—STAUNTON SPECTATOR AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.—

For the SPECTATOR.

I WOULD NOT BE AN ANGEL HERE!

BY U. W. V.

I would not be an angel here
Where bright illusions fade,
Where Virtue's gems their lustre lose
And wicked paths are made.
But a true woman I would be,
Whose heart not always sings,
Whose feet are oft by briers torn,
But wishes not for wings.

I would not be an angel here
I'll say to every one,
For *earthly angels'* waxen wings
Will melt when near the sun.
That I should be an angel here
Was not my Maker's plan,
Or He would never have procured
That rib from sinful man.

I would not be an angel here,
I'll tell it o'er again,
For should I soar the world around
I'd find no *angel men.*
They want *us* to be angels here
And see no fault in them,
Yes, they are *rulers, lords,* and *kings,*
That we *must not* condemn.

They want us to be angels here
With voices sweet and low,
They want us pure and spotless, like
The new untrodden snow—
And quietly we must submit
Unto their sovereign rule,
As docile lambs, *we must* remain
Disciples in their school.

Oh! what if were angels here
To soar where man doth roam,
Would not the tidings mournful be
That we would carry home.
If heaven now is looking down
On sin's polluted brink
Where thousands of *our rulers* stand
What do the angels think?

O wayward, reckless man be glad,
That angels are not found
In this dark, sinful world of ours,
Where guilt and shame abound.
That woman is no angel here,
Doth make man's heart rejoice,
For though he talks of angels,
The woman is his choice.

I would not be an angel here
Where over wrongs we weep,
Nor would I be one when in death
My sinful dust will sleep.
While in the Palace of my God,
A seat I hope to claim,
Yet, I would be a woman there—
I have no higher aim.

I CAN'T DO WITHOUT A PAPER.

What! do without a paper? No,
I've tried it, to my sorrow;
So, to subscribe for one I'll go,
Nor wait until to-morrow.
Should lovers drown, or hang themselves,
Or cut other foolish caper,
I never get to hear of it,
I do not take the paper.

Why, there's my neighbor, old John Stout,
He always hears the news,
And having news to talk about,
He never gets the "blues."
While others yawn in *ennui*
His mind is light as vapor!
The cause is plain to half an eye,
He always takes the paper.

While neighbor Stout hears all the news,
And knows the current price,
And always minds his P's and Q's,
By taking good advice.
I cannot tell the price of calves,
Of poultry, coffee, tape, or
Any kind of merchandise,
Because I take no paper.

Though I have studies, which require
Much time and mental labor,
Yet I can spare a little time,
As well as Stout, my neighbor;
Though time is precious, I can use
A longer midnight taper,
And thus take time to "read the news,"
Therefore I'll take the paper.

MY ADVENTURE.

THE STORY OF A GRANTED WISH.

"To know the misery of a granted prayer." I believe the line is Pope's.—I am sure it is some old author, for I read it during my stay at Dullerton, and, no books of modern date ever find their way to that dreary place. Dullerton, justly named—for it was the quietest, cleanest, dreariest country town in England. I spent three years there with an old aunt, and hope I may never visit the place again. It sounds ungrateful to say this, for Aunt Anne was very good to me, but it was such a change from the gay and happy, albeit somewhat Bohemian, life I led in London with my father. He was an artist, not a very successful one, I believe, but we had enough to satisfy our modest requirements, and I certainly was happy enough till that unlucky day that my father accepted an offer to travel for three years with a nobleman, who fancied he had a taste for painting, and wished to stay in Italy under my father's direction. Of course it was a very advantageous thing in a pecuniary point of view, but I did not think of that during the years I spent under Aunt Anne's wing at Dullerton during my father's adsence from England. There was nothing to see, nothing to do, nothing to think about. I was too thorough a cockney to care for country pursuits, and besides, we lived in a country *town,* not a village. Aunt Anne's house, was in the High street, one of those neat white houses with green blinds and a brass knocker that one always sees in such a street, with a strip of garden as big as a pocket-handkerchief at the back. Here I lived—or *vegetated*—for three long years. And all that time I was sighing for an adventure—something to happen, something to break the monotony of existence. The reader shall hear how I gained my wish at last, and learned to indorse the truth of the words with which I began my story.

"Blessed is the life that has no history," Aunt Anne would say, with a sigh and a smile, as I used to wish for something, anything, to happen, to make a little variety in my life. "You'll find the truth of that one day, Ella."

Poor soul, she had had her "adventures" in life, and had not found the experience agreeable. After twenty years' devotion to a reprobate husband—twenty years spent wandering about the world in quest of the "fortune" men of his class never find—she was only too thankful to settle down in her widowhood at cheap, quiet Dullerton, and enjoy the little annuity that a relative had bequeathed to her. After her troublous life she was contented to sit in peace and knit in her neat parlor from year's end to year's end; but I, who was young and restless, and, like the bears, "had all my troubles before me," was less tractable. If it had not been for the organ at the church I think I must have run away, or died of sheer *ennui.* We had a fine old church at Dullerton, almost as large as a small cathedral (excuse the Irishism.) It was rich in brasses and fine tombs; I used often to wish I had known the place before so many of its inhabitants had died, for it must have been livelier before the church was so full. I really believe there were more male effigies in the tombstones than living young men in the town—probably *living* people did not care to stay in so dull a place. The church, though very fine, was sadly out of repair, but its restoration was a thing not to be thought of in a poor town like ours. The church wardens did a little vamping-up here and there, but as long as the roof held together further repairs were not dreamed about. Consequently even some of the tombs wanted looking to, and our vicar occasionally made feeble efforts to have them attended to; but as he was no richer than the rest of us, the effort generally ended in talk.

