Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY, Editor and Proprietor.

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The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is

$2.00 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ When payments are not made strictly in advance Three Dollars will be charged.

☞ Any one sending us FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis*.

Staunton Spectator.

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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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☞ Obituaries, Announcements of Candidates for office, and all communications of a personal or private character, will be charged for as advertisements.

Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

E. F. WAYMAN, M. D., D. D. S.,
(Formerly of the Faculty of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.)
Dental Office.
No. 15 N. Augusta Street.
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. mar14-tf.

MEADE F. WHITE. A. C. GORDON.
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 B. 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

S. S. SMELTZER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STAUNTON, VA
Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

DRS. A. M. & H. H. HENKEL, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Having entered into co-partnership, tender their professional services to the public. Special attention given to Surgery and diseases of the Eye and Ear.
They may be consulted at all hours at the office heretofore occupied by A. M. HENKEL, M. D., No. 15, West Frederick Street. feb15

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

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

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

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*, STAUNTON, VA.
may 5

TAILORING.

J. A. HUTCHESON, MERCHANT TAILOR,
109 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.
I desire to call the attention of my friends and the public to the fact that I have just received a most beautiful line of—
DRESS GOODS
FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR.
I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
oct14-tf J. A. HUTCHESON.

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

MERCHANT TAILORING
HEADQUARTERS,
M. F. McNAMARA,
No. 10 NEW ST., STAUNTON, VA.
My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of
Suitings, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.,
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

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

Use Lawrence & Martin's
TOLU ROCK and RYE.
For COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION, Diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.
BALSAM OF TOLU Has always been one of the most important weapons wielded by the MEDICAL FACULTY against the encroachments of COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SORE THROAT, CONSUMPTION in its incipient and advanced stages, and all diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS, but it has never been so advantageously compounded as in the TOLU, ROCK and RYE. Its soothing Balsamic properties afford a diffusive stimulant and tonic to build up the system after the cough has been relieved. Quart size bottles, Price $1.00.
CAUTION! Do not be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye in place of our TOLU, ROCK AND RYE, which is the ONLY MEDICATED article—the genuine has a Private Die Proprietary Stamp on each bottle, which permits it to be **Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Everywhere,**
☞ WITHOUT SPECIAL TAX OR LICENSE.
The TOLU, ROCK AND RYE CO., Proprietors, 41 River St., Chicago, Ill.
feb28-1y

L.S.L.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!
OVER HALF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED!
Louisiana State Lottery Company.
Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of $550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2nd, A. D., 1879.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. *It never scales or postpones.* Look at the following Distribution:
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,
during which will take place the
145th Grand Monthly
AND THE
EXTRAORDINARY SEMI-ANNUAL DRAWING
At New Orleans, Tuesday, June 13th, 1882,
Under the personal supervision and management of
GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.
Capital Prize, $100,000.
☞ Notice.—Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES:—

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$100,000	$100,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000	20,000
4 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	20,000
20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
50 "	500	25,000
100 "	300	30,000
200 "	200	40,000
600 "	100	60,000
10,000 "	10	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Approximation Prizes of	$200	$20,000
100 " "	100	10,000
100 " "	75	7,500

11,279 Prizes, amounting to $522,500

Gen. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of La. Gen. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Va. } Commissioners.

Application for rates to clubs should only be made to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For information apply to—
M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, 127 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ills.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN, 607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.
The New York Office is removed to Chicago.
N. B.—Orders addressed to New Orleans, will receive prompt attention.
The particular attention of the Public is called to the fact that the entire number of the Tickets for each Monthly Drawing is sold, and consequently all the prizes in each drawing are sold and drawn and paid. may9-5t

PIANOS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY.

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY!
—FOR THE—
"SOHMER"
PIANOS,
—AT THE—
EXHIBITION—MONTREAL,
|1881.|
After a severe and critical test by the judges of Musical Instruments—in which nearly all the prominent and leading manufactures of the United States and Canadas were represented—they have conferred upon "SOHMER & CO." the highest honors, viz: **First Prize Diploma of Honor,** and **Honorable Mention,** and a **Diploma of Special Excellence** for Baby Grands, which was the highest and only one given.
I have the AGENCY for the
SOHMER PIANOS.
The rapidly increasing popularity of the **SOHMER**, ranks it foremost among the best. Also Agent for the celebrated
NEW ENGLAND AND OTHER
ORGANS.
Mr. Max rownold,
so well known to the people of Staunton and vicinity, has taken charge of the Music Department. He will take especial pleasure in waiting upon and displaying the fine tone and quality of the ABOVE-NAMED INSTRUMENTS.
A REVOLUTION IN SHEET MUSIC.
Finely printed Sheet Music on good paper, from 10 c. per sheet up.
HAMAKER'S
NEW ENTERPRISE,
HEADQUARTERS
☞ FOR FINE ☜
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
and Silver-Plated Ware.
COR. MAIN AND NEW STREETS,
apr18 STAUNTON, VA.

CARRIAGE FACTORIES

TO THE PUBLIC!

Parties wishing to buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., both home-made and Western work, can do so of us on and after the 10th of January, 1882. We have made arrangements with one of the largest and best Cincinnati manufacturing establishments, by which we will keep on hand a large assortment of the very best of Cincinnati work. We have just returned from Cincinnati where we thoroughly examined all the materials of which the vehicles are made, and we took special care to select
THE VERY BEST.
Having had a life-long experience in this business, we know what carriage work is and how it is made, and we are satisfied we can give you a better buggy for the money than any other shop in this city or in the Valley.—We ask you to call and examine and we will make it to your interest to buy of us.
☞ We will also manufacture any vehicle to order, of the best materials, and in the most workmanlike manner, at LOWEST PRICES.
CLINEDINST & BODELL,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL,
dec27-tf Staunton, Va.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address—
apr4-1y STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

No Whiskey!
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is one of the very few tonic medicines that are not composed mostly of alcohol or whiskey, thus becoming a fruitful source of intemperance by promoting a desire for rum.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is guaranteed to be a non-intoxicating stimulant, and it will, in nearly every case, take the place of all liquor, and at the same time absolutely kill the desire for whiskey and other intoxicating beverages.
Rev. G. W. RICE, editor of the *American Christian Review*, says of Brown's Iron Bitters:
Cin., O., Nov. 16, 1881.
Gents:—The foolish wasting of vital force in business, pleasure, and vicious indulgence of our people, makes your preparation a necessity; and if applied, will save hundreds who resort to saloons for temporary recuperation.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been thoroughly tested for dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, weakness, debility, overwork, rheumatism, neuralgia, consumption, liver complaints, kidney troubles, &c., and it never fails to render speedy and permanent relief.
may16 '82-1y

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., M'f'g Chemists, 112 White Street, New York.
For sale by GEO. W. MAY & CO. and W. R. TYREE. aug30-1y

TUTT'S PILLS
A DISORDERED LIVER IS THE BANE
of the present generation. It is for the Cure of this disease and its attendants, SICK-HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, PILES, etc., that TUTT'S PILLS have gained a world-wide reputation. No Remedy has ever been discovered that acts so gently on the digestive organs, giving them vigor to assimilate food. As a natural result, the Nervous System is Braced, the Muscles are Developed, and the Body Robust.
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.
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, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of One Dollar.
Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.
(*Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.*)
may2 '82-1y

SEEDS, PLANTS, &c.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS. My Illustrated Catalogue for 1882, of New and Rare Plants, free to all. Address—ROBERT J. HALLIDAY,
mar21-2m BALTIMORE, MD.

ROSES BY MAIL post paid. TEN for $1.00, viz: Catharine Mermet, rosy pink; Perle des Jardins, golden yellow; Niphetos, snow white; Douglas, bright cherry; La France, satiny rose; Bon Silene, brilliant carmine; General Jacqueminot, brilliant crimson; Marie Van Houtte, delicate yellow; Cornelia Cook, large white; Marechal Neil, large yellow. Address,—
ROBERT J. HALLIDAY,
mar21-2m BALTIMORE, MD.

POETRY.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean's strand,
A pretty shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day—
As onward from the spot I haste,
One lingering look behind I cast,'
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

And so, methought 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth of me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod this sandy shore
Of time, and been to me no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the water in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this waking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

"LIFE HATH ITS BARREN YEARS."

Life hath its barren years,
When blossoms fall untimely down,
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil, when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

Life hath its faithless days,
The golden promise of the morn,
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

Life hath its valleys, too,
Where we must talk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlight hopes that soon must set,
All quenched in pitying dew.

Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasseled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessed sign
Of plenteous ripening bread and pure rich wine,
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air,
Indrawn to silent souls, breathes forth its rare,
Grand speech by joy distilled.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

"ACCIDENT.—An extra freight train on the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked last night by a broken bridge just beyond Carlyle. A son of the Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the train, but fortunately escaped injury. A brakeman by the name of Marshall was the only person killed."

It was only a short dispatch, cast into one corner of the morning paper, amid a score or two others, but it interested me; for I knew the whole brave story so well, and I felt in my heart almost a hatred for the writer who had done such injustice to a noble life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night telegraph operator at Carlyle—not a very exalted position, perhaps, but yet one of considerable responsibility and trust. From seven in the evening until the same hour in the morning I held in the hollow of my hand the life of almost every man passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night, when I was sitting alone in my little, cramped up office, and listening, from mere force of habit, to the varied messages as they went clicking by to the other stations on the road. The last train for several hours—the freight accommodation from Brighton—had been in for some time, and I had nothing to disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's No. 5?" a voice suddenly asked, as the outside door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied, hastily; and then, looking up, I saw Tom Marshall, a brakeman on the last freight, filling up the doorway. "Come inside and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment to-night," he answered me, as he sat down at my invitation, his lantern resting between his feet on the floor. "I have a call to make this evening, and must wash up a little first."

"Where away to-night, Tom? Not up on the hill again, surely?"

He shook his head in the affirmative, his eyes fixed upon my table, where the instrument was ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business, my boy; but it seems to me you go to the great white house too often of late. Ballou might object, and 'tis said they are engaged, you know." And I looked up at his strong Saxon face from where I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they are mistaken about that, Billy; but Ballou has more opportunities than I can enjoy," he replied, very slowly. "I only get in here two nights a week, you know; but I do the best I can."

"Then it is serious, Tom?" I asked; for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-haired fellow, brakeman though he was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he replied, his eyes gazing steadfastly at the lantern between his feet. "But, good night; I must go; will see you again as I come in." And the heavy door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in the office after he had gone, I thought of all these things—thought them over again and again. I had known Tom for two years, and I liked the boy. I knew, or thought I knew, Kate Carr, up in the big white house on the hill. A proud girl enough in her way—proud of her father's riches, her own beauty, and the dozen suitors who had knelt at her feet. Ever since Tom first sought her society I wondered at his welcome. It seemed so strange a thing to me that one so proud of her position, so thoroughly a slave of society as Kate Carr appeared to be, should so openly encourage the attentions of a mere freight brakeman—a man of whose family connections we knew nothing, and whose only wealth was his month ly pay. Still Tom was a young and good-looking fellow enough, and, perhaps, after all, she was a little vain at having so handsome a suitor, even though so poor, to add to her lengthy string of victims. I never could believe that she had the heart to return his great, honest love and be willing, in exchange to sacrifice all her hopes and pride for his sake; and then, besides, rumor had it that George Ballou, the son of a rich banker of a neighboring town, had already gained her promise, and from many little things which had fallen under my notice, I began to believe that rumor for once was right.—And Tom loved her, and I thought it over all night when I was not busy, and wondered in my own heart how it could end.

Tom never come back to the depot that night, though I looked for him, and his train left eastward while I was taking my breakfast at the only hotel the place afforded, and I caught but a glimpse of him as they swung round the curve. I afterwards heard the whole story from his lips, but I can tell it best for myself. From his car he passed up the long hill to where the lights of the Carr mansion were twinkling among the trees, determined to learn his fate from Kate's own lips that very night.—The parlor windows were dark when he ascended the stone steps and rang the bell, and the servant who answered it, recognizing his face, told him he would find Miss Kate in the garden. In the moonlight, dreaming the ever-new dream of love, he passed with quick step down the gravel path by the well-trimmed flower-beds to where the summer-house, thickly shaded by clinging vines, stood at the further end. This was her favorite resting-place, and many a pleasant hour came flooding his mind, passed there with her—his queen. As he approached now, he was surprised to hear, borne on the still night air, the tone of voices in earnest conversation. In all Tom's nature there was nothing cowardly, nothing base; but his own name, spoken in a man's deep voice, caused him to halt almost without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw and heard that you cared for Marshall?"

It was almost a question, and the silent listener outside in the moonlight bent forward to catch the low tones of the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why, he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What would papa say if he heard that?"

It was the soft, tender voice of Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me, darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man who listened, whose only crime was poverty, turned back quietly in the darkness—turned back through the low hedge and out into the moonlit road, with pale face and heavy heart. He had loved her with all the grand strength of his strong, manly nature—he never knew how much before, as he did now, alone in his misery, his suffering, and those cold, heartless, stinging words, "He's only a freight-brakeman," ringing in his ears with every heavy step he took. He was poor, was nothing but a brakeman, had neither wealth nor lineage of which to boast; but, after all, he was a man, and like one he suffered his loss—suffered through the long, still night, patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into the shorter ones of early fall, and his train passed back and forth by the station on its daily trips, I watched Tom, and knowing so much as I did, I could read his sufferings, though he tried so bravely to hide it all and appear outwardly as cheerful and light-hearted as ever. Poor Tom! the blow was a hard one struck by her little hand, and the strong man bent beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly winter when the end finally came, and that ending was indeed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had been raging along the entire line of the road, and many fears were expressed by railway officials about the safety of the road bed between Carlyle and Farmersville, the next station east. All along these few miles there were heavy grades and numerous small bridges and culverts already loosened by previous storms. That night when I went on duty it was raining hard—a cold, bitter rain, half sleet, blown here and there in gusts of heavy wind. The night itself was intensely black from swiftly scudding clouds, broken now and then by vivid glares of forked lightning that seemed almost to tear them in twain.—My instruments were almost unmanageable, owing to the electricity in the air, but about midnight a message came through in jerks from the division superintendent at Balton:

"*Opr, Carlyle,*
"Send Bond with extra east, to report track at Farmersville for No. 2. Move cautiously. "W. B. C"

Bond was Tom's conductor, and I handed the ordered to him immediately. An engine was ready at hand, and they soon had the short train of ten cars made up in the yard. Just as the engine backed down from the tank and was being coupled on, George Ballou, muffled up to his chin, and holding a small leather valise in his hand, came hurriedly around the edge of the depot building.

"Bond," he said to the conductor, who stood there with his lantern raised to give the signal for starting. "I want to go down with you. I must be home to-night."

Bond looked around rather surprised at the request.

"We're more than likely to be wrecked before ever we get there, Mr. Ballou," he said, quickly. "But, if you must go, take your own risk and get on. I don't care."

"Ballou, don't go!"—it was Tom's voice, speaking very low. "Take my advice, for there's not one chance in ten of our going through to-night without trouble."

"But I must go," came the answer.—"My mother has been taken ill—a telegram just received."

"Wait for 'No. 2,' then—that will be nearer daylight."

"Yes, and it might be too late. No, I must go to night, danger or not. Surely I may risk it if you can!"

"I have no one to think of but myself." The words were almost lost in the wind. "You have Kate, and it is my duty to go, not yours." And the brakeman regretfully turned away.—Only a moment did Ballou gaze after his lantern, as it went flickering down the wet platform, and then as the short train started he stepped into the caboose, and I leaned from my seat to watch Tom swing up on the little iron ladder and mount to the top.

Just exactly how it all happened to-day I do not know, but at the bottom of the second grade the earth had been washed away from beneath the rails, and they hung almost unsupported just below the surface of the water. Thundering down the grade in the rain and night, every brakeman at his post on the top, the great freight engine plunged into the water and went crushing down. Car after car was piled up there and hurled to one side down into the ravine. Clinging to a brake just back of the engine, and peering ahead through the storm, his hands wrenched clear by the shock, Tom was hurled outward into the air. The crash stunned him, but the cold water into which he fell revived him again, and he crawled out from the debris on to the bank and worked his way back towards what should be the rear end of the train.

When the first terrible crash came, the caboose had been pitched violently forward and then flung down, and now hung tremblingly suspended upon a single timber of the culvert, which trembled and threatened each moment to part and let the battered car fall on to the ragged rocks below.

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom asked, anxiously, as he finally found the conductor standing alone in the rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agonizing from the suspended caboose below them.

"Help! I'm wedged in! Quick!"

It was Ballou's voice, beyond a doubt.

"Give me the ax!" and, seizing the weapon, Tom sprang out into the tottering car and dropped down through a shattered window. He knew the slender, trembling timber could not sustain that weight long. He knew he was going to almost certain death. He knew a moment's delay might rid him of one who had won from him the woman he loved. It was a moment for vengeance, but he forgot it all. He knew a moment's delay and all of George Ballou would be a dead, mangled body. But he never hesitated, never doubted what to do. He was only a brakeman, but he was willing to sacrifice his own life, wreck his own happiness, to save the man Kate Carr loved. A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how could he be?—you forget he was but a freight-brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a few rapid blows he cut aside the broken seat which pinned his rival to the floor of the car.

"Quick!" for he felt the car settling, and heard the groaning of the timber giving way. "Cal, catch him!" and, grasped by strong hands, Ballou was to the ground above, and then, with a lurch and crash of breaking timber, the heavy car plunged downward on to the rocks, splintered on their sharp points and dashed to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they found Tom lying there, crushed out of all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him—she loved him!" was all he said; and, as the sun came up over the high bank, he breathed his last sobbing breath in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot and laid him reverently in the great ladies' waiting room, and as the railroad men bore him by my window, some one in the crowd said:

"How lucky that only a brakeman was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-hearted Tom Marshall has gone home to a Father who never looks to the grimy clothes and the weather-beaten faces of His children, but rewards them according to their deeds. If so, his must be an exceedingly great reward.

For the SPECTATOR.

Letter from Colorado.

ROSITA, COLORADO, May 8th, 1882.

In my last letter I remember telling you of the beautiful winter weather so bountifully bestowed upon southern Colorado. I have never seen a more genial winter or more brilliant sunshine. But since spring has set in, there has been a great change. April had more cold and windy days than the four preceding months collectively; and now, on the 8th of May, we have twelve inches of snow on the ground, and a steady Christmas out-pour from the heavens.

But this very snow that seems so incongruous, and sends a chill through one's marrow, delights the Colorado ranchmen, as it insures good crops. This light, porous soil possesses the power of retaining moisture in a remarkable degree. The rainy season begins early in the summer. If the showers are not sufficient, the snow melting on the mountains fills the little streams, enabling the ranchmen to dig sacas and irrigate.

Sometimes these sacas are miles in length, the ranches nearest the head of the stream having the first use of the water.

Irrigation is rather curious to the uninitiated, though the custom is as old as time. From the main saca small sacas are dug in straight lines across the garden or field, and the water allowed to flow over the whole ground for several hours. This is done about twice a season, and if properly attended to, the crops cannot fail!

Rosita is not as flourishing as it has been, owing to the cessation of several large mines. Quite a number have become discouraged, and are preparing to leave. This is an unfailing feature of a mining camp, and does not detract one iota from the real value of the mines. Since these large mines, referred to above, have shut down, several grand strikes are reported in new mines that will cause our population and business to increase. Two dry-goods houses are selling out, with the view of restarting again in San Diego, but in their place are two new stores, one a dry-goods and the other a millinery and notion store, both carrying the best stock of goods in their line.

The public schools have just closed. But for a low state of funds they would have continued several months longer. The closing exercises were most interesting. Mr. Barker, a prominent citizen, who has several children in school, presented Prof. McGintry with a beautiful gold pen as a token of love and respect from his pupils.

We had an interesting visit from Bishop Spaulding last month, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Gaynor, of Silver Cliff, and several other clergymen.

Rev. Francis Byrne, the residing clergyman, has beeen with us now severral months. He is the father and founder of the church in southern Colorado. We cannot congratulate ourselves too highly upon securing the services of this pure and holy man. Though laboring under great difficulties, he has awakened an interest in religion that was never felt in Rosita before.

A sociable was given in the town hall last Thursday night by the ladies of the Episcopal church, which was well attended and the result very handsome. The intention is to repaint and otherwise adorn our already very comfortable church.

The town presented a lively spectacle last Wednesday, and one that I don't think that I shall ever actively participate in again. I refer to the election of school officers. The ladies were allowed to vote! It is needless to say they elected their man; but it was strong work, and the cause of much merriment.

I received yesterday a letter from Everett Douaghe, Esq., formerly employed in the SPECTATOR office. He is in Raton, New Mexico; is assistant editor of the Raton *Guard;* also a real estate agent, and is much pleased with his new quarters!

Nicholas Trout, Esq., formerly of Staunton, was in town last week seeing after some important mining interests here. He looks well, and has taken hold of Colorado with a grip that insures success.

Occasionally a beautiful wedding card wings its way to the far West from Staunton, showing that the young men and maidens at least are not materially changed since Tennyson's beautiful poem was written!

At this season particularly one longs for home. Imagine no blossoms—no fruits—no leaves—just snow and blankets in May. Whatever else Colorado may be, and it is the best country in the world for poor people, it can never, never compare in beauty and loveliness with old Virginia. "N."

What shall be said for Mahone? Oh, deepest, damning degradation! a trusted Confederate General declaring that his old comrades are unworthy of the confidence of the Government. If he had even absented himself, as he has so often done, this resolution would have carried; but he has marched from the cloak-room, where he spends the most of his time plotting devilment against his native State, to put this stigma upon the old Confederate soldiers. Is there a Readjuster who followed Lee or Jackson or any of the gallant men who led our armies, willing to endorse this vote of Mahone, the traitor Senator from Virginia? We much mistake the mettle of those men if they swallow this insult.—*Lexington Gazette.*

We hope after Senator Mahone's vote to refer and not to pass the bill to remove the disabilities imposed on a Confederate soldier, which prevents his holding a place in the regular army, we shall hear no more about the "Hero of the Crater," or "The Successor of General Lee." Although Colonel Mosby went over to Grant he never went back on his Confederate comrades, and whenever he could get a place for a Confederate soldier, or the widow of one, he did not require them to give up their principles and say they were Republicans. Mahone has gone further and faster and deeper down than any other Confederate.—*Lynchburg Advance.*

Domestic Recipes.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil thoroughly a half dozen potatoes, adding a few pieces of any kind of meat desired to give it a flavor. When done remove the meat, mash the potatoes well, and return them again to the kettle. Season with salt and pepper and let it boil up again for five minutes, skimming it well. Add a tumbler of milk the last thing before serving.

CORN CHOWDER.—Cut half a pound of salt pork in little pieces not more than an inch square. Slice four onions thin, as if you were to fry them. Boil the pork and onions for twenty minutes in two quarts of water. Cut six medium-sized potatoes in rater thick slices, so they will keep their shape. Add them to the soup and boil ten minutes (meanwhile scald one quart of milk); after the potatoes have boiled add one quart can of corn, and lastly the milk, and let all come to a boil; cover the bottom of the soup dish with buttered crackers and pour the soup over them.

PUDDING.—A simple and nourishing pudding may be made in this way:—Take half a cup of sago and a quart of water; boil until the sago is soft, sweeten it to your taste; beat the yolks of three eggs and stir in, with lemon or other flavoring; beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, beating in a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar; put on the top of the pudding and set in the oven to brown. Another way is to cover the bottom of a pudding dish with apples which have been peeled and cut in quarters, pour the sago and water over them, bake an hour in a slow oven and serve with sugar and sweet cream.

SHREWSBURY CAKE.—This is an old English cake, which was brought from that country by the earliest settlers in the New England States. The old form with some improvements, is as follows: Take one pound of fresh, sweet butter, and add one pound of powdered white sugar; beat these thoroughly to a fine, white cream; take four newly-laid eggs, yolks and whites together, and whisk till very light; take a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, with a dash of mace and nutmeg; take one and a half pounds of the best superfine flour; mix this with half a gill of water, flavored with the juice of two lemons and one orange. Now mix the above materials well together into a dough, and roll out thin; cut into small, round cakes, place on greased baking tins, and bake in a quick oven until the cakes are brown and the crust firm.

ROBBERIES IN POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.—A correspondent, "G. W. S." of the Highland *Recorder*, writing from Green Bank, Pocahontas county, under date of the 8th of May, says:—

"I will now say something of an organized band of robbers, viz:—James T. Bird, formerly of Highland county, Uriah Gillispie and Charlie, his brother, sons of Jacob Gillispie, dec'd, who have been taking a full hand since the middle of February last, and may be long before that time. Among some of their late acts were the robbing of Hugh Jordan's house, Wm. L. Brown's corn crib, Dr. Moomau's crib twice, Uriah Hevener's Mill twice. The last time they robbed the mill they put it on a little too thick, having taken more than they could manage, besides, the suspicions of their crimes were so strong and well grounded that the whole or at least the better portion of the community turned out as one man, and soon had the scoundrels before his honor, Squire Yeager, where the investgation was continued from Wednesday until Saturday night. During all this time every hour brought new light, until there was abundant proof to send them to jail. Charlie, after seeing that the case was fatal, conceived the idea that it would be well for him if he would turn State's evidence against the other two—after a brief interview with his brother, who had been released a day or two before, Charlie made a clean breast of all, besides told of the anticipated plan of robbing S. B. Lowery's store, also the robbing of Deputy Sheriff Hill. Bird in the meantime found out what Charlie had done, and concluded to play the same game. Uriah concluded, while all this was going on, the best thing for him to do was to "skedaddle" over the Alleghany, which he did by first breaking away from the guards, but after reflecting over the matter, through the persuasion of friends, his load of guilt, and many other causes, retraced his steps, came back, and offered his body a living sacrifice, not to God, but to Squire Yeager. The Squire, after a brief investigation, sent him on to jail, where all three are now closely quartered. These are only a few of the outlines of their crimes. Bird and Uriah are very bad men, and will, we hope, spend the remainder of their days in the State penitentiary."

Household Hints.

Steel knives may be saved from rusting by being rubbed with mutton tallow, wrapped in paper, and put into a baize-lined chest.

A little saleratus rubbed on with the finger or a bit of linen, will remove stains from cups and other articles of tableware. It will also remove spots from marbleized oilcloths, and many stains from tin-ware.

To remove grease stains from wood, spread some corn-starch powder over the grease spots, and then go over it with a hot flat-iron till you have drawn the grease; then scrape with a glass or a proper scraper, and repeat the starch powder and hot iron. Ammonia liquor may be used as a finish, if the starch does not take all the grease out.

"Are you going to take that ugly pug dog with you again, Carrie?" asked Charles. "I really believe you take him simply to make yourself look prettier by the contrast." "Don't be jealous of poor Pug, Charlie," replied Carrie. "I'll take you some time when I want to look especially handsome."

"Let us play we are married," said little Edith, "and I will bring my dolly and say, 'See baby, papa!'" "Yes," replied Johnny, "and I will say, 'Don't bother now. I want to look through the paper!'" Children have strange ideas of grown folks' ways, now—don't they.

"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass." "O, no!" "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be." "And why not, pray?"—"Because, sir, Glass is a non-conductor." [Deafening applause from the scientific passengers.]

A small quantity of ashes given to pigs while fattening is found very beneficial, as their food is generally rich in phosphoric acid and deficient in lime, which ashes supply; and in this way the phosphoric acid is made available as food.

"Pa, why do they call 'em high schools?" "It's because we pay so much for 'em, my son. You'll understand these things better when you get to be a taxpayer."

"Oh, for a better half!" said the sorrowing widower, when he found a counterfeit fifty cent piece among his change.

For the SPECTATOR.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

BY J. M. W.

This is the beautiful bright month of May,
And sunshine and shower are rulers to-pay:
Tears and then sunshine in the same hour,
The earth is made bright by the pearly drop'd shower.

Thus ever it is as we journey along,
Sunshine and shower will ever belong;
The thunder will roar and crash on our ears,
The dark rolling clouds shed copious tears.

The thunder, the lightning, the cloud, and the storm,
But heighten and brighten the sunshine so warm,
And the bright bow of promise is set in the sky,
A token that storms will ever pass by.

On life's rugged sea as we toil on our way,
Dark clouds will arise, the lightnings will play,
Our hearts be sorrowing—shed anguishing tears,
From youth's sunny hours to ripening years.

But the sunshine of joy, of peace, and of gladness,
Will be all the brighter for our sorrow and sadness;
And the bright bow of promise after the storm—
Sweet emblem of hope when sad and forlorn.

Remember, my brother, on life's stormy sea,
That, without tears, life a burden would be,
And never forget that after the showers,
The sunshine is brightest—also the flowers.

Pickaway, W. Va., May 10th, 1882.

A PICTURE.

The sun was setting in golden glory,
The woods were tinged with crimson bright,
And the soft blue sky reflected back
The dying sunset's flickering light;
And as I looked up the winding road
As far as I could see,
There was one who stood at the "old oaken" gate,
And waved his hat to me.

Yes, there he stood in the evening light,
With the wild-wood overhead,
And all around the flowers bloomed,
And on the air their fragrance shed.
And as I looked the sun sank lower,
And the bright lights paled on leaf and tree,
But still there was one at the "old oaken" gate
Who waved his hat to me.

This is the picture my heart holds fast—
A picture from out of the dreary past—
A picture I love and will always keep
As long as life shall last.
'Twas long ago, yes long ago,'
Yet oft in my fancy I see
That same figure stand at the "old oaken" gate,
And wave his hat to me.

F * * * *

The *Whig* furnishes a strong argument in defence of Gen. Mahone's vote on the Confederate-Bourbon resolution in the Senate the other day. To impartial minds and to those who are anxious for peace between the sections the views offered by our contemporary will be accepted as wise and proper.—*Valley Virginian.*

This from another Confederate soldier, Maj. Yost, who having made his own peace with the powers that be and taken office under the present government, now joins Mahone in favoring a continuance of the vindictive war legislation which excludes from the service of their country in the Army and Navy the veteran soldiers of the South who, in 1861, in obedience to the laws of their States, resigned their commissions, and gave up their hopes of preferment and all the brilliant prospects before them to cast their fortunes with a righteous but unpromising cause.

And how tame and unsatisfactory is their excuse for opposing the reinstatement of these officers, or the appointment of other Confederates to places in these services. It would stir up sectional animosities again, they say, were the rebels of that war appointed in the Army. It would excite anew all the apprehensions of the northern people of treachery and treason, and they would be in constant dread (such is the suggestion) lest these men should betray the armies and fleets of the country to the enemy! This is the very worst and most puerile bosh that we have ever seen offered in excuse for a bad action. Why not say you support the bloody-shirt Radicals and Guiteau-Stalwarts of the North in this measure, not because you believe it is right, but from the necessity of monopolizing the few crumbs that fall from their richly-laden tables? Do you not know that all that is necessary for any Confederate to secure an office either in the military or civil service of the country is for him to betray his people by joining that party? Why, there are any number of men now in Washington who make their living off the Republican party by abusing their own people and States. Away with such recreants! They are unworthy sons of the South, and if they ever were in the Confederate service they have forfeited by their after treason all the honors they gained in the great but unfortunate cause.

Still, this is a new and strange view of the matter, and one that was never thought of before. It remained for Mahone to discover that the restoration of the old army and navy officers would revive sectional hatred. We had always thought and heard it argued that this would be one of the greatest peace offerings the North could tender the South, and that its acceptance by us would do more to restore good feeling between the late warring sections and to reunite our people than anything else that could happen. * * * * * *

Oh no! The passage of the resolution repealing the statute would not have revived sectionalism or been the signal for unfurling the bloody flag again, General; but on the contrary, if properly carried out so as to give the South that equal representation in the Army and the Navy it has in the Senate and House of Representatives, there could be no question of the happy results that would almost immediately flow from it.—*Richmond State.*

THE BOSS SOLD CHEAP.—The Boss' vote against ex-Confederates cannot be talked away, and it is idle for the Boss to try through his organ to defend himself. He voted with the Radicals, at their beck and call, to keep ex-Confederates out of the army; he voted with these Radicals, with whom he had made a bargain that he dared not break. Even the men who fought with him, and by their bravery made him what he was, must be sacrificed for the sake of his political henchmen. This servile follower of the enemies of his people had sold himself too securely to steal himself back again. Boss of the Mahoneites, he in turn is bossed by the Administration, and his double character of the master and the slave, by its very duplicity becomes easy to detect in the scheme by which Readjuster-Democrats are to be betrayed into supporting the Stalwart Republicans.

"Administration men" is the name by which, according to one of the Boss' notorious orders, Readjuster-Democrats are hereafter to be known. The reason for this change of name is easily found. The Boss is to have Federal patronage in return for the help he has promised to give the Stalwart President, not simply as a Republican, but in any contest that may spring up between the Stalwart Republicans and the Republicans proper.—*Rich. State.*

"I should like to see somebody abduct me," said Mrs. Smith, at the breakfast table the other morning. "H'm! so should I, my dear, so should I," said Mr Smith, with exceeding earnestness.