to give satisfaction in Consumption or Coughs, or Bronchial Affections of any kind.

CHECK THAT COUGH!

Usually three or four doses checks the worst cough.

In Consumption, it is the cough that strains the Lungs and breaks the Tuburcles, thus keeping up the irritation.

THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

Being Healing, Nourishing, Paleating, Stimulating and Soothing, Relief and a speedy Cure must follow. Give it a Trial, all who suffer.

LIVER.

There are some Coughs that arise from the Liver or Stomach; if so, and you have symptoms of the Liver, use Thayer's Liver Powders with the Consumption Cure and you will never regret the investment. Price, 25 and 50 cents and $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

USE THAYER'S
LIVER POWDERS.

They are the Finest Liver Regulator known, and only cost 25 cts. a box. Sold by all druggists.

Are you troubled with Constipation? One box will cure you.

Are you troubled with Sick Headache? Try Thayer's Liver Powders. One box will cure you.

Are you troubled with pain near the region of the heart, pain darting into the shoulders? These pains are caused by the Liver. One box of Thayer's Liver Powders will cure you. Only 25 cents.

Are you troubled with a dull, heavy pain all through the head and in the leaders of the neck, cannot bear to turn the head, think it neuralgia? Thayer's Liver Powders will cure you.

Are you troubled with loss of appetite, feel sick, feel hungry but cannot relish food, have a coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, feel cold and chilly, loss of energy, dull and dormant or drowsy, sometimes cold feet, giddiness or vertigo, or a yellow, jaundice appearance, or troubled with fever and ague and nervous or dyspeptic indications? Thayer's Liver Powders will cure you by their action on the liver. Some people may have a cough with the above symptoms.

All of the above symptoms and many more arise from a diseased or torpid liver. It is not possible that everybody should have all of these symptoms, but you may have one or many.—Just give Thayer's Liver Powder one trial and use them according to directions and tell your friends about them. Sold by all druggists.—**25 cents per box.**

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461 N. St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

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WM. H. BROWN & BRO., and
CANBY, GILPIN & CO., Agents,
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WAYT & BRO.,
STAUNTON, VA.
☞ And all live Druggists. nov1-1y

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.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Dr. TUTT'S
Expectorant!

IN 25CTS. AND $1 BOTTLES.

Its properties are Demulcent, Nutritive Balsamic, Soothing and Healing. Combining all these qualities, it is the most effective LUNG BALSAM ever offered to sufferers from pulmonary diseases.

DR. J. F. HAYWOOD,
of New York, voluntarily indorses it.

—READ WHAT HE SAYS:—

Dr. TUTT: New York, Sept. 19, 1877.

Dear Sir—During this year I visited nine hundred cases of lung diseases. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I confess my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act as promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and invariably cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully indorse it as the best lung medicine I ever used.

J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.

A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.

Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.

Dr. TUTT: Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for the cure of which I am indebted to your valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am yours truly,

JOHN M. WEIGLE.

Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.

Memphis, Feb., 11, 1871.

Dr. TUTT: Sir—I have been suffering for nearly two years with a severe cough. When I commenced taking your Expectorant I was reduced to one hundred and sixteen pounds in weight. I had tried almost everything; had terrible night sweats. I have taken half dozen bottles. The night sweats have left me, the cough has disappeared, and I have gained fifteen pounds in flesh. I recommend it to all my friends.

With great respect, OLIVER RICE.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? **If so, our Advice is** take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.

Office, 35 Murray Street, N. Y.

TUTT'S PILLS
CURE TORPID LIVER.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE DYSPEPSIA.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE COSTIVENESS.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE FEVER AND AGUE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE BILIOUS COLIC.
TUTT'S PILLS
GIVE APPETITE.
TUTT'S PILLS
PURIFY THE BLOOD.
TUTT'S PILLS
CURE PILES.

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.

NATURE'S OWN REMEDY
CURATINE
A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS.

CURATINE, For Blood Diseases.
CURATINE, For Liver Complaints.
CURATINE, For Kidney Diseases.
CURATINE, For Rheumatism.
CURATINE, For Scrofula Diseases.
CURATINE, For Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches, etc.

A medicinal compound of known value—combining in one preparation the curative powers for the evils which produce all diseases of the *Blood*, the *Liver*, the *Kidneys*. Harmless in action and thorough in its effects. It is unexcelled for the cure of all *Blood Diseases* such as *Scrofula, Tumors, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Mercurial Poisoning*, also *Constipation, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Retention of Urine, etc.*

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

THE BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
BALTIMORE, Md.

dec9-1y

D. I. C.
is an absolute and irresistible cure for
DRUNKenness, Intemperance and the use of Opium, Tobacco, Narcotics, and Stimulants, removing all taste, desire and habit of using any of them, rendering the taste or desire for any of them perfectly odious and disgusting. Giving every one perfect and irresistible control of the sobriety of themselves or their friends.

It prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows the sudden breaking off from using stimulants or narcotics.

Package, prepaid, to cure 1 to 5 persons, $2, or at your druggists, $1.75 per bottle.

Temperance societies should recommend it. It is perfectly harmless and never-failing.

Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. Sole Agents

Hop Cough Cure destroys all pain, loosens the cough, quiets the nerves, produces rest, and never fails to cure.

The Hop Pad for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys, is superior to all others. Cures by absorption. It is perfect—ask druggists.

The Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., of Rochester, N. Y., only, prepare these remedies, also the Hop Bitters, which are in no sense a beverage or intoxicant, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made, making more cures than all other remedies.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

apr1-1y

PERRY DAVIS'
VEGETABLE
PAIN KILLER

A PURELY VEGETABLE REMEDY
FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE,

Is a sure cure for all the diseases for which it is recommended, and is always PERFECTLY SAFE in the hands of even the most inexperienced persons.

It is a sure and quick remedy for COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CHILLS, and similar troubles; affords instant relief in the most malignant forms of DIPHTHERIA, and is the best known remedy for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

The Oldest, Best, and Most Widely Known Family Medicine in the World.

It has been used with such wonderful success in all parts of the world for CRAMPS, CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS that it is considered an unfailing cure for these diseases.

Has stood the test of Forty Years' Constant Use in all Countries and Climates.

It is RECOMMENDED by Physicians, Missionaries, Ministers, Managers of Plantations, Work-Shops, and Factories, Nurses in Hospitals—in short by Everybody, Everywhere, who has ever given it a trial.

IT IS WITHOUT A RIVAL AS A LINIMENT.

It should always be used for Pain in the Back and Side, and brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, Scalds, etc.

No family can safely be without it. It will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills, and its price brings it within the reach of all. It is sold at 25c., 50c., and $1 per bottle, and can be obtained from all druggists.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Providence, R. I.
Proprietors.

feb3-1yeow

POETRY.

THE TWO LOVES.

Two loves came up a long, wide aisle,
And knelt a a low white gate;
One—tender and true, with the shyest smile,
One—strong, true, and elate.

Two lips spoke in a firm, true way,
And two lips answered soft and low;
In one true hand such a little hand lay
Fluttering, frail as a flake of snow.

One stately head bent humbly there,
Stilled were the throbbings of human love,
One head drooped down like a lily fair,
Two prayers went, wing to wing above.

God bless them both in the holy place,
A long brief moment! the rite was done,
On the human love fell the heavenly grace,
Making two hearts forever one.

Between the lengthy rows of smiles,
One sweetly shy, one proud elate,
Two loves passed down the long, wide aisle.
Will they ever forget the low, white gate?

FATHER RYAN.

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH.

I went to the little church to-day
Over the brook beyond the hill;
It looks as it looked when I went away,
Green-yarded and white-paled still.

I was a youth when I crossed the sea
To wander in foreign lands; and, lo!
Now there is grey in my beard. Ah, me!
Can it be so long ago?

There used to be in those far back years
A little girl with a happy face,
And a sweet, strange fashion of smiles and tears,
And a young fawn's agile grace,

Who sat each Sunday serenely there
In that little church, where the sunlight fell
Through the windows over her yellow hair,
And over her face—ah well!

Ah well! and I—oh, that little maid,
I loved her truly. Each Sabbath day
I'd go there, and watch how the sunshine played
In her hair, ere I went away—

Ere I went away—that was long years back,
And now I am middle-aged, forsooth;
It is hard that a brave, strong lad, good lad!
Must give up his brave, strong youth,

While a little church for years can seem
Unchanged. Why, to-day they sang that strain
That they sang long ago—it was like a dream
Of my dead youth come again.

I sat in a dim, back-corner pew,
Where I sat when a boy; and I closed my eyes
Till thoughts of the past and the present grew
Into solemn mysteries.

I dreamed that I was young again—that there
In the seat three paces in front of me,
The sunshine was dancing on yellow hair
And I thought—"Can this thing be?"

I went to her grave 'neath the church-yard tree
On this very morn ere I came in here—
Where I thought of the things that used to be
Till I felt on my face a tear;

And now I think if I opened my eyes
I shall see her kneel in that pew and pray
With a soul that is ready for Paradise,
As she did ere I went away!