One thing the church possessed—a very good organ. It had been bequeathed to the parish by a Dullerton man, who had been educated at a local charity school. He left the place and made his fortune "in foreign parts," remembering his native town with this handsome legacy. I was passionately fond of music, and when our good, easy vicar gave me *carte blanche* to use this organ I found life at Dullerton more endurable. As an artist's daughter I could not be insensible to the beauty of the church itself, and between practicing on the organ, sketching the interior of the church and making myself intimately acquainted with the tombs and brasses, I spent a great part of the day in the sacred edifice. One cold winter's afternoon I remember having a peculiarly dismal fit. I had been indoors for two or three days in consequence of a heavy fall of snow, and when, late in the afternoon, the weather began to clear, I felt that I must go out, if only for an hour. Aunt Anne, sitting peacefully knitting by the side of the fire, expressed mild astonishment at my restlessness; but as usual I got my own way and issued forth cloaked and muffled to obtain the "breath of air" for which I had petitioned. Having once got out I thought I would make the most of my liberty and try just one chant on that dear old organ. The church would hardly be colder than outdoors, and I was warmly muffled up.—Calling at the vicarage for the key of the church I went on my willful way, little thinking how soon my longing for an "adventure" was to be satisfied. It was growing dusk as I unlocked the heavy door and stepped inside the church, so dusk, indeed, that I missed my footing at the step inside and slipped, falling against the door in my effort to save myself. The door slammed to, *leaving the key in the lock outside.* So here I was a prisoner. I sat down on the step and felt excessively foolish. Here was a pretty state of things. How on earth was I to get out? The door, like everything else, was out of repair, and depended on the key for opening it; there was no latch within. I tried to turn the key through the keyhole, but only succeeded in breaking my nails.—Then I remembered reading in my childhood how a simliar misadventure befell the famous Goody Two Shoes, and how she made her case known by ringing the bells. But, alas, our belfry was approached by a flight of turret steps, terminated by a door, which I found *locked.* Old Saunders, the sexton, was a careful man, and had, doubtless, the key safe in his pocket at home. Goody Two Shoes experiences were therefore of no service to me.

The church was about ten minutes' walk from any habitation, and no one was likely to pass it, so I might have shouted forever without attracting attention, even could my voice have penetrated through the stout oaken door. I once thought of escaping by the windows, but they were all too high from the ground, and even in this emergency I should have hesitated at breaking a pane of the rare old glass. My only hope that Aunt Anne would become alarmed and miss me, although as she had no idea I had gone to the church she might send in every wrong direction before seeking me in the right one. I had promised to return the key at the vicarage as I went home, but it was doubtful if my non-appearance that evening would excite surprise. Mr. Scott, our old bachelor vicar, was one of the most absent of men, and, if he was immersed in his books, had probably forgotten the key and myself by this time. My only hope of rescue lay in Aunt Anne. As I rose from the step where I had been sitting, reflecting on the situation, I began to feel that "adventures" after all, were not without alloy. I thought so still more some hours later. Despite my wraps I began to feel very cold, and, as some hours might yet elapse before I was set free, I began to make myself as comfortable as I could under the circumstances. Fortunately for me Dullerton folks were chilly people, and every seat had a loose scrap of drugget or carpet. I recollected these and the hassocks, and arranged myself a snug nest by the chancel, where I could command a full view of the west door in case any one came to look for me. There I lay down among the dusty carpets, and felt warm again. It was not a cheerful position, however, and I would gladly have exchanged it for Aunt Anne's snug parlor with all its dullness. I was neither a nervous nor superstitious girl, but the church looked so weird and "eerie" in the waning light, the dim aisles fading away into darkness, strange grotesque shadows falling in the nave, all around so very still. I felt such uncomfortably "creepy" sensations coming over me that I shut my eyes to exclude outside objects, and, as people often do in such cases, soon fell asleep.

