THE GAUGE OF PRAYER.

As Satan passed through heaven, from
A walk on earth, one day,
The Lord looked up and questioned him—
"Didst hear my creatures pray?"
"Ay, Lord! I heard their prayers resound
Where'er I listening stood;
But, by my soul! not one of them
Prayed for his brother's good."

Then looked Jehovah fire and flame,
And spake this fierce decree;
"Who makes a selfish prayer is thine;
The others come to me!"
Then all that night on heaven's walls
The Lord and Satan stood,
To see how many sons of men
Would pray for a brother's good.

Alas! they watched there many an hour,
And yet there came no sounds;
The poor, [illegible] prayed for pennies, and
The rich [illegible]ey prayed for pounds;
The ugly [illegible]ed for beauty, and
The awkward prayed for grace;
The old ones prayed for youthful looks
To hide a wrinkled face;
The limping prayed for healthy joints;
The red-haired prayed for brown;
The short ones prayed for longer legs,
The long, to be cut down;
The brown-eyed prayed for blue ones,
The cross-eyed prayed for straight;
The fat ones prayed for melting down;
The lean ones prayed for weight;
The doctors prayed for sickness, and
The undertaker, death,
The captives prayed for sunshine, and
The phthisicky for breath;
The maiden prayed for lover's vows;
The soldier prayed for war;
The beggar prayed for horse to ride;
The drunkard prayed for "more";
The sick man prayed for break of day;
The thief, for longer night;
The miser prayed for more of gold;
The blind man prayed for sight.

At last there came a tearful voice
Up to the starlit sky;
"Oh! may my uncle's soul this night
Rest with the Lord on high!"
"There's one for me!" Jehovah cries.
"Not so!" the devil said,
"He's heir to all his uncle's wealth,
Hence wants the old man dead!"

Just then there came another voice,
In supplicating tones:—
"Oh! may the grave be late to close
O'er Neighbor David's bones!"
"There's surely one for me at last!"
But Satan cried: "Not yet!
He merely wants the man to live
Until he pays a debt!"

And so they waited till the stars
Went out at dawn of day;
Then Satan seized his bag of souls,
And sped his homeward way.
Upon high heaven's glittering wall
Long had they listening stood;
But not a mortal, all that night,
Prayed for his brother's good!

Donn Piatt the Mac-o-cheek Farmer Talks on the Tariff Question.

THE WHOLE TRUTH SPOKEN HALF IN JEST—WE BUY UNDER PROTECTION AND SELL UNDER FREE TRADE.

[Cincinnati News-Journal.]

A number of Colonel Donn Piatt's neighbors recently called upon the retired journalist, and, with the aid of the Oak Ridge Brass Band, gave him a serenade. The venerable farmer responded with the following speech:

My neighbors and gentlemen of the band, I lack the words to express, adequately, my thank for the high compliment you pay me to-night. That it should come from those with whom I have lived, man and boy, all my life, gives the occasion a significance that touches me deeply.

It is, I suppose, poor payment, on my part, to seize this occasion in return for your compliment of a visit, and the exceedingly beautiful music of the Oak Ridge Band for me to inflict you with a speech.

I can not, however, resist the opportunity to use this occasion, and you, my neighbors, to hurl lack a foul aspersion, made by certain members of the press, wherein I am charged with falsely posing as a farmer in a late interview published by the New York *Herald*.

If I am not a farmer, friends and neighbors, I would like to know what in the old scratch I am? [Laughter.] I have paid enough for the privilege, if privilege it can be called.

Now, as I understand it, a farmer is a man who tills the earth, with great loss to himself, and benefit to others.

I have here nearly five hundred acres of lovely land. If the Garden of Eden was not in the Mac-o cheek valley, we can readily understand why Adam and Eve were discontented with their claim and abandoned it at an early day to jump this. [Laughter.] And I have cultivated these acres at a decided loss. If there is any man in Logan county, who has sunk more to the acre, I would like to see him. I don't believe he can be produced. [Cries, "Agreed," "Agreed."] You see my claim to being a practical farmer can not be denied. Like honest Dogberry, I boast "my losses."

