...unty Clerk's Office

Staunton Spectator.

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

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

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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 59. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1882. NO. 24.

Staunton Spectator

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square of eight lines or less, for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.

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Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

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WHITE & GORDON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties. Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

DOCTOR R. P. REESE, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Special attention given to diseases of females. Thirty years' experience—twelve in the City of Staunton. Suitable arrangements for board for patients from a distance. feb21-tf

J. E. GUY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA. Office in Sullivan Building 2nd floor, Augusta Street. dec4-tf

DR. T. F. BLISS'S EYE and EAR INSTITUTE, STAUNTON, VA. For the treatment of all diseases of The EYE, EAR and THROAT. ☞ Open from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. aug16-tf

E. F. WAYMAN, M. D., D. D. S., (*Formerly of the Faculty of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.*) Dental Office:— Over Humphrey's Store, next door to Levy's, STAUNTON, VA. SPECIALTY:—Correcting irregularities of the natural teeth; restoring decayed parts of the teeth with porcelain and gold; making artificial teeth upon Gold Alloy Cast Plates. Gas Administered. mar1-1y

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WM. CHAPMAN, D. D. S., STAUNTON, Va., Has resumed the practice of Dentistry at his former Office, No. 115 East Main Street, where he will be pleased to see his friends, offering them an experience of twenty-five years successful practice. may25-tf

DR. JNO. W. HARRIS. 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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.
ELDER & NELSON, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, and Real Estate Agents, may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

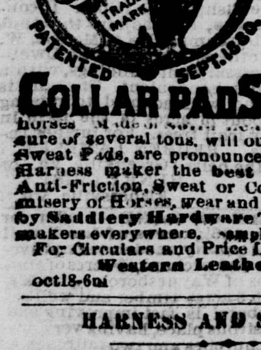
SEWING MACHINES.

THE NEW ELDREDGE! —THE— ELDREDGE SEWING MACHINE is the most simple known, and has advantage that no other machine has.

In Principle Simple!
In Construction Faultless!
In Operation Easy!
In Appearance Handsome!
Self-Setting Needle!
Self-Threading!
To Try Convinces!
To Buy Satisfies!

TRY IT!

For sale by M. P. FUNKHOUSER, Staunton, Va. The ELDREDGE MACHINE is WARRANTED in every respect. R. B. MURPHY, oct18-6m Traveling Agent for Company.



COLLAR PADS. For Farmers, Liverymen, Teamsters, Coachmen, Lumbermen, Express, Horse Car, Omnibus, Stage Transport Co.'s. WARRANTED TO CURE Sore Shoulders, Galls, Chafing, caused by Friction, Sweat, Hard work. Act independent of Collar, soft, easy cool, pliant. Assorted sizes, adjustable to ALL horses. Made of ... leather, under a pressure of several tons, will outwear six ordinary Sweat Pads, are pronounced by the practical Harness maker the best improvement in Anti-Friction, Sweat or Collar Pads, to save misery of Horses, wear and tear of collars. Sold by Saddlery Hardware Trade and Harness-makers everywhere. Sample can be sent by Mail. For Circulars and Price List, address— Western Leather Mfg Co., oct18-6m Chicago.

HARNESS AND SADDLES.

NEW HARNESS AND SADDLE STORE. E. ALEXANDER & CO., Augusta St., Opposite Bowling & Eakle Bros., Have opened a new and first-class stock of Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Collars, Valises, Buffalo and Lap Robes, Horse Covers, and Saddle Blankets. Call and inspect our new and large stock, which will be sold very close for the CASH. OUR TERMS ARE CASH, and we can offer special inducements in low prices to cash buyers. DR. C. ALEXANDER, late with Frank Alexander & Co., will have charge of the business. We solicit a call and inspection of our stock. Respectfully, dec13-2m E. ALEXANDER & CO.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

STATEMENT UNDER OATH.

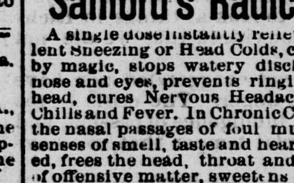
"I HAVE been afflicted for twenty years with an obstinate skin disease, called by some M. D.'s Psoriasis, and others Leprosy, commencing on my scalp, and, in spite of all I could do, with the help of the most skillful doctors, it slowly but surely extended until a year ago this winter it covered my entire person in form of dry scales. For the last three years I have been unable to do any labor, and suffered intensely all the time. Every morning there could be nearly a dustpanful of scales taken from the sheet on the bed, some of them half as large as the envelope containing this letter. In the latter part of the winter my skin commenced cracking open. I tried everything, almost, that could be thought of, without any relief. The 12th of June I started West, in hopes I could reach the Hot Springs. I reached Detroit, and was so low I thought I should have to go to the hospital, but finally got as far as Lansing, Mich, where I had a sister living. One Dr. —— treated me about two weeks, but did me no good. All thought I had but a short time to live. I earnestly prayed to die. Cracked through the skin all over my back, across my ribs, arms, hands, limbs, feet badly swollen, toe nails came off, finger nails dead and hard as bone, hair dead, dry and lifeless as old straw. Oh, my God! how I did suffer!