I must have slept some hours, for on waking I found the moon shining. I now began to feel very uneasy. How was it that I had not yet been missed! Was I to be condemned to "make a night of it" in the church? It was a blessing that the next day was Sunday, I thought, ruefully; at any rate I was sure to be found when Saunders came to open the doors. But this was small comfort for the present moment, when I began to feel not only cold, but hungry. I lay looking down the long vista of the nave, at all the familiar tombs I knew so well; the knights and ladies lying stiff and still, with solemn-faced rows of children kneeling of their sides, and strange animals, like nothing in nature, lying at their feet. The white figures looked ghastly enough in the uncertain light, (for clouds were obscuring the moon ever and anon,) and I began to think, by way of cheerful and appropriate meditation, of all the strange stories I had heard in my childhood; of white robed figures seen flitting down dusky aisles, of spectral banquets spread in church-yards, and last, but not least, of the world German ghost stories—Lenore and her midnight ride with her spectre lover, Goethe's horrible poem of the "Lost Shroud," and similar pleasant tales. I sat up and tried to shake off the uncomfortable sensations creeping over me, and told myself how absurd I was to think of such rubbish. As I raised myself my glance fell on a large square tomb nearly opposite, standing back in the side aisle. I knew every stone in the church, and that special tomb was an old eye-sore to me; for though it was clearly intended to bear a recumbent effigy, the figure was now wanting, probably having been removed at the time of the civil wars, when Cromwell's soldiers had been quartered in the church, to its great injury. Some stone effigies, much dilapidated, had long been lying in the vaults of the church, and Mr. Scott had often talked of putting one on this tomb; but, like everything in the way of repairs or alterations, the work ended in talk. Yet as I looked across now I distinctly saw a figure lying on the slab. "Mr. Scott has actually filled up that blank tomb at last," I thought, as I strained my eyes to distinguish what kind of figure he had selected for the post. "It is a great chance if he has found the original effigy." I reflected, "very probably he has put some crusading knight over the grave of a bishop, or an Elizabethan lawyer over a mediaeval lady. I knew the tomb had no name or date on it, and I believe the effigies were all more or less battered about—well, at any rate, the figure will have to be satisfied, for it cannot get up and walk back to the vault;" and I thought of Don Giovani and the scene where the statue of the commodore stalks in. I was sorry I had done so afterwards, for I kept glancing at the tomb, with the idea how horrible it would be if that quiet figure *should* move. Of course I knew this was absurd and impossible, but I was in a mood to terrify myself with all kinds of foolish fancies. The moon was shining very brightly at one moment, and disappearing behind clouds the next; but by the uncertain light I could distinctly make out the shadowy outline of the new figure. Its legs were crossed, I was sure, therefore it must be a Crusader.—But it was not in armor; in fact, I could not satisfactorily make out what its costume was. The only distinct part about it was the crossed legs, for a pillar hid the upper part of the body from my view. Looking steadily at it, I fancied (was it only fancy?) that *the legs moved!* As this pleasant idea occurred to me the moon again disappeared; another few seconds and it shone out again, and I ventured to look across once more to reassure myself. There was no movement in the rigid form; *but the legs were crossed no longer.* Could I have been mistaken in thinking they had ever been so? Impossible! I had noted the circumstance so particularly. Yet they were most certainly uncrossed now.—Again the light waned, and again appeared. This time I lay looking with all my power, unable to move or stir.—Was I going mad, or did my eyes play me false? Slowly, but unmistakably, did the figure begin to stir; it moved restlessly on its stony couch, and finally *sat upright* clear and distinct in the moonlight. I cannot attempt to describe the terror that seized on me at this fearful sight. My heart throbbing, and my eyes strained, I lay as if fascinated, unable to take my eyes off the object of my terror. This was certainly no trick of imagination, but a fearful reality. Never had I experienced moments of such mental agony as when I lay cowering among my wrappings, with straining eyeballs fixed on that fearful thing—ghost, demon, what?—moving opposite. Presently it rose and stood upright in the aisle, looking around as if in search of something. I tried to draw one of the druggets over my head, for I could not bear the sight longer; but as I moved a yell rang through the stillness, and the figure *rushed at me.* How I found power to rise I know not, but I have a remembrance of a mad flight down the nave and round the aisles, with that fearful pursuer behind—on, on, like a vision in a dreadful dream; and then another fiendish yell, a clutch of cold fingers at my throat, and—darkness and vacancy:

"My dear madam, I assure you it is only a fainting fit; our dear young patient will be quite herself again in a few moments," were the first words that fell on my ear as I opened my eyes again to consciousness. I knew the bland tones of little Dr. Grey, our local Esculapius, and their friendly and familiar sound was so reassuring that I struggled feebly into a sitting posture, and looked round to find myself still in the church, but the centre of an excited group of all the magnates of Dullerton. Poor Aunt Anne knelt at my side sobbing so hysterically that she spilt on the floor the glass of water she tried to carry to my lips. Dr. Grey, affable as ever, (he would have been affable at an earthquake,) was feeling my pulse; Mr. Scott, Saunders, and quite a small crowd stood around.

"O, my child, my poor, dear child!" sobbed Aunt Anne, in incoherent self-reproach, "I shall never, never forgive myself—what you have undergone—and all my carelessness—but could any one have imagined such a thing happening?"

"Is it——" I began, shuddering, as the events of the past came back on me with all their horror.

"Calm yourself, my dear young lady," said Dr. Grey; "we will not think anything about the disagreeable shock we have undergone; there was nothing supernatural, only a very unfortunate accident; but we are all safe now, and we shall go home and have a good night's rest, and forget all this annoyance."

It was some time, however, before I enjoyed that "good night's rest," for my nerves had undergone a serious shock; and some days passed before I was even able to hear the explanation of my "adventure."

