Staunton Spectator.

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

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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 59. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1881. NO. 12.

Staunton Spectator

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

C. A. RICHARDSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
Special attention given to the collection of claims, and prompt returns made.
COURTS—Augusta and Rockingham.
OFFICE—No. 2 Law Building. oct7

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

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

J. R. TUCKER, Lexington. H. ST. GEO. TUCKER, Staunton, Va.
TUCKER & TUCKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and the adjoining counties. Also in the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and will attend regularly the Circuit Courts of Rockbridge. au22-tf

N. K. TROUT. W. E. CRAIG.
TROUT & CRAIG, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
We have entered into Partnership as Lawyers, occupying the old Offices of the Senior member. The Junior member will aid in conducting the old business.
☞ Particular attention given to collections. jel5-tf

H. M. MATHEWS. ALEX. F. MATHEWS.
MATHEWS & MATHEWS, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, LEWISBURG, WEST VA.,
practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State. may 17—1y

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will practice in all the Courts holden in Augusta county, and in the Circuit Courts of the adjoining counties.
☞ Strict attention given to the collection of Claims.
OFFICE—No. 10 Lawyer's Row, Court-house Alley. oc 31—tf

THOMAS D. RANSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

MEADE F. WHITE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA.,
will practice in the Courts of Augusta, Rockingham and Highland.
Refers, by permission, to the Law Faculty of the University of Virginia.
OFFICE on Court-house Alley. feb 6—1y.

PRESTON A. BAYLOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

WM. M. McALLISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for. dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON, DENTIST, MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery Store. dec 21—tf

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may 5

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LARGE STOCK OF
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS and TRUNKS.
We have refitted and enlarged our storeroom, greatly increasing our facilities for the accommodation of our patrons, and have just opened a large and most attractive stock of goods in our line. We call attention to the following of which we make Specialty and WARRANT:—
Ladies' fine **Kid Button Boots.**
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Misses and Children's Button and Lace Shoes, and Gentlemen's fine shop-made Boots and Shoes, a full line of Men's and Boys' Heavy Boots of all grades, also soft and stiff HATS of all the latest styles.
sep27 LIPSCOMB & BERRY.

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No. 4 West Main St.,
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BOOTS, SHOES,
Slippers, Sandals, Pumps,
HATS, CAPS,
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A full line of BROAD BOTTOM, FLAT HEEL SHOES, for old Ladies and Gents.
BOYS', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S
SCHOOL SHOES,
☞ A SPECIALTY OF ☜
REAL FIRST-CLASS SHOES.
Orders Solicited by Mail.
☞ All Goods warranted as represented.
apr19

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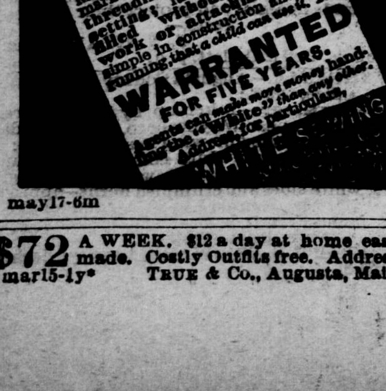

may17-6m

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In addition to their large
SASH AND BLIND FACTORY
LUSHBAUGH & BRO.,
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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.
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DEALERS IN
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DRY GOODS,
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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
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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

WOOL! WOOL!
Our farmers will find that washed and unwashed wool, *if of the best quality*, FREE from BURS and DIRTY TAGS, will command the HIGHEST MARKET PRICE. Black Wool does not bring as *much* when *shipped*, and may be as useful at home. Call and see us before selling.
may17 BAKER BROTHERS.

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QUININE SUBSTITUTE.
THERMALINE
The Only 25 Cent
AGUE REMEDY
IN THE WORLD.
CURES
CHILLS & FEVER
And all MALARIAL DISEASES.
READ THIS From ELDER THOMSON, Pastor of the Church of the Disciples of Christ, Detroit, Mich.—"My son was dangerously ill and entirely prostrated from Chills and Fever. Quinine and other medicines were tried without effect. Mr. Craig, who had used THERMALINE as a tonic, advised a trial of THERMALINE, which was done, resulting in his complete recovery within a few days."
AT ALL DRUGGISTS, OR BY MAIL, 25c. PER BOX.
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As pleasant as LEMONADE {5c. EACH AT ALL DRUGGISTS.} 5c.