"My sister, Mrs. E. H. Davis, had a small part of a box of Cuticura in the house. She wouldn't give up; said 'We will try Cuticura.' Some was applied on one hand and arm. Eureka! there was relief; stopped the terrible burning sensation from the word go. They immediately got the Cuticura Resolvent (blood purifier), Cuticura and Cuticura Soap (the great skin cures). I commenced by taking one tablespoonful of Resolvent three times a day, after meals; had a bath once a day, water about blood heat; used Cuticura Soap freely; applied Cuticura morning and evening. Result, returned to my home in just six weeks from the time I left, and my skin as smooth as this sheet of paper. HIRAM E. CARPENTER, Henderson, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Sworn to before me this 19th day of January, 1880. A. M. LEFFINGWELL, Justice of the Peace.

CUTICURA Remedies are for sale by all druggists. Price of CUTICURA, a Medicinal Jelly, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA MEDICINAL TOILET SOAP, 25c. CUTICURA MEDICINAL SHAVING SOAP, 15c.; in bars for barbers and large consumers, 35c. Principal Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

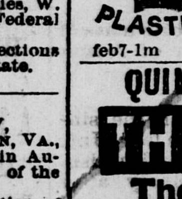
CATARRH



Sanford's Radical Cure.

A single dose instantly relieves the most violent Sneezing or Head Colds, clears the head as by magic, stops watery discharges from the nose and eyes, prevents ringing noises in the head, cures Nervous Headache and subdues Chills and Fever. In Chronic Catarrh it cleanses the nasal passages of foul mucus, restores the senses of smell, taste and hearing when affected, frees the head, throat and bronchial tubes of offensive matter, sweetens and purifies the breath, stops the cough and arrests the progress of catarrh toward consumption.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.



100 Times more effectual than any other plaster or electric battery for pain and weakness of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary organs, Partial Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Female Weakness Nervous Pains and Weaknesses. Malaria and Fever and Ague. Price 25 cts. Sold everywhere. feb7-1m

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. DUNDAS DICK & CO., 112 White Street, N. Y.

SEIDLITINE SEIDLITZ POWDERS, As pleasant as LEMONADE { 5c. EACH AT ALL DRUGGISTS. } 5c.

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

DOCUTA Capsulets. 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., Mf'g Chemists, 112 White Street, New York.

For sale by GEO. W. MAY & CO. and W. R. TYREE. aug30-1y

TUTT'S 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

POETRY.

"AH, SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT!"

A. C. GORDON, *in The Century "Bric-a-Brac."*

Had youth but known, some years ago,
That freckled-faced small girls could grow
In most astounding way,
To lovely women, in whose eyes
The light a man most longs for lies—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known—*my* youth, I mean—
That you would walk as regnant queen
Of hearts in this new day—
That elfin locks could change to curls
Softer than any other girl's—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Had youth but known the time would come
When I should stand, abashed and dumb,
With not one word to say,
Before *you*, whom, in days gone by,
I'd tease until you could but cry—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

I little dre-med in those old days
Of undeveloped winning ways
To wile men's hearts away—
When, wading in the brook with you,
I splashed your best frock through and through—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Your pretty nose—ah! there's the rub—
I used to laugh at once as "snub,"
Is now *nez retrousse;*
Upon the one-time brown bare feet
You wear French kids now, trim and neat,—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

The brief kilt-skirt, the legs all bare,
The freckled face, the tangled hair—
These things are passed away;
You are a woman now, full-grown,
With lovers of your very own—
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

You'd plead to be my comrade then,
With tearful big brown eyes—Ah, when,
My winning, winsome May,
Will words like those your lips atween
Come back again? No more, I ween!
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

Time turns the tables. It is meet,
Doubtless, that I here at your feet
Should feel your scepter's sway—
Should know you hold me 'neath your heel—
Should love you, and should—well, should feel;
Ah, si Jeunesse savait!

THE OLD MILL.

Here from the brow of the hill I look,
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill with gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door.
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop, or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortunes of toil are bound;
And the man goes and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

One Day.

If she hadn't left the pantry window open the night before, it wouldn't have happened, and Sam wouldn't—but to begin at the beginning.

She didn't feel well that morning and hugged her pillow as late as she dared; then hastily dressing, she ran down to the kitchen. The water was boiling for the coffee, and in her haste to make it she poured some of the boiling water over her thumb; going to the sink after some water to bathe it she found an empty water pail, the sink pump run down, the new light snow a foot deep out doors, and Sam at the barn milking. Giving the thumb a savage little shake, she opened the pantry door after the milk for her muffins, and there was a solid bank of snow from the window to the door, and the lower shelves were covered also. She snatched the dust pan and brush, and shutting the door behind her to keep the snow from melting, went to work at the solid whiteness—forgetting to tell the ten year old daughter, who had just come down to tend the kitchen-fire.