It appears that after I had gone out Aunt Anne's next-door neighbor sent a request that she would take tea with her, as she was not quite well and wanted cheering up. Kind-hearted Aunt Anne obeyed the summons, of course, but on her return home about half-past nine o'clock was greatly alarmed to find I was not yet in. Molly, the maid, had taken for granted I had joined her at her friend's, and therefore felt no anxiety till her mistress returned alone.—Like all lonely women Aunt Anne turned to the first *man* available in all sudden calamities; and Mr. Scott being close at hand, she hurried off to him in her alarm, while Molly started for the cottage of Jim Bates, our local policeman. Roused from his studies, Mr. Scott remembered that I had borrowed the key for the purpose of going to the church some hours previously, and thither he and Aunt Anne hurried.—Molly on her part encountered Jim Bates in the street with a crowd at his heels. I was not the only person who had disappeared that evening. A pauper lunatic in our work-house, who had long been suspected of homicidal tendencies, had suddenly committed a murderous assault on another of the inmates, and escaped during the subsequent confusion. For some hours Jim Bates and his assistants had been scouring the neighborhood in search of this dangerous maniac, till at last some one recollected that Saunders and his wife were cleaning in the church at the time he effected his escape, and that it was just possible he had slipped in there and been locked in.—This, in fact, proved to be the case.—The lunatic must have been lurking in the church when I entered it; with the restlessness of an infirm brain he had wandered about, mimicking the attitudes of the quiet effigies around, and it was while thus "posing" for a Crusader that he first attracted my attention. My involuntary movement first drew his attention to *me,* and roused him to another outburst of maniacal fury. I have little doubt that I owe my life to the providential entry of the party without, who heard my screams and the lunatic's yell, and rushed in just as he had clutched me. The poor creature was overpowered with great difficulty, and taken back to the work-house; he did not survive many days, dying in one of his paroxysms.

It was some time before I recovered from the effects of that terrible night; and even now, though thirty have rolled away, the sight of a marble cross legged Crusader on a tombstone always gives me an uncomfortable sensation.

I have certainly never again wished to encounter "adventures;" my one experience has fully satisfied me.

PEOPLE WE OFTEN HEAR OF, BUT SELDOM SEE.—The boy who obtained a situation in an office through picking up a pin on the pavement.

The woman who had so little vanity that she never took a "last" look in the mirror before going out for a walk.

The doctor who refused to call again when he knew medicine would do his patient no good.

The lawyer who refused to carry on a case for a client because he was aware that he (the client) would only be wasting his money.

The mother who does not consider that you might walk a long way before you would find a "finer, cleverer, more forward, and more beautiful" baby than her own.

Two married ladies who coincide in all points upon domestic economy.

A lady who after passing a pretty woman cannot remember every article of dress she had on, and cannot find fault with her taste.

A man who after passing a pretty woman cannot remember every article of dress she had on, and cannot find fault with her taste.

A man who after passing a pretty woman can remember any article of dress that she wore, and can find any fault at all, except that she passed too quickly.

The young man who does not think that he could write a better tale and play than half "those scribbling fellows."

The young lady who objects to being told that she is the prettiest girl in the room.

Horses should be watered in the morning before they are fed. A full drink of water immediately after being fed is a sure way of producing indigestion, if not inflamation. When water is drunk by horses the bulk of it goes directly to the large intestines, and little of it is retained in the stomach. Some old and worthless horses, by way of experiment, were fed with slit peas and supplied with water immediately before being killed. It was found that the water had carried the peas into the intestines, where no digestion took place at all.

"Look here, my fine fellow," said the lecturer to the boy who was disturbing the orator by constantly coughing, "here's a quarter to get a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

You may have seen a young man on one side of a gate and a maiden on the other. Why they talk so long is because there is a great deal to be said on both sides.

Alive at 102.

A MOST REMARKABLE FAMILY—THE LARGEST MAN IN AMERICA.

Lewis Rockwell, aged 102 years, lives in a rickety old house in Pike county, Pa., not far from Honesdale. He is the eldest of a family remarkable for the longevity of its members. Of the Rockwell family there are eight brothers and sisters yet living. They are: Lewis Rockwell, aged 102; Abraham Rockwell, 95; Mrs. Ann Wells, 83; Miss Sallie Rockwell, 79; Eliza Rockwell, 77; Mrs. Phœbe Gainsford, 75; Mrs. Katherine Brown, 73; and Mrs. Lucinda Valentine, 70. The aggregate age of over 80 years each. In spite of the fact that he has many wealthy relations old Lewis Rockwell has been thrown upon the town and is now nearly the only "town charge" in the county. Lewis Cornelius, who died some years ago, was a connection of the Rockwell family. He was at one time the largest man in America, being considerably larger than the celebrated Daniel Lambert, Barnum's giant. Mr. Cornelius's dimensions are entered upon the record books in the Prothonotary's office at Milford, Pike county, as follows:

"LEWIS CORNELIUS—Born 1794.
"Height, 6 feet.
"Circumference below waist, 8 feet 2 inches.
"Circumference above waist, 6 feet 2½ inches.
"Circumference of arm above elbow, 2 feet 2 inches.
"Circumference of arm below elbow, 1 foot 9 inches.
"Circumference of wrist, 1 foot 3 inches.
"Circumference of thigh, 4 feet 2 inches.
"Circumference of calf of leg, 2 feet 7 inches.
"Circumference of ankle, 1 foot 7 inches.
"Weight, without any clothing whatever, 645½ pounds."

This is the only authentic record of Mr. Cornelius's size extant. As he had been sick some time, he lost over fifty pounds of his weight. He was not weighed until after his death, and when in full health would have tipped the scales at 700 pounds. His wife was a very slight woman, and weighed just 100 pounds. They had three sons, whose weight was 815 pounds, an average of 272 pounds each. The only surviving son, John Cormelius, now weighs 360 pounds.

Nearly every one has read that a few days ago, a kerosene lamp exploded at Reading, Penn., and that a child and two girls were burned to death, and yet thousands of fires were kindled from the oil-can the next week and thousands of lamps re filled while burning. It appears that every chance possible is given to kerosene to explode. It is simply Providential that there are so few accidents.—*Lynchburg Advance.*

Why are you Bilious?

Because you have allowed your bowels to become costive, and liver torpid. Use Kidney-Wort to produce a free state of the bowels, and it will stimulate the liver to proper action, cleanse the skin of its yellowness, cure bilious headache, and cause new life in the blood. Druggists have it, both dry and Liquid.—*Zion's Herald.*

Two Organs.

Regulate first the stomach, second the liver; especially the first, so as to perform their functions perfectly and you will remove at least nineteen-twentieths of all the ills that mankind is heir to, in this or any other climate. Hop Bitters is the only thing that will give perfectly healthy natural action to these two organs.—*Maine Farmer.*

Hundreds fo Men, Women and Children rescued from beds of pain, sickness and almost death, and made strong and hearty by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling worth. You can find these in every community.—*Post.* See advertisement.

Mr. E. A. Sothern, the eminent actor, died in London last Thursday, after an illness of more than two years. He is better known as Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin," in which character he made such a striking and brilliant success.

A Philadephia girl who is an expert at handkerchief flirtations thinks she ought to be appointed chief of the signal service.

"I am a man of few words," said Prendergast." "True enough," replied Fogg; "but you never tire of repeating them."

THE WORLD FOR 1881.

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As the only metropolitan morning journal published in the English language which maintains an unswerving fidelity to the great enduring principles of the Democratic faith in politics, THE WORLD for 1881 will be found, where for the last five years THE WORLD has been found, absolutely loyal to Democratic principles; absolutely independent of all persons, cliques and factions within the Democratic party.

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JANUARY 16TH, 1881.

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Leave Richmond	8 00 a m	10 00 p m
Due Gordonsville	11 05 a m	1 30 a m
" Charlottesville	11 55 a m	2 25 a m
Lynchburg Junc.	12 00 noon	2 35 a m
" Lynchburg	2 25 p m	4 50 a m
" Staunton	2 10 p m	4 40 a m
" White Sulphur	7 37 p m	9 32 a m
" Hinton	10 45 p m	11 35 a m
" Huntington	8 00 a m	7 00 p m
E., L. & B. S. R. R.		
Lve Huntington	11 00 a m	7 15 p m
Due Ashland	12 42 p m	8 57 p m
C., B. S. & P. P. St'rs.		
Lve Huntington		7 15 p m
Due Portsmouth		10 30 p m
" Maysville		1 30 a m
" Cincinnati		6 00 a m

No. 1 MAIL—Runs daily except Sunday from Richmond to Huntington; daily, Williamson's to Huntington.
No. 3 EXPRESS—Runs daily from Richmond to Huntington.
No. 5 ACCOM.—Leaves Richmond daily, except Sunday, at 3:30 p. m. and arrives at Gordonsville at 7:00 p. m.
No. 21 MIXED—Leaves Charlottesville daily, except Sunday, at 4:30 p. m. and arrives Staunton 7:50 p. m.
No. 25 MIXED—Leaves Cannelton daily except Sunday at 4:00 a. m. and arrives Huntington 10:35 a. m.
E., L. & B. S. R. R. Trains run daily.
C., B. S. & P. P. Steamer leaves Huntington daily.

EASTWARD.	No. 2. Mail.	No. 4. Express.
C. B. S. & P. P. St'rs		
Lve Cincinnati		4 00 p m
Due Maysville		10 30 p m
" Portsmouth		3 30 a m
" Huntington		9 45 a m
E., L. & B. S. R. R.		
Lve Ashland, Ky	4 30 p m	8 30 a m
Due Huntington	6 15 p m	10 00 a m
C. & O. R'Y.		
Lve Huntington	6 30 p m	10 00 a m
Due Hinton	5 15 a m	6 10 p m
" White Sulphur	9 20 a m	8 42 p m
" Staunton	2 55 p m	1 30 a m
Lve Lynchburg	2 25 p m	12 50 a m
Due Lynchburg Junc.	4 40 p m	3 15 a m
" Charlottesville	4 50 p m	3 25 a m
" Gordonsville	5 40 p m	4 15 a m
" Richmond	9 00 p m	7 15 a m

C. B. S. & P. P. STEAMER leaves Cincinnati daily.
E., L. & B. S. R. R. TRAINS run daily.
No. 2 MAIL—Runs daily except Saturday from Huntington to Richmond; daily, Huntington to Williamson's.
No. 4 EXPRESS—Runs daily from Huntington to Richmond.
No. 6 ACCOMMODATION—Leaves Gordonsville daily, except Sunday, at 5:20 a. m., and arrives at Richmond at 9:00 a. m.
No. 22 MIXED—Leaves Staunton daily, except Sunday, at 5:35 a. m., and arrives Richmond at 5:00 p. m.
No. 26 MIXED—Leaves Huntington daily except Sunday at 2:30 p. m., and arrives Cannelton 9:45 p. m.

