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Staunton Spectator.

VOL. 61. STAUNTON, VA., TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1884. NO. 35.

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

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may 17—1y

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practices in all the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties.
OFFICE—The same formerly occupied by his father, Col. Geo. Baylor, dec'd, on Augusta st., opposite the Court-house. no 21

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dec 25—tf

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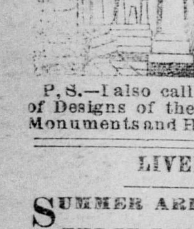
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.



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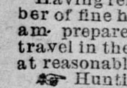

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feb26-6m

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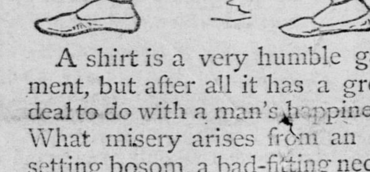

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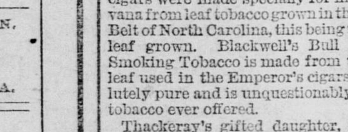

The Emperor Louis Napoleon smoked only the finest cigars the world could produce. Prof. Horsford says the Emperor's cigars were made specially for him in Havana from leaf tobacco grown in the Golden Belt of North Carolina, this being the finest leaf grown. Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco is made from the same leaf used in the Emperor's cigars, is absolutely pure and is unquestionably the best tobacco ever offered.

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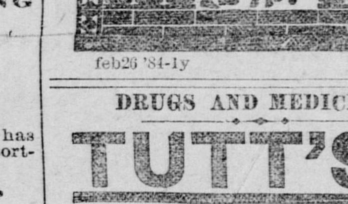

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TORPID BOWELS,
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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after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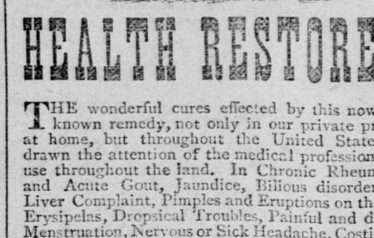

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POETRY.

THE FIGHT OF JOHN LEWIS.

A BALLAD OF AUGUSTA COUNTY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

I.

To be captain and host in the fortress,
To keep his assailants at bay,
To battle a hundred of Mingos,
A score of the foemen slay—
John Lewis did so in Augusta,
In days that have long gone away.

And I will maintain on my honor
That never by poet w s told
A fight half so worthy of mention,
Since those, which the annals of old
Record as the wonderful doings
Of knights and of Paladins bold,

Ay, though about Richards or Rolands,
Or any such terrible dogs,
Who were covered with riveted armor
Of the pattern of Magog's and Gog's,
While Lewis wore brown linsey-woolsey,
And lived in a cabin of logs.

II.

They had started in arms from Fort Lewis.
One morn in pursuit of the foe;
They had gone the hour before dawning,
Over hills and through valleys below,
Leaving there, with the children and women,
John Lewis, unfitted to go.

Too weak for the toil of the travel,
Too old in the fight to have part,
Too feeble to stalk through the forest,
Yet fierce as a storm in his heart—
He chafed that without him the neighbors
Should thus to the battle-field start.

"How well," he exclaimed, "I remember
When over my threshold there came
A proud and arrogant noble
To proffer me outrage and shame,
To bring to my household dishonor,
And offer my roof to the flame,—

"I rose up erect in my manhood,
The sword of my fathers I drew;
In spite of his many retainers
That arrogant noble I slew,
And then, with revenge fully sated,
Bade home and my country adieu. (a)

"Ah, were I but stronger and younger,
How eager and ready to-day,
I would move with the bravest and boldest,
As first in the perilous fray;
But now, while the rest do the fighting,
A laggard, with women I stay."

The women they laughed when they heard him,
But one answered kindly and said—
"Uncle John, though the days have departed
When our chiefest your orders obeyed,
Yet still, at the name of John Lewis,
The Mingos grow weak and afraid.

"Your blockhouse were weak as a shelter,
Were blood-thirsty savages near,
Yet while you are at hand to defend us,
Not one of us women would fear,
But laugh at their malice and anger,
Though hundreds of foemen were here."

Away to their work went the women—
Some drove off the cattle to browse;
Some swept from the hearth the cold embers,
Some started to milking the cows,
While Lewis went into the blockhouse,
And said unto Maggie, his spouse—

"Ah, would they but come to besiege me,
They'd find, though no more on the trail
I may move as in earlier manhood—
Though thus, in my weakness, I rail—
That to handle the death-dealing rifle,
These fingers of mine would not fail."

III.

