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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

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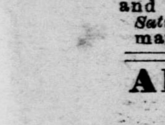

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PRESCRIPTIONS

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ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
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POETRY.

ME AND MY DOG.

My mother oft said to me, "Jamie, my boy,
There's naebody better than Lizzie McCoy;
She's thrifty and thoughtful, affectionate, gay;
She has land of her ain, and she's gold put away."
And still I made answer, "Let that notion pass;
I never could marry sae homely a lass."

But one summer night as I went through the wheat,
Wi' Pepper, my collie dog, close at my feet,
(For seldom without him I care for a step,
And there's few folks I like as I like little Pep),
I met Miss McCoy out alone for a walk,
And so we forgathered and fell into talk.

Then I told her of Pep and Pep's clever ways;
And she listened sae fain and sae pleased to his praise;
She patted his head, said he'd beautiful eyes,
She spoke of his color, his gait and his size,
Till I thought to myself, for a journey through life,
Such a sensible girl would make a good wife.

I thought for a week; then Pepper and I
Sauntered 'roun i by McCoy's; I hardly knew why,
Till I saw Lizzie standing sae trig and sae neat,
And she spake baith to Pep and his master sae sweet,
I was fain to stay to supper; and what do you think?
She gave to my dog baith a bone and a drink?

After that we went reg'lar, Pepper and I,
And I'm sure that the clever wee collie knew why;
He would lick Lizzie's hand and look up in my face,
And I think it was Pepper that won me my case;
For once, when he did so, I found heart to say
The words that made Lizzie my ain from that day.

Neighbors talked and they wondered, and young Patty Grace,
Flung her bright golden ringlets a'maist in my face;
Some called Lizzie hamely, some said she was old,
And some, I had wed her for silver and gold,
But Lizzie and I have a bonnie hearthstone,
And Pepper is sure of his mat and his bone.

Then lasses, tak tent if your lover you'd please,
Be kind to his dog, and you will win with ease;
And, lads, if in love, and the lassie you find
Is kind to your dog, you may tell her your mind.
But still just remember, what is equally true,
If she likes your dog ten to one she likes you.

THE ONLY PUPIL.

Miss Elizebeth Hill was still a pretty little woman, with nice hair and a tidy little figure, when her father died.

One after the other her elder sisters had married and left home; and Lizzie kept house for her widowed father and forgot the lapse of time.

The two old servants considered her a mere child, and she was always the youngest at the rare family reunions.

Her father had advised, praised and scolded her as though she had been in her teens to the last.

He was so old when he went quietly to sleep for the last time, that people had thought Elizabeth would be "prepared for her loss;" but she was not, and after the first grief and the shock of leaving the old home, when the property was divided and the house sold, she found that another change had befallen her.

She was no longer Miss Lizzie. the youngest daughter still at home, but a middle-aged spinster living in a boarding house.

Often when she had hurried up stairs and shut the door of her room she had thought to herself that she could not endure the condition of things much longer, but, after all, she dreaded to make a change.

She was exactly in the condition to jump at anything which offered occupation and interest, when the postman one day brought her a circular, gilt-edged and rose-tinted, bearing these words:

Mr. Buckle respectfully desires to make known to the public the fact that he is about to re-open his classes in water-color painting, English school, next Monday. Terms most reasonable. Early application desirable, as the number of pupils will be limited. Studio, No.———street.

It was an attractive looking card, and as Miss Elizabeth read it an idea came into her mind. Why should she not take lessons in water-color painting?

She would enjoy the work. She could afford it. It would pass the time. She could perhaps sketch from nature next summer.

A little thrill ran through her at this thought. She got her bonnet and mantilla, her parasol and gloves, and taking the card with her, hurried to make application for a place in the class before it was too late, for it was now Saturday afternoon.

She found the number easily. A large building with many rooms, and at the very top of the house four engravers, a lady "designer on wood," and Mr. Buckle's name on a neat door-plate.

Miss Elizabeth, quite breathless by this time, applied her knuckles to the panels, and after a little delay and some creaking of boots on a bare floor, the door opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, with a few gray hairs in his whiskers and a bald spot on his head, appeared, with a palette on his thumb and a brush in his hand, and bowing politely, requested the lady to enter.

"Mr. Buckle?" Elizabeth asked with an interrogative reflection.

The gentleman bowed again.

"I received your card," said Miss Elizabeth. "I should like to join your class, if it is not full."

"It is not full as yet, madam," replied Mr. Buckle, "and I should be delighted to receive you as a pupil."

He opened a portfolio as he spoke.

"My work," he said; "perhaps you'd like to look at it."

The portfolio was full of sketches in water color of English scenes, cattages, lanes, old women gathering faggots, ladies walking in old parks.

