PAYING THE CHURCH DEBT.

"Oh! husband, I heard such a sermon to-day,
By dear Mr. Stiggins, who said we would pay
Next Sabbath the debt on our church, and, said he,
"Whoever subscribes—Oh! how happy he'll be."

"And all may this glorious privilege share
By naming the sum he surely can spare;
You just sign a slip and you weekly can pay—
Oh! can you imagine an easier way?

"And dear Mr. Stiggins said all can afford
To give back what only belongs to the Lord,
Who will repay treble—besides if we should
Just sacrifice something, we'd feel the more good."

"Yes, wife, of that privilege all should partake,
A sacrifice for such a cause we must make;
I, being unselfish, will let you, I guess,
Feel good—so we'll sacrifice your new silk dress."

"Oh! husband, I couldn't. My six won't suffice,
Our pastor meant you would with joy sacrifice
A few of your pleasures. I thought you'd be glad
To give up your pipe and your papers so bad."
—*Norristown Herald.*

Walk Into My Kitchen—A Parody.

[From The State.]

"Will you walk into my kitchen?" said pleasant Johnny Wise,
"'Tis the prettiest little kitchen on which you e'er set eyes.
The way into my kitchen's through an alley in the rear,
And I have many curious things to tell you when you're there."
Oh, no, no!" said the colored guest; "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes in your kitchen, out your parlor must remain."

"Dear brother," then said Johnny, "you're witty and you're wise.
How handsome are your gizzard feet, thick lips, and goggle eyes.
I have a little whiskey glass upon my kitchen shelf,
And if you'll come and see me there you shall enjoy yourself."
"I thank you," said the colored guest;
"kind sir, it may not be;
I've heard about that kitchen and I do not wish to see."

T. R. S.

The Jumping Frog of Calaveras.

BY MARK TWAIN.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gently-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence; he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasim; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about this story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way just so he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always came out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but what that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it, why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he'd even see a straddle-bug start to go any-wheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to where-ever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on anything—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they wasn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for His inf'nite mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Providence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought says, "Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't anyway."

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes out to one side among the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing, and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup, that, to look at him, you'd think he warn't worth a cent only to set 'round and look onery, and lay for a chance to steal something.—But as soon as money was put up on him he was a different dog, his under jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bull-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulders two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what he was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they threw up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone alone far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got chucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was his fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rattarriers and chicken cocks, and tomcats, and all them kinds of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he did learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a coupple, if he got a good start, and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' more n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straight for'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he would get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would antey up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever they see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, 'it might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it and looked at it carefully, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so'tis. Well, what's he good for?'

"Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for one thing, I should judge—he can out jump any frog in Calaveras county.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley, he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time; at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for. I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.—And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!' and turned him upside down and he belched out a handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——"

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second.

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond, Jim Smiley, would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and so I started away. At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and re-commenced:

Well, this-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only just a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.—*Swinton's Story-Teller.*

The following occurrence took place in Huntsville, Ala.:

During the "late unpleasantness," a Southern lady sent a bouquet to a Federal officer who had been kind to her. Handing it to her messenger, she said, pointing to one of the flowers, "tell him the Southern women are like this camomile, the more they are trampled upon the more they flourish. Now what will you tell him." "La, missis, I'se gwine to tell him just what you say." "Well. what is it?" "De Southern wimmin is just like dis here Carmoril—de more you squeeze 'em de sweeter dey is."

Somebody said to Jerrold: "I have just had some calf's-tail soup," when the wit replied: "Well, extremes do meet sometimes."

Polish the Youngsters' Teeth

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John S. Wise.

That illegal-tax-receipt-accident, who holds at present a fraudulent seat as Congressman-at-large from Virginia, John S. Wise, has taken it upon himself in recent debates in that body, to denounce West Virginia as the "bastard child of a political rape."

This expression was used by this refined Congressman's father some years ago in denouncing Republican methods, of which he claimed this as one. To-day it is thundered against the Democracy by this "apostate" son, and, behold! the sentiment is applauded by the Republicans!

The Democrats are not responsible for the creation of this State—no matter how much blame soever may attach to them for the fifty per cent. increase in population and vast increase in prosperity and wealth in the last decade. We care but little what such radical politicians as this windy Wise may say of us, his ill-will being far preferable to his friendship; but to see Republicans applauding this man when denouncing their work done when the hands of that party were "whiter than snow," is ridiculous in the extreme.