A farmer is a man who toils for fifty years for the privilege of living ten—and then, in a majority of instances, gets cheated out of that by rheumatism. He rises before daylight, and labors till after dark. He eats what he can not sell; wears barely enough to make him decent in appearance, but not sufficient for comfort or health, is a hard task master to his family, and death to his wife. [Sensation.] He is industrious, sober, and, if you don't touch him on a horse trade, or too closely in a little bargain, almost as honest as a country merchant, and as honorable as a county court lawyer.—[Laughter.]

It is his fate to work at a loss. Now would you like to know why? The why, at least, as I see it? [Cries "yes," "yes," "go on."] Well, at the risk of being considered out of place and in bad taste, I will tell you.

We are an agricultural people. From sea to sea, across this wide continent, from lake to gulf, is a vast stretch of farm land. You will read in the press, you will hear on the streets, from the president's message, down to the cross-roads orator, that this grand pursuit is the underlying prosperity of our country. It is more than that, it is the great, underlying foundation of our existence.

It is not only the author and creator of our homes, but of all their immense improvements that amaze the world. This network of railroads, measuring over 100,000 miles of operating rails, was built by farmers. These great cities, all these towns, canals, telegraphs, mines, and manufactories were built out of our earnings. We make eight-tenths of the labor of the land. We pay the taxes, support the banks, and make the millionaires.

We do all this, while remaining poor ourselves. The country is prosperous, but the prosperity never reaches us. We barely live—and why?

I will tell you. Our government, that was designated to be purely a political fabric, has come to be a paternal concern, and is to us farmers the hardest step-parent ever created. Congress legislates for every interest on the continent, save that of agriculture. In every shape, in every direction, we are legally swindled and abused.

I can take up but one. What is the great factor necessary to successful farming? Is it good seed—good breed or rich soil, or agricultural implements? No, my neighbors, these are important, but not the most important. The one great factor that overrides and lessens all others is a market for our products.

Now you get from your Congressmen agricultural reports, printed and distributed at your expense by the government. They are said to be gratis—free of cost. It is an impudent lie—we pay for them, and there is no book published that costs as much to us as that same agricultural report. You take—or, you ought to take, an agricultural journal. They are all worth their subscription price. But in any one or all of these do you ever find a word as to how to get or improve a market? Never.

Well, this paternal government has been, for the last twenty-five years, providing a market for every industry in the land, save that of agriculture.

Now, to illustrate this, take our noble representative—so called—the Hon. Keifer! What does he represent? I'll tell you. He [illegible]sents the railroads of his district, the [illegible] his district, the telegraph of his [illegible] manufactories of his district, [illegible] the postmasters. Does [illegible] much. All his thoughts, all his time, speeches, and votes are given to the above-named classes. We elect him, they use him. He sends us reports that are loud on Mangel Wurzel, and silent on markets. He distributes seed among us that we swallow as a compliment, but never plant, for they won't come up, for we now know they are the refuse seed of Pennsylvania seed stores, sold the government at a low figure [voice, "that's so." Applause.]

Now, I am not making you a political speech. I have no politics. As far as that is concerned I am like Artemus Ward's showman—I haven't a principle in me.—[Laughter.] I referred to the Hon. Keifer because he happens to be our Congressman. He is a Republican, but a Democrat is precisely the same.

Politics is a popular game—a sort of a game of chance; not gambling, for there is nothing at stake. A Democrat out of office is a Republican in, for he can not well be anything else. There is no difference as to policy, or principle, or honesty, in fact, between the two.

I have often said that the common lot of voters reminded me of blind horses in a bark mill. With the nose of one to the tail of the other they go round and round, round and round—each impressed with the solemn belief that he is going ahead, and is of vital importance—[voice, "chestnut, colonel," laughter.] Well, yes, I believe it is, but it is true all the same. [Applause.]

Now, this paternal government of ours has been for twenty-five years fostering certain selected and favored industries. These so-called industries were pronounced young, weak, and crickety, and the paternal government, as nurse and doctor, fed the puling infants on pap that we farmers paid for. Every cent given these sickly industries was taken from our hard earnings, and, my brother farmers, these sick weaklings are as sick and weak to-day as they were twenty-five years ago. We are assured that if the paternal government were to remove the stays and crutches and give them an ounce less of pap to-day, they would all tumble down and die.