I opened my eyes and looked; but lo!
The pew was empty; the sunlight stray'd
Up and down on the cushioned seat, as tho'
It sought for the little maid.

A butterfly drifted in, and flew
For a moment about, then out again;
"Into my life she came like you,
And went," I faltered in pain.

And the pastor read, "Even as water spilled
On the ground, that cannot be gathered again,
Are the children of men;" and the sad words filled
My soul with a sadder pain.

When, lo! the butterfly fluttered in
Once more; and the pastor's lips then
"As little children are, free from sin—"
"She is gathered to God," I said.

And I said, "You went, but you have returned;
I shall see her again in the years to be—
In the years to be?"—and my heart burned
By the wayside there, in me.

I had not entered for many years
A church of Christ as I did to-day;
Till this morning my eyes had not known tears
Since the time when I went away.

I think I shall go to this church always
Till they carry me out to the grave-yard tree,
For the sake of that dear girl's sweet young face,
And the days that used to be.

Polly's Pumpkin Pies.

Great golden pumpkins, yellow enough to be apples of the Hesperides, were lying about the kitchen floor, and Polly at the table was making pumpkin pies.

Her thoughts ran in this wise, as she measured out the ingredients: "One and one-half pounds of loaf sugar, one-half pound of butter, two quarts of cream,—no, one quart. So Melissa's really engaged to the minister. Dear me, some people have everything in this world. I wonder if they are so lucky in the next? How gravely he would look at me if he were to hear me express such a frivolous thought. He has a stern face; but how kindly he can look out of his blue eyes! The other night, when I burned my arm at the candy pulling, he dressed it as carefully as a woman, and what with his sympathy and the hurt, I could hardly keep back the tears. He said I had already learned one of life's hardest lessons, 'patience under affliction.' 'Do you call this affliction?' I said, laughing; 'I shall be happy, indeed, if I never have any greater affliction than this.' And he answered so gravely that he silenced me: 'I pray you may be happy, dear child.'" Here Polly broke out in a warbling little melody that started the canary in the sitting-room to singing with all his might, and caused Aunt Phœbe to exclaim in tones sharp enough to sour the incipient pies:

"Can't you stop that noise, Polly?—You and this abominable bird will run me crazy yet; every nerve in my body is just a tingling now." Then she added in tones not too low to reach Polly's ear: "I will get rid of you both some day, and then may be I will have some peace of my life."

There was silence in the house after this. Polly turned aside her head that her tears might not fall in the pastry she was working, and the sympathetic bird hushed its song and dropped its head.

Polly's reddish-brown curls were caught up high on her head and fastened with an old fashioned shell comb of her mother's; she had on a fresh dark calico, and her rolled-up sleeves showed white arms, made whiter by the flour dusted over them. She was a pretty picture as she rolled out her pastry and cut it in delicate, curling strips, but she was so engaged in repressing the ugly, angry feelings that flushed her cheek and heaved her breast, but found no outlet at her lips, that she was unconscious of a spectator until, hearing a movement, she raised her eyes and met the minister's.

He was standing in the doorway between the sitting-room and kitchen, and Polly's first thought was that her aunt had maliciously sent him to seek her, thinking thus to embarrass her. This thought came to her assistance, and, smiling and dimpling in spite of her annoyance as she met the sunny gaze of his blue eyes, she motioned him to a chair with the air of a princess and went on with her work.

He brought a chair and set it as close as possible to the table, so close that Polly trembled lest some of the floor should fall on his immaculate black clothes.

"You are making pumpkin pies?" was his commonplace question, but it was asked in the tones which thrilled poor Polly's soul like rich music.

She smiled an affirmative, and he went on, looking up in the fresh, sweet face: "Have you ever heard the tradition respecting pumpkin pies? It is said that they are a sort of moral thermometer of the temper of the individual by whom they are prepared. Pumpkins, you know, are nourished in the sunshine. They are gathered in the glowing autumn days, and brought in the house, golden reminders of the summer sun. If the pies are made by one of a sunny disposition, they will be sweet, juicy and delicious,—in short, such an essence of sunshine, sugar and spice as those you are making. But if one ill-natured thought is harbored during their preparation, they are soured and ruined."

Polly blushed crimson at this out-and-out compliment, and in her confusion mistook the pepper-box for that which held the spice, and dusted the pies freely. Then she calmly poured in a half-bottle of lemon extract, while the minister thought he had never seen so bewitching a little housewife.

As he rose to go he said, laughing:

"I believe I am to take my dinner with you to-morrow; so, Miss Polly, I shall have an opportunity to gauge your disposition by your pumpkin pie."