It took longer than she had any idea it would, and the wind blowing directly in at the window threw a little of it back into the room in spite of her, every time she emptied the pan. When she did finish she went into the kitchen to find the fire out, the windows frozen thickly over from the tea kettle's steam, and Trot as blue as a whetstone with her feet on the cold stove hearth, completely absorbed in her "Wide Awake."

"Dear me! can't you lay the table while I get breakfast under way? I'm almost frozen!" cramming the wood into the stove as she spoke.

She was no better than you or, I and so I presume she did speak a little impatiently; but you must remember her fingers and toes were aching with the cold.

Trot got up and laid the magazine down rather sulkily, and began to draw out the table, while Mabel went out to slice some bread for toast—there being no time to make muffins. The bread was frozen solid, and while she was struggling womanfully to cut it, Sam came in with his brimming milk-pails.

"I don't know when I shall have breakfast ready, Sam; I've been at work getting the snow out of the pantry ever since I came down; but I'll have it some time."

"Why what in the world did you go to there in the cold and do that for! I should have thought you'd know better! I would have done it when I came in."

"Well, Sam, I didn't do it for fun. I did not suppose you had the time, and, beside I couldn't go in and out over that snow bank;" slicing away at the bread.

Sam took his pail of hot breakfast for the hens and went out. Mabel went into the the kitchen and found that Trot had only put up one leaf of the table and it must be all relaid. She gave up the idea of toast, and dropping her frozen bread into the steamer she set it over the tea-kettle and began to straighten things on the table.

"You never said 'thank you,' nor anything to me for laying the table, and I did it just as good as I could."

"Did you ever see me in your life leave the table against the wall in that style?"

"No, no; I guess not; but I didn't think" Sam came in and began to draw some water to wash his hands, and looking at the table, then at the stove, he said:

I thought I should like a few of those beans warmed for breakfast."

"Well, there isn't a drop of well-water in the house."

Sam began to dance, wash-dish in hand and said:

"I'll run for my life and get you some if you won't be cross!"

Trot began to laugh, and Mabel began to cry. She tried to hide her tears from Sam and succeeded until they were seated at the table; but she couldn't eat—a lump in her throat choked her every time she swallowed a spoonful of coffee. Sam's face drew down and a scowl gathered on his forehead. He waited a few minutes and then said:

"Why don't you eat your breakfast?"

"I don't feel hungry."

"Are you sick?"

"No"

"Well, I should like to know what ails you."

"You said I was cross and—"

"Oh, well! I would cry about that! Humph!" And Sam's chair went back from table, and he went out in a hurry Now if he only had stopped to think that sometimes a woman really needs a little petting, and if she is a little unreasonable it is best to pass it by—in short, if he had only stepped to think that women do have nerves which men do not—owing doubtless to their outdoor's life—he would just have kissed and cosseted her, and that would have brought back the sunshine.

The snow blew so that Sam couldn't stay out to work and he soon came in. Such days were always hailed with delight by Mabel and Trot—the days when "father was in the house" for he was a busy farmer and the evenings were all the time he had in the house.

He cast a glance at Mabel's face as he entered, but she never raised her eyes and kept about her work, using the utmost self control to keep from crying.

Sam sat down by the window from which the frost had nearly thawed, and began to whistle softly to himself saying at length:

"How much longer is this going to last, Mabel, I've got about sick of it. Let's kiss and make up!"

But, Sam looked "laughing," as Trot called it; and treated the affair so silly that Mabel wouldn't go near him, but went out into the sink-room without a word.

Sam snatched his hat and said: "I'll go to the woods chopping! I won't stay here!" and before she knew it he had gone, and without kissing her good by for the first time in their married life.

Looking disconsolately out the window, she saw him striding up through the field, his axe over his shoulder and his head bent before the wind which was full of snow.

She sat down then and had her cry out; but it was nearly time to get dinner when she stopped sobbing. She bathed her swollen eyes and face, arranged her hair, and prepared the dinner—dishing it neatly for Mabel was a good housekeeper, and placed it in the warm oven, while she went to the window to watch for Sam. The snow lay piled in great drifts, and the air was full of it. She couldn't see the road now, it was completely smooth except where the drifts crossed it in great welts, which to her excited fancy looked like burial mounds!

Trot had stopped playing and pressed closely to her mother's side at the window, peering out into the whirling snow. They stood there a long time till Trot said softly;

"Mother why don't papa come? it's two o'clock and I'm so hungry."

"He will come now in a few minutes of course, and you will want to eat dinner with him."

