Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

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feb28-1y

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may 17—1y

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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.

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practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
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dec 23—tf

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FOR FALL AND WINTER,
of the latest styles and best manufacture.
☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.
Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

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FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
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All work in our line executed with neatness and dispatch. Special attention paid to cutting repairing and cleansing. aug 5—tf

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A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE
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Chills and Fever.
E. RIVAL, a Planter at Bayou Sara, La., says: My plantation is in a malarial district. For several years I could not make half a crop on account of bilious diseases and chills. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of TUTT'S PILLS. The result was marvelous: my laborers soon became hearty and robust, and I have had no further trouble.

They relieve the engorged Liver, cleanse the Blood from poisonous humors, and cause the bowels to act naturally, without which no one can feel well.
Try this remedy fairly, and you will gain a healthy Digestion, Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Sound Liver. Price, 25 Cents. Office, 35 Murray St., N. Y.

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GRAY HAIR or WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.
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may2 '82-1y

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Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

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Having succeeded in getting my stables entirely under my own control, I am prepared now to accommodate the public with the very best of everything in my line. My horses are GENTLE, STYLISH, and FAST, my rolling stock all in excellent condition. I am determined not to be behind time, and those who may desire a nice turnout, or riding horses, will find it to their advantage to give me a call.
Respectfully,
sep13-tf G. H. PLATT.

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Slippers, Sandals, Pumps,
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SCHOOL SHOES,
☞ A SPECIALTY OF ☜
REAL FIRST-CLASS SHOES.
Orders Solicited by Mail.
☞ All Goods warranted as represented.
apr19

POETRY.

THE OLD HOME.

O little house lost in the heart of the lindens,
What would I not give to behold you once more!
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,
And the starry clematis that climbed round your door—

To see the neat windows thrown wide to the sunshine;
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,
Where the weary foot trav'ler was welcome to rest him,
And the beggar was never sent empty away.

The wainscoted walls, and the low rafted ceiling;
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair;
And to kiss the dear face bending over the Bible,
That always was laid by my grandfather's chair!

O bright little garden beside the plantation,
Where the tall fleur-de-lis their blue banners unfurled,
And the lawn was alive with thrushes and blackbirds,
I would you were all I had known of the world!

My sweet pink pea-clusters! My rare honeysuckle!
My prim polyanthuses all of a row!
In a garden of dreams I shall pass and caress you,
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low;

For your walls, little house, long ago have been levelled;
Allen feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod;
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,
Reposing in peace, on the bosom of God!

A CAVALRY DASH.

THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF CARTER'S FARM, VIRGINIA.

THE MEETING OF GENERAL AVERILL AND GENERAL LILLEY, WHO LED THE CONTENDING FORCES, REVIVES MEMORIES OF THE FIGHT

"Soldiers, won't you kill this snake?" Thus spoke in a feeble voice of a wounded Confederate Brigadier-General to a half-a-dozen Federal cavalrymen who belonged to the command following his retreating brigade. He had been shot in the charge the Union forces had made upon his lines, and was, when he called to the soldiers, terribly wounded and weak from the loss of blood. A piece of shell had struck him in the thigh and a minnie ball had carried away his right arm.

He had crawled beneath the shadow of a great rock in the edge of the woods in order to escape from the fierce rays of the sun, which were beating down on that July day in 1864, and he lay prone upon the ground, to keep as much out of the range of flying bullets as he could. A snake crawled from beneath the stone and liesurely drew its slimy lengthy over his face just as the victorious cavalrymen came up. For a few moments the soldiers were puzzled at his request and thought that his sufferings had made him delirious. They soon, however, perceived the reptile that had glided over the forehead of the helpless man and stopped just beyond. Three of them alighted. Two of the soldiers raised him up, that his shattered body might not be made a pathway for the snake's return, while a third killed it with his sword. Then they carried the wounded officer back into the yard of the farm house near which the charge began which had resulted so disastrously for him and his cause.

It had not been a great action; simply a hot combat between two small bodies of troops. It might be called an incident of the war, when viewed in the light of the many greater fights, the story of which books record. But these incidents really make up the interesting part of the history of the great struggle. Short and decisive encounters and sharp skirmishes very often had much to do with the result of the great battles which they preceded. They rarely get in print, however, except through the newspapers, and are seldom reviewed except when the soldiers or officers directly interested meet and talk about them.