This same Wise gives his negro constituents and *confreres* a little insight into his appreciation of their virtues and the high social status they occupy, as well as the civilities he extends to their leaders. He says "no negro has ever presumed to claim social privileges by reason of political affiliation with me. Colored members of the Legislature come to my house to consult me, but they always come to my kitchen." Possibly respectable negroes did not care to lose the esteem of the community by cultivating intimate social relations with him, and certainly those negro members of the Legislature who came to consult him felt more at home in a kitchen than in a parlor. We presume the advice given savored of the surroundings.

"Mr. Tilden," he says, "would hardly admit to his parlor the riff-raff and wharf-rats of New York who vote the Democratic ticket"—ergo, what Mr. Tilden does Mr. Wise must do! What a bond of unity as well as similarity exists between the two! According to Mr. Wise's logic 80,000 of his constituents are "riff-raff and wharf-rats," the dregs of creation, the most elevated of whom are scarcely fit to be allowed an audience with him in his kitchen. These last sentiments on the negro were not spoken by him on the floor of the Hall of Congress, but before "Eliza Pinkston" Sherman's Committee. Yet this is the man so dear to Republican hearts; so dear to the negro. This is the "apostate for the price of his apostacy."—*Greenbrier (W. Va.) Independent*

TEMPERANCE.—The temperance wave which has swept over the country in the last few years, particularly in the West and northwest, while it may not have won any decided political victories, has had an extraordinary effect on the consumption of whiskey. Sixty years ago the people of the united States drank five gallons of whiskey per capta; to-day they do not drink over two. In the last sixty years the production of spirits has not grown as rapidly as the population; the use of alcohal in the arts has increased enormously, and the consumption per adult for drinking purposes is probably much less than half what it was about two generation ago. With three times the population which this country had in 1840, we actually drank no more whiskey. As compared with 1870, the showing is equally favorable, for though the population has increased, the production and consumption of liquor have not, proving that much good has been done in the past decade.

A temperance leader attributes this result to two equal causes, the temperance agitation and the progress of beer-drinking. Whatever its cause, however, incalculable misery has been saved by the change. It is to the credit of the American people that they should have so perfectly and quietly accomplished this great moral change—a parallel for which may be sought in vain the world over—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

RICH TIN MINE.—In the United States tin has been found in eight States, but in slight paying quantities, except in the Virginia mines which rate at ten cents per pound, and have more than paid the expense of developing them. The discovery of the ore at King's Mountain, in Cleveland county, N. C., about forty miles from Charlotte, was made in a singular manner. Among the minerals exhibited at Boston from North Carolina was a small quantity of black-looking ore, of unusual heaviness, labeled "unknown." A lump of this unknown ore would outweigh a piece of iron ore twice its size, and a scientist, curious to see what it was, made an analysis and found it to be tin ore of a very rich quality. An agent was sent out, who arrived at King's Mountain and gathered up a large quantity of the ore, which he forwarded to Boston and which, on being worked up, was found to yield 75 per cent. of tin, the richest yield known in the world. The matter was brought to the attention of the North Carolina State authorities, hence the efforts to locate a vein and establish a mine. There are only three tin-bearing mines in the world, and there is a standing reward of $50,000 offered for the discovery of one in the United States.—*Boston Bulletin.*

HOW TO KEEP CLEAN STABLES.—Every cow stable should have a broad gutter sixteen inches wide to eight inches deep behind the cows to catch the droppings and this should be kept full of litter to keep the cows' tails out of the water. This will remove one frequent source of filth. The floor should slope two inches in the four and one-half or five feet of the standing floor to keep it dry. The stalls should be made with short partitions, so that the cows are obliged to stand straight and not mess up the other cows' floors. Then every cow must be thoroughly carded and brushed before it is milked every time and made as clean as a carriage horse is. A man that will not keep his cows as clean as the horses he drives to church on Sundays is not a clean dairyman. The cows should be kept well littered, and the gutter cleaned out every morning without fail and littered freshly every night with leaves, straw or chaff. If this method is practiced there will be no dust, no hairs, no filth, and if the milker will wash his hands before he milks, the milk will be clean enough to drink even without straining. The udder and teats should be wiped with a clean cloth the last thing before milking.—*Rural New Yorker.*

WHAT KILLS FRUIT TREES.—Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way, while many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets, composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the trees, always found near the surface getting air and moisture, and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in the earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintergrate, dissolve, and carry it downward. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if to be in contact with or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

AS IT MAY HAPPEN.—"Who cut down this cherry tree?" demanded Washington, *pere.*

"Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet," replied Washington *file.*

"Well, don't cut down any more," said the old man. "First thing you know we'll have a big flood. This wanton destruction of forests must be stopped."—*Philadelphia Call.*

An exchange tells of a young lady who, after a happy marriage of six months, on being asked if she was much troubled with cold feet, simpered, hesitatingly, and with simplicity replied: "Yes—yes, but—they're not my own."