Polly shook a spoon at him, and answered confidently that if that was to be the only test, she was not afraid.

As the front door closed on the minister, Aunt Phœbe, bristling with indignation, stalked into the kitchen.

"If you think I am going to have such disgraceful performances in my kitchen you are mistaken, miss! I asked the minister in the sitting room while I went to put on my other cap, and he walked deliberately out here, and here he staid. You enticed him out; you know you did, you ungrateful minx! And you flirted with him over my table and over my pies, and under my very nose, for I was watching you behind the door. I consider it my duty to report the minister. I shall have his name on every tongue in the town. He shall be drummed out of the place,—and you—leave my house this very night. I have put up with your nonsense as long as I intend to. You are not fit to stay in a respectable family."

"O aunt!" moaned Polly, with white lips; but Miss Phœbe went on, though in a more argumentative tone as her wrath cooled.

"No, you needn't leave to-night either. I have so much company invited to morrow that you shall help me. I might as well get what I can out of you, though if you were to work your fingers to the bone you couldn't repay me. You haven't any claims on me now, you are big and strong enough to work for yourself. I wouldn't have turned you out when you were little and helpless, but I've done my duty by you now."

Polly stemmed the torrent of words. "It is not necessary to say anything more, aunt," she said in a clear voice; "I will go."

The next morning was clear and cold. The stubble sparkled with a million frosty diamonds when Polly crossed the field on her way to church; some hardy little English sparrows were chirping thanks that the snow had not yet covered the bits of scattered grain which remained for them, and Polly's heart grew lighter as she watched them, cheerily picking and finding sustenance in the barren field.

"Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

These words of comfort coming into her mind warmed her cold heart, and with a light step she obeyed the sweet, silvery invitation of the church bells. A holy calm fell on her spirits as she entered the peaceful little church, and, walking up the dim aisle, she took her seat where the crimson light from a stained-glass window fell athwart her pallid face. The words "outcast, wanderer, homeless," had been ringing in her brain with a dull, maddening repetition all night, but now, as the deep tones of the organ rang out in glad thanksgiving to the Giver of all good things, Polly felt herself uplifted, for the moment, above the miserable annoyances of her life; and when she glanced at Melissa, looking pretty and fresh in her feathers and silk, she felt almost thankful for her, that she possessed the love of a great and noble soul. Polly led the choir, and when the minister's ear caught the sweet, clear tones in which there was no guile, he also thanked God.

With the inconsistency of human emotion, Polly's mind wandered several times during the service to the pumpkin pies on the shelf at home. This was before the sermon. When once she felt the magnetism of his voice, she listened spell-bound until it ceased. She never wept, as those around her sometimes did at some touching recital. She sat motionless, with dilated eyes, and almost held her breath until he had finished.—To-day she kept saying to herself; "The last time! The last time! When next he speaks here God knows where I shall be!"

Once the minister caught the expression of the wild brown eyes, and there was such misery in them that for a moment he lost his self-possession.

After church Polly hurried home to set the table, and the minister followed with Melissa, whom, for reasons of her own, Miss Phœbe had also invited to dinner.

At dinner Melissa was placed next the minister and Polly opposite, a small handmaid being behind for the occasion to wait on the table. Polly could not help thinking what a handsome couple they would make, as she glanced from his strong, dark head and brilliant, blue eyes, to Melissa's cold, clear-cut face and graceful figure draped in rich black silk. Polly's face was flushed from bending over the stove, and her hands trembling with excitement.

She did not know at what moment her aunt would come out with something about yesterday's "performance," and Polly felt that before all the assembled relatives, and especially before the minister and his betrothed, she could not endure it. But Miss Phœbe seemed in a particularly good humor, and her acrid face dissolved itself into something approaching a smile.

Once Melissa, smiling, at Polly, said: "I have heard you were a good cook, but I had no idea you were so accomplished."

"Polly didn't make anything but the pumpkin pies," Aunt Phœbe answered, smiling grimly, and she ordered the maid to bring them on.

"I can testify that they are everything that pumpkin pies should be," said the minister with a laughing glance which caused Polly's face to blaze, caused Melissa to give her a cold, suspicious look, and made Aunt Phœbe draw down the corners of her mouth in a very significant way.

In the hurry of the morning Polly had neglected tasting her pies, and with some anxiety, she watched her neighbor, a farmer cousin, eat his piece. He took one enormous mouthful of the yellow, luscious-looking stuff, and then seized his glass of milk and gulped it down. He set his glass down with an exclamation and a very wry face. To her dismay Polly saw every one down the table do same thing. Crimsoning, she glanced furtively over at the minister; he and Melissa were talking and toying with their forks, but neither of them was eating.