LAXATINE LOZENGES CONSTIPATION CURED
Regulate the Bowels easily and pleasantly. Cures Constipation, Piles, Billiousness, Headache, Heartburn, &c. All Druggists, or by mail, 25c. per box. DUNDAS DICK & CO., 112 White Street, New York. 25c.

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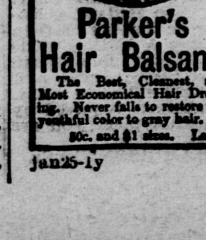
The safest and most reliable Cure for all Diseases of the Urinary Organs. Certain Cure in eight days. No other medicine can do this. The best medicine is the cheapest. Beware of dangerous imitations. All Druggists, or by mail, 75c. and $1.50 per box. Write for Circular. DUNDAS DICK & CO., 112 White Street, New York.

PILES Instantly relieved by the use of MACQUEEN MATICO OINTMENT, and CURED after several applications of it. Sold by all Druggists, or mailed on receipt of 25c. by DUNDAS DICK & CO., M'f'g Chemists, 112 White Street, New York.
aug30-1y

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many of the best medicines known are combined in Parker's Ginger Tonic, into a medicine of such varied powers, as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and the Best Health & Strength Restorer Ever Used.
It cures Rheumatism, Sleeplessness, & diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver & Kidneys, & is entirely different from Bitters, Ginger Essences and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates. Hiscox & Co., Chemists, N. Y.
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The Best, Cleanest, and Most Economical Hair Dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. 50c. and $1 sizes. Large Saving Buying Dollar Size.
jan25-1y

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DR. BULL'S
COUGH
SYRUP
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BROWN'S
IRON
BITTERS
A TRUE TONIC
CURE
DYSPEPSIA
IRON BITTERS act like a charm on the digestive organs, removing all dyspeptic symptoms, such as tasting the food, belching, heat in the stomach, heartburn, etc.
INDIGESTION
IRON BITTERS are highly recommended for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient tonic.
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IRON BITTERS enrich the blood, strengthen the muscles, and give new life to the nerves.
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IRON BITTERS are the only Iron Preparation that will not blacken the teeth or give headache.
WANT OF APPETITE
☞ Sold by all druggists.
FEVERS, &c.
Write for the A B C Book, 32 pages of useful and amusing reading—*sent free.*
See that all Iron Bitters are made by Brown Chemical Co. and have crossed red lines on wrapper. *Beware of imitations.*
BROWN CHEMICAL CO.
Baltimore, Md.
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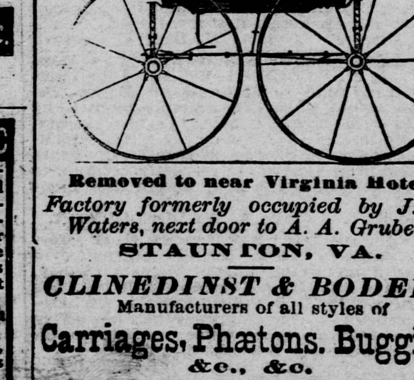
PILLS
INDORSED BY
PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.
THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.
SYMPTOMS OF A
TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.
IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.
TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 35 Murray St., New York.
(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)
apr19-1y

SEEDS, PLANTS, &c.

DAVID LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia, Pa.
feb1-1y

CARRIAGE FACTORIES

CLICK & MILLER.
BRIDGEWATER, VA.,
Will sell you the BEST and CHEAPEST BUGGY, CARRIAGE, or SPRING WAGON. Send and get FREE their Price List and Special Prices. jue28-1y

STAUNTON
CARRIAGE FACTORY,

Removed to near Virginia Hotel.
Factory formerly occupied by J. H. Waters, next door to A. A. Grubert,
STAUNTON, VA.
CLINEDINST & BODELL,
Manufacturers of all styles of
Carriages, Phætons, Buggies, &c., &c.
We employ the best workmen, and are determined to sustain the reputation of manufacturing Carriages, Buggies, Phætons, &c., equal, if not superior, to any in the State. Our Buggies are manufactured with special care to their strength and durability, as well as beauty and finish.
☞ REPAIRING done promptly on reasonable terms. feb24

POETRY.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set,
And of all the lands I've traveled o'er, 'tis the loveliest land I've met;
Where the willows weep and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing? 'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love, I may never see again;
And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old churchyards where our father's bones are laid—
Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will show,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—
Of his early doom, and his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
And, ah! how blest and calm his rest, though his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest—
They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest,
In heavenly mould their names are rolled—they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men,
Who led the chase and the manly race through forest, field, and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen the patriot's blow,
For the dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

TWO ROSES.