It is said that "out of every one hundred and nine female school teachers, seven marry every year." How awful it must be for those seven women to marry every year.

The South's Relations to Economic Questions.

The Philadelphia *Press*, a strong partisan paper, which a few days ago said that the Democracy of the South was an insuperable bar to the development and growth of this section, has changed its tack since a carefully prepared exhibit was made showing that $28,000,000 had been invested in mining and manufacturing enterprises in the South since the 1st of January. That paper now says that this is "strong proof of the faith sagacious men have in the future of the South." The *Press* is entirely correct in this admission, but when it further adds that the figures "make plain why protective sentiments are spreading there," it fails to understand the true state of affairs. It builds upon a false hypothesis when it assumes that protectionist doctrine is spreading.

The South's natural advantages are such that capitalists are induced to invest money in our manufacturing and mining enterprises. These men find that in the South they can manufacture at a profit all the year round; they find that they can compete with northern monopolists whether the country has so-called protection or not. In short, the tariff need not enter into their calculations at all, and this most of the manufacturers understand and admit. And as for the people, the sentiment is growing every day that high tariff is a fallacy.

It requires very little effort to prove to the farmer that high protection means a heavy tax on everything that he has to buy—a heavy tax on his agricultural implements and on his clothes.

The mechanic was slower than the farmer to understand that high protection did not protect; but he is now learning fast that so-called protection means high cost of living, with no appreciable gain in wages.

Pennsylvania being a protectionist State, and the *Press* being the leading exponent of the Pennsylvania doctrine, tries to strengthen its cause by showing that other States are falling into the high tariff line. But when that journal learns the truth it will have to admit that manufacturing enterprise and tariff reform in the South are becoming closely indentified.

Southern people recognize their first duty to be a faithful adherence to the Democratic party. Their liberty, their material prosperity, their happiness, are all bound up in the Democracy. Next to that they will recognize their duty to be advocacy for revenue reform. It requires time, perhaps, to educate the people on economic questions; but the time is fast approaching when every Southern Democrat will understand the economic issues and will be found on the right side. In the meantime, northern capitalists will continue to invest in southern enterprises because they have "faith in the future of the South."—*Rich. State.*

READJUSTERS NOT RADICALS.—Referring to the call of Mahone's State Committee for a Convention to appoint delegates to Chicago to nominate a Republican presidential ticket, the Lynchburg *News* says:—

"Any man has the right to change his politics and become a Republican. But he cannot do it in Virginia without deserting his people, his party, his principles, the associations of his life, and the fellowships of his manhood. Any man may become a Mahone Republican, certainly—but his ways will no longer lie among the great Conservative Democratic masses of Virginia. He must betake himself to the motley horde who follow the traitorous standard of the Boss. There can be no fellowship between light and darkness.

"But we know there are thousands of good men and good Democrats who went with Mahone on the debt question who will spurn to follow him into Radicalism. It would be an insult to charge them with such purposes. They were Readjusters, but they will not join the false party which has so long been the enemy, the persecutor, and the slanderer, of the people of the South.—There were many who abandoned him in the last canvass, and there will be many more in the next, now that the mask is thrown off."

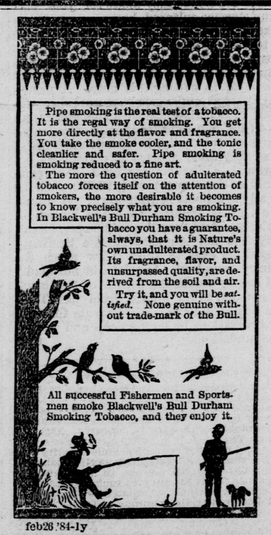
More than twenty-eight million dollars have been invested in manufactories in the South since the commencement of the current year. The manufacturing facilities of the South are so superior to those of the other portions of the country, that to be availed of they need but to be seen, and if Northern manufacturers did not make such large profits as they do by means of the protective tariff, all of them would move their plants to the South in order to reap the benefits of those facilities.—*Alex. Gazette.*

Norfolk *Ledger*: When Mahone first commenced affiliating with negroes and allowing them to hold carousal in his own house they were invited into his parlor.—The wear and tear of carpets and furniture became an item of expense, and they were subsequently received in the dining room. John S. Wise has promised to follow his master, Mahone. Why should he receive his negro friends in the kitchen while his Boss entertains them in his dining-room?