Only a few days ago two gentlemen stood in the rotunda of the Girard House, in Philadelphia, and retold the story of the Carter's Farm fight, which took place on the afternoon of the 20th of July, 1864, and recalled the above incident. Both men were alike in one sense, as their erect figures and martial bearing told that they had been soldiers. One of the gentlemen was stout, of medium height, with a large round face, clean-shaven with the exception of a small goatee and moustache. A ponderous under jaw and the penetrating glances from a pair of light blue eyes betokened the courageous qualities of the man. He leaned on a cane in such a manner as to show that the traces of the dangers, exposure and hardships attendant upon war still remained with him In dress he resembled a man from the North, one who had lived there all his life and was wedded to its customs. The other gentleman was also of medium height, but slimly built. He wore a full set of dark brown whiskers, thickly strewn with gray. A broad brimmed hat of such a size and style as to at once proclaim the fact that the wearer was of Southern lineage, covered his head. The right sleeve of his coat was pinned to the lappel and it was empty.

The larger man was Major-General W. W. Averill, of the Federal army, and the other Brigadier-General Robert D. Lilley, who in the late war succeeded General Jubal A. Early in command of the old brigade he first organized and commanded for the Confederacy.

I joined the group and found that these men, who had opposed each other so often during the late war, had met by accident after this lapse of time and were engaged in fighting the battle of Carter's Farm over again. The arm which belonged in the sleeve which hung empty on General Lilley's breast had been shot away in that fight by the troops which Averill commanded, and he was the officer who lay in the shadow of the rock wounded, while the Union forces, who had inflicted the injuries upon him, were pushing his troops beyond the woods.

MEETING THE ENEMY.

Carter's farm is situated on the magnificent turnpike road running from Martinsburg to Winchester, through the lower counties of the Shenandoah Valley. A large mansion, built in a style of architecture that can only be found in the South, with roomy porches and huge chimneys on either end, stands but a short distance from the wood. The yard is now filled with splendid shade trees, and as far as the eye can reach the green fields give evidence that the soil is fertile. Good fences, beautiful flowers and carefully tilled land on every hand, show that the ground yields royally to its owners. There is nothing now on the farm or in the immediate vicinity to tell of the time when the hoof of war almost stamped out every sign of civilization, and yet but a few years have elapsed since the fertile country was a barren waste, its green fields ploughed up by the tramp of thousands of men marching to battle, and its trees felled by shells or cut for wood to make huts for the soldiers.

Carter's farm is about three miles from Winchester, a place which occupied so peculiar a position during the war. Situated in the centre of a valley some twenty miles in width, it resembled a stone in the middle of a running stream. The open country surrounding Winchester on every side gave free passageway to any large body of troops that could pass around that city, like the stream can flow on either side of a stone in the middle of a brook. This fact made Winchester a dangerous point to attempt to hold, and whichever power, Federal or Confederate, attempting it usually suffered defeat.

As this story begins, Early had retreated from Washington through Snicker's Gap, and hearing of Averill's advance had posted Ramseur's division of infantry and Vaughn's cavalry off towards Winchester, with instructions to capture him and his force if possible.

General Averill had just returned from the Kanawha Valley, after Hunter's famous raid, and while resting at Martinsburg had received an order from Hunter to gather as many men together as he could and make a reconnoisance up the Shenandoah Valley. He at once started towards Winchester, with four regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery. Just as he reached Carter's farm his scouts and flankers reported that the enemy was advancing, so he went into line of battle in a well-chosen position, the infantry flanked on each side by the cavalry formed into columns of squadrons, one of his favorite methods of attack or defense. As Averill had but a small command, he had not intended to force a fight, but put his men in such a position that thay would be prepared either to make or receive an assault.

Ramseur, with his forces, consisting of one division of infantry of three brigades and one division of cavalry, under the command of Vaughn, was advancing from the direction of Winchester when Averill's position was reported.—His command was double that of Averill, but the Confederate leader was not convinced of the presence of the Federal troops, and instead of putting his forces into line of battle he marched on, and came upon Averill ready for an assault or defense, while his troops were in column. He gave the order to form line of battle, but Averill, seeing his advantage, made an impetuous attack and struck the Confederates before the second brigade of the attacking line could be got into position. It was a bold and sagacious move, and the result a high compliment to the soldierly qualities of the man who seized and appropriate the advantage.