Aunt Phœbe waited till there was painful silence about the board, then executed her next flank movement—"Sarah," she said, turning to the girl, "bring the cake off the dresser." When a large, beautifully-browned plum-cake was set before her she said suavely to her guests: "This cake, my friends, was made by Melissa's pretty hands, and I do not think you will find it seasoned with pepper and vinegar, as my poor high-tempered Polly seasoned her pies."

It had flashed through Polly's head what, perhaps, she had done; but to have it insinuated that she did it on purpose was too much, and with a choke in her throat, which she was was afraid would break out in a sob, Polly left the room.

Miss Phœbe had never loved her orphan niece; nay, more she had always disliked her; but since the advent of the minister in the village society she had seemed to hate her with all the venom of an embittered nature. She had fed and clothed her since infancy because she had promised her dying brother she would do so, and "duty" was Miss Phœbe's watch-word. The little lonely thing had won no place in her heart, because from the very first it had turned from her and called her ugly and cross. Miss Phœbe asserted, upon what foundation was questionable, that but for this encumbrance she would now be the wife of a wealthy farmer in a neighboring county.

So all that had been done for the child had been done grudgingly, but notwithstanding she grew up beautiful and bright. The towns people, with whom Miss Phœbe was no favorite, whispered that she would never forgive Polly for being so pretty—it was a continual cross to her. And perhaps this was so, for at that time Phœbe's eyes were cast on the minister, but finding that there was not a shadow of a chance for her, she determined, to use her own expression, that Polly should not "entrap him," and she set to work accordingly.

* * * * *

Mr. Thompson Jones, in other words Tom Jones, and his young wife inhabited a handsome brown-stone residence on Twenty-fifth street. The street lamps were lighted and glistening with frost. It was dusk of a snowy night in the latter part of November.

Mr. Jones and his wife chatted and laughed over a cosy tea-table.

"How do you like your new girl, dear?" queried Tom; "I never saw a better cooked steak; must be a good cook."

"Good!" echoed Mrs. Jones; "I think she is; she is a jewel, a treasure. And, Tom," she continued, enthusiastically, "have you seen her? She is a perfect beauty."

"Yes," said Tom, absently, "but she only struck me as looking too young to know much. By the way, I heard from Frank to-day; he will take dinner with us to-morrow. By Jove, won't I be a happy man! A new house (paid for,) a pretty wife, a good cook, and dear old Frank to sit at my board. Do you know he has had a call here?"

"Of course he will accept it," interrupted Mrs. Jones. "It is a shame for a man with his talents to bury himself in such an obscure village."

"Of course he will. I wrote to him that I would show him a perfect house to-morrow, Mrs. Jones; so be prepared for exploration of all your premises; every water-pipe will be examined. Of course they are always spotlessly clean, but I thought I would warn you—and—keep your pretty cook out of the way, for I want him to think Mrs. Jones the prettiest woman in the house at any rate."

The next day dawned bright and clear.

Polly looked wistfully out of the basement window of the house in Twenty-fifth street. She would have liked to join the throng of richly dressed people crowding to hear the new minister called to the church around the corner.

The dinner hour was five, so she could have found time to go, but since she had been in her new capacity it was only by a great effort that she compelled herself to go out to buy necessary clothing. She watched little Mrs. Jones trail down the steps in an elegant velvet walking suit, leaning on her husband's arm. Polly wiped a mist from her eyes, and, concluding the front window was not good for her, she went back to the kitchen and warbled a little song to cheer herself. And the canary in his cage took up the song, and no harsh voice silenced them. The poor child always comforted herself with the thought that her present menial position was only temporary; she only assumed it until she could find some other way to make a living. Mrs. Jones was very sweet and kind, kinder than any one she had lived with during the year. She really had something to be thankful for.

Feeling that she must not indulge in repining on such a day, Polly summoned her brightest thoughts, and even a dimple or two peeped out as she thought of that happy morning over the pies, and of her absurd mistake a year ago.

"I suppose he and Melissa are married long since. Oh! if I could hear him speak once more!"

The morning slipped away, and Polly was surprised when she heard them coming home from church.

Again she was making pumpkin pies. Mrs. Jones said: "Oh! do you make good old-fashionable pumpkin pies?—Mr. Jones thinks there is nothing more delicious, and I know he would like to have some."

So now the new cook stood beside the table with her curls tucked under a somewhat coquettish little cap, a long, demure apron on, and her sleeves rolled up. Presently she heard steps and laughing voices in the passage, the door opened, and she looked up surprised, with her sifter in her hands. Mrs. Jones was holding her long velvet skirt around her, and saying: "Tom is such a goose; he thinks nobody ever had such a house, and he will drag you from garret to cellar. I hope you do not mind."