I send two roses to my fair—
A red one and a white—
And if she loves me she will wear
The pure white rose to-night;
But if my love deny me grace,
To bid my hope be dead,
Upon her bosom will she place
The fatal one—the red:

In hope and fear the day I spend;
Each moment slowly goes,
For all my future doth depend
Upon a simple rose.
"Oh, that the night would come!" I sigh.
Then wish 'twere only noon.
For me, if hope be doomed to die,
The night will come too soon.

She comes! and with her comes a breath
Of roses on the air,
And be it life or be it death,
I look upon my fair.
I see the white rose in her breast,
The red rose on her cheek;
What need of words to tell the rest,
So plain these roses speak.

PAPA'S COMING COME.

The cloth is spread, so snowy white,
The table-ware is clean and bright,
The day has waned, 'tis almost night,
And papa's coming home!

With homely food the table's graced,
A careful mother's hand is traced;
A flower bud in her hair is placed,
For papa's coming home!

The house is tidied up with care,
The children washed, and combed their hair,
And placed his slippers by his chair,
For papa's coming home!

They hang around the garden gate,
And watch and watch, the clock strikes eight,
He soon will come. 'Tis getting late,
And papa's coming home!

He turns the corner of the street;
They see him and they run and meet,
And soon their loving smiles him greet,
For papa's coming home!

My Wedding Tour.

I was only seventeen when Charlie married me, and I wrote myself for the first time Mrs. Charles Vail, Jr., and saw that the initials of the same were emblazoned on the end of my new Saratoga trunk, when we started for our wedding journey!

Charlie hadn't told me where we were to go, and I rather liked being left in ignorance, knowing no more than that we were being swept away to some little paradise of our own—it might be to an island of the Hesperides, or Crusoe's kingdom, or Eden itself. The shadows were growing short, and it was just noon when we stopped at some "ville" or other, whose long, low, straggling buildings, crowding close upon the track, and the broad, dusty village street, branching off at right angles, are photographed upon my memory. There was a general exodus from the car, and a rush dinnerward, as we supposed, toward the swinging sign of some "house" or other down the little lazy country street; and Charlie, looking at his watch, said it was 12 o'clock—and didn't I want some lunch?

Of course I didn't, but he said I must have it, and immediately started up He would't be five minutes, he said, and I mustn't move till he came back

I watched the crowd, after Charlie was out of sight, and mused and wondered over the different faces, and built up all sorts of dreamy speculations upon them, as one does in a crowd when they have nothing better to think about. Presently the door banged opened, and the voice of some unseen functionary shouted "Change cars for Boston!"

Everybody began to gather their bags and bundles together, and there was a rush among the few who remained of my fellow-passengers.

I stared out at the people for five minutes longer—at least so said the fat-faced clock in the "ladies' room" opposite my window, although I made it fifty, at least, by mental calculation—and then the door swung open again. This time a head projected into the car roared, "All out!" evidently at me—and vanished again. "I won't get out," I replied, defying the empty air. 'Charlie told me to sit still and I am going to do so. Oh, Charlie, why in the world don't you come back?"

"Change cars, miss," said the person, gruffly. "I told you to do so twice before!"

"I am to sit still" I replied meekly. "I am going through." I thought this was the right thing to say as Charlie had said it; but it didn't have the right effect.

"Change cars then—there's the Boston train over there. This car runs back to New York"

I simply stared at the person in a dogged way that he seemed to take ill.

"Come," he exclaimed, waxing impatient. "You can't sit there all day, you know. Where do you want to go?"

"I—I don't know," I stampered. I was told to sit still, and I—I must wait till the person comes back."

The man stared back at me with interest. "Where's your ticket," said he, extending a dirty hand.

"Haven't got it," I answered in a meek and conciliating tone. "My—Char—at least, the gentleman who is with me has got them both."