The batteries of the Union forces had been placed in a position to command the vital point in the action, and as the Confederates began swinging into line at a double—quick and their artillery opened upon Averill, his field guns replied, aiming at the thin circles of white smoke curling from the artillery guns of his opponents. When Averill gave the order to charge, his artillery elevated the pieces and sent the shells over their heads. By a few well directed shots they disabled the guns of the Confederates, destroyed their cannons and finally captured them. Averill leading the charge, struck his enemy just as the second brigade of Ramseur's division were wheeling in position. The Confederates endeavored to force him back, but the Union soldiers, inspired by their success, widened the gap and made the line waver, stagger and fall. Then, urged by the voice of their leaders, they swept on to make victory a complete rout.

Early's old veteran brigade, composed of men who had seen active service for years, had been held in reserve, and as the Union forces advanced they arose as if one man, and poured one deadly volley into the advancing ranks. For a moment the Union forces were staggered. The line wavered, and it looked as if Early's brigade, which was under the command of General Lilley, would check their advance, but the intrepid Federal commander arranged his line and prepared for a second charge.

THE SECOND CHARGE.

The Confederates, having rapidly fired several rounds, withdrew under cover of the smoke of battle, and when General Averill moved forward again they were at a safe distance, having left upon the field such of their number as were too badly wounded to be moved, among them General Lilley.

But twenty minutes had elapsed since the first gun had been fired. Twenty minutes, but what a scene of desolation and destruction wrought in that short time! It was the very seething hell of war, and the field was thickly strewn with wounded, dead and dying. Several hundred had been killed and wounded. The Confederates had lost their artillery and were in full retreat up the valley.

Averill with his men at once commenced the woik of removing the wounded and giving them the proper attention. Among the first to be found on the field was Captain Ridgeley, whose father had fought with Averill in the regular army. He was wounded, but not mortally. Averill gave orders that he be taken at once to the mansion on Carter's farm, and everything possible done for him.

A few minutes afterward General Averill came to where a number of men were lying. Friend and-foe, wounded, dead and dying, lay all over that portion of the field. As the men were being removed, one of the officers saw a Confederate, who was badly wounded, holding a letter in his hand.

When he neared the suffering man he heard him calling out:

"I want General Averill!"

The officer called the attention of the General to the man, and the successful commander went to where he was lying.

"Are you General Averill?" asked the wounded man.

"Yes," responded that officer.

"Here is a letter that I was told to give to you," said the wounded Confederate.

General Averill took the letter from the hands of the man and found that it was addressed to General Vaughn's wife in Kentucky. It was open so as to show that it was nothing more than a loving epistle from husband to wife, and was accompanied by a request from the writer that General Averill should forward it as soon as possible. Though the action had been so short, and the Confederates compelled to retire so quickly, General Vaughn had found time to place this letter of comfort and cheer, which was to be welcomed with so much joy at home, in such a place that Averill would be sure to get it. It was safely delivered and forwarded.

Near to the old mansion on Carter's farm the hospital was soon established. The dead had been buried and the hospital surgeons and stewards were giving the wounded Federals and Confederates all the attention possible.

As Averill had but a very small force, too small to stay in that section of the country swarming with Early's troops with any safety, he made arrangements to retire to Martinsburg.

That evening was a most beautiful one. The sky was lit up with myriads of bright stars, and the moon, which was at its full, cast a silvery sheen on the trees and foliage. On the field where the short, but decisive, action had taken place, there was plenty of evidence to tell of the fearful struggle and the slaughter that had been wrought.—It was extremely warm; the air was sultry, and there was not a breath of wind. The leaves on the trees near the mansion on Carter's farm were silent and still, and the Union forces, weary with the short conflict of the day, and oppressed by the intense heat, were lying in the open air, vainly endeavoring to catch a few moments of much-needed sleep.