Receiving no answer, she turned and looked at her guest. He was standing in front of Polly, who, crimson and trembling, was letting the flour dribble down on the floor. "Can it be possible!" he said, huskily; "can it be possible that I have found you! O Polly, thank Heaven, I have found you! I had almost lost hope." And right there, before the astonished eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, the floury arms of their new cook went round the minister's neck, and she was sobbing on his immaculate coat. "But arn't you married to Melissa?" came from the depths of the coat. The minister smiled at this well-timed remark.

"I have never contemplated such a thing for a moment," he answered; "I have never loved any one but you, Polly, since the morning I overheard your aunt abusing you, and I caused you to put pepper in the pies. You bore it all so meekly and patiently that, though I had only admired you before, I loved you from that moment."

"Isn't it the most romantic thing that you ever heard of?" said littte Mrs. Jones that night to her husband.—"Just think of our cook's marrying Frank," and she laughed gleefully. "But she was always such a darling, I felt like kissing her the first time I ever saw her. She shall be married from here, and the parsonage is ever so much handsomer than this house. I think it is the most charming thing that ever occurred."

Tom, selfish man, made a wry face.—"I can't say I am altogether delighted. Some other woman might have suited Frank just as well, and I am afraid we shall never find another cook who can make such pumpkin pies."

From the Warrenton True Index.

"Cedar Grove."

AN OLD HOMESTEAD—INTERESTING FAMILY HISTORY.

"Cedar Grove" is the homestead of the Kempers, one of the oldest families of Fauquier county. Indeed, the homestead ante-dates the creation of the county fourteen years, and is most remarkable in this that it has descended in an unbroken line from father to son from 1745 to 1880, a period of 135 years.

It lies to the left of the road from Warrenton to the Springs, just across Great run, about two and a half miles from town, and now contains a few hundred acres. Formerly it was bounded by manorial lines, and might have been called a magnificent estate, if wild lands deserve that designation. It included the farms of Dr. Kloman, John M. Forbes, Gen. Bethune, and sundry other present-day proprietors.

It was patented by John Peter Kemper at a date which can only be determined now by the misty records of the Land Office at Richmond. Tradition hath it that "Cedar Grove" was obtained from Alexander Spottswood, who was Governor of Virginia from 1710 to 1740, and whose ashes, according to Campbell, the historian, lie at "Temple Farm," near Yorktown, at which place during the coming year will be held a centennial celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, in which the Governors of the thirteen States and citizens from all parts of the United States will take part.

If "Cedar Grove" were bought of him, or any one else, its occupant did not then get a title in fee, for the land lay in that region known as the Northern Neck of Virginia, which included all land lying between the headwaters and mouths of the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, and it was the unvarying rule of Lord Fairfax, its proprietor, to bind every person in his patent to pay to him an annual rent of one shilling on every 50 acres. This quit rent, as it was called, was abolished by the revolution of 1775.

From tradition we learn that a colony of Calvinistic Germans left Nassau on account of religious persecution and settled at Germana, in the county of Culpeper, in 1717, and were followed three years later by their pastor, Dr. Hager, a learned divine, who subsequently removed to Maryland, where a town was called for him. From the family record of the Kempers, it appears that John Kemper, of the town of Mensen, near the city of Seyen, Nassau, Germany, was one of those settlers, that he married a daughter of Dr. Hager, and that to them was born at Germana, Virginia, on the 25th of December, 1723, John Peter Kemper, the founder of the "Cedar Grove" family. It also appears from the record that John Peter Kemper married Elizabeth Fishback, daughter of John Fishback, of Truback, near Seyen, in Nassau, Germany, on the 7th of September, 1738—the groom not having reached his majority, and the bride being only 15 years and a few months old. This marriage was celebrated at Germantown in Prince William county, where the settlers of Germana had moved and purchased a large body of land. Fauquier was cut off from Prince William in 1759, since which time Germantown has remained a part of Fauquier. Forty years ago, and for many years preceding that time, the lands of the old settlers at Germantown were used as regimental training grounds for the militia of Fauquier. Seven years after his marriage we find that John Peter Kemper had moved to "Cedar Grove" and erected there for himself a rude house, above the entrance to which he nailed this text, carved in a poplar plank, which is still preserved as an heir-loom to this day!

GLAVBE AN DEN HERRN IESUM CHRISTUM SO WIRST DU UND DEIN HAUS SEEICH.—ACT 16, V. 31. 1745.
JOHN PETER KEMPER UND ELISABETH KEMPERIN.