The theory and progress of the fostering, as it is called, is about this:

There are two sorts of labor in Europe.—One is known as common labor, and the other as skilled labor. The first is called pauper labor, and against this we need protection. It is called pauper labor because the laborers work for a bare subsistence.—This is not the condition of skilled labor in Europe. It is better paid than with us, for while the wages are somewhat less, the cost of living is not so high; so that the laborer, all things considered is better off than in the United States.

The experiment has been tried of fetching skilled labor from abroad to our shores, and had to be abandoned. One hundred and twenty were taken to Cleveland, O., and put to work. They remained a year and then returned home, saying they could do better there than with us.

You see, therefore, when a protective tariff advocate says that it is necessary to pay our manufacturers a bounty to protect them against the pauper labor of Europe, he is either a very ignorant man or one who counts on our ignorance.

With that, however, I have nothing on this occasion to do—I am only striving to make the process familiar. Let me illustrate. Some years since, as you will remember, I started a hickory handle factory on the Mac-o-cheek. [Laughter.] It is fun to you, but it was anything but fun to me in the end. I ran across a fellow who had learned the process of converting the healthy second growth of hickory into handles in the Ohio Penitentiary. [Renewed laughter.] He was the best workman and the biggest scoundrel unhung. [Laughter and applause.] I made him foreman over two men, and gave him my confidence. He made beautiful handles. They were as tough as the conscience of a county commissioner, strong as Limburger cheese, and smooth as ivory.

I made money for awhile, but soon I found that the pauper labor of Canada was making as good handles for less money than my convict. They undersold me at my own door. I said "Here's an infant industry that needs protection," and so I boarded the cars and rode to Washington, on a free pass. I saw our Senator, Ben Wade, and stated my case. He called in the Hon. Pig Iron Kelley. "Here," cried Senator Wade, "is an infant industry that calls for our fostering care."

"A great industry," replied the Hon. Pig Iron; "and it must be protected."—There is nothing mean about old Pig Iron.

And so they slapped a high protective duty on foreign-made hickory handles.—Not content with that, they put another duty on foreign hickory; I did not object, for I grew the hickory. [Laughter.]

I returned home and my infant industry prospered. For awhile I made money hand over handle. We raised the price of handles far above what it had been, and every wood chopper demanded more wages, as did the carpenters and all others using handles—The Canadian paupers did not pay this, for they were producers, not consumers, and we had shut down on their trade. The good people at home paid it all, but we were fostering an infant industry—industries of growing hickories, and the industry of my capital. I was careful to follow other foster children, and paid no more to my convict and his force of two men than I had before.

Soon, however, there came a blight.—The increased price of hickory handles stimulated capital all over the land, and every overshot country saw-mill in the Democratic hoop-pole region, where owls fly around at noon and the mails are chased in by wolves ahead of time [laughter] was converted into a handle factory, and excessive competition brought down prices lower than the Canadian pauper labor had done.

At this critical moment I had a strike.—My convict foreman wanted higher wages. In vain I told him of the "depressed condition of trade," "the shrinkage of values," and that if he persisted I should have to close my furnace, that is, shut down the head-gate and stop business. He took me to one side and said in a Sammy Tilden whisper: "I say, boss, this ax-handle business is played. I know it. Now I'll tell you what to do, get a big insurance on the old rattle-trap, and I'll stick a chunk under her, and we'll divy." [Laughter.] I declined this business ending of a fostered industry, and that night my foreman stole my best horse and disappeared. [Great laughter.]

The mistake I made, my friends, was in not seeing the other manufacturers of hickory handles and getting up a combination and lessen the production to the demands of the market. That is what is being done by other foster children, who are as wise as serpents, if they are not as innocent as doves. [Applause.]

The trouble about all this lies in the fact that the labor in this country is, as I have said, agricultural, and, although it comes directly in competition with the worst form of pauper labor in Europe, it is not protected.

This labor makes, at a rough calculation, eight-tenths of the labor of this country.—As against the protective class, it is nine-tenths.

Now, what happens to us? Let us take our great staple—wheat. It costs to day a dollar here on our farms to raise a bushel. The surplus that we have to sell we are forced to cart across half a continent, sail it over the wide seas, and sell it in Europe. This is the surplus that with the surplus of other farm products, such as corn, pork, tobacco, cotton, &c., makes the underlying prosperity so much talked about. If we had no surplus we would have no prosperity—see? [Cries, "Yes, we do."]