In the yard of the farm there was a small locust tree. When I saw it years after the battle it had grown much larger, with wide-spreading branches.—Beneath this little locust tree General Lilly had been placed, at his own request. The oppressive heat had made the farm-house, and even tents, uncomfortable, and, if there was any cool wind. stirring, beneath this low tree was the place to catch it. Lilley was suffering intensely from the wounds he had received and the heat made them worse. Dr. Winn, a Pennsylvania surgeon, attached to General Averill's command, was attending to General Lilley's wants.

Near to the tree there were many other wounded men lying, both Federals and Confederates. The surgeons and stewards were busy attending to their wounds by the pale light of the moon. Dr. Winn had asked General Lilley a question and that officer had replied, when some one in a distant part of the yard called out:

"Is that you, General Lilley?"

"Yes," responded the wounded officer.

"Is that you, Captain Ridgeley?"

"Yes, sir," responded Ridgeley. "I recognized your voice, General. I am lying here suffering from a severe wound. Are you, too, hurt?"

"Yes," said Lilley, "I am shot in the thigh and arm. The surgeon says the arm will have to be amputated."

Here the two friends and comrades, together, yet apart, talked of the combat, of their wounds, and of personal matters, while the busy surgeons and nurses moved about looking after the suffering men in different parts of the yard.

The next day found Averill going toward Martinsburg, and the ladies of Winchester came down to Carter's farm to take care of the wounded Confederates.

General Lilley's right arm had been amputated by Dr. Winn early in the morning at the shoulder joint, and his friends from Winchester had it buried in the prettiest portion of the garden near the house and marked the spot where it lay with a pile of stones. A few years after the war he visited the spot where the battle was fought and his arm buried, and was enabled to secure the remains.

When the Confederate ladies came down from Winchester they found the spurs usually worn by General Lilley in possession of a Mr. Heisel, a Union hospital steward.

They were very indignant that a Yankee should have a Confederate's spurs.

"General Lilley presented them to me," said Mr. Heisel to them.

The ladies at once sought General Lilley.

"General," said one of the ladies to the wounded officer, "did you give your spurs to a Union soldier?"

"Yes," responded Lilley, "he was very kind to me last night, and I gave them to him as a token of my appreciation for his kind attentions."

This modified the indignation of the ladies toward the hospital steward, but they could not understand how a Confederate General could so acknowledge the kindness of a Union soldier.

How many thousand such incidents of the late war might be recalled and recorded! They were every day occurrences, for the clouds of war were often illumined on both sides by the soft rays of human kindness.

It was many years after the action of Carter's Farm when Averill and Lilley met. Neither were soldiers then, but they fought that fight over again in their minds and talk, and as each retold the story of the contest as they saw it, I picked up the threads of the story both spun, and joined them in the above lines. F. A. B.

Thought Gems.

"No man," remarks the *Morning Star*, "can do the best work that is in him without a certain amount of kindly sympathy." How applicable this is to the minister of the gospel! It makes all the difference in the world whether he has the sympathy and cooperation of his church members. If they do not take hold with him, they will be very apt to cripple him, and ten to one they will censure him for his inefficiency when they have been the main cause of it.

Sin does not produce devils in us all at once, any more than grace begets angels. There is an infancy in evil as well as in good, and it is often hard to tell the imp from the cherub. But each surely matures. We must check or cherish it early, or the demon will grow and the seraph perish.

One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes himself to loneliness that he may get away from hateful things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him.—*Zimmerman.*

When those who profess to be Christians visit, from choice, sinful amusements, they simply invite the devil to fasten them and lead them to perdition.

What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away life at once, and yet have no regard to throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal.—*Howe.*

Obstinacy and intolerance are the surest proofs of ignorance. A man's horizon is measured by his knowledge, and by his capacity of knowing.

There's a great deal of modesty in the world that isn't shocked by any sight so long as it can be seen through a crack.

The only solid basis for civil government is the proper enforcement of parental authority in the homes of the people.

DEATH FROM A SPLINTER.—A little boy about five years of age, the child of Dr. S. W. Dickinson, fell a few days ago and stuck a splinter in his leg just above the knee. It was thought that the scratch was an insignificant one, but on Sunday symptoms of lock-jaw made their appearance, and it was then discovered that the splinter was still in the little fellow's leg. It was removed by his father, but the child grew steadily worse, and, though he received all the medical aid of his father, assisted by Drs. Apperson, Baker, and Pendleton, he died on Monday night.—*Louisa News and Farmer.*

FRIED SHAD.—Cut the shad across into rather large pieces, and if the fish is very thick split each piece through the middle; season with salt, pepper, dredge with flour and fry in hot lard. Turn the pieces of fish frequently that they may not burn. The roe should also be seasoned nicely and fried. Serve *sauce tartare* with fried shad. Bass may be fried in the same way.