"Well, you can't go back to New York," observed my tormentor, summarily. "The best thing you can do is to get out and look for your gentleman, miss. Saying which he jerked my bag down from the rack, turned the opposite seat, which Charlie had inverted back, to its place, and, by a species of moral suasion, caused me to pick up my shawls, parasols, etc., and follow him in abject submission to the door.

"Now, where did the gentleman go?" he demanded, as he handed me out on the platform.

"He went to get me some lunch," I replied, almost ready at this crisis to disgrace my bridehood and cry.

"And told you to sit still, did he? Well, you stand right here and keep a lookout for him. There's the Boston train over there, goes in fifteen minutes, and he can't get into it without your seeing him, if he ain't inside already; and my advice is, stick fast to him if you find him, for he must need looking after."

With which remarkable words the man set down my bag, and winked at a bystander.

"What's the row?" asked the person thus invited to participate in the enjoyment of my woes. Then they whispered—about me I suppose—and everybody stood and stared at me.

Pretty soon I should begin to cry, for I couldn't stand it much longer; and here I began to feel for my pocketbook as a slight resource. I dived to the utmost corners of my pockets before I remembered that I had confided it to Charlie, with wifely duty, at the very outset of our wedding trip.

At this alarming discovery a cold moisture broke upon my frame. A night passed under the lee of the depot, crouched among my little possessions, now loomed before me—unless I could deposit the same possessions or pawn my diamond ring and my gold bracelets for a night's lodging and a ticket back to New York. I suppose the horror depicted on my countenance was as sufficient knowledge for my inquiry. I don't know what an extreme it must have reached, but somebody appeared to find it moving, for a benevolent voice presently saluted my ears.

"Are you waiting for anybody, miss?"

I turned around with a gasp of alarm, which subsided a little, however, when I met an elderly face, spectacled and benign in the extreme.

"Excuse me, miss," said the old gentleman, in a sympathetic tone. "Are you waiting for any one?"

"I—I—yes, sir—I'm waiting for—"

I came to a dead stop. "For Charlie" should I say? "My husband" was a step beyond utterance just now. I only turned scarlet, choked and twisted the handle of my bag in silence.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

'I—don't know—where to go?" I burst out involuntarily. "They told me to change cars and I didn't expect to, and I don't know what to do."

"Who is with you?" asked he, with a kind of confidential compassion that a little confused me. I did not understand it.

"My—a—a—gentleman.' I faltered out "He went out to get something and he told me to sit still and not move; and a man came and made me change cars—and I don't know what cars we were to take—and—I—I don't see him anywhere"

Here I choked and fell to biting my lips—and winking my eyes hard to keep the tears down.

"That train's going back to New York," said one of the last arrivals grinning "Going through to Boston was you?"

"I don't know where I was going," I answered, very shortly,

"Let me see your ticket?" said the old gentleman, feelingly.

He had a compassionate way of looking at me over his spectacles; and he looked queerer still when I answered faintly:—"He's got it—and my money—and—oh, why don't he come?"

Here I cast loose all ceremony and burst into tears.

"Went to get some lunch, did he say? Well, now, can't you tell me what sort of a looking person he was, and perhaps we can find him? Was he young or old?"

"Young," I murmured, still behind a barrier of cambric. "W—with a yellow moustache, and g gray clothes and a straw hat."

"Pretty bad business!" one of the men muttered aside to another. "Sharp fellow!" responded the second.

"Well, now, just come here and sit down," said the old gentleman paternally gathering up my bag; and compose yourself, my dear, and we'll see what can be done. Don't cry, it'll only flurry you, and won't do you any good, you know. There, that's right

For I wiped my eyes with the remnant of a sob, pulled my veil down, and was turning to follow him, when behold! as I swept the landscape o'er with one look of desperation there appeared Charlie—gray clothes and straw hat and yellow moustache and all, coming from the dim distance, with a brown paper parcel under each arm.

"There he is!" I shrieked, dropping bag and parasol in my ecstacy and rushed down the platform with extended arms. "There he is! Oh, call him somebody—tell him I'm here! Make him look this way."

"Where? which! where is he? cried half a dozen men quite excitedly.

"Him in the straw hat, with the bundles! Halloa, sir! Halloa! Stop him!" and the small boys and one man started in pursuit.