The translation is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house.—Acts, 16 chap., V. 31. 1745.

"JOHN PETER KEMPER and ELIZABETH KEMPER."

The final syllable of the lady's name in the original is merely, we understand, a feminine terminal. We are also told, that similar texts are occasionally seen to this day painted or carved over the entrance door of old farm houses in Germany. Be this as it may, it appears that God has kept his promise with the old covenanter down to the fourth generation of his house.

The fruits of this marriage were five sons and as many daughters. The oldest, John Kemper, moved to Kentucky where he lived to the ripe old age of 80 years, and died in peace with God and man. The second son, Peter Kemper, emigrated to Ohio when it was almost a *terra incognita*, prospered, and died aged 86 years. Delaware and Koskiusco Kemper, who distinguished themselves in the Confederate service, are his great-grand-sons. Frederick Kemper married a sister of Major Jeffries of the Pignut, and died at the early age of 35 from a fall upon a stick which penetrated an eye. He was the grand-father of Gen. James L. Kemper, of Madison, late Governor of Virginia. James Kemper was educated for the ministry. He married a Miss Hathaway, of Upper Fauquier, and moved to Ohio at an early day; and at 81 years of age he passed from his field of clerical usefulness. After the death of the old patriarch in 1783, his youngest son, Charles, inherited Cedar Grove. This son served as a soldier in the revolution of 1776 and as such drew a pension towards the close of his long life. It was doubtless while a soldier that he came into possession of the old silver watch, now in the keeping of his grandson, which by its case protects the following inscription in his own splendid handwriting:

"1778. This watch bought of a British officer taken prisoner with General Burgoyne 16th October, 1777, for which I gave 102$ Continental Money.

"CHARLES KEMPER."

This first Charles married a Miss Manzy, daughter of Henry Mauzy (a Huguenot,) and succeeded her brother, John Mauzy, as County surveyor on the 28th July, 1800, giving official bond to James Monroe, Governor of Virginia, in the penalty of £1000, with James Blackwell and Augt. Jennings as sureties. He was gathered to his fathers in 1841, leaving two sons—Charles Kemper, Jr., second inheritor of "Cedar Grove," who succeeded his father 1831 as county surveyor; and Dr. George Whitfield Kemper, a practitioner of medicine in the county of Rockingham, who had 3 grand-sons killed and 1 desperately wounded in the Confederate service. Charles Kemper, Jr., remained county surveyor till the office became elective and then refused to offer for the place. He died in 1876, at the ripe old age of 78, leaving Charles Hager Kemper, the younger of his two sons, proprietor of the old homestead "Cedar Grove."

At the risk of being a little prolix, we will depart from the design of confining this article to the succession at "Cedar Grove" by referring briefly to the five daughters of John Peter Kemper:

Sarah married Charles Spilman, and died without issue in Kentucky. Judith married Richard Rosser, and also moved to Kentucky, where she spent her days. Elizabeth married Benjamin Morgan, and made her home in South Carolina. Agnes married Daniel McCoy, of Glasgow, Scotland. From them, among other children, sprang William McCoy, who assisted the first Charles in his surveys, and married Sarah Ann, one of his daughters. Three sons and three daughters were the result of this union. One of these sons is a Presbyterian minister; another of them, Wm. Kenneth McCoy, was killed at Chancellorsville; and the other, Charles D. McCoy, after passing unharmed through the war and rising to the rank of Captain, died a few months ago at Staunton while filling, most acceptably, the position of Principal of the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institution. The mother of these sons is at present domiciled in Warrenton, and at 80 years of age is in full possession of all her faculties. Alice, the youngest of John Peter Kemper's daughters, married a son of Charles Spilman by a second wife and also moved to Kentucky.

How to Bake Cakes.

GINGER SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, three cups flour, one cup milk, teaspoonful soda and ginger.

GINGER COOKIES.—One egg, one cup sugar, one cup molassses, one tablespoonful soda, one of vinegar, one of ginger; roll thin and bake quickly.

COOKIES.—One cup cream, one and a half cups sugar, half cup butter, one egg, one teaspoonful soda.

FEATHER CAKE.—One cup sugar, half cup butter, half cup milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, half teaspoonful soda, or one and a half teaspoons baking powder.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat four eggs and two coffee cups sugar well together, and two coffee cups flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one of soda, two-thirds cup of boiling water, flavor with lemon; add the water last.

