Staunton Spectator.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING,
BY R. MAUZY & CO.

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The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is
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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 58. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1881. NO. 22.

Staunton Spectator.

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(*Formerly Demonstrator in Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.*)
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All matters instrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. apr13

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Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
Office in Sullivan Building 2nd floor, Augusta Street. dec4-tf

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TUCKER & 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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TROUT & CRAIG,
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STAUNTON, VA.
We have entered into Partnership as Lawyers, occupying the old Offices of the Senior member. The Junior member will aid in conducting the old business.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
STAUNTON, VA.,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the public, and may be consulted at his office at all hours.
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feb 4—1y

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Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
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OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

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dec 23—tf

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ROBERT HILL, Jr.,
REMOVED
HIS STOCK OF
LIQUORS
TO THE
STONE HOUSE,
on Augusta Street,
ONE DOOR BELOW BYERS & EAKLE.
sep14 on the First day of September.

WE OFFER as large and choice stock of
LIQUORS
as can be found in this State consisting of finest brands—
Augusta County Whiskies and
APPLE BRANDIES,
Also **Imported and Domestic Liquors** of all kinds.
☞ At WHOLESALE and RETAIL.
BURKE & BRADLEY,
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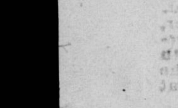
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.



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Livery Stables.
S. T. THORNBURG,...............Proprietor.
Having refitted my stables and added a number of fine horses and vehicles to my stock, I am prepared to accommodate the summer travel in the most elegant and handsome style, at reasonable prices.
☞ Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Parties generally will be supplied with any kind of vehicle desired, at low prices.
I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

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.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. jy13-6m

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SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

ASK the recovered dyspeptic, billous sufferer, victims of fever and ague, the mercurial diseased patient, how they recovered health, cheerful spirits, and good appetite; they will tell you by taking—
SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

The Cheapest, Purest, and Best Family Medicine in the World!

For DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Billious attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, Heart Burn, &c., &c.
This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,

containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.—**It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.**
THE SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaints are a bitter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the Back, Sides or Joints, often mistaken for Rheumatism; **Sour Stomach**; Loss of Appetite; Bowels alternately costive and lax; Headache; Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **Debility, Low Spirits**, a thick yellow appearance of the Skin and eyes, a dry Cough often mistaken for Consumption.
Sometimes many of the symptoms attend the disease, at others very few; but the LIVER, the largest organ in the body, is generally the seat of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will ensue.

CAUTION.

As there are a number of imitations offered to the public, we would caution the community to buy no Powders or Prepared SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR unless in white wrappers, and has the red letter Z and Mortar in the front, and is made by **J. H. ZEILIN & CO.**
"We have tested its virtues, personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. We have tried forty other remedies before Simmons' Liver Regulator, but none of them gave us more than temporary relief; but the Regulator not only relieved, but cured us."—ED. TELEGRAPH AND MESSENGER, Macon, Ga.
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.
jan11-1y SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Remedy
THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE
BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nervous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use **KIDNEY WORT** *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and*
One package will make six qts of Medicine.
Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
2 (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.
mar16-1y

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion**, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator**, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop B**
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "**INVALIDS FRIEND** and **HOPE**" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. **Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.,** Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.
feb1-1m

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jan18-1y

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known are combined so skillfully in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC as to make it the **greatest Blood Purifier** and the **Best Health and Strength Restorer ever used.**
It cures **Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness**, and all diseases of the **Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs** and all **Female Complaints.**
If you are wasting away with Consumption or any disease, use the TONIC to-day. No matter what your symptoms may be, it will surely help you.
Remember! This TONIC cures drunkenness, is the **Best Family Medicine** ever made, entirely different from Bitters, Ginger Preparations and other Tonics, and combines the best curative properties of all. Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist. None genuine without our signature on outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, New York.
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM The best and most economical Hair Dressing
jan25-1y

"QUITTENNIN!"
The most reliable preparation in the world for Chapped Skin, Face, Sunburn, Freckles, Pimples, etc. Prepared only by
W. R. TYREE, Pharmacist,
No. 6, E. Main Street.
PRICE, 25 CENTS.
☞ Store open day and night.

QUITTENNIN!
An elegant preparation for smoothing the hair and FORMING FRIZZES. **Price 25 cts.**
Prepared only by
W. R. TYREE, Pharmacist,
No. 6, E. Main Street.
PRESCRIPTIONS compounded carefully at all hours of the day and night.

TYREE'S
TASTELESS COD LIVER OIL,
in the form of an Emulsion, combined with Hypophosphite of Lime and Soda, for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, etc. Price 50 cents a bottle. Prepared by W. R. TYREE,
E. Main Street, Staunton, Va.
☞ Store open day and night.

TYREE'S
POROUS PLASTERS.
NONE BETTER. Price 15 cents each.
W. R. TYREE.
E. Main Street.

POETRY.

THE STORY OF THE GATE.

Across the path-way, myrtle-fringed
Under the myrtle, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate;
'Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her good-night,
Yet loath to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale;
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
After a steady quest,—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style, I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat;
And then I'd move to go.

'Good-night," I'd say; "good-night—good-bye!"
"Good-night"—from her, with half a sigh—
"Good-night!" "Good-night!" And then—
And then I do not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again.

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer-time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget.

The happy—"End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch yonder chubby thing!—
That is our youngest—hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow—
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a loving brother's eyes,
Share them. And, by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery heart goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest-giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

Malaria--Why do we Hear so much about It?

[From the New York Evangelist of Dec. 16th.]

Because there is a great deal of it to hear about, and only within a few years has its nature been comprehended, so that people realize its wide diffusion, and the subtile and certain destruction that it works.

Sidney Smith said that "an archbishop would have to be roasted alive in a locked railway carriage" before English men would learn the folly of shutting in solitary passengers in company with much combustible material—a custom which at that time had caused several fatal accidents. An illustrious example does point a moral more sharply than an obscure one, and whatever shortcomings critics or political opponents may find in the administration of Gov. Cornell, there is no doubt that one fruit of his occupancy of the Executive Mansion viz: his nearly fatal malarial fever, will result indirectly in the enlightenment of thousands of intelligent minds on the nature of the deadly poison that lurks in sewer gas, and the care needed to ward off its effects by properly "laid out" and faithfully executed plumbing in city houses.

"Gov. Cornell's serious illness was contracted at the Executive Mansion at Albany. Sewer gas escaping through imperfect joints brought on malarial fever, and the Governor was for some days very near to death's door. His house is expensive, and the State yearly appropriates considerable money for its repair. When sewer gas can impregnate the atmosphere in the Executive Mansion, and sicken the Chief Magistrate of the State, it is no wonder that in houses less carefully watched and less expensively managed, it can find thousands of victims."—Troy Press.

Upon which, the editor of the Sanitary Engineer says "and it is wholly unnecessary that such evils should happen in any class of houses, with proper care." Henceforward Governor Cornell will be an active sanitarian, just as Mayor Prince of Boston is, through bitter experience. Last Winter his family were threatened with destruction, every member but himself being severely visited with diphtheria, typhoid, or meningitis—these being three of the protean miseries that malaria brings.—One child died. His home is in one of the costly houses on the Back Bay, and now *he* knows how a house should be plumbed. Before, he left it all in the hands of a builder.

One of the most earnest members of the National Board of Health, was rudely aroused from the idea that a roomy house in an apparently fine location, and in which there were no visible leaks and no perceptible odors, must be "all right," by a cruel experience which transformed him into an almost rabid sanitarian. Malaria did it, and in the following manner: Eight years ago he rented a house in a wide sunny street, all the houses, on which, connected with a sewer quite a long distance off, at the backs of the houses previously to the construction of which, very inadequate cesspools had been used, with the result that the soil thereabout was pretty thoroughly saturated with those animal and vegetable wastes, that are the prolific parents of malaria. It became necessary to run a sewer across the seven house-premises which constitute this short cross-street—not at all for the accommodation of the dwellers thereon, but simply to make a connection between two other large branches. The work was done during a very hot, dry week in June or July, and it was only a short time before the earth was replaced, and everything seemed just as it was before a spade had struck into the ground. Events proved that a dark and potent spirit of evil had been released from its safe imprisonment, and was working its malign will upon a band of unoffending and most unsuspecting victims. The first week in September, found, in each of these seven houses, cases of diphtheria, typhoid fever or cerebro-spinal meningitis. Members of the families who had been absent during the excavation escaped, proving conclusively that the cause was *local* Of the victims some died, some recovered after a protracted siege of suffering, and one, at least, was left with such a weight of infirmity and disability, that when, three years after, death put an end to her misery, every one, even her parents, said "Thank God."

Now that all these diseases have been demonstrated to be produced by "blood-poisoning," and are scientifically classed as *preventible*, it is no wonder that among the survivors should be found this splendidly aggressive enemy of malaria, who has borne his honorable share in the redemption of blighted Memphis, and whose pen and voice are sleeplessly active against the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," i. e., hides itself in a mantle of invisibility.

Exactly what was this decimating influence which emanated from that freshly-turned earth under the torrid July sun? Exactly how did it work such deadly mischief? The potent demon was—malaria; and at the risk of being a little technical, we will try to examine it in the light of the latest scientific discoveries.

The definition of malaria is *bad air*, which six letters are the synonym of the fruitful source of a countless multitude of human miseries. A constant supply of good air—that pure, elastic fluid which surrounds us on every side, and which, to emphasize its supreme uses, is called the vital air—is absolutely essential to the maintenance of life. Cut off that supply for a few minutes from the most robust man—he is dead! It fulfils its functions by passing into the lungs in respiration; there it revitalizes the blood, every drop of which is estimated to pass through our lungs three times in every minute. Load this air with minute particles—say of ether—these too are drawn into the lungs, and mingling with the blood, work important changes in the entire body.

The dwellers beside the trench of upturned earth, breathed in along with their vital air the invisible, impalpable, and altogether imperceptible particles which constitute malaria—a "spirit of earth," which has wrought its cruel will among the children of men unchallenged, for thousands of years; but in this blessed, progressive, nineteenth century it finds itself confronted by an army of patiently peering scientists, who have "trained" a myriad of compound and double-compound lenses on it, and compelled it to give up its secret.

Take a portion of any vegetable—e. g., the beet or some grapes—crush them, add a little water, let the mixture stand a short time, then pour off the liquid, and you have the simplest form of vegetable infusion. Allow it to remain exposed to the air at the ordinary temperature, and shortly a change will be found to have passed over it, which is popularly called "souring," but which is *fermentation*, and takes place as follows: The air is full of microscopic "germs," or "spores," or "cells"—the beginnings of life—which only need the right soil, or matrix, to grow or develope. Let a grain of corn remain in your coat pocket—it will stay a grain of corn; but drop it in some fertile spot of earth, and it changes into a tall-plumed spike, bearing many thousands of similar grains. The glucose of the infusions is related to these universally diffused spores, just as the waiting earth is to the grain of corn; and a spore which might have stayed a spore a thousand years but for the infusion, finds its divinely-adapted environment, lives its life, dies its death, and fulfils its mysterious but appointed part in the economy of nature. It is so small that it takes more than 3,000 of them, ranged in line, to measure an inch! But seen through a glass, in which a hair looks like a liberty pole, with alternate branches trimmed off on either side, its behavior is completely visible. One spore having eaten its infinitesimal morsel of glucose, it instantly becomes two; these, in turn, appropriate their modicum of glucose, and at once double; so that, by a swift progression, the nature of the infusion is changed—it may be into alcohol, it may be into something with boundless power for mischief, to which science has not yet fitted a name. Different forms of decaying vegetable life seem to be adapted for the nourishment of different kinds of ferments, or infusoria.

Again: If you let a little beef's blood stand exposed to the air, an analogous change called *putrefaction* takes place in it, through the agency of a still smaller devourer, the *bacterium termo*—the albumen of the blood representing the soil. Here is Prof. I. C. Dalton's description of the process: "While actively growing in a putrefying infusion, they are in constant process of multiplication by which their numbers are rapidly increased. The multiplication takes place by spontaneous division of the cell by a transverse partition which grows across its middle After a time the two cells thus formed out of a single one separate from each other, and each repeats the process for itself,"

After the destructive mites have appropriated every infinitesimal particle of glucose to be found in our animal and vegetable solutions, each liquid becomes clear, and a layer of particles is found at the bottom which can be frozen into a dormant state, or boiled so that their vitality is destroyed: but as a drop one three-thousandth of an inch in diameter contains one of these tiny creatures of God, a very little of either added to its appropriate animal or vegetable preparation, at once sets up its destructive, for our infusion, though perhaps very good alcohol, is no longer harmless treacle or grape-juice; and our clarified and transformed beef's blood would constitute a very poor fluid to course through the veins and build up the tissues of the living bullock.

A cabbage leaf thrown out at the back door of the "Irishman's shanty" gradually, as it decays, absorbs moisture, so that it forms a very respectable "solution;" and nature will not be slow in exciting the productive energies of the universally diffused germs, which are only waiting to find their appropriate environment. In the dish water which rinsed the utensils used in cooking the animal food of the family, and which too often is thrown out the side of the cabbage leaf, or into the shallowest kind of an open drain, is found a ready made albuminous solution; not to mention the bits and scraps which constitute soap-fat, and the permanent nuisance of the swill barrel, which breeds its animalcules by the million. This is the extreme example, but it serves to show that human habitations, even in the preparation of nourishment, unless vigilantly watched and vigorously cleansed, soon become centres for the production of destructive microscopic creatures. Now add to all this those animal wastes and effete-human products which it is the great problem of high civilization to render harmless, and we perceive how universally diffused are the elements which enter into the production of *bad air.*

Remembering that eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty, but of everything else that is worth the having or worth the keeping, we see that if we would enjoy health—the lack of which renders all other blessings nugatory—we must enter on a sleepless and tireless crusade against all those abominations that class themselves under the short Saxon word filth.

Again, dam up a stream, and form that useful but necessary evil—a mill-pond You transform into comparatively stagnant water what was a swiftly-flowing river, bearing along on its current a large quantity of earthy matters and salts, which, experiment has demonstrated, will soon oxygenize and deodorize and render harmless the most offensive varieties of sewage. The stagnant pond kills all vegetation not naturally aquatic. We once watched the slow death through this agency of a huge New England elm, graceful enough to be the scene of a poet's dream: it took just six weeks. In addition to the flow of water which is arrested a multitude of other things are "caught"—dead plants, dead animals, and the pond itself begins to produce new kinds of animals and vegetables under the new conditions. Presently an unusually dry—or, as the Scotch say, "drouthy"—season comes, as it is sure to come in a long cycle of changing years. The manufacturer "draws down" his reservoir of reserve. In place of the clear, bright surface of the water, there appears a broad, black band of oozy mud, saturated with dead vegetable matter, and teeming with countless myriads of animal organisms, who, having had no notice to quit served upon them, suddenly find that all there is left them is to die; and here again is provided on a gigantic scale our atmospheric vegetable solution, and our albuminous animal solution adapted to the production of millions on millions of saccharomyces or bacteria—each, after his kind, as inexorably as small-pox virus produces small-pox. In due time the air here about is filled to repletion with "germs" or "spores," and our next step is to examine their exact influence on the human frame.

In the healthy human body, glucose is found in the juices of the liver, in the chyle, the blood and the lymph. Albumen is found abundantly in the plasma of the blood, in the lymph, the pericar dial and aphalo-rachidian fluids, and albuminous matters are found abundantly in every region and in nearly every organ of the body.

Now let a man pass through our surcharged zone of infusoria, and the stronger his lungs and the more powerful his frame, the better his chance to breathe in the *bad air.* In the present state of knowledge, it goes without saying, that he is a promising candidate for a series of most unpleasant experiences—whether they take the form of fever and ague, dumb ague, typhoid fever, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal-meningitis, or some other of the recognized malarial diseases. In just what way the bacteria do their work in the living body has not been demonstrated, but that out of a hundred persons exposed to their influence, a large number will be attacked by some one of the ailments above named, is as certain as that a number of persons will have small pox if you shut up a hundred unvaccinated individuals in a close room, for twenty-four hours, in company with a person suffering from that disease. Of the hundred, some would probably escape, for in order to fulfil their hideous mission the small pox germs must find the system of their victim in just the right "condition precedent." The grain of corn takes no root on stony ground Exactly what it is that constitutes a defence against the onset of malarial spores we do not know, but facts are not wanting to support the belief, that per sons who are overworked, persons who are underfed, those who live in poorly warmed and poorly ventilated rooms, shut out from that modicum of light and air which should be the rightful portion of every human creature, and those whose vital powers are depressed by anxiety or grief, or the ever eating worry of fighting off want—all these and many more whose condition would rate *under par*, afford the prepared soil, while blood-poison often swiftly slays in a brief typhoid attack the most florid and robust of men, so that high health even is no security.

Enough has been said to furnish *a priori* ground for saying that these ferments enter the body and there set up their transforming action; and no doubt the age whose vital microscopy is led by such investigators as Pasteur, will yet wring forth the secret of "How they do it." Meantime there are circumstances surrounding the action of these germs that are perfectly patent to the least trained of observers. Those who dwell in malarial regions know that the danger of inhaling enough *bad air* to ensure an attack of sickness, is greatly enhanced by nightfall. Let us suppose that we have a tumbler of muddy water—the water representing the atmosphere and the particles of earthly matter the bacteria of blood-poison. If the water remains at rest, presently the particles subside and form a layer of mud at the bottom of the glass. An analagous change takes place when, by the withdrawal of the sun's rays, the air is suddenly cooled and its diffused moisture condensed and carried downwards in the form of dew, bearing with it myriads of fateful germs, so that the person who is compelled to pass through the lowest stratum of the air after dark has his chances of being made sick greatly multiplied, and the superior healthfulness of sleeping above the ground floor has been so long demonstrated that to mention it is repeating a stale truism. A pin lying in the mud deposit at the bottom of the glass, and a pin horizontally suspended an inch above and parallel to it, will aptly represent the relative advantage of the two situations. Is it any wonder that the cellar population of cities are swept off by thousands when the right conditions exist to quicken into life the enemy; and is it any wonder that the fatal germs bred, it may be, in a "slum," should find their way into the palatial mansion, which, though on a wide and sunny street, is not so far away that the winds of heaven cannot bring the scourge which visits alike the lofty and the lowly? For, depend upon it, there is nothing in the wide universe more radically democratic and levelling than *malaria.* Verily, *bad air* is no respecter of persons. H. M. P.

Rev. Jabez Lamar Monroe Curry, D. D., LL. D., the newly-elected agent of the Peabody Education Fund, was born in Lincoln, Ga., June 5, 1825, and is consequently in the fifty-sixth year of his age. He graduated at the University of Georgia in 1843, and at Dane Law School (Harvard College) 1845. He served in 1846 as a Texan ranger in the Mexican war. In 1847, 1853 and 1855 he was a member of the Legislature of Alabama; in 1856 a democratic presidential elector: from 1857 to 1861 member of the Federal Congress; in 1861 elected to the Confederate States Congress; in 1854 entered the Confederate army, and at the close of the war was in command of a regiment of cavalry. In 1865 he was elected president of Howard College, Alabama; in 1866 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry; in 1868 he was elected professor of the English language and literature in Richmond College, a leading Baptist educational institution, to the presidency of which he was shortly afterwards elevated, and which he still holds. Dr. Curry also has charge of a Baptist church in Richmond, and has declined several calls to wealthy churches at other points. During the canvass in Virginia in 1879 he made a number of strong speeches in favor of maintaining the credit of the State.

Ladies who appreciate Elegance and purity are using Parker's Hair Balsam. It is the best article sold for restoring gray hair to its original color and beauty.

There can be no true thankfulness where there is no benevolence.

Ned Churchill's Adventure.

BY MAJOR HAMILTON.

In October the 'Rye and Rock' camp ran short of meat, and the bean bag was produced to determine which of the thirteen saltwater miners should drop pick and shovel, shoulder rifle, and with a wary eye for the Blackfeet, visit the hills after game; and Ned Churchill the keenest witted and best shot of the party, drew the black bean.

There was elk in the timber, red deer upon the bottoms, sheep along the ridges, and Indians scattered everywhere; but, armed with a Winchester repeater, and carrying powder, ball and enough to reload his cartridges when once fired, Churchill gave no thought to danger, but, as the early dawn tinged the distant peaks, he turned his face northward and bade his comrades adieu.

'Ef ye hear my rifle, boys, a couple o'ye take my trail an' bring in the game.

I'll hang up what I kill an' go on. Ef I kin git a half-dozen buck, 'twon't be too many. I may be back to-morrow—maybe not. But ef I don't show after sun up, two days off, look me up, for I'll need buryin.' So long!"

'Luck to ye!' cried his companions, and the solitary huntsman strode away through the gloaming of the dawn.

Ten miles to the northward ran a line of hills—spurs of the great Rocky chain.

Toward these Churchill made his way following the general course of the streams, and, as his distance from camp increased, with ever greater watchfulness.

Along creek bottoms, across the piney ridges, through the half gorges that now debouched from the mountains before him, the hunter still pursued his way, until, when the sun was less than three hours high upon his daily journey. Ned paused to rest among the ragged boulders that crowned a steep bluff overlooking a broad extent of country and fairly within the Indian haunted hunting grounds.

Before him lay the wilderness, even as in the day when first the greater earth rolled her dripping bulk upward from the waters and met the glad rays of a new born sun. This was the forest primeval, or as part of it, seamed and ribbed by the rocky fingers of the great mountains, the very sanctuary of the elk—a hunter's paradise, but for the savages who claimed it.

To-day, however, the field seemed clear, and, after a careful reconnoissance of the great extent of the country, before him, Churchill once more resumed his journey, but now as a hunter, for his goal was reached, his game at hand.

'First catch your rabbit,' runs the old proverb. Within two hours, Ned's rifle had spoken thrice, and, as its clear echoes died along the rocky ridges, three magnificent elk sank, never to rise again. Thrice had the hunter's knife opened the red veins, and behind him hung three head of noble game.

The sun, grown cold in the falling of the year, had risen to the zenith, and marked the hour of noon. The miner sought the side of a little stream, to rest and eat a bit of corn bread for his midday repast.

He had seen no Indians, not even signs and yet within this debatable land he dared not light a fire to cook meat, but must needs lunch upon the food which he had brought from camp.

'Ef this yere continues,' said our friend to himself, as he munched at his cold dinner, 'an' the reds don't drive me away, I'll gather enough meat afore tomorrow night to last the boys until Christmas, an' kin light out for home ag'in. I'm glad, for its lonesome work at the best, an' thar's no doubt but the Injins is nigh about somewhar."

He reloaded the cartridges which he had fired, replaced them in the magazine of his rifle, then laying the weapon upon the ground, with his pistol at its side, lest it should slip from the holster into the stream, the hunter kneeled at the brookside, and bent his lips to the water to drink.

Long and deeply he drank, the cool draught quenching his thrist; but for a single instant his frontier instinct was at fault. The rush of the water filled his ears, and he heard not the cat like tread that approached him. The sheen of the sunlight was in his eyes, and he saw not the creeping shadow upon the sand, until, as he raised his head, satisfied, a fierce, blood courdling yell suddenly burst upon the air, cries rang out all about him, and, with a mighty rushing sound, a heavy body leaped upon his back, and he was precipitated, headforemost, into the shallow stream before him!

The Indians were upon him; the arms of a deadly enemy grasped his throat; the hot breath of a savage was upon his cheek. Surprised and overpowered, he was lost.

But no! With a strength that was herculean, Churchill struggled to his feet, and throwing his brawny arms backward clasped them about the red skin who had thought to make him his prisoner—clasped them with a grip so powerful that a groan was forced from the dusky throat, and the bones of the unhappy captor crackled; then uttering a yell of defiance to the swarming horde behind, he darted across the stream, and still carrying the Indian, who was now a shield from the bullets of his enemies, the desperate man ran with wonderful speed toward a narrow gorge, a quarter of a mile away.

So sudden was the act that for a moment the Blackfeet stood astounded; then drsing not to shoot, lest they should kill their own brave, who dangled limp and almost lifeless at the white man's back, with one impulse the entire party sprang forward in pursuit.

But that instant of hesitation had been of pricless value to Churchill. He had gained a distinct lead, and even though handicapped in the race, yet it was a race for life—his life, and before even the fleetest runner could overtake him, the hunter had reached the gorge and disappeared among its rocky windings.

When the pursues had entered the canyon's mouth, however, their victim was again discernible, clambering rapidly toward an outjutting ledge, half way up the precipitons side, still carrying his living shield.

With a fiendish shout of exultation, the red skins paused. Let the white man climb! From the ledge which he had now reached there was but one escape—but one path—and that downward. The game was theirs, and they could afford to wait; and as Churchill covered himself at last behind the great boulders strewn upon the narrow shelf, the Indians seated themselves in open view beneath. He had no rifle. Why hide? They would soon tear the scalp from his crown with no further trouble; they could indeed afford to wait

But the brave man above them thought differently. Although sorely pressed, he still had hope, and as he bound his now passive captive with his belt, he watched the enemy below and grimly smiled.—If they could wait so could he, and woe be to the one who first strove to storm his place of retreat.

The situation was horrible. Unarmed, save for his heavy knife and a horn filled with powder, ten miles and more from camp or succor, cornered, with a pack of Indians hungry as wolves for his blood, this single man faced a score; and yet he did not despair. He still believed himself equal to the emergency, able to escape.

Slowly the hours passed. Once or twice the red man who lay at Churchill's feet had struggled, but the presure of a knife upon his throat and the flash in the white man's eye had crowed him, and he lay quiet again.

Once or twice the watchers in the gorge beneath had risen and moved about as though preparing for an assault, and then the hunted hunter had crouched at the narrowest point of the narrow entrance to his lair, where he was hidden behind a great mass of rock and with one hand upon his prisoner and the other grasping his weapon, had waited as the panther waits to spring; but the Blackfeet made no attack.

The day declined. The sun went out of sight behind the great mountain peaks to the west; the cry of the coyote sounded clear from the plain, and the curtain of night began to fall.

Now was the time of greatest danger, and Churchill knew it. Now, if ever, he must escape.

Thicker grew the shadows, more and more intense became the silence, and the blackness of the canyon beneath crept upward. Night had come.

For a time Churchill had remained motionless in deep thought, but now, just as the sharp rattle of a pebble told him of the stealthy advance of his foes, he bestirred himself.

Approaching the Indian whom he had captured, he carefully raised him to his feet, so arranged his bonds that he might run while his hands were still tied, and then, securely and without the savage's knowledge, fastened at his back the powderhorn, containing almost a pound of powder. Last of all, he opened the horn and stuck into its mouth a bit of cloth, twisted and torn from his own clothing.

The rattle of pebbles was now oftener heard and a slow, creeping sound. The Blackfeet had already begun to climb toward the ledge.

Churchill seized his dusky companion and urged him toward the point where the descent began. He would have resisted, fearful of many things, but the mighty strength of the white man overcame all resistance.

Together the two stood at the head of the narrow pathway up which the Indians were toiling.

The muffled breathing of the assaulting party could now he heard, and the occasional clink of some weapon against the stone. The hunter waited no longer.

Quickly striking a match he touched the bit of cloth which was stuck in the open mouth of the powder horn, and at the same instant, with a terrific yell, he dealt the man before him a heavy blow, which hurled him staggering down to meet his coming friends.

The cloth blazed; there rang from the stumbling, flying Indian a shriek of mingled pain and horror; an answering cry of rage and surprise broke from the Blackfeet before him. And then, even as the prisoner was among his brother braves once more, there burst upon the night a roar like that of angry thunder; a great light flamed over red men, bluff and gorge; an irresistible something rocked the very earth, hurling the Indians prostrate; light, flying steps passed down the narrow causeway out into the night; then silence and darkness returned again.

But Churchill had escaped!

* * * * * * * * *

The "Rye and Rock" camp breakfasted upon venison next morn, for the miners following their comrade's trail, had secured the game which he had killed, and brought it safely in; but when the hunter himself arrived, and told his wonderful tale, a fear of massacre fell upon all; the digging were deserted, and the entire party, laden with gold dust and tools, hurriedly "crossed the range."

But the Indians would not have troubled them had they remained, for they too, deserted the hill country; and so long as the legened of the "fire fiend" is told about Blackfeet camp fires, so long will the red man avoid the country haunted by such a creation. And so, freed from both miners and savages, the hole elk range is undisturbed, and the little streams gather golden sands for future prospectors, while as yet the story of Ned Churchill's adventure remains a bar to the region for both red men and white.

SPILKER'S TOAST.—Maj. Spilker is a little man, very fat, very genial, and with a head as devoid of hair as a porcelain doorknob. His wife, Mrs. Algitha Spilker, is scrawny, sarcastic and deaf as a saw-log. A person could kick a tin bath tub down the back steps all nigh and Mrs. Spilker would snore like a bass horn in blissful ignorance of the noise, which prove that she is rather deaf.

There are two things in the world of which Mr. Spilker is very fond—a dinner party and her husband—she never fails to accept an invitation to one or to carry the other with her. For the last twenty years this couple have been in regular attendance to every dinner party given by their friends, and on these occasions Maj. Spilker, when called on for a toast, would always give one to "the babies" in such a happy style that it never failed to create a good deal of mirth. His wife, although she could not hear a word, knew what her husband's toast was, and when he sat down supplemented it by a few appropriate remarks in which she set forth his fond ness for babies. Not long since they attended a dinner given by a friend up town, and unfortunately for Maj. Spilker and the assembled guests, he changed his toast without warning his wife of the fact, who, of course, thought her husband would confine himself to his regular subject.

"Now, Major Spilker," said Mrs. Barker, the hostess, as the dinner advanced, "it is your turn to give a toast, and pray say something complimentary to our sex."

"When my charming hostess," said the Major rising, "requests me to do a thing, it is my duty to obey. Therefore I take pleasure in drinking the health of the ladies—God's best gift to man. The ladies who cherish us in prosperity soothe us in adversity, and by their tender ministerings lighten the burden of life—I drink to the ladies."

When the applause subsided. Mrs. Spilker, ignorant of the true subject of the toast, but glowing with pride and admiration, said:

"Oh, Mrs. Barker, you don't know how fond the Major is of them. I've seen him have two or three on his lap at once, pinching their legs and—"

"Algitha!" gasped the Major.

"Just teasing the life out of the poor dear things. He is such a favorite with 'em, and every chance he gets he is sure to have 'em in his arms, or be romping with 'em. He's got the lovingest nature of any man I ever saw, and somehow they come to him when they won't to any one else."

Maj. Spilker fell back in the chair with a groan, and silence fell on the party like a pile driver.

FURNISH YOUR BOYS WITH TOOLS.—Professor John E. Sweet, in an address before the Onondaga County Farmers' Club said:

The farmer who provides himself with the necessary tools to do the repairing on the farm, not only makes a paying investment, but does for his sons, in another way, just exactly what he does for them when he sends them to school. He gives them a chance to learn something; he does even more—he gives them a chance to learn to do something. From among those boys will be found the mechanical engineers of the future.

It would be difficult to crowd more truth and common sense into this short space. It is well known among mechanics that when an apprentice "learns to handle his tools" his trade is half learned.

For the SPECTATOR.

LINES.

BY U. W. V.

Joyous and bright may thy birth-days all be
As this one hath been to thy friends and to thee,
May the clear shining suns of cerulean skies
Each day on thy pathway continue to rise;
So thus may thy future be Summer and Spring,
Bright birds at thy window, their sweetest songs sing;
E'en scores of glad years may thy rich portion be
Like *sands* be the *birth-days* allotted to thee,
Like the vales of Arcadia by thy dwelling place,
Kind, warm, loving ones thy Elysium grace—
I'll think of these banquets at thy happy home,
No matter where I may be distined to roam,
No, no, should I dwell where no flowers e'er bloom,
Each thought of these days will diminish my gloom,
Yes, just as the flowers cheer up a sick room.

HEALTH HINTS.—Some people are disfigured, and are commonly considered to be unclean, by the appearance of much dandruff. Take an ounce of flour of sulphur, added to a quart of soft water. Shake thoroughly. In twenty-four hours pour off the liquid, washing the head every other day until relieved.

Onions are considered by *Laws of Life* one of the very best of vegetables. Properly cooked and eaten with care they are excellent in their sedative effect oftentimes upon nervous people; sometimes when eaten raw they will promote sleep when other things fail. Undoubtedly the chief nutritious element which they contain is sulphur, and this is one of the most important chemical constituents of the body. By all means eat onions freely if they are not disagreeable.

Sick headache is periodical, comes on at regular intervals, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts out to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a tablespoonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from this unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is simple: but I have made many cures in this way.

DON'T BREAK UP GOOD PASTURE.—It is well known to dealers in dairy products that the best butter and cheese are produced in sections where a large portion of the land is natural pasture, the natural or wild grasses producing much richer and better flavored milk. In sections of country where there are few natural pastures, and the pastures are broken up and re-seeded every few years, or when the stock has the run of swamps and swales, the dairy products are inferior. The experiment has been tried satisfactorily of devoting certain portions of the farm to grazing and insuring its continued fertility by an occasional application of fertilizers. The remainder of the farm can be subjected to as thorough a rotation as desired, but give the cows the benefit of permanent pastures for grazing. When this is done a greater variety of grasses can be introduced, insuring not only a higher quality of product, but under these circumstances milch cows will not be compelled to subsist upon weeds at the risk of injuring the products. Even our best farmers are too apt to break up old pastures, for the purpose of securing the excellent crop of corn which the thick turf always insures.—*Country Gentleman.*

PULVERIZATION OF THE SOIL.—Agricultural soil is that portion of the crust of the earth which is wrought upon by the skill of the husbandman, and consists of matter from which is developed suitable plant food to build a perfect vegetable organism. This development is carried steadily forward by climatic influences and other of nature's processes, all of which may be accelerated by plowing, harrowing, and various operations usually practiced by the intellligent farmer.

Complete pulverization of the soil admits air, moisture, and the genial warmth of the summer's sun. It allows tender roots to extend themselves in search of food, with an equal pressure upon every part, and is essential to the growth and perfect maturity of all cultivated crops. It increases the capillary powers of the soil, and drought or excessive moistnre, which would have been injurious, becomes beneficial to the crop. It also lessens exposure of the growing crop to insect depredations, diseases and accidents. In a word, it is a very important matter in the production of maximum crops or the full development of the natural qualities of the soil.—*A Practical Farmer.*

FATTENING SWINE.—When hogs are being fattened in pens there should always be two apartments, the one for feeding and the other for sleeping in.—The one should be cleaned daily, and the other kept well littered with straw, and the straw renewed as often, as the nest becomes very dirty. When first penned, mix with the feed of each hog at least three or four times a week a teaspoonful of sulphur and also a teaspoonful of pulverized copperas. Feed regularly three times daily. A rubbing post in the inclosure will be of advantage.—Also place in a trough under shelter a mixture of rotten wood, pulverized charcoal, ashes and salt. These methods or an open range are indispensable to the good health of the herd.

PROTECTION FOR TREES.—Trees, shrubs and roses should be protected by putting long straw around the body and branches, tied well with cord, so as to prevent growth in the month of March, or warm weather toward Spring. In many parts of this country the cold weather, after a commencement of growth, destroys more trees and roses than colder weather in the earlier part of Winter. Those who observe the above directions will be very certain to keep their trees and shrubbery alive, and it is only a few minutes work in proportion to the investment. Trees recently set are not in so much danger from severe cold weather as the sudden changes, and protection until acclimated is absolutely necessary.

What it Does!

Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanses the blood, and radically cures kidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headache, and pains which are caused by disordered liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it? Your druggist will tell you that it is one of the most successful medicines ever known. It is sold in both Dry and Liquid form, and its action is positive and sure in either form.—*Dallas, Tex. Herald.*

We should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing it.

It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

You should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.

Man wants but little here below, and he gets it.

Bonds that are hard to redeem—vagabonds.