Muhdi, the "u" being pronounced as in "mute," and the "h" strongly aspirated, signifies in Arabic inspired, whereas Mahdi, as it is now generally spelled, has no meaning or significance whatever, and does not convey any political idea or bearing upon the condition of affairs in Soudan.

"Oh, dear, I believe I should faint if a man asked me to marry him!" said a giddy, gushing damsel. "Never fear," retorted her practical grandmother. "You might possibly faint, but if you wanted him you'd manage to say yes before you did so."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

That was a sharp girl who, when asked by her teacher why the noun "bachelor" was singular, answered: "Because it is singular that they don't get married."



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100 do do	200		20,000
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500 do do	50		25,000
1000 do do	25		25,000
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HOSIERY

—AT PRICES TO PLEASE.—

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CENTEMERI'S CELEBRATED

KID GLOVES.

IMMENSE SALES ATTEST THEIR POPULARITY. To be found only at

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BOOTS AND SHOES.

C. L. WELLER,

No. 4 West Main St.,

STAUNTON, VA.

BOOTS, SHOES

Slippers, Sandals, Pumps,

HATS, CAPS

UMBRELLAS, Etc.

A full line of BROAD BOTTOM, FLAT HEEL SHOES, for old Ladies and Gents.

BOYS', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S

SCHOOL SHOES,

☞ A SPECIALTY OF ☜

REAL FIRST-CLASS SHOES.

Orders Solicited by Mail.

☞ All Goods warranted as represented.
apr19

COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTICE.—My office days in Staunton will be Wednesday and Saturday of each week, and Court Days—which days I will devote exclusively to School business.

☞ Office with W. A. Reed.

H. SHEFFEY ROLLER, Co. Supt. Schools.
jy17-tf

NOTICE. Persons having business at my Furniture Store, in my absence, will please call on Mr. W. D. Candler, who may be found at all times either in the shops, on the premises, or at his residence. Undertaking promptly attended to at all hours of the day or night.

dec26-tf Y. M. BICKLE

CLOTHING.

ATTENTION,

GENTLEMEN!!

☞ TAKE NOTICE that in consequence of the present partnership existing between—

HILB & RUTHERFORD,

which will expire October 1st, we will sell our present stock

AT COST,

STRICTLY CASH.

THE STOCK

IN QUALITY, QUANTITY, AND MAKE-UP

CANNOT BE BEATEN.

All Goods in the house

Warranted Sound.

No Damaged Stock.

We will sell at this rate from this day until

September 1st next.

| TERMS STRICTLY CASH. |

☞ Our friends may examine every stock of Clothing in the City, and in looking over our stock they will be convinced we have stated nothing but facts. Call early, for your own benefit.

HILB & RUTHERFORD,
Nos. 14 and 16 New Street,
STAUNTON, VA.
aug1

PIANOS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY.

1883. XMAS 1883.

The Holiday Season

is fast approaching, and promises to be unusually active, and in anticipation of the wants of his numerous patrons,

HAMAKER

is again to the front, with the largest and most attractive line of Novelties in the State.

DIAMONDS,

FINE GOLD and SILVER

WATCHES,

JEWELRY,

and SILVER-WARE, &c., &c.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

THE TIME-KEEPER MADE.

Agent for LEROY W. FAIRCHILD'S Gold Pens, Pencils, and Novelties. These goods are unsurpassed in quality, durability, and finish.

My Silver-Plated Ware

comprises the best STANDARD MAKES in America. Agent for the IVERS & POND PIANO. Also Organs and other Musical Instruments. Call and see the 400-day Clock.

I have secured a fine Watch-maker from New York and guarantee as fine work as is done in the North. Watch and Jewelry Repairing and Diamond Setting a specialty.

Wedding Presents a specialty.

HAMAKER'S HEADQUARTERS

FOR CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES,

Cor. Main and New Sts., Staunton, Va.
nov6

FURNITURE.

Y. M. BICKLE,

STAUNTON, VA.,

Dealer in FURNITURE of all descriptions. Elegant CHAMBER and PARLOR SETS, MATTRESSES, &c., always on hand and at LOWEST PRICES.

Special attention given to

UNDERTAKING

in all its branches.

HANDSOME METALLIC and ROSEWOOD CASES, COFFINS of all descriptions.

An elegant hearse will attend all funerals in the city or county.

Orders by telegram promptly attended to day and night.

In the absence of the proprietor, Mr. W. D. CANDLER, an experienced undertaker, will attend to all orders.