What happens to us in Europe? At Liverpool our wheat comes in competition with the wheat of the Baltic, where the laborer works for $18 a year and a goat skin coat; with the wheat of Egypt, that is to-day the house of bondage, having slavery in its worst form; with the wheat of India, where labor is in as bad a condition; and, worse yet, of Australia, where the shipper takes manufactured articles back home in payment—an exchange denied us by law.

You see we sell under free trade, and are left to the mercy of the worse form of pauper labor.

What is our condition when we come to purchase? Why, we are met with protection. All that we buy, from a horse-shoe to a mower, all that we wear, all that we build for shelter, all that we use over and above our products, from the cradle we are rocked in to the coffin we rot in—the clothes we wear, the shingle that shuts off the storm, the glass we look through, the blanket we sleep under to the tombstone that records our supposed virtues, are augmented in price to double their value, so that we sell under free trade and buy under protection. Now do you wonder that we work at a disadvantage? If protection is such a good thing, we want it; if free trade is such an evil we don't want it; and yet we have the one and not the other; we get what we don't want and are denied what we do want, and it is the most bare-faced, impudent swindle ever perpetrated on an intelligent people. There is precisely where insult is heaped on injury. We are considered so ignorant and stupid that we may be plundered with impunity. [A voice—They'll slip up on that.] I hope so. [A voice—How about wool, colonel?] Let me tell you. They pretend to protect us on wool. Well, we have lost more on our protected shears than we ever made on our protected wool. If the government will give us free lumber, free salt, cease its protection to the barbed wire monopoly, and see that I am charged a reasonable rate for transportation on these public highways, called railroads, I will undertake to undersell at a profit any wool grown in any other part of the earth than that of the United States.—[Applause.]

I have only touched on one evil that is oppressing us. The next to protection is that of transportation—this roilroad business. But I have held you too long.—[Cries of "Go on," "Go on."] No, my friends, we will tackle that some other time. We have here some good old cider—the farmer's beverage and some cigars.—They are more agreeable than protection or railroads. Let me thank you again.

And Farmer Donn Piatt sat down amid prolonged applause.

Uncle Joshua's Advice.

Reuben Brown was in love with black-eyed Kittie Perkins—there is no doubt about it.

Kittie was the prettiest and at the same time the most coquettish girl in Swanto, and, woman-like, was playing "fast and loose" with poor Reuben.

Reuben had never openly avowed his affection, though it was rapidly becoming "soulfully intense" when, after a particularly exasperating interview with the fair Kittie, he resolved to lay bare his heart to his old Uncle Joshua, and seek the latter's advice.

Uncle Joshua was, in fact, his nearest relative, and lived only a short distance from where Reuben was employed. Reuben had done many little kindnesses for the old man—who, in return, felt almost a father's interest in his welfare and happiness; so Reuben felt, when he went to consult him concerning his tendresse, that his advice would, though coming from one who might almost be supposed to have forgotten all about the gentle passion, be sincere and thoughtful.

With this conclusion, Reuben, with a very "heart-hungry" feeling—the immediate result of the above-mentioned interview with Kittie—wended his way slowly up to the little red house where the old man, lived. The last faint traces of the sun's glory were rapidly fading away in the horizon, the bright stars were just commencing to twinkle merrily, and all the air held "a solemn stillness," as if waiting for night to draw more closely "her sable mantle."

At such times, if ever, the human heart turns to thoughts of love; and Reuben's, already turned in that direction, was actually filled to overflowing with the gentle emotion. Could he have done so, he would, without doubt, have woven the most "woeful ballads" to the fair Kittie's eye-brows—but he was no poet, so he simply yearned.

As Reuben came up to the house he found Uncle Josh, as he usually called him, seated on the stoop. His chair was tilted back; his venerable head, fringed with gray scanty locks, was bared to the evening breeze; and, like the ill-fated skipper of the Hesperus, "his pipe was in his mouth."

"Wal, Reuben," he said, as peering through the deepening twilight, he discovered the love-sick youth approaching, "haow de do? come right up and set down. Anythin' new!"

"Nothing much," replied Reuben, mechanically pulling up a rude chair bottomed with strips of rawhide, and seating himself near by.

"You ain't heared nothin' about the old brindle what strayed, hev ye?" asked the old man, anxiously.

"No," replied Reuben, slowly; "I came on quite a different errand. The fact is, uncle, I—I—(I might as well tell it) I'm in love and I came to ask your advice about it."