But the clock struck three, and still he didn't come; while black, angry looking clouds loomed out of the west, and it seemed as though the wind increased in violence every moment Mabel turned from the window with pale face and compressed lips and said:

"Trottie, I'm going to find your father; you stay right here and keep a good hot fire, and don't you be afraid."

She was slipping off her shoes as she spoke, and putting on her rubber boots; she thought, as she took them in her hand how Sam had brought them home to her one day so she could come up in the woods where he was working; and of how she had laughed at the little inside soles of cork just like his, and Trot had named them "mother's golden shoes." Choking back a sob she tied on her fur cap, and pulling on her mittens she kissed Trot good by and went out. The wind tossed her as though she were a feather at first; but finding she couldn't hurry, she moved slowly, balancing herself firmly first on one foot then the other. When she reached those ghastly-looking drifts she shivered as she put her foot down, half expecting she might find Sam at the bottom of them.

How everything came back to her as she struggled on against the wind; all the tender-loving things he was always doing for her. How she hated herself as she thought but that, for her he would be safe at home.

She reached the top of the hill and stopped an instant to see where the road was; she could see the gate which opened into the field beyond, but the snow had completely hidden the road from sight. The wind tossed and buffeted her until it seemed to her that she went backward instead of forward; but she pressed blindly on her feet sinking deeper at each step till she could hardly get strength enough to lift them. She struggled through the gate, a few steps beyond it, and came to a big drift over which it seemed impossible to pass, but she made the attempt only to fall face downward in the snow. While she was trying to rise, she felt some one lifting her and heard Sam's welcome voice crying:

"Why Mabel! what is the matter at home?"

"O, Sam! I thought you were dead!"

"Well, I'm not; but I'm afraid you will be," and picking her up as though she had been a baby, he tramped through the snow towards home. Nothing was said till Mabel was removing her clothes by the fire, and Sam said:

"What on earth sent you out this awful day!"

"O, I thought you were dead, and you never kissed me good-by!"

Sam took her upon his knee and said tenderly.

"Well, dear; I hadn't been up in the woods an hour this morning before I ought to have been ashamed of myself and I was coming right back to tell you so, when one of the French choppers on the timber lot came over to me, saying he heard my axe, and so he came after me to go down to the shanty and see one of the men who is sick. I staid there working over him until nearly three; I might have known you would have been anxious."

The early twilight was closing in as the husband and wife sat together by the fire, thinking if their little family circle remained unbroken, all other trials could be patiently borne, when Trot put an end to sentiment by exclaiming.

"I'm just about starved! Are we ever going to have dinner?"

And Mabel, with a happy little laugh put the dried up dinner upon the table, round which they all gathered with thankful hearts

THE LARGEST LAND OWNERS IN THE WORLD.—Chicago, Ill., February 14—The immense tract of land set aside by the State of Texas to pay for the erection of a new State House has been transferred by the State during the past two days to Abner Taylor, Hon. C B. Farwell, and John V. Farwell, of Chicago, and A. C Babcock, of Canton, Ill., who will furnish the necessary funds for erecting the building. This domain is larger than the State of Connecticut, and five times larger than Rhode Island. It is in the northwest corner of the State, and the survey extends south a distance of 197 miles with an average width of 27 miles. Two railways are already projected through this section of the State The transfer of these lands is probably the largest sale ever made to private individuals, and the purchasers are the largest land-owners in the world.

Many a foolish man has measured his form in a glass goblet and found room to spare.

Two Contemporaries of Jesus.

[Richmond Central Presbyterian.]

Jesus did not appear, like Lycurgus or Agamemnon, in prehistoric times. He does not belong to a non historical period. He appeared in the reign of Augustus Cæsar—in the very midst of the Roman civilization—when Western Asia, Southern Europe, and North Africa were in a blaze of light. Virgil and Horace were just dead. Ovid was writing his amatory verses. Jesus was a contemporary of the philosopher Seneca, of Josephus, of the celebrated Philo of Alexandria. This Philo was one of the most accomplished men of his day—a master of geometry, grammar, philosophy, music, and poetry, and the just pride which she felt in him was expressed by his wife, who, when asked why she alone of all her sex did not wear any golden ornaments, replied: "The virtue of a husband is a sufficient ornament for his wife" Philo was a Jew, and, according to Josephus, a member of the sacerdotal family. He wrote extensively on theology and philosophy, and although Neo Platonism developed in the third century, its real founder was Philo. It was he who developed the idea of the *Logos*, whom he describes as the perfect image of the Father. In the reign of the Caligula, about A. D 40, he was sent as chief of an embassy to that Emperor by the Jews of Alexandria, and he was in Rome again in the reign of Claudius. We also know that, at least on one occasion, he visited Jerusalem. Photius even affirms that he was a friend of the Apostle Peter; but this is improbable. He had a brother named Alexander Lysimachus employed in the affairs of government in Alexandria, and who is supposed to be the Alexander mentioned in Acts iv, 6, as a man "of the kindred of the high priest."