At night, Mr. Candler can be found at his residence, corner of Prospect and New Streets, where parties can apply at any hour.

Address all orders to Y. M. BICKLE,
feb20-tf Staunton, Va.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!

Purchasers of Furniture will always find it greatly to their advantage to examine the large stock kept on hand and manufactured by

S. M. WILKES.
Before purchasing.

UNDERTAKING

METALIC CASES, WALNUT AND ROSEWOOD FINISHED COFFINS, always ready for use.

☞ NO DELAYS! NO TRAINS MISSED.

S. M. WILKES,
apr27-tf South Side Main St., Staunton.

FERTILIZERS.

WELLER & ROOT,

DEALERS IN

Agricultural Implements

AND

FERTILIZERS.

Peerless, Traction or Road Locomotive, Portable and Stationary Engines, Boilers, Saw Mills, &c., &c.

The only genuine GEISER Patent Self-Regulating GRAIN SEPARATOR, CLEANER and BAGGER.

Hagerstown Farm Wagon,

THE CELEBRATED

ACME PULVERIZING HARROW,

ALSO THE

Willoughby Grain Drill, and Clover Hullers.

And can furnish such as CUT OFF and RIP SAWS, SHAFTING, &c.

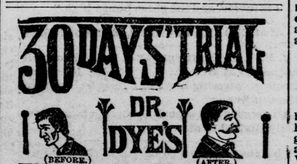
☞ REPAIRS always kept on hand.

THE ORCHILLA GUANO,
AMMONIATED ORCHILLA COMPOUND,
A permanent improver of the soil.

☞ GIVE US A CALL.

Respectfully,
aug15-tf WELLER & ROOT.

30 DAYS' TRIAL



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.
dec18 '83-1y

$66 a week at home. $5.00 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, with absolute certainty, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.
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LOEB BROS.

—OFFER—

AT COST FOR 30 DAYS.

A FULL LINE OF

WHITE AND COLORED BED BLANKETS,

A BIG LOT OF BED COMFORTS.

HORSE BLANKETS AND LAP ROBES,

Shawls, Cloaks, Dolmans, Ulsters,

CIRCULARS and JACKETS.

Dress Goods, Flannels, Calicoes, Cottons, and Ginghams.

A Rare Opportunity.

AT COST! AT COST!

BRUSSELS CARPETS, 3-PLY CARPETS, EXTRA CARPETS, 2 PLY CARPETS, AND COTTON- AND WOOL-MIXED CARPETS. Also a big line of TABLE and FLOOR OIL-CLOTH.

Everybody should take advantage of this LOW-PRICE SALE, and call at once, at

LOEB BROTHERS,
Corner Main and New Streets, Staunton, Va.
jan8

mar29 '83-1y

The most successful Remedy ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

St. Charles, Arkansas, August 23, 1883.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents:—I take pleasure in informing you that I used nearly all of the bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure that you sent me from St. Louis, according to directions, and to my satisfaction (and I must say to my surprise) in about two weeks my mare was entirely well of the lameness caused by a bog spavin of over one year's standing and in three weeks' time the swelling was all gone and the mare is now entirely well and can trot as gilt as ever. I consider the bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure worth to me $150.00, as the animal was worthless as she was on three legs and could scarcely get around on them, and now she is the finest buggy animal in these parts, and with the remnant of the bottle after curing the mare, I have nearly cured a very severe corn on the ball of my big toe that has given me great great pain for the last two or three years. I have only applied Kendall's Spavin Cure four times and the corn now is nearly out by the roots and without any pain. In short, I think it is the best liniment that is in use. I have Kendall's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, and I would not take any money for it if I could not get another. Hoping you great success, I remain yours, respectfully,

R. C. MARTIN.

Alderson, West Virginia, Sept. 18, 1883.

Please allow me to speak in the highest terms of Kendall's Spavin Cure for what it has done for my son, in fact, it cured him of a bone affection about the knee that baffled the skill of two of the best M. Ds. in our city. Schenectady, New York. D. VAN VRANKEN,
Supt. of S. & Y. D., Greenbrier, West Va.

From the 'Spirit of the Times' Oct. 6, '83.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.—The Spavin Cure manufactured by Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt., is having great success. There is abundant competition among specifics of this kind, but the ingredients of this have really wonderful properties. James A. Wilson, civil engineer, of Fremont, Ohio, gives a strong testimonial of a cure effected by it in the case of one of his horses. The price is $1 per bottle, and it can be had of any druggist.

Price $1, per bottle, or 6 bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, B. J. KENDALL & Co., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.

Sold by All Druggists. oct16