They were not great, but they were very good. Miss Elizabeth was delighted.

"How kind of you to take a class," she said, beaming. "Such an artist as you are."

Mr. Buckle bowed again. He evidently preferred bowing to speaking.

"I'm sure I've seen your pictures in the Academy," she said, "and admired them."

Mr. Buckle blushed violently and bowed again.

"How modest!" thought Miss Elizabeth.

She inquired his terms. They were very reasonable. She paid it on the spot, received a little list of necessary papers, colors, &c., and went away.

Sunday passed slowly, despite its three episodes of church-going. She awaited her first lesson with much impatience

At last the hour came. She climbed the stairs again, and entered the door of the room on which the name of Buckle appeared. A long pine table and six cane-bottom chairs, an easel, and some canvass and portfolios, furnished the room. A South American hammock was twisted into a coil and hung over some pegs. A blanket *portiere* hung over a rod within the door. But there was no one there but Mr. Buckle.

"Am I too early?" Elizabeth asked, glancing at her watch. I see I am the first."

"Oh no, indeed," replied Mr. Buckle. It is the other pupils who are too late. We won't wait for them."

He began his lesson at once, and Miss Elizabeth was absorbed in her work. An hour passed—two.

The lesson was over. No pupils had arrived.

"Ladies are seldom as prompt as you are," said Mr. Buckle. "Any time will do to begin; any time. They delay. They procrastinate. It's a pity."

"It is surprising to me that they are not more anxious to avail themselves of such advantages," said Miss Elizabeth, hardly able to tear herself away from the contemplation of the blue sky, with white clouds, that had grown under her brush. I have had a delightful lesson."

Again she waited with impatience. Again she climbed up the long stairs. Again there were no other pupils present. Again none arrived.

But this time a brown roof grew under her brush and gray branches lay against the sky.

The trunk of a tree was indicated, and the figure of a child was carefully sketched amongst the blossoms, as yet only outlined in the foreground.

Miss Elizabeth trembled with pride and happiness.

"You must find me very stupid," she said. "But don't you think I can learn if I apply myself?"

"I am sure you will do well," said Mr. Buckle; "more than well. You have talent, madam—decided talent for art."

On her way home, Miss Elizabeth thought with rapture that perhaps a day might come when she should open a catalogue and see "Sunset," or "Reverie" or "Moonlight Hours," or some such romantic title, among the list of pictures, followed by the delightful words, "by Miss Elizabeth Hill."

The thought chased away the scruples that troubled her as to the propriety of being the only scholar of a single gentleman; and, then, he was so gentlemanly. He never quite closed the door. He sat at the opposite side of the table. He was decorum itself. And such a genius! How foolish of the other members of that limited class not to avail themselves of such opportunities! The quarter was over and she was beginning to wonder whether Mr. Buckle would trouble himself to teach a class of one for so small a sum. When hurrying up stairs to her lesson she heard voices within the door, and paused. Two men were talking. One was Mr. Buckle.

"If you can but wait a little," she heard him say.

"Well, I have waited, haven't I?" replied the other voice. "I know you mean well; but studios are in request. I can't let mine for nothing. You haven't given me one cent for two months, Mr. Buckle."

"You see I'm just establishing myself," said Mr. Buckle; pupils come slowly. I spent all I had in advertising and paying the first month's rent and buying such furniture as I've got. I sleep in that hammock, and take down the *portiere* for a blanket; and so far I've got only one pupil. It won't do to starve. I live on a dollar a week. Now where is the money for rent?"

"Don't seem to be any," replied the landlord; that's why I think maybe you'd better move."

Ah well, I suppose I must,' said Mr. Buckle.

"I'll just give this lesson and hang myself, or something—not here, it would give the place a bad name, you know, and you've been most kind. Good morning. Ah, no, don't apologize; its all in the way of business," and then a large man in a light overcoat bounced out and nearly overset Miss Elizabeth as he ran down stairs.

She, for her part, went into the room all tremulous with surprise and grief, and could hardly utter her usual greeting.

She looked at Mr. Buckle as he laid out the pattern, and tested the shade of the color in her palette cups, thinking what a fine, kind, pleasant face his was.

She noticed, too, that the braid that bound his coat was worn out, and that his knees were shiny.

Then he came around the table and for the first time sat down beside her.

"I'm going to give up this studio, Miss Hill," he said. "This will be our last lesson. I'll give you the address of an excellent teacher who has vacancies. He's a little dearer than I am, but ever so much better"——

"Oh, that can't be!" said Miss Elizabeth.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Buckle. I'm after all, only an amateur—a sort of impostor. I'm rather good at water-colors, I know, but I'm not professional, unless teaching you makes me so. I feel like telling you the truth."