The *Logos* of Philo was "the first-born before all existence," the perfect reflection of God, the archangel among the angels, the original power of the divine power, the vicegerent of God in the world, the mediator between God and the phenomena of the universe, the high priest of the world, the *paraclete* (or advocate) for the defects of men with God.

The writings of Philo, of the author of the Book of Enoch, and of the author of the Apocalypse of Ezra, show that the Jews of our Saviour's day were by no means the novices in theology we are apt to suppose them to have been. The philosophising fathers of the early Church drew largely on the works of Philo, and, as we have said, the eclectic system of Neo-Platonism, which was an attempt to combine the philosophy of Plato with Christianity really originated in the attempt of Philo to form a philosophical system out of Platonism and Judaism. We have, we may add, in the writings of this contemporary of Jesus (De Legat, ad Caium, xxxviii) an interesting delineation of the character of Pontius Pilate.

There was another famous man living (in Jerusalem) during the earthly ministry of our Lord.

When the Jews returned from the Babylonian captivity the language in which the sacred oracles were written was dying out, and the Hebrew had ceased, in a large degree, to be the language of the people. There arose in consequence a new body of men in Judæa—the *Sopherim* or *Scribes* They were called *Sopherim* from the Hebrew word *sopher*, which means to *count*—they counted the letters of the law. Ezra organized this body after the captivity, and he himself was chief sopher or scribe—"*one occupied with books, and interpreter of the Book*" The functions of the Scribes gradually enlarged. They copied the Peutateuch, the plylacteries and the Mezuzoth; they guarded the Bible against interpolations and corruptions, and for this purpose counted the letters of Scripture; they fixed the traditional law; they enacted prohibitory laws, called *fences*, to guard the Mosaic laws etc. The Scribes, down to about B C 200, were very cautious; they simply stated their opinions and wrote nothing. About this time a new class of teachers arose in Judæa—the *Tanaim* or *Doctors of the Law*, who formulated the expositions of their predecessors, and gave them the authority of laws; and who also developed the ritual and judicial questions arising under the Pentateuch, in accordance with the ever changing requirements of the times. They thus laid the foundations of the *Mishna*—the "traditions of the elders" referred to in the New Testament.

About one hundred years before our Lord's birth, lived the famous Hillel—the father of the most enlightened and liberal school of the Pharisees—a man devoted to Greek learning, cautious, gentle, and tolerant—very different from the founder of the school of the zealots, his contemporary, the Rabbi Shammai, who maintained that it was unlawful to give money to the poor or to visit the sick on the Sabbath day. It is said that Hillel lived to the age of 120 years, and if this be true, he was present "in the midst of the doctors" on the memorable occasion mentioned in Luke ii., 26.

The grandson of this Hillel was Gamaliel, known by the title of "the glory of the law," and the first to whom was given the title of *Rabban* (Right Reverend). He died about A. D 50, and occupied a seat in the Sanhedrim during the reign of Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius. He was, like his grandfather, a man of liberal opinions. His decisions are quoted with reverence by the Jewish rabbins as an all silencing authority on points of religious law. This man was not only contemporary with our Lord, but he was the Gamaliel at whose feet Paul [it was here Paul was inducted into the learning of Greece, which was prohibited in the other schools] was brought up This is the Gamaliel spoken of in Acts v, 36—"a Pharisee, a doctor of the law, had in reputation of all the people," There is a tradition (embodied in the apocryphal *Clementine Recognitions*), written about the close of the second century, that Gamaliel was a Christian, but it is without authority. He was a rigid Pharisee, and was one of their "Seven Wise Men." As Bonaventura received among the schoolmen the title of the "Seraphic," so Gamaliel among the Jews is known as "the Beauty of the Law," and in the Talmud we read that "since Rabban Gamaliel died, the glory of the law had ceased."

Jesus did not appear among unlettered men and amid the haze that invests the incipient stages of human society. The sun of the ancient world stood in its zenith when Lazarus was raised from the dead, and when Paul started on that journey from Jerusalem to Damascus. It was no mythical age, as Strauss and the German skeptics have attempted to make out.

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by me conscience," said Paddy, "You've pulled them a year too soon!"

A little boy of our acquaintance who had just learned that the names John and Jack were used interchangeably, took occasion, not unnaturally, to air his knowledge on the different readings of Scripture by calling his sister's attention to a picture of "Jack the Baptist."

The Gordonsville *Gazette* has been sold to Messrs. Aiken & Lovelock. Mr. Aiken is a practical printer of wide experience, and Mr. Lovelock is a fluent and able writer

The Two Villages.

[From a Letter in Cincinnati Commercial.]