You have heard, my love, that Amanda is about to marry Arthur?" "I know it; but what I can't understand is that a woman as intelligent as she is can consent to marry a man stupid enough to marry her."

"Goods at half-price," said the sign. "How much is that tea pot?" asked an old lady. "Fifty cents, mum, was the response. "Guess I'll take it," she said, throwing down a quarter. The sign was taken in.

Voltaire defined the happy man as the one who considered himself so.

Creation of Man.

[Extract from a Sermon of Rev. W. E. Munsey.

Man was created in God's image. There was a period however, remote, when there was no material thing—not a ripple of air, not a ripple of ether, not a particle of matter, not a minim of water, nothing ponderable, tangible or intangible, visible or invisible, no elementary or monadic thing—an inconceivable and indescribable nihility—nothing. Being no material causes there were no material effects; hence there was no light as the result of a material agency, but universal and absolute darkness filled all space—darkness as black as the ebon pall of the dead, black as hell's sable badge and pitchy scowl; darkness unrelieved by the briefest spark of feeblest glimmer; darkness as measureless, boundless, and infinite as space. In it God only was, and he filled it, and His Spirit floated instinct with latent creative power upon every Cimmerian wave which rolled through the boundless and bottomless void.

But God resolved to commence a grand and stupendous work, and in the plenipotency of His triune God-head, Father, Son and Holy Ghost—for the text reads, "In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth"—by the almightinees of His overcoming power, and the triumph of His invincible "*Let it be done,*" commenced in the darkness in the awful solitude of Himself, He laid creation's foundations deep, wide, vast, solid, heavy, incumbent on Night's brawny back, and told the conquered king that prostrate upon the ruins of his own shattered throne, he must bear the ponderous load without a quiver or groan, and bear it forever. Worlds were made, mountains vertebrated, with hearts of fire, with granite bones and nerves of richest ore, with flesh of softest mould, and clothed with verdant turf fringed with forests and thrown around their broad shoulders and tied there by rivers whose fountain lakelets lay glittering upon their bosoms like great medalions of solid crystal, embossed with miniature images of their planetary sisters shining away in the zenith. Thus arrayed and their huge waists girded with oceanic zones, they whirled out into space, sought their appropriate orbits, and commenced the run of their eternal circuits.

In harmonious accompaniment were the attendant moons circumvolving, their primaries shaking from their argentine locks sheeny silver rattling down the sky and baptizing sea and land with beauty. While from God's great anvil, with every stroke of His mighty hammer suns sprang blazing, and habited with fiery splendor and dazzling magnificence ascended to their central thrones. And as Atlas of old was forced by Jove to support the heavens on his head and hands, so imperial Night being conquered, and forced by his conqueror to bear up the foundations of all creation, his black squadrons were utterly confounded and fled, Light, Beauty and Glory, flung their mantles of azure, gemmed with stars, over their retreat to hide their dusky forms, and singing angels overpowered the discordant thunder of their panic, with lullabies over the cradle of an infant universe. Order, full panoplied like Athene from the head of Zeus, sprang from the mind of God, and completed the work by the geometrical adjustment of all creation's parts and hung the whole instinct with motion and propless out in space magnificently balanced.

But was creation's work complete? To announce it so is rather premature—it was nearly finished, but not quite—creation had no crown. The work had ascended in gradational grandeur, and sublimest method from nought to organic being, but it lacked one piece to magnificently cap the whole, perfecting creation as to architecture and design, and connecting it in one solid system with the spiritual above. Every line of order, every thread of unity, every chain of degrees had been carried up the climax, but one piece was lacking to fasten all the ends of the lines, and threads, and chains, welding them together in itself, and ensuring the unity and permanency of the whole. Creation lacked its microcosmical masterpiece, man. Now, God called a council—a formal convocation of the persons of the adorable Trinity. Notwithstanding creation's stupendous scheme, and the problems to solve in its building, and though God in Trinity conceived the scheme, and God in Trinity executed it, yet such a council appears not to have been necessary before; but now God in Trinity counselled: "Let us make a man," they resolved: but how?

The evening star gently opened a window of her splendid home in the far-off Hesperian, and stepped out upon a cerulean balcony balustered with sapphire, her beautiful robe of ethereal azure, with borders glinted with vermilion falling gracefully about her lovely form, her fair brow wearing a crown of diamonds, her luxuriant tresses of glittering gold dropping to her silver sandals, her sweet, sweet face upturned, all the stars applauding, and said: "Make him like me." But God said "No." Now, fair Selene, the gentle moon, queen of the night, her robe of hoary light fringed with aureate and trailing in the ocean's brine, escorted by the constellations and coming in royal procession along the sky, turned her cold chaste face radiant with beauty, and looked with her fine eye of conscious purity and unfeigned reverence at God her maker, and said, "Make him like me." But God blessed her and said "No."

Next Eos, the Latin named Aurora, the superb goddess of the dawn, robed in saffron attire embroidered with crimson, opened the gates of the Orient with her rosy fingers, and mounted her chariot which came rolling along the amberpaved highway of the Levant, her beautiful veil floating in the breath of Eurus, and pinned upon her brow with the star of the morning, and pearly dew trickling down her cheeks, and sifting through the air upon pastures floral and green, and said, "Make him like me." But again God said "No." Next, golden-slippered Iris, the charming daughter of Thamus and Electra—Wonder and Brightness—standing upon the arch of the rainbow, flinging kisses at the rumbling thunder, and penciling blushes upon the cheeks of the storm and smiles upon the ugly face of the tempest, the pattering rain dancing to the music of her laugh, said, "Make him like me." But again God said "No."

Next, "Helios, the grand god of the sun, and king of the firmament, the material type of the immaterial God, arrayed in his imperial robes woven with polychromatic woof into a warp of splendid fire, whose sceptre was a solid carbuncle tipped with flame, and whose imperial crown threatened to kindle the universe into one wide inextinguishable conflagration, mounted his burning chariot-throne rolling upon wheels of torrid and amber and drawn by steeds shod with lightning, whose quivering manes dropped golden frost, and whose lustrious trappings were ablaze with jewels and gold, and magnificently attended ascended the east. At his coming the evening Star turned pale with reverence, lifted her diadem and retreated to her palace; Aurora fled westwardly; and Iris stood away on a distant cloud, in after-times the sailor's warning as well as the seal of the Noachain promise, respectfully keeping her proper distance; while all the stars, affrighted, ran out of her path and hid themselves. But this monarch of the planets, unconscious of the reverence paid him, and ambitious of a greater honor, with steady rein drove along the ecliptic, and halting upon the summit of its towering arch, whose keystone is now worn smooth by the feet of descending and ascending angels, resting midway between earth and heaven, turned his dazzling face and fiery eye to God in council and said with confidence, "Make him like me." Though splendid he was, yet he met not God's ideal of a man, and God said "No."

Next an Archangel shining with the pure ethereal light of the spiritual and heavenly, unfolded his broad wings of dazzling splendor, and faster than ever comet flashed through the constellated fields of immeasureable space, shaving by turns in his rapid flight heaven's horizontal floors and firmamental domes, flew to Diety and pausing let down his wings and stood sublime in beauty and effulgent with glory, said, "Make him like me." But still Heaven's ideal of a man was unrealized, and again God said "No." The Trinity in council resolved to make man, but they had a higher Archetype than all these—"Let us make man." How?

Hear it ye swimming tribes which sport in scaly silver and lamellated gold in pellucid floods; hear it ye winding denizens of the air which soar in polished quills and glittering plumage; hear it ye muscular tenants of the forest whose haughty tramp crushes your mother sod, and whose lordly roaring shakes the hills; hear it ye dashing comets in whose ethereal tracks your outwent glories trail, and glimmer, and scintillate, and die; hear it ye stars which shine away upon your lofty towers of azure beauty; hear it ye effulgent suns which fling your splintered pencils of resplendent light throughout universal nature; hear it ye angels of God who vie in glory around Heaven's high throne—hear all of you in what will constitute man's real worth and truest grandeur, and which will make him a fit diadem to crown creation with: "Let us make man." *How?* "IN OUR IMAGE AFTER OUR LIKENESS." And God took His own image, His own likeness, man the michrotheosm, made the little God, and placed him at the head of creation.

Illustrations as used in Prayer-Meetings.

When the iron wedge fails to rend a rock they sometimes drive wooden ones into the crack and fill the seam with water, which the wood drinks in until its expansion by silent forces does that which the iron wedge with repeated blows could not do. So in life the greatest force in subduing obstinate natures is a heart that absorbs silently the love of Jesus. Such a heart can expand until every resistance is overcome.—*Horace M. Briggs.*

Last night I was out coasting and we had two double runners and the large one went farther and swifter than the light one in spite of all we could do, but when we put the two together they went farther and swifter than either would go alone. It is always profitable to join forces in any work; no one loses anything but all gain by it, the strong and swift as well as the weak and slow. —*Geo. W. Reynolds.*

I have noticed that the electric warning signal at the railway station is liable not to work when it storms, so the gate-keeper has to be unusually guarded in his duties, and in the same way I have noticed that a storm affects a prayer meeting, preventing many Christians from being present to give the signal of testimony; hence the necessity of those who are faithful being doubly diligent in bad weather.—*William Stinehart.*

When a contractor undertakes to build a house he receives certain plans and specifications and signs a contract that he will build according to them, and the other party agrees to pay certain sums at given stages of progress in the work. We are God's building.—We have by our belief and confession signed a contract. Jesus is the plan and the Bible the specifications. So long as we build according to them we shall receive our pay in regular instalments.—*Thomas B. Blaikie.*

I have noticed in the season that when the onions have grown to a certain age, they roll a barrel over the rows to break down the tops, that by crushing them the bulbs may increase in size and nourishment. Often times I feel as though the Lord enriched us by breaking down our ambitions and crushing our hopes in worldly matters. It is always well to wait the development of his dealing with us rather than complain at our disappointments.—*Frank W. Mason.*

Some years ago in the midst of the Indian Ocean in one of the roughest seas that I ever experienced, I was suddenly launched overboard in the darkness of night. The ship was flying before the gale and I knew as I went over the rail that when I struck the water there was absolutely no hope. I threw out my hand in desperation; it caught a ring and by a miracle I clung by a single finger until I steadied myself and caught it with my other hand, and there I hung till help came. I was speechless with exhaustion, but I clung to that ring with the grip of a vice, because it was my only chance of life. In the same way I want always to cling to Christ whatever may be my surroundings, because it is my only hold on life eternal. —*Charles A. Gilbert.*

In time of storm there are men in the Life Saving Service patrolling the dangerous beaches sending up occasional signals, to show any vessel in distress where to look for help. In the same way the churches patrol the wreck-strewn coasts of life and the testimonies of the Christians are signals sent up to show those out of Christ where to look for help in seeking eternal safety.—*Elmer J. Tilden.*

It is much more expensive, to say nothing of the inconvenience, to tear a house to pieces and remodel it, than it is to build as we need it the first time, and yet, most Christians are continually beginning their life over again because they did not plan well enough the first time. As young men we cannot be too particular how we begin our Christian life.—*Edwin K. Blaikie.*

It is a rare thing to find a perfect horse. They will have their eccentricities. One is too slow, another skittish; one is balky, another will not back; one will work as a leader, another on the pole; one will never work in a pair, another will never work single. To find a horse of good spirit that will work kindly anywhere is to find a prize. It is about as difficult to find a Christian who will always work pleasantly. You have to study carefully to get every man and woman in his right place.—Christianity ought to exalt us above such things.—*Sanford R. Cook.*

Use sin as it will use you; spare it not for it will not spare you; it is your murderer and the murderer of the whole world. Use it, therefore, as a murderer should be used; kill it before it kills you; and though it brings you to the grave, as it did your Head, it shall not be able to keep you there. You love not death: love not the cause of death.

It is asserted over and over that anxiety shortens life, but when a chap sees another fellow feeding his girl sandwiches at a picnic, is he going to sit down and bid his soul be calm?

Men blame themselves for the purpose of being praised.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smiles that well her pain dissembles
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry teardrop hangs and trembles.
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be torn asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the plain of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

Pink-Eye in Horses.