"I had a little fortune when I came here and they told me I could treble it. I'm sure I couldn't say what I did, with that object, but was told one day that I had lost it all.

"I'm not a business man, you know; and then I thought I'd teach water colors: and —well, you've been my only pupil, you know, so I've got to say good-bye; and there's something else I'd like to tell you —but you might be offended."

"Oh, no," said Miss Elizabeth.

"You'll forgive me. Thanks," said Mr. Buckle. "Well, it is this—if I hadn't been such a poor beggar I'd have asked you if you could like me enough to marry me. I never met any one so nice—indeed, I never did; and our tastes are alike, and all that. I'll try not to think of it more than I can help, but I felt that I must tell you before we parted for ever."

Miss Elizabeth had put her handkerchief to her eyes, and now was heard to whisper something.

"Beg pardon," said Mr. Buckle.

"I—I've got plenty," said Miss Elizabeth.

"Plenty?" repeated Mr. Buckle.

"Money!" gasped Miss Elizabeth. "Plenty for both."

"You kind little woman," said Mr. Buckle, and took her hand.

The brushes lay neglected, the color dried on the palette.

They sat for a long while, then—

"If you really love me," said Miss Elizabeth, "it doesn't matter which has the money."

"It's awful sweet of you to feel that way," said Mr. Buckle. "Only, would it be right of me, you know? What would your family say?"

In the mellow twilight that had begun to steal over the empty little room Miss Elizabeth's face looked wonderfully soft and young as she looked up at him; but I think she scarcely could have done what she did but for that fancy picture of himself which he had made for his landlord. If she were not brave now she felt he might indeed be found pendant from a branch somewhere.

"Heaven knows! I'm of age," she said, with a little laugh; "and a family that has left me alone at a boarding-house may say what it pleases; I don't care"

"It is the right spirit," said Mr Buckle. "I think it very fine, and I shall be made so unutterly happy by it, my dear."

They kissed each other in the twilight, and left the room together arm in arm.

* * * * * * * *

"It was very sly of Elizabeth. We expected more confidence," said the oldest sister to her friends shortly after. "But she married well—a celebrated artist, exceedingly rich. I presume they all are His name is Buckle."

Lord Coleridge is delighting his English friends with stories of his American visit, and among them with this: He was at Mount Vernon with Mr. Evarts, and talking about Washington, said: "I have heard that he was a very strong man physically, and that, standing on the lawn here, he could throw a dollar right across the river on the other bank." Mr. Evarts paused a moment to measure the breadth of the river with his eye. It seemed rather a "tall" story, but it was not for him to belittle the father of the country in the eyes of a foreigner. "Don't you believe it?" asked Lord Coleridge. "Yes," Mr. Evarts replied, "I think it's very likely to be true. You know a dollar would go farther in those days than it does now."

In the Window.

"I'll keep the light in the window, Sandy, till you come back."

"Never mind, mother," said the boy, standing at the door in an uncertain, slouching kind of way, "I—I might be late."

"It's dark along the lane," said the mother, "and a bit of candle-light would be ill-spared if you got a tumble by it. I'll keep the candle burning till ye come back."

She was a hard-featured Scotch woman, healthy and active, though no longer young, and, as she talked, she worked on, ironing the linen she washed and starched, and heaping it, like a snow-drift, in a great basket beside her. Four other children were in the room, girls and boys, too young to do much for themselves, but Sandy was eighteen, a tall, handsome fellow, with ripe lips and cheeks, and dancing eyes. "If Sandy only would have been a little steadier," the mother often sighed; but to be "steady" was not Sandy's forte. Off, ever and always to the river-side, where other lounging boys watched the boats come in at the ferry, or plunged stones into the water for the village pet, the great Newfoundland, "Whiskers," by name, to "fetch." No harm in that, the mother thought, if the boys had all been good; but evenings, at the store, they were worse; and the decent washerwoman shivered as she listened to her boy's home coming step at nights, lest some day he should copy Squire Peeler's boys, and drink too much. Squire Peeler's boys were her terror, though they were the sons of the richest man in the neighborhood. But now, as Sandy stood in the door, so tall, and fair, and bonny, the mother's heart grew light. "He'd be sure to 'settle down' and help her with the bairns, some day," she said. No doubt of that; he was but a bit-boy now; and she ironed on until her work was done, and then put the candle in the window to light the boy along the lonely lane at his home-coming. The candle burnt itself away and sunk into the socket, and the very wick smoldered out, leaving only smell and smoke behind it, and still lit no Sandy across the threshold of his humble home, for that night Sandy ran away.

The life at home was too hard for him.—The restraints of his mother's watchful eye irked him. To do his own will, to have his own way, Sandy left his home behind him, but he had grace enough to remember, with a pang, these words:

"I'll keep the light burning till ye come back, Sandy."