Poor Charlie! There he came hurrying along in our direction rather swiftly, it is true, when my four companions gave chase. And just as they uplifted their voices and just a Charlie's eyes, sweeping the surrounding scene, appeared to light upon them just then did the locomotive behind in which he had been sitting fifteen minutes before, and which in the manner of trains chose its time to set up a shriek and a violent ringing of the bell, and go puffing off on its way back to New York. And Charlie first started wild and he then turned and chased the locomotive, and the three small boys and the man chased him, rending the air with shouts of "Stop him!"

But Charlie couldn't keep up with the train very long, and the impotency of his efforts seemed to break upon him suddenly after he had run himself very hot and damp, and shed all the hot buns from his brown paper parcel for twenty yards along the track. He turned and faced his pursuers like a man at bay, and, figuratively speaking, they all fell upon him.

"Stop there! where are you going?—Come back after your lady, you scamp! Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" shouted the small boy in ecstacy. "Wanted to run away, did you? Didn't do it that time, old fellow!"

I will draw a decorous veil over the embrace that followed and the compliments exchanged by the populace, who evinced the wildest joy at what was supposed to be the discomfiture of villainy. I will merely observe that the whistle of the Boston train cut short our little scene, and that I was hauled on the last car amid the cheers of the bystanders, greatly multiplied since Charlie's appearance on the scene, and speeded on my way by a parting word from one benevolent personage to "keep a tight eye on my young man, for he warn't to be trusted as far as you can see him."

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See adv.

The Minister's Surprise.

A portly, comfortable sort of a man in a chocolate-brown overcoat opened the gate of Parson Rowe's cottage one sharp, cold morning when a heavy snow lay upon the ground.

It was Squire Glover, one of the "pillars of the church," and he was coming to consult his pastor concerning some church matter. Just as he was about rapping at the door it opened, and Willie Rowe came out.

"Just walk right in, squire, and sit down," says Willie. "Pa'll be in directly."

Away he ran, and the squire stepped in, and sat down in the little parlor, waiting the appearance of his pastor.

Presently he heard steps and voices in the adjoining room, and then a child's voice said:

"Pa, just look at my shoe. It's all ripped."

"I think it is, Laura," answered the parson's tones. "Let me see—perhaps—no, it is too worn to be mended again."

"Well, pa, please, I'd like to have a new pair. Won't you get 'em for me?"

"As soon as pa can, he surely will, daughter," said the father, in sad tones, "Be good and wait a little, Laura."

"I have waited ever so long," said Laura, "and Willie's shoes are worse than mine, and he hasn't got any mittens, either."

"Laura," interrupted a voice which the squire knew was Mrs Rowe's, "run and feed your chickens, and don't worry papa now."

The child ran out, and the person, never dreaming who was in the next room, hearing every word through the crack of the door, said:

"They can't worry me more that I am worried, Mary. I don't say much, but I feel all our needs, not for myself, but for you and the children. It made my heart ache, a little while ago, to hear Willie ask if we could never have meat for breakfast any more, and know that there wasn't a pound of meat in the house."

"Nor any sugar, either, and hardly any flour, and not a dime in the purse, John, but for all that we won't starve," said the little woman's cheery voice.—"Have you lost your faith, John?"

"No, Mary, I hope not," came the answer. "But it does seem hard, when my salary is so small it can't be paid, so we could have a few comforts at least.—Sometimes I think I must give up here, and try somewhere else."

"Oh, no, no, John!" pleaded the wife. "Not yet, anyway. We've got such a pleasant home here, and our people are so kind, don't give up yet Let's try on a little longer, and maybe help will come"

"Well, I don't know from whence, Mary I'm sorry to say so, but I've lost heart lately, till I'm really not fit to preach If the Lord don't help us, and that soon, I don't know who will!"—Then there was a sound of a man's rising and Squire Glover, feeling as if he didn't want to see his pastor just now, up and slipped out before Parson Rowe came in

And when the good squire got safely out of the gate his face was red, and he was puffing for breath.

"Well! well! God bless my soul!" he panted, as he trotted on. "Here's a pretty state of things! No meat, no money, no shoes—why, God bless my soul! This must be looked after. Shall be, too! I'll see the deacons, and if they won't, I will, out of my own pocket, too, God bless my soul! That brave little woman shall have some help to keep up her husband's heart, or I'll know the reason!"

Racing along, flushed and excited, he met Deacon Jones. He had the deacon by the buttonhole in a minute, and after a short consultation they both went off to Deacon Robinson's.

And that afternoon there was much stir in Glenville, little groups constantly meeting and consulting in every store, and on every corner. While the day seemed to close in dark and cheerless in the parson's little cottage.

A fresh snow fell that night and served to make noiseless the sleds which drove softly up to the minister's cottage with the very first faint streak of dawn. The inmates of the little dwelling were all sleeping soundly, but one awake and listening might have heard muffled foot steps, whispers and cautious shoving and pushing of heavy articles. These, however, soon ceased, and all was quiet until the day broke clearly and the villagers arose.

The weary parson and his true-hearted little wife had lain awake late the night before, for heavy hearts make sleepless eyes, and they slept a little later than usual this morning.

But at last they were all up and dressed The simple breakfast, consisting of coffee, warm biscuits and butter, was nearly ready when Willie and Laura took a notion to run to the front door and see how deep the snow was on the front porch

Through the little parlor they trotted, Willie first, and Laura following, to the front door, which, with some little trouble, they pulled open.

And the next minute the cottage rung with their hasty shouts.

"Pa! pa! mamma! mamma! do come here! Come quick! Run here to the porch, quick, both of you!"

Greatly surprised, and slightly frightened, not knowing what had happened to the children, the good parson and his wife rushed to the front door, up setting the cat and the coffee-pot in their haste to reach it.

What a sight met their eyes! No wonder the children shouted! The snow had been carefully swept from the front porch, which was set out with a tempting array of various articles—Right before the door stood a barrel of flour, on top of the barrel were laid two juicy hams, and astride the hams sat a great, fat turkey, all dressed ready for cooking, at which Willie and Laura set up a great shout.

An open barrel beyond was running over with plump red apples, and a second barrel full of big, comfortable-looking potatoes and a row of crisp cabbage-heads kept guard all around the barrel.

Then there was a box, packed with papers of sugar, coffee, tea and rice, a sack of dried peaches and several cans of fruit. And another box, when opened, displayed two new pairs of shoes, just the right size for Willie and Laura; sundry rolls of flannel, muslin and calico, warm stockings and mittens, and several small articles, not forgetting a well filled basket of nuts and candies, which proved that somebody knew what children love, and which set Laura and Willie to dancing, like little Indians.

In the bottom of the box was a thick, warm gray shawl, with Mrs Rowe's name pinned in it. And when the shawl was unfolded, there dropped out an envelope directed to Parson Rowe, inside of which they found the amount of the delinquent salary in good, new green backs, and a card upon which was written:

"Will our pastor accept the little surprise gift which accompanies his salary, with the love of a grateful people?"

"Oh, what a pleasant, pleasant surprise!" cried Willie and Laura together.

"What a wonderful mercy, rather!" said the mother; "John, didn't I tell you the Lord would help us?"

"Yes, Mary!" answered the pastor.—"Let us thank Him for the mercies of this morning."

And in the little parlor they all reverently knelt, and never a more fervent thanksgiving went up than ascended from the little circle in the parson's cottage that happy winter morning.

[From the Lynchburg Virginian.]

Bourbonism.

It was said of the Bourbons, the royal family of France, (by their mortal enemy, Napoleon, be it remembered), that they "forgot nothing and learned nothing;" and it has been the habit of the Radical press of the North since the war to derisively apply the term "Bourbons" to every white man south of Mason and Dixon's line except a few govermental hirelings who sold out for office. Since repudiation has been made a plank in the Republican platform the excepted class has been enlarged, so as to include the advocates of that dogma; and now the Republican press of the South unite in scornfully hurling the term at that class in this State which represents ninety-five per cent. of its wealth, brain and virtue, and which is struggling to maintain its faith and honor, and to meet its obligations. Mahone and his scalawag following, especially apply the term to everybody who does not basely bow the knee at his shrine, that thrift may fallow fawning.

The readers of this paper will bear it witness that its course, while Conservative in the true sense of the term, has ever been progressive in all matters pertaining to the welfare and advancement of the State, its material prosperity, and the intellectual elevation of its people. Together with the whole Democratic party of the State, it has ever advocated internal improvements, development of mineral resources, a liberal support of the free schools, impartial justice, kindly treatment to the colored race a free and open ballot and a fair count. But while progressive in these matters there are things they never wish to learn; and there are things they never care to forget, and as to which it is an honour to be a Bourbon.

The true people of Virginia; those who followed the fortunes of the gallant Daniel during the canvass just closed, never wish to learn how to barter the birthright of Virginia honor for the petty spoils of office; how to degrade her good name among the nations to secure dangerous power to a corrupt and irresponsible few; how to combine the fatal influences of Federal hate and negro insolence for the purpose of violating sacred obligations; of dragging the judicial ermine in the dust, and of making our loved State a byword and reproach among men. These things we do not want to learn. So the good people of Virginia do not wish to forget, and will not forget the traditions, the teachings and the principles which have made her past all glorious and great They will not forget that it was the constancy of her people to what seemed a hopeless cause which secured for her the title of the "Old Dominion;" that it was her fidelity to principle and right at any risk and sacrifice which gave her so controlling a voice in the organization of this Union, and which placed in the hands of her sons for so long a period, the control of its chief powers; that it was the chivalric spirit of her people and their stern devotion to duty and truth which stamped her peculiar civilization on one-half this broad land, and so long gave tone and thought to the general government; that it was the same spirit of chivalry and the same traditional devotion to the right which twenty years ago bared her breast to the storm of war, and poured out her treasure and her blood without a murmur, a groan or a tear; that when the war was over, with a heroism as great as that of the battlefield and bivouac, her people, with nothing left them but honor, put their hands to the plough and turned not back again until her fields had blossomed like the rose and the voice of plenty was again heard in the land. Yes, all these things the despised "Bourbons" will not soon forget—nor have they forgotten the obligations of a contract, the strength of plighted faith, the value of public credit; nor yet the earliest lesson of all, taught on Sinai: "Thou shalt not steal."

If not learning such vices and not forgetting such virtues make a people "Bourbons," then it is a ground of sincere congratulation that in the limits of this Commonwealth, once so honored and so beloved, the vast proportion of the white people still are Bourbons.

These reflections were suggested on reading in the Staunton SPECTATOR the subjoined poem which we learn was written by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon of the bar of that city. We commend it to our readers as a poetic gem whose beauty and truth must touch a responsive chord in every true Virginian's heart:

[Then follows the excellent poem published originally in the SPECTATOR in its issue of the 15th of November.]

HOW TO BREAK OFF BAD HABITS.—Understand the reason, and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject until there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, that lead to the temptation. Frequent the places, associated with the persons, indulge in the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy; idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may guard against an occurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it an easy thing that you have undertaken. It is folly to expect to break off a habit in a day which may have been gathering strength for years —*Ex.*

HE DID NOT ADVERTISE.—A nervous-looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if there was anything she could do for him. He said no; he didn t want anything. She went away, and he sat there half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man; "I just wanted to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says, above all things, I must avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers, I thought this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours of complete isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.

She laid her cheek on the easy chair against his head and murmured: "How I do love to rest my head against your head, Augustus!" "Do you?" said he "Is it because you love me?" "No; because it is so nice and soft." Then he lay and lay, and thought and thought.

If we would be great and worthy, we must make ourselves so; we shall not drift into nobleness. Only by painful and persistent care can we rise up to our best selves, only by diligent spiritual husbandry eradicate the weeds and cultivate the grain.

Experience has demonstrated that salt sown broadcast when wheat is well up and stooling will prevent rust. It is also credited with the effect of greatly stiffening the straw.

Keep your family well supplied with "Sellers' Cough Syrup." Use it in time; you will avert bronchial and pulmonary affections. 25 cents.

LOVE SONG.

"Tell me, gentle traveler, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow
And the brightest rivers glide;
Say, of all thy eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been?"

"Lady, shall I tell tell where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all claims beside?
'Tis where those we love abide,
And that little spot is blessed
Which the loved one's foot has pressed."

For the SPECTATOR.

WHY?

BY BERTIE.

Why should we try—still try to steer our barks?
Fate rules us all,
Why try to climb the ever-climbing wave,
When we but fall?

Why still look to the long, long dim to-morrows
That never come?
Why work till joy is made a sorrow,
For joys to come?

Why work upon life's shady side forever
Seeking the sun?
Why weave forever at an endless web
Which ne'er is spun?