"Wal, naow, you don't say?" said the old granger, and pursing up his lips, he uttered a long, low whistle.

For a few moments he remained silent, a far-off look in his aged eyes, as if the revelation recalled old, almost forgotten memories, and then he said, turning toward Reuben, and drawing his chair a little nearer to him, "Wal, tell the old man all about it—thar ain't nothin' to commence with, thet does so much good as to let it aout." So, leaning back in his chair again, he listened while Reuben told the "old, old story"—how the feeling had gradually come upon him that he loved Kittie with an all-absorbing passion (or words to that effect;) how he basked in the sunshine of her smiles one day, and was by her coldness plunged into the very "apathy of despair" the next; how he was beset with fears that she liked Bill Simpson better than she did him; how he was afraid, if he asked her, that she would say no—that he was sure if she did, it would kill him, etc., etc.

The old man listened attentively—who, of whatever age, ever failed to take some interest in the "oft-told tale"—and when the young man had finished he took his pipe from his mouth, coughed once or twice, and delivered himself of these memorable words:

"Reuby, my boy, you've got it bad—there ain't no doubt on it—and I'll tell you a secret what nobody ain't hearn for nigh onter fifty year."

Here the old man's voice grew a little husky, and he blew his nose fiercely with a large, red handkerchief which he took from his forehead for the purpose.

"Women is queer creturs. I loved one once, and I am as sure ez I be that I'm settin' here that I lost her by lovin' of her too much, an' lettin' her know it too soon. That was my experience, an' I hev seen stacks of like cases sence."

"Wal, ez I was sayin', just so soon ez a woman feels she hez a man, heart and soul, jest so soon she haint no use for him; she begins to sigh, ez the old primer says, for new worlds to conquer. What she ken have she don't wan't, and what she can't have she wants worst kind.

"It's what schooled people calls the unertainable that everybody's arter, specially women folks. You never want to set too much store by nothin'; for if you do, you'll be almost sure to lose it. Struggle to hide your feelin' all yer ken, whether yer huntin' for a sweetheart, a wife, or a caow! In the case in pint, do your level best to make the gal think you don't set much store by her. Don't let on how mueh took you be with her, and don't on no account say nothin' about love, least-wise, not at present, for the minute yer do, ez the lawyers say, you weaken yer case. You don't wan't to show yer hand till yer dead sure you've won the game. You don't want to complicate yerself, so to speak, till yer sartin' the girl loves ye. Ef she don't, ye'd better be in yer grave than marry her, and if she does, she'll let yer know afore very long, sure ez I'm settin' here."

So saying, the old man wiped his forehead with his big red haukkerchief, relighted his pipe, pushed down the burning tobacco with his bony thumb and relapsed into silence.

From what humble sources words of wisdom sometimes spring! Much comforted, Reuben sauntered slowly homeward, his pathway lighted by the bright summer moon which had just come over the the hill, filling the little valley with its mellow light.

His heart was much lighter than when he trod that path before. for he hadl unburdened it, and he felt that Uncle Josh was right.

So the very next evening he took pretty Polly Baker "buggy riding," and the following Sunday evening went "to meeting" with her. He did not even pass Kittie's house for four whole days! He came very near weakening the second evening, but finally, with great difficulty, mastered himself. What was the result? Why, when he did go by, nearly a week later, Kittie, who had, of course, heard all about what had taken place, walked down to the gate and, with one of her sweetest smiles, asked where he had been for such a long time. He answered, "Nowhere to speak of;" and then she smiled so sweetly, and looked at him with such gentle reproach that he was almost tempted to seize her in his arms and declare his love then and there, but he recalled Uncle Josh's advice in time and temporized.

Kittie could not stand it long, however, and before another moon had come and gone Reuben was her accepted lover.

The days had begun to lengthen a little when they were made one; and Uncle Josh hitched up the old mare and drove them to the little house, which Reuben had bought, to witness the interesting ceremony. He was attired in a bran new suit of home-spun, his hair "slicked down" in a most remarkable manner, and his neck encircled by a broad, white stock. He looked uncomfortable, but happy nevertheless (if such an anomalous condition of affairs may be supposed to exist,) and kissed the bride with much warmth at the first opportunity.