Some vague hope of being rich and doing great things for those at home, was in his mind, or he believed so; but a selfish desire to escape the drudgery and the restraint gave the actual impulse to his steps. He shipped as a sailor the next day, and began in earnest a wild and reckless sailor's life.

It suited him. Now and then, when the storm was at its height, and far in the distance the lamps of some tall lighthouse shone like a great red eye, the tiny flicker of that window-sheltered candle would dawn upon his memory, and he would hear his mother's voice, saying, "I'll keep it burning until ye come back, Sandy." Now and then, amid the yarns and songs of the forecastle merry-making, he heard the crooning of the tunes she used to sing over her work—old Scottish ballads, or perhaps some hymns handed down from the time when the old Covenanters worshiped God and defied man among the purple heather. They never lured him home to help her, though.

The years rolled on, and even this one sting of conscience ceased its paining. In those days there were no such beings as sober sailors, nor captains of temperance principles. Hard drinkers were most old salts, and most young ones. Sandy drank with the rest. He grew broad and stout.—His cheek was bronzed, his light hair changed its tint, his voice grew deep and coarse. He was in no way a good man, but he was a good sailor. As the years passed he came to be an officer—first-mate of the Agamemnon. His pockets were full enough for all his purposes. The sea was better than land to him, and when on shore he led that kind of boisterous life that drives the thought of "mother" from men's very souls. He had friends, at least he thought so, men who knew him when his "pay" jingled in his pockets. He was not niggardly—nay, once he had emptied his remaining dollars into a beggar's hand. Sandy was bravest of the brave; but he had never been generous enough nor brave enough to go back to the eastward seaport, where his mother had left the candle burning for him in the window—never, never.

Five years were gone, and ten and fifteen and twenty. A man nearly forty years of age stood in Sandy Cameron's shoes—a man who led the wildest life under the moon ashore; a man to whom fiery brandy was as water to a child; a man who remembered God only in his oaths; when the Agamemnon came after a long and stormy voyage just within sight of the coast—within sight of its light-house, at least, for in the darkness of a stormy night nothing else was visible. Battered with storms already, bruised by the waves, wounded by rocks, still the Agamemnon fought her way homeward; by the morrow eve sound earth would be beneath the feet of the wave-weary mariners—for once, at least, all longed for it, even wild Sandy Cameron. He was glad. He watched the towering lamps with joy, and swore that they were pleasant sights. Before he slept he stood a long while leaning over the taffrail, smoking, and thinking, if he ever thought. It was an evil lingering for the Agamemnon. A spark from the cigar held in unsteady hand, regarded by eyes not brighter for recent draughts of brandy, made its way somehow, wind-borne or demon-borne, into the places where the cargo of the vessel had been stored away, and at the dead of night they of the mid-watch saw stealing through the planks beneath them red and yellow tongues of flames. The vessel was on fire.

"Fire! fire! fire!" the word rang its way to heaven, shouted by every tongue on board.

The scene that followed beggars description. None who lived to remember ever could forget it. There was no hope from the first, none save in the boats. They were filled at once. Who could forget it! Oh, who could forget it! The old man pointing to the lights on shore and crying:

"I wanted to see the children once before I died."

The captain, deathly pale, showing that strange bravery which sailors only possess at such a time.

Changing from a dictatorial old hard drinker to a very hero; clinging in romantic fondness to his ship; and while he did his best for every other soul on board, forgetting himself and vowing to sink with her.

The young passenger and his bride—she clung to him; the mother with her babe bound to her breast—praying on her knees amid the tumult. The orphan child going home to its grand-parents, wonder-stricken, and yet scarcely conscious of its danger.—The sailors changed like the captain into heroes. Who could forget all this? Amid them all, gigantic in his strength, sobered at last by the awful scene around him, toiled Sandy Cameron. They remembered him well whose lives he saved. The bronzed man with light hair and the grip of Hercules. So the boats and rafts—some to live, some to die—were all float. All gone into the darkness, and struggling forms had vanished from the waves, and alone together, the the flames approaching them like dancing demons, stood old Captain Oaks and his first mate, Sandy Cameron.

"Captain," said Sandy, "it's most over."

"Aye, aye, lad," said the captain. "Give me your fist We've sailed together a good while now. We seem bound for the long voyage now. Lord help us, Sandy."

"There's a chance yet, maybe," said the first mate. "Try for it, captain."

"No," said the sailor," I go with her. No wife waits for me, no child. She's my wife and children, all in one. Try you. I go down with her."

That was the last that Sandy Cameron saw or heard of the captain. A rush and a roar from below, where spirits were stored, ended the words. There came blindness and silence, and time paused for him.