For Rates, Tickets, Baggage Checks, apply to any office of C. & O. R'y; or Depot or Ticket Office of any connecting line.

JOHN H. WOODWARD, Ticket Agent, Staunton Va.
CONWAY R. HOWARD, G. P. and T. Agent.
W. M. S. DUNN, Engineer and Supt. jan25

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

(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.)

EAST. Leave—	Mail.	Accom.
Staunton	11.00 a. m.	3.15 p. m.
Harrisonburg	12.00 "	5.10 "
Mt. Jackson	1.25 p. m.	7.01 "
Strasburg	2.25 "	8.58 "
Middletown	2.53 "	9.11 "
Winchester	3.30 "	9.55 "
Charlestown	4.30 "	11.11 "
Harper's Ferry	4.55 "	11.50 "
Martinsburg	7.34 "	
Frederick	6.05 "	
Hagerstown	8.55 "	
Washington	7.20 "	6.50 a. m.
Arrive—		
Baltimore	8.35 "	7.50 "

WEST. Leave—	Mail.	Accom.
Baltimore	7.10 a. m.	4.20 p. m
Washington	8.35 "	4.35 "
Frederick	5.40 "	6.45 "
Hagerstown	9.25 "	6.35 "
Harper's Ferry	11.00 "	8.05 "
Charlestown	11.32 "	8.28 "
Winchester	12.16 p. m.	9.20 "
Middletown	12.46 "	
Strasburg	1.13 "	
Mt. Jackson	2.45 "	
Harrisonburg	3.50 "	
Arrive—		
Staunton	4.50 "	

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., connects at Harrisonburg with Train for Harper's Ferry.

S. M. WOODWARD, JR., Supt. V. R. R.
T. FITZGERALD, S. of T., B. & O. R. R. jel

TO WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

Having been appointed General Emigrant Agent at Cincinnati for the—

VANDALIA LINE,

for the States of Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, California and all the Western Territories, am fully prepared to furnish, *free* on application, Maps, Land Circulars, giving Soil, Climate, &c. Lowest Rates made on passengers, household goods or stock. Call on or address, GEO. A. KNIGHT, Gen'l Emigration Agent, N. E. cor. 4th and Vine Sts., je8 Cincinnati, O.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF.

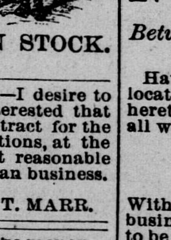
GARMORE'S ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS

PERFECTLY RESTORES THE HEARING, and perform the work of the NATURAL DRUM. Always in position, but INVISIBLE TO OTHERS. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. Address GARMORE & CO., South-west Corner Fifth and Race Streets, CINCINNATI, O. sep28-13t

BUILDERS AND FARMERS SUPPLIES.

GIBBS & CREIGH,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA, GENERAL DEALER IN Builders' AND FARMERS' SUPPLIES,



SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, &c., LUMBER,

Fruit Trees,

TOMB STONES, CEMENT, LIME.

FLOORING ALWAYS IN STOCK.
dec7-1y

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I desire to announce to all persons interested that the undersigned is prepared to contract for the erection of buildings of all descriptions, at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. I mean what I say, for I mean business. Give me a call. Respectfully,
jan4-3m W. T. MARR.

GOLD. Great chance to make money.—We need a person in every town to make subscriptions for the largest, cheapest, and best Illustrated family publication in the world. Any one can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes.—One agent reports 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. jy13-6m

SECOND-HAND STORE!

I respectfully announce that I have opened a **Second-Hand Store** at No. 2 E. Frederick St., Staunton, Va. where I will buy and sell all kinds of Second-hand Clothing, Furniture, &c.
oct14-tf FRANK T. WARE.

DRY GOODS.

—VERMICELLA—
FICHUES and TIES,
Latest Novelty.
SPANISH FICHUES AND TIES,
Beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs,
MULL FICHUES AND TIES,
LACE HANDKERCHIEFS,
Xmas Handkerchiefs,
in boxes for Gents, Ladies, and Children.
H. S. HANDKERCHIEFS,
Gents' & Ladies' Initial Handkerchiefs,
at W. H. WELLER'S.
Adjoining Opera House.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS OFFERED AT
WELLER'S
IN DRESS GOODS, WHITE GOODS, SHAWLS,
CLOAKS,
CLOAKINGS, ULSTER CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, CORSETS, KID GLOVES, RUCHINGS, BUTTONS, &c., &c.

REMEMBER—
WELLER
has the LARGEST and CHEAPEST stock of
BLACK GOODS
in the city.
Black Shooda Cloths, Black Silks, Black Cashmeres, Black Granite Cloths, Black Momie, Black Camel's Hair, and everything in **BLACK GOODS.**
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed.

DON'T FAIL TO EXAMINE
W. H. WELLER'S
NEW GOODS,
before making your Xmas purchases.

GENTS', LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S
UNDERWEAR,
at WELLER'S, adjoining Opera House.

NEW GOODS receiving daily at
dec7 WELLER'S.

FURS!
IN BEAVER, SEAL, ALASKA, and SABLE, at W. H. WELLER'S.

THE PRETTIEST STOCK OF
HOSIERY
for Ladies, Misses, and Children, can be found at WELLER'S.

Xmas Novelties
IN GREAT VARIETY, at WELLER'S.

Boulevard Skirts!
BOULEVARD SKIRTS!!
The largest and best selected stock of
BOULEVARD SKIRTS
in town. **Prices** very much reduced to close. at D. A. KAYSER'S.

ALL kinds of White and Black—
LACE TIES and FICHUES,
Ladies' and Gents' H. S. HANDKERCHIEFS, in Linen and Silk.
BROCADED SILK HANDKERCHIEFS,
and many other **New NoVelties** in this line, just received, at
D. A. KAYSER'S.

LADIES'
HOSIERY!
MISSES' HOSIERY, CHILDREN'S HOSIERY.
An endless variety—**low prices**—at
D. A. KAYSER'S.

SILK FRINGES,
CHENEAL FRINGES,
BEADED FRINGES,
BUGLE FRINGES,
PASSAMENTIRIES.
Black and Colored BROCADED SILKS,
SATINS, and VELVETS, at
D. A. KAYSER'S.

A Large Stock of White and Colored—
TABLE DAMASKS,
NAPKINS and TOWELS,
cheap, at D. A. KAYSER'S.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!! CLOAKS!!!
DON'T BUY A
CLOAK!
until you have examined the stock at
dec7 D. A. KAYSER'S.

A LARGE STOCK OF VERY DESIRABLE
Dress Goods,
consisting in part of
Black and Colored CASHMERES,
GRANITE CLOTHS,
SHOODA CLOTHS,
MOMIE CLOTHS,
ARMURES,
SERGES,
FOULARDS,
and other new and desirable **Dress Fabrics,**
at greatly Redused Prices to close, at
D. A. KAYSER'S.

BLEACHED and BROWN COTTONS, PILLOW COTTONS, PILLOW LINENS, SHEETINGS, and all kinds of **Domestic Goods,** at
D. A. KAYSER'S.

TAILORING.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
109 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.

I desire to call the attention of my friends and the public to fact that I have just received a most beautiful line of—

DRESS GOODS
FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
oct14-tf J. A. HUTCHESON.

MERCHANT TAILORING
HEADQUARTERS,
M. F. McNAMARA,
No. 10 NEW ST.,
STAUNTON, VA.

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

P. B. GRAVES,
Fashionable Tailor,
No. 103 E. Main St., Up Stairs, opposite W. L. Olivier's Book Store,
is prepared to give the same satisfaction in all work as in former times.
Special Attention Paid to Cutting.
Work done outside of shop. Cutting and repairing done in best manner and on short notice. ☞ TERMS CASH. ☜ au27-tf

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

MARBLE WORKS.

NEW MARBLE YARD,
AUGUSTA STREET,
Between the Stores of P. N. Powell and J. S. Gilliam.

Having opened my marble yard at the above location instead of North Augusta street, as heretofore advertised, I am prepared to furnish all work in my line, such as—

MONUMENTS,
HEAD AND FOOT STONES, &c.

With an experience of sixteen years in the business, I guarantee all work entrusted to me to be satisfactory.

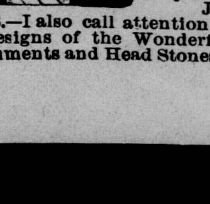
Orders from a distance promptly executed.

All I ask of my friends and the public is to give me a call. Very Respectfully,
oct19-tf W. S. KERR.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.

To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:

Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.



Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.

P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-1y

DRY GOODS.

MANUFACTURED

BY

LEVY BROTHERS!

GENTS'
WHITE LINEN BOSOM
SHIRTS,
AT $1.00.

BOYS' WHITE LINEN BOSOM
SHIRTS,
AT 90 CENTS.

ALL THE SHIRTS
are made of the very best
COTTON and LINEN,
and completely furnished in a
VARIETY OF BOSOMS.

LADIES'
UNDERWEAR.
SKIRTS,
CHEMISES, GOWNS.
DRAWERS, &c.

We have paid a great deal of attention to the manufacture of—

LADIES'
UNDERWEAR!

and can successfully compete in
QUALITY AND STYLE
with any House in the United States.

LEVY BROTHERS,
Grand "Dry Goods Bazaar,"
30 MAIN ST., STAUNTON, VA.

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.
mar4 Staunton, Va.