STRIPED CAKE.—Two cups sugar, two-thirds cup butter, two and a half cups flour, one cup milk, whites of five eggs, two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda. Brown part—Two tablespoonfuls of white dough, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup flour, one cup chopped raisins, cinnamon and cloves. This makes one layer in a long baking tin; make two of the white, place one under and one over the dark cake, with jelly between.

ORANGE CAKE.—Beat together the yokes of four eggs, and one cup white sugar, add one-fourth cup melted butter, one-half cup milk, one and a half cups flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in two long pans. Beat whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add one-half of a grated orange, one cup sugar. Spread this between the cakes.

CREAM CAKE.—One cup sugar, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one cup flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Bake in three layers and spread between a cream make in the following manner: One cup milk, one-half cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls corn starch, one egg, flavor.

DELICATE CAKE.—Whites of four eggs, one cup of sweet milk, half cup butter, two cups sugar, two and a half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Bake in two loaves.

BLACK CAKE.—One cup sugar, three-fourths cup molasses, one cup butter, half cup sour cream, two and a half cups flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one cup dried apples soaked over night in water, then chopped and soaked another night in the molasses, add one cup raisins and spice to taste.

FRUIT CAKE.—Three cups sugar, one cup butter, two cups currants, two cups raisins, half cup cold strong coffee, half pound citron, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one and a half teaspoons allspice, one of cloves, one of grated nutmeg, one of soda, four eggs, and four cups flour.

CORN STARCH CAKE.—One cup butter, two of sugar, one of sweet milk, one of corn starch, two of flour, whites of seven eggs, one teaspoon cream of tartar, half teaspoon soda. Mix the corn starch and flour thoroughly before adding to the other ingredients.

HERMIT CAKES.—One-half cup butter, one and a half cups sugar, three eggs, one teaspoon of all kinds of spice, half teaspoon soda dissolved in a little water; mix up stiff and roll.

RAISED CAKE.—Three cups light dough, three eggs, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup chopped raisins.—Work with the hand till well mixed; spice, to taste; bake immediately.

WHITE MOUNTAIN CAKE.—3 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, whites of 10 eggs, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar sifted with the flour, 4½ cups of flour. Flavor with essence of bitter almond. ICING.—Whites of 3 eggs, 1 pound powdered sugar, flavor with lemon juice. Bake in jelly-cake tins and fill with grated cocoanut, sweetened with a quarter of its weight of powdered sugar or with icing.

FRENCH CAKE.—1 pound sugar, ½ pound butter, 1 pound currants washed clean and dredged with flour, 3 cups flour, 4 eggs, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste, ½ teaspoonful soda dissolved in 3 tablespoonfuls milk.

LADY CAKE.—1 pound sugar, ¾ pounds sifted flour, 6 ounces of butter, the whipped whites of 10 eggs. Flavor with bitter almond, and bake in square, not very deep, tins. Flavor the frosting with vanilla.

SISTER MAG'S CAKE.—2½ cups powdered sugar, ¾ cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 4 eggs, 1 lemon, juice and rind, 1 small teaspoonful soda.—Bake in a square or oblong tin, and frost with white of two eggs, beaten stiff with powdered sugar.

DOVER CAKE.—1 pound flour, 1 pound white sugar, ½ pound butter rubbed with the sugar to a very light cream, 6 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in vinegar, 1 teaspoonful powdered cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful rose-water. Flavor the frosting with lemon juice.

POINDEXTER TAKEN TO THE PENITENTIARY AND BACCIGALUPO ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.—John E. Poindexter and Angelo Baccigalupo were taken to the penitentiary last Tuesday. Sergeant Lee was in his buggy with Baccigalupo and Poindexter was in a carriage accompanied by his two brothers and Deputy-Sergeant Lacy.

When the party reached First street Baccigalupo, who had been sitting quietly in the buggy, jumped out and ran down the declivity towards the boat-yard at the foot of Gamble's Hill. Mr. Lee pursued him, drawing his pistol as he ran. While he was running he stepped upon a stone which turned under his foot, and he fell breaking his left arm at the elbow joint.

Sergeant Lee, despite the accident, pursued his prisoner. Baccigalupo rushed into the water at the boat-yard, but he soon came out and was captured. Mr. Lacy came forward to the assistance of Mr. Lee as soon as possible, the brothers of Poindexter urging him to do what he could to help Mr. Lee, and promising that they would be responsible for the keeping of John. After this the prisoners were taken to the penitentiary.

Sergeant Lee is doing as well as could be expected.—*The State.*

A young lady who ought to know, accounts for the disposition of the average young fellow to put his arm around a girl's waist, by the supposition that he is looking for that rib that was taken from him so long ago.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance; he that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe.