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unton Spectator.

CHARD MAUZY,
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Staunton Spectator.

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Staunton Spectator

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STAUNTON, VA.
COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties, Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

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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.

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Fashionable Tailor,
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Work done outside of shop. Cutting and repairing done in best manner and on short notice. ☞TERMS CASH. au27-tf

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HEADQUARTERS,
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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

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Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
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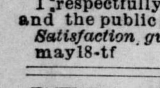
THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.



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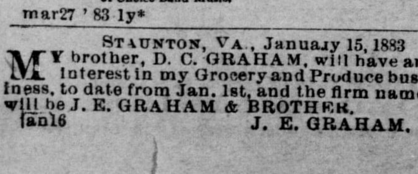
☞Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Parties generally will be supplied with any kind of vehicle desired, at low prices.
I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. feb20-1y



mar27 '83 1y*

STAUNTON, VA., January 15, 1883
MY brother, D. C. GRAHAM, will have an interest in my Grocery and Produce business, to date from Jan. 1st, and the firm name will be J. E. GRAHAM & BROTHER.
jan16 J. E. GRAHAM.

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THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN AND BEAST.

For more than a third of a century the Mexican Mustang Liniment has been known to millions all over the world as the only safe reliance for the relief of accidents and pain. It is a medicine above price and praise—the best of its kind. For every form of external pain the

MEXICAN

Mustang Liniment is without an equal. It penetrates flesh and muscle to the very bone—making the continuance of pain and inflammation impossible. Its effects upon Human Flesh and the Brute Creation are equally wonderful. The Mexican

MUSTANG

Liniment is needed by somebody in every house. Every day brings news of the agony of an awful scald or burn subdued, of rheumatic martyrs restored, or a valuable horse or ox saved by the healing power of this

LINIMENT

which speedily cures such ailments of the HUMAN FLESH as Rheumatism, Swellings, Stiff Joints, Contracted Muscles, Burns and Scalds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains, Poisonous Bites and Stings, Stiffness, Lameness, Old Sores, Ulcers, Frostbites, Chilblains, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, and indeed every form of external disease. It heals without scars.
For the BRUTE CREATION it cures Sprains, Swinny, Stiff Joints, Founder, Harness Sores, Hoof Diseases, Foot Rot, Screw Worm, Scab, Hollow Horn, Scratches, Windgalls, Spavin, Thrush, Ringbone, Old Sores, Poll Evil, Film upon the Sight and every other ailment to which the occupants of the Stable and Stock Yard are liable.
The Mexican Mustang Liniment always cures and never disappoints; and it is, positively,

THE BEST OF ALL LINIMENTS FOR MAN OR BEAST.

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TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA.

From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA

HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and TUTT'S are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.

Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed instantly to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray Street, New York.
TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.
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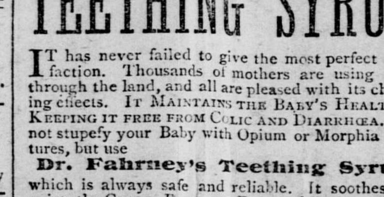
MY BABY USING

DR. FAHRNEY'S



TEETHING SYRUP.

IT has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. Thousands of mothers are using it all through the land, and all are pleased with its charming effects. IT MAINTAINS THE BABY'S HEALTH BY KEEPING IT FREE FROM COLIC AND DIARRHŒA. Do not stupefy your Baby with Opium or Morphia Mixtures, but use

Dr. Fahrney's Teething Syrup,

which is always safe and reliable. It soothes and quiets the CHILD, RELIEVES PAIN and INFLAMMATION and gives SWEET, NATURAL SLEEP TO BABES AND REST TO MOTHERS. ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS SELL IT.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.
PREPARED BY
DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.
For sale by all dealers.
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GOLD for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you *free*, a royal, valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free.—Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. dec4 '83 1y*

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

JOHN G. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air;
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the home of the nations that Jesus is king.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

DOUBLE BLISS.

'Tis just two years ago to-night,
I saw a lady dressed in white;
And she was fair to see.
Her curls hung round her lovely neck,
Her soul looked out through eyes that spake
Like inward purity.

She took my arm, we stood before
The man who claimed to have the power
To join two hearts for life;
And when the marriage vows were said,
And we were to each other wed,
I claimed her as my wife.

Let others prate of single bliss,
Of charming damsel's virgin kiss;
But I'm content to know,
That I have left the joyless plains
Of silly flirts and wooing swains,
And am a husband now.

Two years have passed with flying feet,
Bringing their bitter and their sweet,
Their trains of good and ill;
But yet I love my bonnie bride,
My highest earthly joy and pride.
She is my darling still.

So we commence another year,
And now there's three to make the pair;
One chubby little boy,
Who talks his dutch and laughs and cries,
Who is a saint in mamma's eyes,
And is his grandpa's joy.

—*Johnnie Gray.*

CHRISTMAS PAST AND PRESENT.

HOW THE DAY WAS OBSERVED IN OLD TIMES.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

In the "Ancient Dominion of Virginia," as the old writers called it, Christmas has always been the great festival of the people." All classes have looked forward to it with a vague sensation of expected happiness—rich and poor, master and servant, gray-haired elders, and above all, the children. Each and all seem to have greeted it as a time of mirth and good will to men, and this influence of the season is perhaps as strong in the nineteenth century as in the olden time, when the home of the old planters on the James and the York were the scenes at Christmas of so much merriment and rejoicing.

ENGLISH MEMORIES.

Looking back to that early period, and reading old letters and other family memorials, it is impossible not to see that, to the Viriginians, the season was one of immense enjoyment. Whatever they had left behind in the home land, they had brought Christmas with them to this country, and its importance in their eyes is easily accounted for. The people were nearly without exception descendants of members of the Church of England, and these churchmen a little while before had been good Roman Catholics. They had abjured the old communion, but their old loves were still dear to them, and among these none was stronger than attachment to Christmas. For ages it had been celebrated with pomp and rejoicing in the grand cathedrals; year by year the chimes of the great old abbeys had greeted it; rich and poor had come together for the day in a common brotherhood, flowing wassail cheered all hearts, gifts were given to the poor, sheep and oxen were roasted whole in the court-yards of the "manorial hall," carols welcomed the day of joy, and all connected with the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace served to emphasize the sentiment of a common humanity, which was the burden of His teaching.

MUSIC OF THE BANJO.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Virginians, the descendants of the old devotees of Christmas, should have attached a paramount importance to the great occasion. In every generation from the settlement to the present the day has been celebrated as a time of rejoicing. Love and kindness, mirth and enjoyment, the meetings of relatives, the interchange of gifts, and the indulgence of innocent pleasures, have marked the season. The scattered members of the family have assembled beneath the old family roof-tree, business has been forgotten, every care banished, and Christmas week has been spent in mirth, kindness, and the enjoyment of good cheer by all, from the gray-haired master and mistress of the mansion to the children—even the ragged youthful Africans who laugh and feast in honor of the time, and dance before the blazing fires in their cabins to the music of the banjo.

WILD FOWL.

The points of difference in detail between the old English celebration of Christmas and that of the Virginians are not marked. One of the instincts of the race is to cling to the habits of ancestors—to think that old things are best; and the hardy adventurers who founded the Commonwealth brought the Christmas legends with them. They had few "Merry Christmases," however, in those first days of danger and difficulty, and worthy Captain Smith had the least merriment of all. In the very first year of the settlement in the Virginia wilds a luckless fate found him a prisoner at "the time of Christmas" in the woods of the York, where his life was only saved by the interposition of Pocahontas. We afterward find him selecting the same season for his last and decisive raid against the Emperor Powhatan. Choosing fifty of his hardiest companions, he set out through snow and ice on his expedition, but we are told by the old chroniclers that "the extreme winde, rayne, frost, and snow caused us *to keepe Christmas* among the salvages, where we weere never more merry, nor fed on more plenty of good Oysters, Fish, Flesh, *Wilde Fowl*, and good bread, nor *never had better fires* in England." This earliest announcement of the keeping of Christmas which occurs in Virginia history shows the instinctive English proclivities of the old adventurers. They were going to crush Powhatan, and duly performed that work, but on the way kept the good season with that feast of "wild fowl," doubtless turkey, roasted brown in the "smoky houses of Kecoughtan" before those blazing Christmas fires which brought back old England.

In the ancient records of Hening we find a single additional hint of the manner of Christmas-keeping not so merry; it was the season for attacking the savages. Three times yearly, but especially "before the frost of Christmas," the adventurers were to arm and march with bloody intent on the dusky people; to raid the forests on the b[...]e rivers "from Floneer de Hundred to Accomack;" and whosoever was "lamed" was to be cured at the public expense—a Christmas not so merry, no doubt, to many.

INDIANS AND AFRICANS.

But before a very long while these old "hard times" of the plantation gave way to sunshine and enjoyment. The Indians caused no more trouble, and the planter in his manor-house, with strong shutters and palisades, could invite his neighbors to come and share with him the mirth and kindness of the Christmas time, without fear, and after the good old English fashion. The old records give us glimpses of the worthy people in the midst of their enjoyments—of the sturdy "commander of a hundred," with "gold lace on his clothes," which others are not to indulge in; of his dame, the smiling hostess in her high heels and Elizabethan ruff; and the crowding children and grandchildren around the hospitable board; with the sleek Africans who have arrived in the Dutch ship peering in at the door and laughing. It is certain that these dusky retainers had their share of the feast; that ale and strong waters fell to them as to the rest; and that they then and there imbibed the undying African conviction that Christmas, as it "comes but once a year," ought to be a time of rejoicing. Under the new order of things—in the year 1883—while so much has changed, this African sentiment has undergone none whatever. The simple and childish race, acting invariably from impulse and habit, still cling with obstinate tenacity to the old Christmas legend. While the skepticism of the Latins and Teutons, so intelligent that they doubt all things, laughs at faith, the poor African, with no intelligence whatever, we are told, will not abandon his—With him Christmas is still what it was in the pious middle age—a solemn mystery as well as a joyful reality. With the rejoicing of the season is inseparably connected in his mind what this rejoicing arises from. This is shown in the African hymns which still linger in the memories of the aged. The present writer had in his household an old "mammy" nearly a century old, and has often listened with very deep feeling to these words crooned in her low voice:

"Oh, chillun, Christ is come
To heal you of yo' danger;
Pray that you may be reconciled
To the Child that lays in the manger."

Our friends, the Agnostics and other superior people, might have laughed as they listened. I confess for my own part that the words italicized, with their strange and subtle suggestions of a mysterious sanctity, caused in my mind anytning else than a disposition to laugh.

THE OLD VIRGINIANS.

To return to the old Virginians, from whom the Virginians of to-day inherit whatever distinguishes them from the rest of the world. They loved Christmas, and welcomed the day with a joy which is difficult to realize. The age of doubt had not come, and the blessed nativity was not a subject of merriment. They were true descendants of the country people of England; clung obstinately to the habits which time out of mind had characterized their ancestors, and would have "the time of Xmas" a different time from all the rest of the year—We may go back in fancy and see the old race at their diversions in the ancient family-seats on the banks of the James, the York, or the Rappahannock, which still seem to ring with the mirth and laughter of the dead Christmases of the eighteenth century. Time has seemed to pass by without laying its finger on many of these haunts of the old race—"Rosewell," the home of the Pages, standing in lonely solitude on the York; "Stratford," the residence of the Lees, on the banks of the Potomac; "Saratoga," on the Shenandoah; the "Nelson Home," in Yorktown, and many more in the Tidewater and the Valley. These old localities revive the merry diversions of a forgotten generation when hall and cabin rang with revel at the dawn of the Christmas season. The planters were cavaliers, as we may see by the flowing locks of the old Page and Nelson portraits, and that of Edmund Pendleton, the most uncompromising of churchmen. They clung to the immemorial festivals of the English Church, the first of which was Christmas; and throughout Virginia the homes and churches were festooned with evergreens in honor of the day.

THE CHURCHES.

At two seasons these ancient churches were beautiful with decorations—at Easter with spring flowers, and at Christmas with cedar and pine. The good fashion is still observed, and in many of the old houses of worship—St. Peter's in New Kent, where Washington was married, Christ church, Alexandria, where he attended service, coming in his coach from Mount Vernon, and in numerous others—the descendants of the elder Virginians continue to welcome Christmas with evergreens, if not in every case the Easter season with the flowers which would seem appropriate to us.

THE FIREPLACES ROAR.

Thus everywhere and in every manner the honest Virginians were determined to divert themselves and to set aside Christmas from all other seasons as a day of pure enjoyment. For the time all was to be good-will, and that ennui, which Bossuet says lies as the basis of human life, was to disappear under revelry and the sound of laughter. While the happy time lasted care and trouble were to be forgotten—by the indented servant and the African in his cabin, as by the lord of the manor in his hall. Here, in the great manor-house of the "nabob" of Tidewater Virginia, the Christmas festivities reached their grand culmination. The family clan has assembled, of every age and both sexes, the great fireplaces roar, lighting up the queer old furniture; old hounds, stretched in front of the blaze, seem to know that Christmas has come; on the board the wax lights shine; there is the clink of cups and glasses; the good old vintages, which gave nobody a headache, cheer the heart; and the lord of the manor raises his glass, and, with a smile on his ruddy face, drinks to the general joy of the whole table.

THE DINNER.

Of this crowning event of the day, the Christmas dinner, Washington Irving gives us a sketch, for what he says of the old English ceremony will apply to Virginia.—In the ancient English manor house where he dined on Christmas day: "The parson said grace, when the butler entered the hall attended by a servant on each side with a large wax light and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in his mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table, loaded with good cheer and country abundance. A distinguished post was allotted to 'ancient sirloin,' and one could not but notice a pie magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird. This the squire confessed, was not a pheasant pie—there had been such a mortality among the pheasants this season that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed." As an appetizer to the feast the honest squire, intent in bringing back the good old English times, offered his guests a rich compound of ale and nutmeg "in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, being the wassail bowl so renowned in Christmas festivities.

THE TURKEY.

If we make due allowance for the difference in edibles between England and Virginia, this is a picture of the Christmas dinner in the Old Dominion. That "butler" in black dress and a face as black certainly officiated—the present writer even remembers him in the callow days of childhood, with his white hair and imposing dignity, and if the "pig's head" was absent its place was taken by something better—the Virginia ham. The peacock and pheasant abounded in Virginia as in England, but the great roasted turkey at the head of the table was more attractive, and "ancient sirloin," fattened on Virginia meadows and the rich Indian corn, was finer than the roast beef of old England. As to the "wassail," that abounded beyond all question in the old Virginia manor-houses. The modern advocates of entire abstinence have even made the fact a reproach. In the earlier times the famous tipple was no doubt compounded of rum, or ale and "crabs"; but ere long we find the Virginian inventing the great Christmas beverage, eggnog. This, served as at present, in "a huge silver vessel" on Christmas day, was one of the distinctive features of the season, as it still remains, and deserves all the praise that has been accorded to it as a beverage. With the old Virginians, however, drinking toasts was the great ceremony, after the removal of the plum pudding, and with the ladies and children still at the table. For let it be said to the credit of these honest people that they were no advocates of "gentlemen's dinner," or the absence of their wives and daughters, after the bad English fashion. In that they agreed to differ on these cheerful and kindly occasions. All remained at the table, and the health and happiness of each was pledged by each in wholesome Madeira—that noble and delicate vintage which is now almost a lost memory to the race of Virginians.

THESE DAYS.

Coming down from the old days to the Virginia of the present century, we find few changes in the habits of the people in their celebration of Christmas. Some additions have been made to the old ceremonies of the occasion, among them none more attractive than the "Christmas-tree." This has become one of the joys of the time to the children of Virginia, as it has long been to those in the kindly households of Germany. Of comparatively recent origin, it is now firmly established, along with jovial Santa Claus, a personage unknown until the present century in Virginia. The tree and the saint are now fortunately a part of the traditions of the Virginia Christmas, and appeal as no other features do to the sympathies of the young. The fat saint, with his bag of toys and his reindeer sled, has become a real personage, and the wondrous lights and gifts of the beautiful Christmas-tree are the supreme enjoyments to which the children look forward at this merry season. Without the clatter of reindeer hoofs on the snowy roof, and the glorious tree, it is safe to say that Christmas would be robbed of half its charm. And long may the magical tree flourish. * * *

The *Country Gentleman* says: It is often asked why pastures fed by by sheep do not run out as quickly as those fed by other animals. The sheep bites closer than the ox. He was designed in many places to live where the other would starve, and will find a good bite where the ox has cropped as close as possible. By his close bite the sheep helps the grass roots. He not only loosens the roots of the grass, and stimulates their spreading, but by cutting off the short suckers causes the plant to throw out fresh, more numerous, and stronger ones, and this improves and increases the value of the crop. Nothing will more expeditiously or effectually make a rich permanent pasture than its being occasionally and closely eaten down by sheep.

HOT WATER FOR COLDS.—Dr. George R. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., says, in respect to the use of hot water as a remedial agent in the treatment of inflammation of the mucous membranes, "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years. In acute pharyngitis, and in coryza, or cold in the head, if properly used in the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of our most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or a pint at a time), and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence."

The tallest bird known to ethnologists was found by Professor Herbert in the lower eocene deposits near Paris, France. It was over twelve feet in height and could have bitten a man's head off as easily as a woodpecker can nip a cherry. The shell of the egg of the Madagascar bird will hold 240 hen's eggs. Earlier in the history of the world birds had veritable teeth like fishes, as the hesperornis, a carnivorous swimming ostrich. The archaeapterix also had teeth, and had its feathers attached on each side of a long tail like that of the monkey; in fact, every year is adding to the facts that tend to show that the maximum of animal growth, as regards size, culminated long ago.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Farmers sometimes suffer greatly with chapped and cracked hands. It is easily cured, however, if the following precautions are observed. Do not wash the hands while the healing process is going on oftener than necessary, and when you do wash them use castile soap and warm water, dry them thoroughly and then rub them well with melted mutton tallow. Do this three times a day and you will soon cure the worst case. If those who are exposed to the cold weather would grease the hands well with mutton tallow every night they would find the skin softer and whiter and less liable to chap.

COW YARDS.—Plough up the old cow yards, running the plough deep, and as many loads of earth as you can remove so many loads of rich fertilizer you will have. We have read of an enterprising gentleman who manured ten acres of grass land with earth from under an old barn, and got enormous growths for several years after.

WATER FOR ANIMALS.—Water is not necessarily pure because it is cold. Give animals good water and do not compel them to obtain it from shallow places where they take in great quantities of unhealthy stuff. Some people think that anything is good enough for a hog. "Anything" sometimes produces disease.

PEPPER FOR FOWLS.—We have had hens which ate the seeds of red peppers and also pecked at the skins. But in order to have fowls get pepper it is best to put it in their cooked feed. We use both black and red, sometimes in thick milk, which they love, and for which they lay eggs. Put a little salt in chicken feed.

SWINE.—The hog is naturally a dirty animal. He is what civilization has made him. He thrives best in cleanliness. In cold weather he is very sensitive, and he not only suffers but loses flesh. A hog should be as well sheltered as a cow, even for selfish reasons, not to speak of those of humanity.

COOKED FOOD.—In cooking food for animals do not waste the juices any more than you would waste the juices of your own soup or stew. Add a little coarse meal or bran to the watery part, and the strength will be absorbed and eaten.

FROSTED FEET.—Rub the parts affected with kerosene every night. Use plenty of it and sit in front of a moderate fire while applying it. Three or four applications should complete the cure.

"Necessities tread on the heels of superfluities," and the fellow who treads his heel on the banana peel finds his head occupied with a superfluity of bumps.

WORKING HORSES.—The noon meal for working horses should be principally grain. It can be quickly eaten and will not disturb the stomach.

An exchange has an elaborate article for amateur vocalists, 'How to begin to sing.' How to get them to quit is still an unsolved problem.

"An effort to make others happy lifts us above our lives." We tried to make a friend happy, and were lifted on the toe of his boot.

"No man can be wise on an empty stomach." Otherwise is what we would prefer to an empty stomach.

LAZY MEN.

OR, THE KIND OF HUSBANDS GIRLS CAN DO WITHOUT.

Above all things shun the society of the lazy man; for he is fit for nothing except to sleep, eat, build air castles and dream of untold wealth, which by some miraculous wonder, he is momentarily expecting showered upon him. He is a pest in society—a disgrace to the human race and a bore in general. You may salt his coffee, sugar his beans, make up faces at him, stick pins in his coat tail, wasp nests in his bed, throw cold water in his face before he is up in the morning, subject him to every earthly abuse in your power, but for Heaven's sake, and your own, never marry him. No matter how handsome he is—no matter how rich he may be—no matter how polite, agreeable or condescending—no matter how much he says he loves you, don't you marry him, unless you wish to become a menial drudge, black his boots, cook his dinners, wash his shirts mend his clothes, nurse the children, clean the house, alternately and simultaneously, whilst your husband is shut up in the parlor, enjoying his forenoon nap, or studying a work on agriculture (which he is very careful never to experiment from), without a thought or care for what you may be doing.

And now, girls, as these things in the form of men are very common I am going to draw a sketch from real life as a warning to you, to take my advice and never throw yourselves away by marrying one of these scamps, which infest every place and all society, more or less, at the present day.

* * * * * * *

Nellie Crawton was my most intimate friend, and I loved her as a sister. At school we were inseparable, both within doors and without. Bereft in early life of her parents, and alone in the world, without father, mother, brother sister to love, her affections seemed to center upon me (her chum and classmate), and most warmly did I reciprocate her sentiments. She was pretty—almost beautiful. Her sparkling black eyes and glossy curls, dark as night; her delicate form and intellectual forehead rendered her personal appearance very attractive, and, by those who knew her best, she was even acknowledged handsome. She had some property—a little cottage, which she told me was the home of her childhood, and the house in which she was born and in which both her parents had breathed their last. A few hundred dollars remained of what had been deposited (by her parents) in a bank for her benefit, after paying for her education. She was eighteen when we parted at school—she to return to her home, with an aunt who had reared her, and I to return to the hearts and home of my idolized parents. It was to both of us a sad parting. We wept bitter tears as we embraced each other, and I leaped into the carriage sent to convey me home.

Our letters were frequent at first, and quite as affectionate, I presume, as though we had been lovers, for we had learned to prize each other's society and it was hard to be separated. At length Nellie's letters ceased to be quite so frequent—were less affectionate and less expressive of loneliness, and at last they ceased to visit me for a number of weeks. Of course I was nearly distracted at this delay, fearing sickness or death might be the cause, but my fears were soon quieted by the receipt of a letter, superscribed in that well known hand, and bearing the post-mark of her native town and State.

Anxious and expectant, I broke the seal—it was, contrary to her previous correspondence, a very brief epistle, begging me to excuse her neglect, and when she had the pleasure of seeing me she would make all necessary apologies, and ended by inviting me to visit her immediately and perform for her the office of bridesmaid—as she had at last won a heart and would soon have a husband.

I must confess I felt a pang of jealousy shoot through my heart, for to be superseded in Nellie's affection by one of the opposite sex was not at all consonant with my feelings.

"So here is the cause of her neglect—her delay," I said, as I tossed her letter upon the table with apparent dissatisfaction.

She did not even tell me her future husband's name—only that he was all she could ask and more than she had ever aspired to possess.

"Come and see him yourself and judge accordingly."

Well, after upsetting all the inkstands in my way, tearing to pieces all the papers and magazines within my reach and lying awake all night, I finally concluded to dispatch a letter accepting the invitation; and, having accomplished this task, I at once commenced preparations for my journey. A week passed, and I found myself in the train, fast approaching my journey's end. My heart beat wildly as the whistle sounded from the engine, the brakes were down, the train stopped, and a brakeman screamed at the door:

"Passengers for Dayton!"

I hurried forward, stepped from the car, by the assistance of the good-natured conductor, and the next moment was in Nellie's arms. She welcomed me warmly; still there was a restraint, I fancied, in her manner toward me, which had not formerly shown at school. So overjoyed had I been at seeing her at first that I did not notice her companion, who now came forward to escort us to the carriage. Nellie blushed; and, with a pride of manner so natural to her when well pleased, she introduced me to Mr. Welton—her future husband. I was surprised in his personal appearance, for I did not expect to find her affianced husband so noble, commanding a personage. He was the true picture of health and manliness, and I did not wonder, as I saw his eyes rest upon his betrothed bride with so much tenderness, that she had said: "He was all she could ask, and more than she had ever aspired to possess."

They were married quietly, for Mr. Welton was a man of slender means—and instead of going on a bridal tour, as married people usually do, they went at once to housekeeping in Nellie's little cottage, which they had fitted up for their home. They commenced housekeeping in the way people of common sense and slender means should, dispensing with all servants—Mrs. Welton performing her domestic duties with her own hands. Mr. Welton was very kind and devoted, but during the few weeks I had spent with them I discovered him to be extremely fond of being waited upon, or, in other words, lazy, and Nellie waited upon that stout healthy man quite as much as though he had been the most helpless invalid. I remonstrated with her one day upon the course she was pursuing, but her only reply was:

"It is such a pleasure to wait on him; his love repays all my trouble."

I spent a few weeks with them, and then returned home, satisfied that Nellie was happy, but fearful that Mr. Welton, notwithstanding his handsome face and present devotion, was not quite what I would fancy for a husband.

* * * * * * *

Six years have passed. Let us take a look at Mr. and Mrs. Welton in their home. Three children, aged respectively three years, two years, and six months have been added to that family. In that care worn, pale, feeble woman, broiling steak and cooking dinner, you will fail to recognize the healthy, happy bride of six years ago. Her hair is no longer suffered to fall in ringlets about her face and neck, but is combed smoothly back and confined with a comb; her dress is faded and worn, and her eyes that once so sparkling and black, are now sunken and dim. Hark! listen to that hollow, hacking cough! Consumption is preying upon that form—its fatal seeds are sown—her life is fast ebbing away beneath the toil and care of a life of domestic drudgery. Still hope buoys her up, and the pleading faces of her helpless children stimulate her to exert every faculty in her power to provide for their wants. She is now getting less hopeful—she sees the "grim messenger of death" upon her tracks; still she swerves not from the path of duty prescribed for her, but, with a feeble step and aching heart, performs her various domestic cares.

"Father is coming," sounds from the yard, and in a moment Mr. Welton enters his home. Time has left no trace upon his handsome face—his step is as firm, his form as erect, and his dress almost as faultless as when last we saw him. He hardly notices the "servant of all work," who is bending over a heated stove, preparing food; but with a "W-h-e-w—how hot this room is!" he snaps at baby, who is playing on the floor, and passes into the sitting-room and throws himself upon the lounge for a nap. Mrs. Welton, tired and sick, followed him with her weary eyes, hoping he will offer her some assistance in the dining-room, or that he will take the children away and amuse them until she herself has prepared her frugal meal. But he has no idea there is anything for him to do—or, at least, he has no idea of doing anything.

Tommy and Charlie follow him, and make sundry attempts at climbing upon the lounge beside him; but they are soon hired to leave the room with a huge stick of candy or paper of sugar plums—which they eagerly seize and repair to the kitchen with to fight over and raise a general cry—not excepting baby, who has learned what is sweet, and puts in for a share of everything good. At last baby is upset upon her head, and a cry of distress brings Mrs. Welton from the cellar, where she has been for eatables for the table, Tommy and Charlie are scolded for their misconduct, and after much kissing and soothing, baby consents to be again deposited on the floor with the sugar tongs, and Mrs. Welton again resumes her duties.

But, for goodness sake, take a look into that sitting-room! Stretched upon that lounge—his feet projecting over the foot—his head thrown back—his mouth open and his eyes closed, lies the husband and father of that family, snoring most profoundly—free from all care, thought, or work—safe in the land of dreams. O, what a picture—oh, what a husband!

Dinner is at last upon the table, and Mr. Welton being aroused from his romantic position, repairs at once to the dining-room to satisfy the gnawings of hunger.

"No butter for dinner?" he said, addressing his wife in a half-peevish, half-doubtful tone, "I declare there is something wanting every day and at every meal. It is very hard times for a man that is out of business, as I am, to get along. I think we will have to use a little more economy—try to do with a little less, at least, until I get into business."

Now this was the same story over and over again—the same excuse. He was always out of business, but hoped soon to be engaged in something. The fact was he was too lazy to stick to any business and too proud to do anything that was not genteel; consequently he had lost many chances of making a good living—yes, a fortune, had he displayed the least activity or energy, by improving those talents for business which by nature he possessed.

Mrs. Welton took her babe upon her lap and tried to satisfy the gnawings of hunger; but her food choked her and her tears fell in drops upon the unconscious face of her baby, who little dreamed of her mother's grief.

Mr. Welton noticed her tears, and attributing them to be occasioned by what he said, condescending to make some slight apology, deeming that all sufficient to set her mind all right and those burning tears. But his words only caused them to flow more freely, until she could no longer control her bursting heart, and she burst into violent sobs.

"Oh, my children! What will become of them?" she said. "I can not battle with life much longer!"

Mr. Welton was evidently much surprised and did appear quite alarmed at such an unexpected outburst of grief, and assuming a very soothing tone, asking her if her head ached—assured her it would be quite well in a few hours. And he did actually take her babe from her arms and beg of her to lie down for a few hours to rest, and he would attend to everything around the house.

Mrs. Welton did lie down on the bed to rest; but she never arose—never left her room until she was carried from it a corpse. A raging fever was always upon her, which her weakened frame could not withstand; and though she lingered for several weeks, consumption's deathly grasp at last set her spirit free, and God's angels of mercy bore her spirit to heaven.

It was a beautiful morning upon which she died, bidding a final farewell to earth and its joys, cares and sorrows. Oh, that struggle! The thought of death was nothing compared with the thought of leaving her dear children motherless.

But, poor woman! she at least ceased to breathe in the arms of him who had six years before won her heart, and promised to love, cherish and protect her as long as life should last.

Had he fulfilled his promise? Had he done his duty? Had he been all to her that she had expected when she gave her whole heart, life and happiness into his keeping by becoming his wife? Let his conscience answer; for God will one day bring him to account for the slow murder of that wife and mother as surely as he will the most guilty assassin. The world thought him a very devoted husband and sympathized with his deep sorrow; but a year did not elapse before another Mrs. Welton presided over his household.

How many a heart history is recorded in this simple sketch? How many beautiful, talents and accomplished girls are won by a handsome face, and, like Mrs. Welton, lead a weary life and die a premature death? So again let me warn you, girls, to beware of the lazy man!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—There is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice her comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him he will be dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside him cast him off she will be all the world to him.

Dumley was making an evening call, and the nice little boy of the family had been allowed to remain up a little later than usual. "Ma," he said, during a lull in the conversation, "can whiskey talk?" "Certainly not," said ma. "What put that absurd notion into your head?" "Well," he replied, "I heard you say to pa that whiskey was telling on Mr. Dumley, and I wanted to know what it said."

Mr. Hazlewood is a Republican, but says he cannot endorse Mahone's slanders against the people of Virginia. If all the other anti-Democratic members of the Legislature were as true Virginians as Mr. Hazlewood, General Mahone's followers there would be reduced to the few negroes who have seats in that body.—*Alex. Gazette.*

A modern writer gives the following enumeration of the female eye: "The glare, the sneer, the invitation, the defiance, the denial, the consent, the glance of love, the flash of rage, the sparkling of hope, the languishing of softness, the squint of suspicion, the fire of jealousy, and the lustre of pleasure."

The bad man, diffuses the hue of his own spirit over the world, sees it full of treachery, selfishness and deceit. The good man is continually looking for and sees noble qualities.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the wisest, always the safest, for every one in any and all circumstances.

B[...]EY WATER.—Barley wate[...] in cakes if the [...]

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let His majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven hoof or a fiery dart from his bow
To be found on earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who was it mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of time whenever God sows His wheat?
The devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he doesn't go about as a roaring lion now,
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in church, in home and state, to earth's remotest bound,
If the devil by unanimous vote is nowhere to be found?

Won't sombody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow, and show
How the frauds and crime of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The devil was fairly voted out, and of course the devil's gone,
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

ALFRED J. HOUGH.

The Home.

Fancy Buns.—Put half a pound of butter into half a pound of flour. Add a quarter of a pound of sugar, the yolks of three eggs and white of one; use sour cream or milk enough to form a little dough. Mould with the hands little bars about six inches long and thick as a finger. Bend them into crescents, brush them over with white of egg and strew over coarsely powdered sugar and finely chopped almonds. Bake them in a brisk oven a pale color.

Almond Strips.—Half a pound of butter stirred to a cream, half a pound of sifted sugar, half a pound of sweet almonds and a quarter of an ounce of bitter ones pounded fine together, and two eggs well whisked. Leave out a third of the almonds and sugar. Mix all the rest into a paste, roll it out a quarter of an inch thick, cut it into long narrow strips and egg them over. Mix together the almonds and sugar left out. Strew this over. Bake them a nice yellow in a moderate oven.

Bertha's Waffles.—Beat one cup of cold boiled rice into one quart of sifted flour; add enough cold water to make a stiff batter, stir in two-thirds of a cupful of home-made yeast, and set in a warm place for two hours. Whip three eggs until light with a teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, and stir this into the batter just before baking. We obtained the recipe from a lady whose skill in cooking is only equaled by her hospitality, and as we tested the waffles at the same time we can vouch for their excellence. They are most delicious as an accompaniment to chickens, fried southern style, and served with cream sauce. Of course you must have a waffle iron and the skill in baking them that you can only get from experience.

Nuremberg Gingerbread.—A pound of fine flour, a pound of sifted sugar, a pound of almonds, (blanched and split,) eight eggs, two ounces of candied orange and the same of candied citron peel, (cut into small pieces,) a quarter of an ounce of powdered cinnamon, a dozen cloves (pounded) and a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda. The eggs must be well beaten and stirred a qurrter of an hour with the sugar, spice, and peel. Add the flour by degrees, and when this is well mixed in, dissolve the soda in milk and stir it in. Lastly put in the almonds. Cut wafer paper into pieces four inches long and two wide, or twice this size; spread on these a layer of the mass as thin as possible, say a quarter of an inch. Lay them on tins and bake a pale color in a slow oven.

Hamburg Buns.—An ounce and a half of sweet hard east, or a couple of large table-spoonfuls of fresh brewers' yeast, must be stirred into a teacup of warm milk, mixed with half a pound of fine flour, and left to rise. Soften three-quarters of a pound of butter, add to it an ounce of powdered sugar, the yolks of six eggs, the white of two, the grated peel of a small lemon and a pinch of salt. Work into this a pound of flour, add the yeast dough, and beat it with the hand till bubbles form in the paste. It should be of the consistency of bread dough. Form bretzein about the length and thickness of a middle finger; set them on a buttered tin in a warm place to rise, and when they are nicely risen brush them over with egg. Bake them a rich yellow color, and when cold dredge them over with powdered sugar.

Marchpane.—Blanch and pound together a pound of sweet and a pound of bitter almonds, adding now and then a few drops of orange flower water or rose water, to keep them from oiling. They must be powdered quite fine. Put the almond paste in a stewpan with a pound of powdered sugar, and stir it over a slow fire till it forms a smooth paste that will receive the impression of the finger without sticking to it. Then turn it out on a pasteboard well strewn with sifted sugar, mould it into an oval form and let it cool for use. It may be rolled out thin, cut into stars, rings, or round cakes, or any little fancy shape; put them in the oven to bake slowly a pale yellow, or roll out the paste as thin as possible, cut it into pieces of equal size, or cut round cakes; lay over one another with a layer of fine preserves between them; brush over with the white of egg; stamp out little ornamental devices or thin rings and lay them on the large cake; brush them over with white of egg glazing. Put them in a slow oven to color a delicate yellow.

GIVE THE COWS WATER.—When cows are obliged to live on hay they have a stronger desire for water than if fed on other kinds of fodder. See to it that they have access to it at all times. It will pay to give the milk cows a pailful of water at noon in which a quart of bran has been stirred. A lack of water will quickly cause a shrinkage in milk as well as an actual loss of flesh.

FOOD FOR SHEEP.—For eight-month lambs and young growing sheep, says the *National Live-Stock Journal*, a half pound of bran, with one or two gills of corn or half pound of oil meal, will keep them thriving. For fattening sheep to be sold in a late fall or early winter give one pound of corn and a half pound of oil meal, this, with part pasture, will push them forward favorably.

HORSES.—When giving horses a run on warm days in winter do not leave them out of doors while you are away from home a long time. A sudden hard storm will do them more harm than the previous sunshine has done them good. A rough, cheap shed, with its back to the north is a convenient shelter for meadows.

ROAST SPARE-RIB.—Trim off the rough ends neatly, crack the ribs across the middle, rub with salt, and sprinkle with pepper, fold over, stuff with turkey dressing, sew up tightly, place in dripping-pan with pint of water, baste frequently, turning over once so as to bake both sides equally until a rich brown.

CARROTS FOR HO[...] [...]retion [...] be used in feedin[...] may b[...]