* * * * * * * *

At last there was sound again. The sound of waters. Sight, the red lamps of the light-house. Feeling, that of the wet sand against his face. Some strange providence had saved Sandy Cameron's life. Bruised and weak, he lay motionless for a long while. Bruised and weak, still he staggered to his feet at last.

Above him—his sailor eye used to remember such things—towered well-known rocks, kissed by a struggling moonlight. The sea had flung him into the arms of his native seaport; and up above, a man wandering along the shore, watching the light-house signals, perhaps, was singing a hymn:

"There's a light in the window for thee, brother;
There's a light in the window for thee;"

And then the tears rolled down the sailor's cheeks, and his softened heart yearned for the mother who had said: "I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy."

Twenty years ago, and she was nearly fifty then. Probably she was dead; but some one might be in the old home yet, who could tell him of her. And so, in the midnight darkness, the sailor staggered up the river path, through the changed streets, and, led by the compass of his heart, to the lane where his boyhood home had been so long before.

The lane was no more—a street of houses now; but at its end, or he dreamt, Sandy saw a candle-gleam. He drew nearer. No fancy misled him. Yes, between the curtains stood a candle, in very truth—and in the window of his own old home. He staggered on, his heart beating wildly. He struck the door with his hand. He waited, trembling, and the door opened; at it stood an old, old woman, with white hair—his mother. He knew her stern, strong features and her blue eyes still.

"What's this?" she said, in her Scottish accent; and he answered:

"A poor sailor, shipwrecked and needing shelter.

"Come in," she said, "come in and warm ye. It's a bitter night. The candle led ye here, na don't. It's burnt these twenty years. Ye wonder at that? I'd a boy once. He left me. The candle burns for him.—"I've a fancy it will wile him back yet; and I've gone without bread, many a time, to keep it burnin'. The others are all dead; but I'll not believe he's gone; and I said I'll keep a light till ye come back, Sandy—and I will."

And then, as he flung himself on his knees before her, she knew that Sandy had come back, indeed.

He never again forsook her. A better son and a better man than Sandy came to be, those of the seaport say they may never see again. And if you go hither, they will point you out the little cottage-window, at which, strong in her faith, for his return, Captain Cameron's mother kept a light burning for him for all the nights for twenty years—that and the mansion where, with her son, now married and captain of an ocean steamer, she yet lives to bless him.

Corn Culture.

A Kentucky farmer says in the *Practical Farmer:* There are five grand points to successful culture—soil, manure, fertilizers, tillage and seed. The soil is the base upon which we have to work and the better the soil the surer the success; but we all do not have rich land and must make use of such as we have and depend on the other four points. The next point is manure. The soil should receive a liberal coat of manure. It should be spread on the field, then thoroughly mixed with the soil, the more thoroughly this is done the better—which forms a good base for the fertilizers.

This is the third point—corn as soon as it sends down its radicle needs food. But manure is too coarse for it to feed upon and a fertilizer combining all the elements of plant food in a more soluble form is required. It is an injudicious practice to fertilize in the hill only. The roots of corn or any other plant are similar to the mouths of animals, they take in both food and water, and just so soon as the spongioles of the fibrils pass beyond the fertilizers it has no more effect. But if the soil is well filled with manure by the time the spongioles pass beyond the influence of the fertilizer they are strong enough to feed upon the manure, which will keep a constant feeding until matured.

The third point, tillage, is very important. The ground should be well broken and and thoroughly pulverized, forming a good seed bed; the corn will germinate quickly and grow vigorously.

The two first plowings should be deep and thorough, for upon these the crop greatly depends. After these the soil should be stirred shallow and often. Stirring the soil often has besides pulverizing it a chemical action, which imparts ammonia to the crop. The crop strives in proportion to the effectiveness of the cultivation. Stirring the soil is equivalent to fertilizing if done often, and after the two first cultivations stir the surface only. Deep plowing among growing corn after the roots have met in the rows are hurtful, breaking the roots, checking the growth and in hot dry weather causes the corn to curl, while shallow working will keep it fresh and green. As soon as a crust is formed on the soil it should be broken up to admit both moisture and air, for the one dissolves the fertilizing matter which is in the soil and the other effects its decomposition and renders it soluble.

In the fourth point, seed should be carefully saved. Plant a small plot by itself each year, keeping all barren stalks cut out that the pollen can fertilize the silks of the fruitful stalks, select the top ears or the best ears of the most fruitful stalks. In this way seed will improve.

THE WHOLE GREATER THAN A PART.—The resolution adopted by the State Committee in its meeting at Alexandria on Thursday, which strongly deprecates tariff agitation, was only intended to express the individual opinions of the members of the committee, but nevertheless it is doubless also the opinion of wellnigh all the Democrats of Virginia.

Revenue-tariff Democrats are unwilling to draw the party line at the tariff and thus to exclude those who agree with them upon all other questions of public policy. Nor are they willing—mark it!—to have protection forced down their throats. But they are willing and ready to subordinate this issue to the many others that go to make up reform. Tariff reform is a great need, but it is only a part of that general reform which the Republican party has persistently refused to carry out and which the people will entrust to the Democracy in November.—Tariff reform is, therefore, not the only issue; and, moreover, it is impossible to educate the misguided and deceived among both parties in the hot conflict of a presidential campaign. It is not the purpose of the Democracy that the tariff shall exclude the other great questions—of a pure and economical administration of affairs, of the right of local government, and of a thoroughly unsectional and reunited country.

The Republicans are eager to hide under the gross but deceptive doctrine of protection all their whiskey rings, star-route frauds, Mulligan letters and De Golyer jobs, their dangerous efforts at centralizing the Federal Government, and their long history of partisan hate and persecution. But this they cannot do if the Democrats are willing to subordinate a single economical question to the preservation and purification of a Government that belongs to the people, that is withheld from them through deception and corruption, and that they demand shall be restored to them once more.—*Richmond State.*

PLASTER.—Keep plaster always on hand. It is a special fertilizer for clover, beans, peas and potatoes. It will promote the growth of nearly all plants, affords partial protection against drought, and will furnish soluble lime to plants that need it. Of all the fertilizers known plaster is the cheapest, and for its cost, is the most remunerative. Two bushels only are needed for a good application.

"I'll teach you how to tear your pants!" said an irate parent swinging a strap; "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa; I know how already. Just look at 'em!"

For the SPECTATOR.

Pioneer Life.

MR. EDITOR:—Would that we had a child among us taking notes a century and a half ago, we, too, might have had a volume such as I have by accident gotten hold of a day or two ago. It was published in St. Louis, Mo., by Messrs. Wm. S. Bryan and Robert Rose, and is a history of the Pioneer families in three or four counties. We are sure the majority of your readers will appreciate it, and as this is the centennial year of Methodism, we will promise our friends of that ilk much they will appreciate and thank us for. Now, we will introduce a series of brief sketches, if you please, with a wee spice of what you will find occasionally in Eastern Virginia yet—a Hardshell Baptist preacher.

STEPHEN HAM.

He lived and died in Madison county, Ky. He was the father of John, Jabez and Stephen Ham, Jr. John was born in Kentucky in 1786, and came to Missouri in 1809, and settled in St. Charles county. He joined Nathan Boone's Company of Rangers and served during the Indian war. In 1816 he and Jonathan Crow built a bark tent on Auxvasse creek, now in Callaway county, and lived in it some time while engaged in hunting. They were probably the first American settlers within the limits of Callaway county. Ham cut his name on a lone tree in the prairie, which has since borne his name. He was a Methodist preacher. He was twice married, first to Miss Bennett, by whom he had two children. She died when the children were quite small, and their father took them to their relatives in Kentucky, performing the journey on horseback, with one of the children before him and one behind. When he came to water courses that were deep enough to swim his horse, he would tie one of the children on the bank swim across with the other, tie it, and go back for the other. He married a Miss Thomas, and they had six daughters. He was a daring hunter, and there were few with nerve enough to follow him in all his adventures He once smoked a bear out of a cave, and then knocked it in the head with an axe. In 1823 he built a house on the Auxvasse, five miles above its mouth; the following year the big overflow came and washed away his smoke-house, filled with bear and dear meat. He followed it in a soap-trough that he used as a canoe, and overtook the floating where it had lodged against a large elm tree. He hung the meat in the tree, and when the water subsided had to cut the tree down to get his meat. He subsequently removed to Illinois, where he died in 1869. Jabez Ham, his brother, was born in Madison county, Ky, in 1797, and came to Missouri in 1817. He had no education, was of a roving disposition, and did nothing for several years but hunt and fish. His mind was naturally bright, and had he been educated would have made a remarkable man. Rev. Alex. Snethen and Lewis Jones taught him the alphabet and learned him to read, and in 1824 he began to preach, having united with the old or Hardshell Baptist church. In 1826 he organized a church of that denomination on Soutre creek, and called it New Providence. For some time after he began to preach he always carried his gun when he went to church, on week days and the Sabbath, and often killed deer on his way to and from his place of preaching. He also manufactured powder, which he had ready sale for at high prices; and by this means and the proceeds of his rifle he lived well. He was a large, stout man, and often added emphasis to his opinions by the use of his fists. On a certain occasion he forgot his text, and on getting up in the pulpit said to the congregation that he had a text when he left home, but had lost it, and he had looked for it, and Hannah (his wife) had looked for it, but they couldn't find it; but to the best of his belief it was "somewhere in the hind end of Job, or thereabouts, and it went about this way: 'Do any of you all know the good old woman they call Mary, or Sal of Tarkus, who said you must not put new wine into old bottles, for the bottles will bust and the good stuff will all be spilled.'" Mr. Ham often compared his sermons to an old shotgun loaded with beans, which, when it went off, was almost sure to hit some body or somewhere. He died in Callaway county in 1842, and was buried at New Providence in Montgomery county.