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,
apr27-tf South Side Main St., Staunton.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

ESTABLISHED 1816.
CHAS. SIMON & SONS,
63 N. Howard Street, Baltimore, Md.,
DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic
DRY GOODS,
would call especial attention to their extensive stock of
DRESS GOODS, LINEN and COTTON GOODS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, GOODS for MEN'S and BOYS' WEAR, CORSETS, LADIES' READY-MADE UNDERWEAR, &c., &c.
☞ SAMPLES SENT FREE! ☜
Also to their
Dress-Making Department.
Cloaks, Dresses, &c., made to order, promptly, in a superior manner, and in the latest styles, at moderate rates. Orders solicited. Rules for self-measurement, and samples of materials, with estimate of cost, sent upon application.
☞ TERMS CASH. ☜
All orders amounting to $20 or over, will be sent free of freight charges by Express. Parties having their Goods sent C. O. D., must pay for return of money, and if strangers to us, must remit at least ⅓ *(one-third)* of the amount with the order. feb27-1y

CLOTHING.

—AUGUSTA CLOTHING HALL.—

Fall and Winter Opening.

A GRAND DISPLAY
OF
CLOTHING,
AND
FURNISHING GOODS.

1000 Men's Suits from $4 to $25.00.
500 Youths' Suits from $3 to $20.00.
250 Boys' Suits from $2.50 to $10.00.
150 Children's Suits from $1.50 to $8.00.
300 Youths, Boys and Children's Overcoats at prices to suit all.
Men's Chinchilla Overcoats from $4.00 up.
" Beaver Overcoats from $3.00 up.
" Reversible Overcoats from $10.00 up,
" Fancy Back Overcoats from $9.00 up.
" Men's Chinchilla Ulsters from $5.50.
" Fancy Ulsterets from $6.00 to $25.00.

OUR FARMERS' OVERCOATS A SPECIALTY, made out of Va. Factory Cloth—extra long—cheap.

Our prices and line of FURNISHING GOODS defy competition. Examine our White Shirts, Colored Shirts, Overalls, Cardigan Jackets, Undershirts and Drawers, Socks and Handkerchiefs, linen cuffs, collars, &c., &c.

Rheumatism Cured.

Come and try our medicated Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers.

It is an acknowledged fact that

BARTH & LOEB,

have the finest assortment and latest novelties in
NECKWEAR AT MODERATE PRICES,
Hats for men, Hats for Youths, Hats for boys, Hats for children—from the cheapest to the best quality.
HEAVY BOOTS AND SHOES,
warranted waterproof,
OUR FINE CUSTOM-MADE BOOTS AND SHOES
are warranted—try a pair, if not as represented, we refund money.
TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBERELLAS, &c., of every description.
GUM COATS, plain and reversible at all prices, also GUM SHOES—cheap.

As we are connected with the two largest manufacturing houses in Philadelphia, we can promise our friends and the public in general a saving of twenty per cent on their purchases. Don't fail to give us a look before buying elsewhere. The biggest stock of clothing in town can now be seen at
BARTH & LOEB'S,
35 Augusta St., opposite Court-House,
☞ We have no connection with any other Clothing House in Staunton. oct12-tf

OLDEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN THE VALLEY.

Established 1857.

CLOTHING
FOR
FALL AND WINTER
WEAR.
J. W. ALBY & CO.,
23 New Street.

We are now receiving our FALL and WINTER STOCK OF—
MEN'S, BOYS, and CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING.
Most of these goods have been made with a view to this market, and we guarantee the **price to be as low** as any house in the State. Our stock of—
HATS
is very large, consisting of all the latest styles.
OUR GENTLEMEN'S
NECKWEAR
is also very large, containing all the new styles.
UNDERWEAR,
SOCKS, &c.,
—of all kinds and qualities.—
All Goods guaranteed as represented.
☞ Goods ordered on short notice. ☜
☞ **TERMS CASH.** ☜
☞ **Be sure you find the place—nearly opposite the Virginia Hotel.** sep21

$1,000 REWARD!

THE LOST LITTLE BOY

was about the size of a man; barefoooted, with his father's shoes on; had an empty bag on his back containing two railroad tunnels and a bundle of bung holes; he wore a mutton-chop coat with bean-soup lining; he was cross-eyed at the back of his neck; he was born before his older brother, his mother being present on the occasion; when last seen he was shaking hands with Dyer Wayt, Esq., with intention of raising money enough to

VISIT
HILB & RUTHERFORD'S
MAMMOTH
CLOTHING BAZAAR

To purchase one of those far-famed and world-renowned seven dollar
Silk Stove-Pipe Hats,
AND A
—$6 cassimere suit.—

His relations here would deem it a favor to learn of his whereabouts, suspecting if he visits Hilb & Rutherford's Clothing Bazaar he will dress himself to death, he having heard from deaf and dumb persons that this is the best and cheapest Clothing House in the far-famed city of Staunton, where can be found a large assortment of

Mens', Youths', Boys', and Children's
CLOTHING,
made up in the latest and cheapest styles of the very best material.

Whoever will give information concerning the above mentioned darling child, (he has a dark moustache,) will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Given under our hand and heel this 8th day of October, 1879, at the Clothing Bazaar, New Street, next to Virginia Hotel.
oct14-tf HILB & RUTHERFORD.