"Reuben," he said, as soon as he had his nephew alone for a moment, "she does look uncommon nice; but mark my word, don't go to showin' of her too much affection—if you do you'll be sorry for it. Don't be afraid to jaw her a little sometimes; it makes an agreeable change, an' 'll do her good.—You can't do nothing scarcely with women, nor children, nor dogs, nor nothin', with too much affection, don't never forget it!"

Reuben's only answer was, "I'll try."—But he did not look as if he thought he would succeed very well—how could he be expected to on his wedding day?

The *Independent* says: "Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined. Just when young people begin to 'amuse themselves' in playing whist they enter the down-hill path to 'poker' and all other nameless sorts of card-playing. From whist to betting is but a step; but when once that step is taken the worst sort of gambling is likely soon to follow. Those parents who permit the introduction of cards to their premises may soon learn that their sons visit gambling houses for the most dangerous sort of 'amusement.' Total abstinence from card-playing, as well as drinking, is the safest rule everywhere. Christian parents, particularly, should not allow cards to enter their dwellings; and if found there they should go into the fire with no special ceremony."

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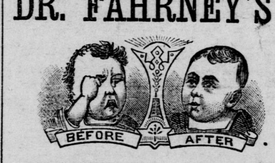

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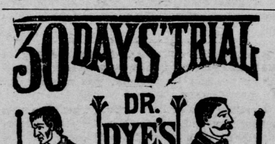

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A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec4 '83-1y*

DRY GOODS.
SPRING AND SUMMER!
A VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF
W. H. WELLER
Will convince the intelligent buyer that he carries a stock which cannot be excelled in
STYLE AND QUALITY,
AND THAT THE
NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON
can always be found upon his counters,
HE OFFERS AN ATTRACTIVE LINE OF
SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS
CHANGEABLE TAFETA SILKS, SATIN FOULARDS, SURAHS, &c.
Black Silks
A SPECIALTY, including the BELLOU, BONNET, GIRAUD, GUINET, LYONS, and GERMAN BRANDS.
Mr. WELLER strives to make his
—BLACK GOODS DEPARTMENT—
Specially attractive, and has decidedly the handsomest line of
BLACK SUMMER FABRICS
to be seen in the city.
French Batiste, Drap d' Ete, Drap d' Alma, English Barathess, Mexican and Check Grenadines, Sewing Silk Grenadines, Albatross and Kyber Cloths, French Tamise, English Buntings, and Nun's Vellings.
Courtald's English Crepes.
Colored Dress Goods,
consisting in part of
Cashmere de Beiges, Ottomans and Velours, Beige Foule in Plaids and Checks French Tricots, Assorted Scotch Plaids, Ottoman Soliels and Reps.
WHITE GOODS,
Dot Muslins, Check Nainsooks, Mulls, Organdies, Linen D' Inde, Table Damask, Doyleys, Sheetings, Pillow Case Linens, Curtains, Upholstery Cretonnes, &c., &c.
Cotton Dress Goods.
French Satines, Lawns, Cambrics, Foulards, Organdies, Scotch Ginghams, Seersuckers, &c., &c.
Ladies', Gents', and Children's
Gauze Underwear.
Ladies', Gents', and Children's
SILK, COTTON, AND LISLE HOSIERY.
NOVELTIES IN
NECKWEAR.
Tafeta Silk Gloves—all shades.
CENTEMERI'S
KID GLOVES.
ZEPHYR GINGHAMS.
apr8 W. H. WELLER.

NEW ENTERPRISE.
WALDO M. ALLEN & BRO.
having lately purchased the drug establishment of LOGAN, TYREE & MARTIN,
No. 16 East Main Street,
where everything appertaining to the business will be KEPT IN STOCK at the
Lowest Prices.
No trouble will be spared to make our establishment convenient to all either by DAY or NIGHT.
PRESCRIPTIONS
will be promptly filled and carefully compounded by the
HEADS OF THE ESTABLISHMENT.
As to our ability, those who have been our customers at the old house of Berkeley, Allen & Co., can testify.
We earnestly ask your patronage, and assure one and all that nothing will be left undone that will contribute to the comfort of our customers.
Respectfully,
WALDO M. ALLEN & BRO.
P. S.—
WILL NOT EXPLODE.
We have for sale the
WHITE WATER
FIRE-TEST OIL.
The best in the market. Call and examine before buying elsewhere. sep18-tf

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.
apr15-4t

WAR! BOOKS.
SEVEN GREAT MONARCHIES of the Ancient Eastern World. By GEORGE RAWLINSON. What is more TERRIBLE than War? —unless it be a war among publishers, then what could be HAPPIER, for rejoicing book-buyers? Such a war is in progress. Price reduced from $18.00 to $2.40. Specimen pages free. Not sold by dealers; prices too low.—Books for examination before payment. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., N. Y.
apr15-4t

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
SORE EYES, SCROFULA, MALARIA AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
BOILS, TUMORS, PIMPLES, ERYSIPELAS
RESELLERS & CO. PROPS. PITTSBURG PA
apr15-4t

PARKER'S TONIC,
A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.
If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with over-work, or a mother run down by family or household duties, try PARKER'S TONIC.
If you are a lawyer, minister, or business man, exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S TONIC.
If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney, or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood, or nerves, you can be cured by PARKER'S TONIC.
HISCOX & CO.,
163 William Street, New York.
50c. and $1 sizes, at all dealers in medicines. Great saving in buying dollar size.
apr15-4t

☞ CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000. ☜
Tickets only $5. Shares in proportion
L. S. L.
Louisiana State Lottery Company.
"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements.
G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.
Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2nd, A. D., 1879.
The only Lottery ever voted on and endorsed by the people of any State.
It never scales or postpones.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place Monthly.
A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. FIFTH GRAND DRAWING, CLASS E, IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1884—168th Monthly Drawing.
CAPITAL PRIZE, $75,000.
100,000 Tickets at Five Dollars Each. Fractions, in Fifths in proportion.
LIST OF PRIZES:—

1	CAPITAL PRIZE		$75,000
1	do	do	25,000
1	do	do	10,000
2	PRIZES OF	$6000	12,000
5	do	2000	10,000
10	do	1000	10,000
20	do	500	10,000
100	do	200	20,000
300	do	100	30,000
500	do	50	25,000
1000	do	25	25,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
9	Approximation Prizes of	$750	6,750
9	do	do 500	4,500
9	do	do 250	2,250
1967 Prizes, amounting to			$265,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information, write clearly, giving full address. Make P. O. Money Orders payable and address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.
POSTAL NOTES and ordinary letters by Mail or Express (all sums of $5 and upwards by Express at our expense) to
M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.,
or M. A. DAUPHIN,
607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C. apr8-5t

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,
aug1 STAUNTON, VA.

PIANOS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY.
883. 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

CARRIAGE FACTORIES
TO THE PUBLIC!
Parties wishing to buy BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, &c., &c., both home-made and Western work, can do so of us on and after the 10th of January, 1882. We have made arrangements with one of the largest and best Cincinnati manufacturing establishments, by which we will keep on hand a large assortment of the very best of Cincinnati work. We have just returned from Cincinnati where we thoroughly examined all the materials of which the vehicles are made, and we took special care to select
THE VERY BEST.
Having had a life-long experience in this business, we know what carriage work is and how it is made, and we are satisfied we can give you a better buggy for the money than any other shop in this city or in the Valley.—We ask you to call and examine and we will make it to your interest to buy of us.
☞ We will also manufacture any vehicle to order, of the best materials, and in the most workmanlike manner, at LOWEST PRICES.
CLINEDINST & BODELL,
NEAR VIRGINIA HOTEL,
dec2 Staunton, Va.

DON'T FAIL TO EXAMINE
BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE
The Beautiful Spring and Summer Stock of
MEN'S, YOUTHS', AND CHILDREN'S
Clothing, Hats, Shoes, and Furnishing Goods,
WHICH HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AT THE
ONE-PRICE ECONOMY CLOTHING HOUSE
WE SELL YOU
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $4.00, worth $6.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $6.00 worth $8.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $8.00 worth $10.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $10.00 worth $12.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $12.00 worth $15.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $15.00 worth $20.00.
A SUIT OF CLOTHING AT $20.00 worth $25.00.
WE MAKE SILK AND SATIN-LINED IMPORTED FINE CLOTHING a specialty.
We sell you ALL-WOOL PANTS at $1.50, worth $2.00.
We sell you the BEST REINFORCED LINEN BOSOM WHITE SHIRT at 50c., worth 75c.