Very many years ago—it was before the war—I was in company with Peyton S. Symmes and Wm. W Fosdick, both now deceased, in Hume's "Musty Ale" saloon, on Main street, between Third and Fourth, Cincinnati. It was a quiet and gentlemanly resort, much frequented on account of the excellence of the peculiar beverage from which it derived its name. On this particular occasion Mr. Symmes recited from memory with much effect, for the delectation of Fosdick and myself, some very beautiful verses. I have never been able to repeat them. I remember that they affected poor Fosdick to tears, and made a touching and, as I have intimated, lasting impression upon my less susceptible temperament. I asked for a copy of the verses which Mr Symmes promised me, but from some unexplained reason I never obtained them. I have often sought for them and inquired after their authorship but unsuccessfully. I have twice advertised for them, once in the *Commercial* and once in a New York paper, without any response. A day or two ago, to my gratified surprise, I met with them in the *Yeoman*, of this city. They were sent, that paper explained in a brief editorial, by a lady of Chattanooga, and taken from an old scrap-book. As the copy indicates its original appearance in the *Yeoman*, I am led to believe that Frankfort and its cemetery furnished the theme The latter is a "village on the hill," while Frankfort, east of the Kentucky River, from the opposite side, or West Frankfort may be imagined as the village "under the hill" to the poetical spectator for indulging the exquisite fancy which marks the poem. Here are all the geographical conditions at least.

I.

Over the river on the hill
Lieth a village white and still.
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze.
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow;
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the midst of every street.

II.

Over the river under the hill
Another village lieth still.
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of the household light;
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door;
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For wheels that travel to and fro.

III.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut—
You cannot enter hall or hut.
All the villages lie in sleep,
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

IV.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks on the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go
Up to that home from this below—
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife or child;
And heareth, praying, this answer fall:—
Patience that village shall hold ye all.

In regard to the authorship of these beautiful lines, Judge Major, on my calling his attention to them yesterday, expressed his belief at once that they were written by the late Theodore O'Hara. Since then Mr. Henry T. Stanton, one of the editors of the *Yeoman*, and largely conversant with fugitive literature, has expressed a similar opinion.

O'Hara will be recalled as the author of a poem upon the dead of Buena Vista, from which the following lines are as familiar as household words.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

"He wrote that poem" said Judge Major to me, "in my office for a publication of a Catholic fair at Louisville. I recall it distinctly He was then living here, and spent much of his time with me. His portrait now hangs in my office. A gifted and glorious good fellow he was. He shortly afterwards embarked with Lopez in his filibustering attempt upon Cuba, when Will Crittenden and many other Kentuckians, with Lopez, lost their lives.—O'Hara escaped He subsequently edited a paper—*The Times*—in Louisville, then went to Mobile and was connected with the *Register* of that city, when the war broke out. He raised a company of cavalry and served at its head during the rebellion. He died in Georgia shortly after the close of the war.—The Kentucky Legislature, by resolution, and at the expense of the State, had his remains brought here, and they now lie, with our honored dead, "in that village on the hill" I have not a doubt but that he wrote the poem you have shown me."

HEREDITARY DISEASES.—In his address recently delivered before the Health Congress at Brighton, England, Dr. B W. Richardson said:—

"I am satisfied that quinsy, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and even what is called brain fever, typhoid, are often of hereditary character. I have known a family in which four members have suffered from diphtheria, a parent having had the same affection, and probably a grand parent I have known a family in which five members have, at various periods, suffered from typhoid, a parent and a grand-parent having been subject to the same disease. I have known a family in which quinsy has been the marked family characteristic for four generations These persons have been sufferers from the diseases named, without any obvious contraction of the diseases, and without having any companions in their sufferings. They were, in fact, predisposed to produce the poisons of the diseases in their own bodies, as the cobra is to produce the poisonous secretion which, in this case, is a part of its natural organization."

He was about six years old. He pointed to the face of the dial and said, "Why, there's another little watch." I said, "That is called the second hand." He tossed his head contemptuously and walked off, saying, "I wouldn't own a second-hand watch."

If tablecloths, napkins, and handkerchiefs are folded an inch or two beyond the middle they will last much longer; it is on the edges of folds where they first wear, and folding them not on a middle line, each ironing they get a new crease.

Let us not forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself but the worthy fulfillment of its duties does honor to anyone.

Stop the leaks about the farm. Be economical and saving with feed to animals Most farmers waste an astonishingly large percentage of their products.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

No conflict is so severe as that of him who fights to subdue himself.

A Story of the War.

THE HISTORY OF A CONSPIRACY THAT FAILED.

Col. T. A. Burr, a well known Confederate officer, tells the story of an attempt to release 20 000 Confederate prisoners at Chicago, Columbus, and Sandusky in 1864 and to form a northwestern confederacy. Major C. H. Cole, of the Fifth Tennessee regiment was the leading spirit of the plot. He narrowly escaped hanging, and is now a prominent railroad man in Texas. He received his instructions from Jacob Thompson, who was then in Canada, and was put in command of the department of Ohio, with headquarters at Sandusky. With the force of the 20 000 rebels whom the conspirators intended to release, and with the active aid of the northern sympathizers, it was thought that a northwestern confederacy was not impossible; and the time fixed for the assault on the camps where prisoners were confined was gauged by Gen. Early's attack on Washington, which was to engage the great force of our army, and make it impossible to reinforce the small body of Union soldiers in the north west, where there was almost open rebellion against conscription, and people were weary of war. It was first intended to strike the blow while the national Democratic convention was in session at Chicago, and more than 4,000 Confederate soldiers and sympathizers were there ready for action. But Early's delay in striking Washington caused a postponement Col. Burr name's Brick Pomeroy among the northern allies of the rebels, and asserts that Jacob Thompson gave him money to establish his LaCrosse *Democrat*.

When Cole was given command at Sandusky he was ordered to capture the United States man of-war Michigan, the only armed vessel on the lakes and with her the Confederates felt sure of success He made the acquaintance of the officers on board, having meantime settled at Sandusky as an oil speculator, and soon became a welcome guest on the ship.—The Confederacy had plenty of money in its secret service fund, and Cole says there was something like $86 000 000 to the credit of the Confederate commissioner and his colleague, Jacob Thompson, most of which was deposited at a bank in Toronto. He became "hail fellow well met" with the military officers at Sandusky, dined and *feted* them and learned their plans as far as possible.—But he needed men to help in the crisis, and as the Government wanted soldiers and seamen, he had two Confederates enlisted on board the Michigan, and ten others went on duty with the regiment stationed on Johnson's Island. Cole tells of one occasion when he took Jacob Thompson on board the Michigan disguised as his country aunt, and gave him a chance to see the vessel and understand his careful plan of attack. It was decided to strike the first blow September 19, 1864, and as soon as the Michigan was captured and the Confederate prisoners were released, to cut all the telegraph wires, seize a railroad train, run down to Columbus, and aid in freezing the prisoners there and then go back to Sandusky and establish the temporary headquarters of the Northwest. Gen. Trimble, a prisoner, was to be made commander-in chief. Major Hinds, in command at Chicago, and Major Castleman at Centralia were to attack Camps Douglas and Monroe simultaneously with Cole's assault on Johnson's Island, and the former warrior was also to capture one of the iron steamers plying between G and Haven and Milwaukee. Through some misunderstanding those men failed to make their attack when Cole did, although he sent this telegram, which meant that the time had come: "Close out all the stock in the Mount Hope Oil Company before 3 o'clock to-day. Be prompt."

Cole had previously determined to capture the Parsons, a vessel in the lake trade, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th he went on board of her at Detroit, and waited for his men, who were to come on disguised as fellows who had left the States to escape the draft. Everything worked well, and when the boat left Maiden Cole gave the signal to his assistant, J. Yates Beall, and pointing his revolver at Capt. Atwood's head, remarked, "Captain, you are my prisoner." There was no chance for resistance, and the boat was headed for Fighting Island, where the passengers were landed, with no prospect of immediate escape. The next day, after Cole had captured also the Island Queen, a large passenger steamer, he moved from the Parsons to the Michigan. He arranged a banquet for the officers on the boat that day, and all his plans worked like a charm until, in the enjoyment of wine and song, he delayed giving an order and ruined his scheme, for an officer from Johnson's island suddenly appeared with the announcement that Cole was his prisoner. The plot was betrayed by a Confederate soldier, Col. Johnson, of Kentucky, who had dropped a paper containing the information on the wharf at Malden. Cole tried to appear surprised at such an attack on his "honah. sah," but General Trimble's commission as commander in chief was found in his pocket, and he gracefully acknowledged the corn, of which he appeared reasonably proud.—He was ordered to name his accomplices, who were all around him in the boat, but quick as a flash devised a plan to save them. He named twelve of the most prominent citizens of Sandusky, loyal men, knowing they would be arrested, and feeling sure that his female accomplice in the city, Annie Davis, would surmise his capture and warn his fellow-conspirators in his boats.

He was not mistaken; for Miss Davis rowed to the Parsons and told Beall the news. He scuttled the Island Queen and ran the Parsons on the Canada shore, where she sank. Every man but Cole escaped, and Annie Davis got away, to be captured a few days afterwards, when she returned with notice from the Confederate Government that two Union officers were held as a ransom for the chief conspirators. Johnson, the betrayer, cut his throat at Cincinnati while he was held there by the Federal Government as a witness against Cole Cole was tried and sentenced to be hanged, but some sentimental women, who told with tears in their eyes that he acted like such a perfect gentleman when he took the Island Queen on which they were passengers, secured a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment at the Dry Tortugas. Beall had tried to rescue him while on the way to Fort Lafayette, but he was captured, sentenced, and hanged on Governor's Island. His execution, it is claimed, was the direct reason of Lincoln's assassination. Beall was the intimate friend of Wilkes Booth, who tried to save his life by an appeal to the President, but Secretary Stanton argued that the law should take its course. So ended a conspiracy that might have changed the tide of war had not a traitor to the traitors betrayed his trust.