The name "pink-eye" has in some way been given to and is now very generally used to designate a severe form of typhoid influenza. This influenza is something new in this locality, having only very recently made its appearance among the horses of this city. As regards the treatment of the disease, it will be readily seen that different conditions require different care. A skilled veterinarian who is considered good authority, advises as follows:—"In ordinary cases tonics and stimulants are called for. In cases where the fever runs high, give the following:—Tartrate of antimony and nitrate of potassa, each one drachm mixed, given night and morning. When the fever is broken, tonics and stimulants are called for. The following may be used in ordinary cases with good effect:—Fentian root and nitrate of potassa, each one ounce; Jamaica ginger, half an ounce; fenu-greek or anise seed, six drachms—pulverize, mix and divide in four parts, give one night and morning. When there is dropsical swelling of the legs, half an ounce of sulphate of iron may be added to the above with good effect. If the lungs are involved, give the following:—Aconite root in tincture, with tincture of belladonna, one part each; water, two parts; dose one teaspoonful every three hours. If the liver is affected, which may be known by the yellow tinge of the mucus membrane, dung small and hard, horse lying on his side, and occasionally looking at his side as if in pain, with occasional fits of uneasiness, give Barbadoes aloes, three drachms; calomel and pulverized digitalis, each half a drachm, made into a ball with molasses. This must not be repeated. When there is a soreness in the throat, blisters should be applied: the fly blister made thin with turpentine answers a good purpose. The animal should be placed in a box stall, well littered with straw and kept clean. As pure an atmosphere as possible is necessary. The contaminated air of a badly ventilated stable retards or defeats restoration to health."

"It is true the formation of a successful administration party in Virginia has not come precisely in the manner we expected, but we have the assurance of those who speak for the Readjusters, that the end is the same, and with this assurance we are content."—*Valley Virginian.*

Democrats, who acted with the Readjuster party, believing that its leaders were telling you the truth when they professed to have no object in view but a settlement of the State debt of Virginia, read the above lines taken from the *Valley Virginian*, a Republican paper. And mark you the Editor of that paper knows whereof he speaks. He is not one of the kind that go off half-cocked. "He has the assurance of those who speak for the readjusters that the end is the same." What does that mean? It means just what we have told you time and again, in these columns, that the leaders of the Readjuster party would never again act with the Democratic party, but that they would seek to form an alliance with the Republican party and carry the State for the administration. Democrats, will you longer permit yourselves to be duped by such treacherous demagogues. They told you from the stand and through the press that they were democrats; never had been anything else and the charge that they were going over to the Republicans was a "Bourbon lie." Where are they and what do they propose? Forgetful of the falsehood they told the people, or else lost to all shame, they declare for the national administration.—*Page News.*

The fact that the President has nominated Capt. John S. Wise for the position of United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia naturally suggests the idea that he entertains the same opinion that Captain Wise does of Virginia Republicans, and if that be so he has deliberately insulted them and need hot be surprised if they manifest their resentment at the first opportunity. There are many conscientious and long-standing Republicans, native as well as adopted citizens of the State, several in this city alone, any one of whom can perform the duties of the office referred to with ability and efficiency, and yet the President at the instance of the Federal, but fortunately no longer the State boss, nominates for the place one who until recently was an ultra Democrat, and upon whose letter denouncing Southern Republicans in the most irritating terms, the ink is hardly dry. Those who think better of Virginia Republicans than Captain Wise says he does and than the President's acts imply that he does, too, don't believe that the course the latter is pursuing toward the Republicans in Virginia will strengthen the Administration party in this State.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

HOW NUTMEGS GROW.—Nutmegs grow on little trees which look like little pear trees, and are generally not over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are pale and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe, it breaks open, and shows a little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and tropical America. They bear fruit for seventy or eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them all the seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over four thousand nutmegs on it every year. The Dutch used to have all this nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda islands, and conquered all the other traders, and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up, they once destroyed three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as big as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done—carried those nuts into all the surrounding countries, and the world had the benefit.

"I believe," observed a judge as he adjourned a court to attend a convention before which his name was to be presented for nomination, "that office should seek the man, not the man office. But when the office is seeking the man, there is no harm in a man being around where the office is likely to find the man without any trouble."