Why waste our thoughts upon the future?
'Tis all laid down.
We cannot change or alter;
Fate weaves the crown.

Craigsville, Va.

Domestic Education.

Mothers are frequently so over-nice and particular that they refuse to share their household duties with their young daughters, for fear something will be slighted or improperly done.

Now this is all wrong. Children, no matter what their position or prospects in life may be, should be taught while young to make themselves useful, and to assist those about them in every way possible.

Girls especially should be early trained to a thorough knowledge of household duties, and familiarized with the routine of daily work, even if the trouble they make far outbalances the small amount of assistance rendered. A daughter so trained is not the one that grows up to laziness and helplessness; that comes tardily to breakfast and sits listlessly around, thinking and knowing and caring as little about what is going on in the house as a stranger would, except as it interferes with personal comfort and convenience. She is the mother's confident, the father's comforter, and a blessing to the household.

If it is true, as has been sung, that it is love that makes the world go round, it is equally certain that prudence, patience, and kindred praiseworthy qualities must oil the wheels of the domestic world, if they are to revolve smoothly.

Flocks of school girls are annually "finished off," and turned out into the world as accomplished young women, nearly every one of whom expects to marry sometime and make a home of her own, and yet among them all, how may have the true idea of the real issues of life, or measure the depth of the sea of perplexities into which they plunge so blissfully and blindly?

Trouble for the average young housewife begins in her ignorance of domestic economy and the proper preparation of food for the table.

Who shall count the difficulties and dilemmas that lurk in refractory stoves, the disappointments that lie hidden in the flour barrel, or the ambushed trials that rise unexpectedly from pot and pan and kettle? Their name is legion.

It would seem as though every mother who has herself wrestled with the mysteries of household labor, ought to learn a lesson from life's experience, and take measures to turn her daughter's trials into triumph, by making her as thoroughly familiar with the science of the cookery-book and the problem of domestic economy, as with the various branches of school education, or the more ornamental parlor accomplishments.

Yes, I know it is more trouble to teach her how to cook than it is to do everything yourself. Very likely there will be more than one failure to record, and she may be an uninterested pupil; duty is not always agreeable, but it is none the less duty. There is no time better than just now for the newly fledged young lady to put on a big apron and take some of the responsibilities of the season on her own shoulders. Pickling, preserving, and jelly-making are stimulating to the pride, and will create a desire for fresh conquests in new fields. Pastry and cake making will follow as a matter of course, and interest in the work once aroused, good advice and common sense will carry it to completion.

If early household lessons have been well learned, the later ones will not be difficult; if they have been neglected so much the more reason that there should be no further delay. Circumstances may prevent the necessity of performing much domestic work, but everyone should at least know how to direct others understandingly.

Girls are not apt to give due importance to these matters; by experience alone can one really appreciate the difficulties arising from ignorance, or estimate the true value of knowledge in regard to a subject so materially influencing domestic health and comfort.

For my own part, I think the law of the land should prohibit any girl from standing at the altar until she has fitted herself for the duties of her position, as mistress of a household

THE LORD'S PRAYER.—Did you ever think, short though it is, how much there is in it? Oh, it is beautiful! Like a diamond in the crown of a queen, it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one

It teaches all of us, every one of us, to look to God as our parent—Our Father.

It prompts us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth—Who art in Heaven.

It tells us that we must reverence our Heavenly Father—Hallowed be Thy name.

It breathes the saints' reward—Thy kingdom come.

And a submissive, obedient spirit—Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

And a dependent, trusting spirit—Give us this day our daily bread.

And a forgiving spirit—Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

And a cautious spirit—Deliver us from evil.

And last of all, an adoring spirit—For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

FIGHTING BEES.—According to Mr. Volk, the sculptor who took the Lincoln life-mask, pictured in the December Century, Old Abe had decided preferences as to preachers. He said:

"'I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. No—when I hear a man preach, I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees!' And he extended his long arms, at the same time suiting the action to the words."

"Shon," said a dutchman, "you may say what you please 'bout bad neighbors; I have had to voorst neighbors as never vas. Mine pigs and mine hens come home mit dere ears split, and todder day two of them come home missing."

"A lady had the flesh eaten off her arm by scrofula. Could see the sinews working. 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher' cured her." J. Ralston, Elderton. Pa.