It is better than having a university education, to have the privilege of holding converse on the subject of European war with the Burlington young man who speaks of the "Khab deev" and the "Sool-tong," and the "toot on sembel" of the Roozhian corps de reserve.

Force of habit does the business. A West End photographer who stole up behind a man to prod him with a bradawl, by way of a joke, gave himself away by saying, ere he prodded:—"Now look natural."

Want of good sense is the worst of poverty.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

BY JHON R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of Battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of elements
Slept in its hid embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down,
With canon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the bank,
Till margined by its pebbles;
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still—and then the band,
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow,
With yelling of the "Rebels."

Again a pause—and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous!
And Yankee Doodle was the strain,
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreforward flew
To kiss the shinning pebbles;
Loud shrieked the crowding boys in blue,
Defiance to the "Rebels."

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riots;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, lone stream, its noiseless tread
Spread o'er the glistening pebbles;
As silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the "Rebels."

For each responsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing;
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees
As by a wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cottage by the prairie.

Or cold or warm his native skies,
Bend their beauty o'er him,
Sending the tear-mist in his eyes
The dear ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain,
And daylight died together.

But memory waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart,
Made light the "Rebel's" slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

A Clergyman's Dream.

ONE THAT IMPRESSED HIM SHORTLY BEFORE HIS VIOLENT DEATH.

There are some very remarkable things in connection with the death of the Rev. C. C. Showers, a local preacher of Bloomington, Indiana, who was suddenly crushed beneath the cars at Greencastle on the 16th ult. He came up on the noon train of that day from his home, en route for Indianapolis, and thence to different points in Ohio, in the interest of the furniture factory of his three sons. He came to Greencastle, and, having three hours to wait, called on some old friends, appearing in better health than usual. He was a hale, active, robust man, of 65 years. On returning to the depot to take the train east he had to cross the track just at the double depot. He thought his train was coming beyond the platform, and was walking with his hand to his face as a shield from the snow storm. It proved the down train for New Albany, and, owing to the escaping steam from a near engine, he did not hear the train, and stepped on the track immediately in front of the slowing engine. He saw his danger and turned suddenly with his back to the train, but in his bewilderment had not time to leap before the iron guard struck him. He was carried 38 feet, caught under the wheels and crushed to death. He lived a few minutes but never spoke. But here is the remarkable part of the terrible affair.—On Saturday night, at his home, he had a strange and impressive dream, which awoke him. He told his wife, at an early morn went to one of his sons and related it to him. He also told it in brother W. P. Browning's class at the church of which he was a member. He dreamed that he suddenly died, and a guide escorted him among high mountains until they came to a deep ravine and large cave, into which a great throng of wretched people were entering. As each one entering and was ordered to advance he fell on his knees and begged for money, but a deep and solemn voice would say it is "too late," "too late," "too late," repeating it thrice to each.—His guide told him this was the entrance to hell, and they who entered were worldly church members, and that the fault was largely owing to the preachers, who preached more to please than to save souls. The guide told him that was not his doom, and that he would soon take him to his heavenly home.—He was so impressed with this strange bright vision that he spent all the Sabbath reconsecrating himself to God. On Monday he was to start on his trip, and did so. One of his sons was to go that same day to Louisville on important and urgent business, to be absent a day or two. The father entreated him not to leave, saying, "William, don't go today." "Why not, father?" said the son He said: "Do not leave home until you hear from me." At this the son promised to remain, and did so. About 5 o'clock that evening, he received the dispatch telling of his father's death.—This is truly strange, and by many would have been regarded as superstition before the accident, but surely not afterward. The morning he left home he told his wife he knew not where or how soon he should fall, but for her to be assured that he was ready. On the train he spent most of the time reading a beautiful Bible, which he carried in his valise, and talked long with an old friend, reading and expounding the third chapter of First John, to prove that one could live a holy life without sin. His favorite theme was sanctification, and had been for seven years. He preached it, talked it, and professed the experience wherever he went. Many thought he made his "hobby" too prominent, but surely it was a splendid hobby for such a death.—*St. Louis Christian Advocate.*

State Senator Fishburn of South Carolina was recently sent to the Charleston jail for fighting and rowdyism.—Queer what tricks a man will cut up, the minute he gets into the legislature.

Time is money; emphatically so when Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup frequently cures Colds, Coughs, etc, in less than a day. Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.