Capt. John Harper was a native of Philadelphia, and followed the sea for many years after he was grown. In 1750 he settled in Alexandria, where he died in his 87th year. He was twice married and had twenty-nine children, eighteen sons and eleven daughters. The second son by his last wife, whose name was Charles B., was born in Culpeper county, Va., in May, 1802. He was married in 1823 to Anna C. Price, of Pittsylvania county, Va., and settled in Montgomery county, Mo., in 1830. He was engaged in merchandizing at Danville for five years and one year on his farm. He brought the first demijohns to Montgomery county and sold a great many as curiosities, most of the inhabitants never having seen anything of the kind. Soon after his arrival in Montgomery county he went over to Callaway county to get a load of corn, and wore his usual every-day clothes, made of homespun cloth. On his way back the road led him by a house where Jabe Ham was preaching, and he stopped to hear the sermon. During the services, the minister called on the congregation to kneel in prayer, and all knelt except Mr. Harper, who leaned his head upon his hand and remained in that position. Ham noticed him, and prayed that the Lord would bless that "Virginia man who had on store-clothes and was afraid to get on his knees."

OLD MORTALITY.

For the SPECTATOR.

"All Right Enough."

A man living in Indiana said, "Well, temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now." Two nights after he made the above remark, a spring wagon was stopped in front of his house about 1 o'clock in the morning. His wife looked out of the window and saw six men carrying something on a door or wide board She guessed what it was in an instant, and giving a wild, frantic scream, cried, "My boy, O, my boy! He is dead! I have been fearing this would happen by that cursed whiskey!" Sure enough it was her son brought home nearly dead. He had been drunk and engaged in a saloon brawl. He was beaten into almost a shapeless, unrecognizable mass. Are experiences like this needed to show Christian men and women that there is something for them to do in the temperance cause?—*Home Guard.*

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* in a recent editorial says: "High license as a preventive of drunkenness means fewer places where liquor is sold, but not fewer drinkers. It means a *shade* more of respectability in the business of liquor-selling, but no abatement of the awful results."

The *Register*, published at Lincoln, in its September number, referring to the operation of high-license in that State, says: "Under the high-license law of this State, the saloons flourish, the men who keep them grow rich, and defy the law in every city." ***

One young man is said to have written most of the current "dime novels." He acknowledges that he is, in his own words, "a pretty good liar." If such men would consider the terrible influence of what they write, the utter moral ruin which they cause in thousands of cases, even such self complacency as theirs would be changed to agony.

When something goes wrong with a poor man's brain, everybody bluntly says that he has gone crazy. When a rich man loses his wits, the newspapers murmur that he is suffering from nervous prostration, the result of over work.

A baby resembles Truth in one respect; for Truth is stranger than Fiction, and a baby, likewise, is a little stranger.

A band box—The orchestra enclosure.

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.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements published for 3, 6, or 12 months.

SPECIAL NOTICES will be inserted at double the advertising rates.

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.

A VINDICATION OF FLIRTS.

I.

All flirts declare 'tis not their way
To throw a true man's love away,
And we must needs believe them
If men will hover 'round a flame
They surely have themselves to blame
If women do deceive them.

II.

We can't expect a charming maid
To hide her beauty in the shade—
'Twould be indeed a pity.
What fault of hers if men admire?
Must she from all the world retire
Because she's very psetty?

III.

The sun, whose vivifying powers,
Have peopled all the earth with flowers,
Can he withhold his brightness?
And what is Beauty but a sun
That quickens all it looks upon,
And fills the heart with lightness?

IV.

Then blame no maid if she inspires
With beauty's light love's lasting fires
Without reciprocating.
But blame thyself as dull to move
The little maiden's heart to love
And cease all imprecation.

—PETER PENNILESS.

Mahoneism.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST PROMINENT MAHONEITES—THE BOSS AND HIS ATTORNEY-GENERAL PUBLICLY ARRAIGNED FOR CONSPIRACY TO DEFRAUD THE PEOPLE—WAYS THAT ARE DARK AND TRICKS THAT ARE VAIN.

LIBERTY, VA., January 26, 1884.

I desire to make the following statement to the Finance Committee of the House of Delegates of Virginia. I held the office of Treasurer of Bedford county from 1st July, 1879, until December 15, 1881. Since 1881 I have been in arrears with the Auditor of Public Accounts, and a large balance is shown upon his books against me. Losses incurred through no intentional fault and carelessness in keeping my accounts have involved me. I expected to be able to save all loss to the State and to my sureties until last summer, when, for the first time, I became convinced that very serious loss threatened my sureties. Unhappy and disturbed at the condition of my circumstances, I felt willing to bear any loss personally, or submit to any pain from public indignation, which I knew would follow, and I listened to suggestions made by Coalition leaders in Bedford and elsewhere to seek an interview with Senator William Mahone.—They assured me that it would result in an understanding which would give me relief and save my sureties from loss.

I went to Petersburg on —— day of ——, 1883, and there had an interview with Senator Mahone in the presence of J. A. Tankisly, the chairman of the Coalition party in Bedford. I stated to Senator Mahone my embarrassment and my willingness to run as an Independent candidate against John R. Thurman, the regular nominee of the Democratic party. He advised and urged me to run. He said that the money to relieve me could not be raised by the party, for that amount would buy three or four districts, but that a Coalition Legislature was certain to be elected, and I need have no fear whatever about my indebtedness; that a bill could easily be passed to relieve me; that I could certainly pay it all in bonds at fifty cents in the dollar, and that I should not be interfered with by the officers of the State, but should have time, as much time as I wanted—six years, if necessary, to pay in bonds.

After this, J. H. Van Auken, who had been previously sent to Bedford to speak, and who was presented to me as a trusted Coalition leader in the confidence of Mahone, and F. P. Blair, Attorney-General, said to me and assured me that no legislation was necessary to enable the Auditor to settle with me in State bonds; that he would see Blair and Brown Allen, and write, and it would be all right.

Van Auken did write to J. A. Tankisley a letter, in which he said he had seen both these officers, and that this arrangement could and would be made. I saw and read the letter, and, unfortunately, believed it.

I saw Mr. Blair, the Attorney-General, and had one interview with him. He told me to go ahead and run; that all the papers were in his hands, and that no judgment ment should bother me; that he would hold it back. He further said that his party never deserted its friends; that I need have no uneasiness, and that I should have time and his help in my difficulties. I could not get from him anything more definite, but his manner was so cordial and his declarations so strong as to his ability and willingness to help me that I believed and relied upon him. I have seen and read his letters to J. A. Tankisley, Coalition chairman of Bedford county, and in them assurances of help were repeated.

My sureties did not know of my liabilities. Only one notice just before the campaign was served on me by Mr. Brown Allen, the Auditor, and that for a small portion of my indebtedness, and this notice Mr. Blair promised me should not bother me.

After the election Mr. Blair promptly took judgment on the small amount, but got none on my sureties, because notice was served on the wrong bond.

I have surrendered all my property. It is a matter of deep grief to me that it will not meet my liabilities, and that my sureties are involved in heavy loss. I have voluntarily made this statement with no hope of help for myself, but having been made to suffer most severely by my trust in men who occupied high positions in the public service, and deserted by them in the hour of disaster, think it right that they should share in the blame so freely cast upon me.

State of Virginia, County of Bedford—To wit:—

Personally appeared before me J. M. Peters, of Liberty, Bedford county, and made oath that the foregoing statement was made to him on the 26th of January, 1884, by John G. Kasey, who declared his willingness to make affidavit to the facts therein set forth, and that the said foregoing statement was written down at the time from John G. Kasey's own words, and he has frequently heard said Kasey make the same statements in presence of others; and said J. M. Peters further says that said John G. Kasey having fled the country before making affidavit to his statement, he is desirous of laying these alleged facts before the General Assembly of Virginia that they may summon the parties therein named and investigate fully the alleged corrupt bargain.

Given under my hand this the 30th day of January, 1884.

JOHN M. SPEECE,
Notary Public.

CORN AS A FOOD.—Corn is not good for a steady diet. It is too starchy and does not contain sufficient mineral and albuminous matter. Thus it produces too much heat or fat, and as fat is really a disordered condition of the system, it is always accompanied by more or less fever or disease of the blood. The results of exclusive corn feeding are seen in the frequent hog cholera, chicken cholera, and epizooty, pink-eye, and other diseases of horses. Horses fed wholly on corn become hidebound, the digestion becomes disordered, and various evils occur through the consequent imperfect nutrition. Corn may be fed to a fattening animal without injury, because before the injury can occur the animal is out of the way and death saves it in fact. But for a working animal it should be fed with oats or bran or both and the mixture becomes a perfect food, which is digested and affords healthful nutriment.