John Lewis, thy vaunt shall be tested,
John Lewis, thy boast shall be tried;
Two maidens are with thee for shelter,
The wife of thy youth by thy side;
And thy foemen pour down like a river
When spring-rains have swollen its tide.

They come from the depths of the forest,
They scatter in rage through the dell,
Five score, led by young Kiskepila; (b)
And leap to their work with a yell,
Like the shrieks of an army of demons
Let loose from their prison in hell.

Oh, then there was shrieking and wailing
And praying for mercy in vain;
Through the skulls of the hapless and helpless
The hatchet sank into the brain;
And the slayers tore fastly and fiercely
The scalps from the heads of the slain.

By the ruthless and blood-thirsty Mingos,
Encompassed on every side,
Cut off from escape to the block-house,
No way from pursuers to hide,
With a prayer to the Father Almighty,
Unresisting, the innocents died.

John Lewis, in torture of spirit,
Beheld them ply hatchet and knife,
And said—"Were I younger and stronger,
And fit as of yore for the strife!
Oh, had I from now until sunset,
The vigor of earlier life!" (c)

IV.

Unsated with horror and carnage,
Their arms all bedabbled with gore,
The foemen with purpose determined
Assembled the block-house before,
And their leader exclaimed, 'Ho! John Lewis!
The Mingos are here at the door.

"The mystery men of our nation,
Declare that the blood you have shed,
Has fallen so fastly and freely
The white clover flowers have grown red;
And that never will safety be with us,
Till you are a prisoner or dead. (d)

"So keep us not waiting, old panther;
Come forth from your log-bounded lair!
If in quiet you choose to surrender,
Your life at the least we will spare;
But refuse and the scalping-knife bloody,
Shall circle ere long in your hair."

"Cowards all," answered Lewis; "now mark me,
Beside me are good riflees three,
I can sight on the bead true as ever,
My wife she can load, do you see:
You may war upon children and women;
Beware how you war upon me."

They rushed on the block-house in anger;
They rushed on the block-house in vain;
Swift sped the round ball from the rifle,
The foremost invader was slain;
And ere they could bear back the fallen,
The dead of the foemen were twain.

So firmly and sternly he fought them
And steadily, six hours and more;
And often they rushed to the combat,
And often in terror forbore;

(a) The elder Lewis—father of the Hon. Thomas Lewis, General Andrew Lewis (who commanded in the battle of Point Pleasant, and whom Washington declared was the proper person for commander-in-chief in the revolution) Colonel Charles Lewis, (who fell at the head of his regiment in the same action), and Major William Lewis, (a brave officer in the revolution) was the pioneer settler of what is now Augusta county, in Virginia. Then Augusta extended indefinitely westward. John Lewis was the descendant of a Huguenot gentleman, who fled from France at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled in Ireland. John had a considerable estate, though it was mostly leasehold. The lord of the fee, a powerful nobleman, on some pretext undertook to evict him. He resisted, although the nobleman's force was numerous, and there was no one in his house but his sick brother, his wife and children, and a few servants. An affray ensued, during which his wife was insulted, and the nobleman fired a shot in his house and killed the sick brother in his bed. John Lewis killed both the nobleman and his steward, and dispersed his force. Knowing his opponents were too strong to contend with, he left the country, with his family and thirty of his tenants, and settled in the wilds of Augusta. On an after investigation, the facts of the case appearing, the king pardoned the outlaw, and gave him a grant of a large tract of land in Virginia, the patent of which is still preserved—or was until recently.

(b) *Little Eagle.* He must not be confounded with the chief of the same name killed by Captain Gibson, at Cross Creek, near what is now Steubenville, Ohio.

(c) John Lewis was quite an old man when the occurrences we detail took place. All the women and children were not slain. Some were taken prisoners.

(d) The Lewises first introduced red clover in that section. The Mingos, who had never seen anything but the white, or indigenous variety, before, said that the Indian blood shed by John Lewis and his followers, had caused the change of color.

But never they wounded John Lewis,
Who slew of their number a score.

Ah, woe to your white hair, old hunter,
When powder and bullet be done;
You will die by the slowest of tortures,
When these shall the battle have won:
Look then to your Maker for mercy,
The Mingo will surely have none.

V.

A shout! 'tis the neighbors returning!
Now, Mingos, in terror fall back!
It is well that your sinews are lusty,
And well that no vigor ye lack;
He is best who in motion is fleetest,
When the white man is out on his track.

Oh, then there was trouble and terror;
Oh, then how the enemy ran;
For each hunter, in chosen position,
With coolness of vengeance began,
To take a good aim with his rifle,
And send a sure shot to his man.

Oh, then there was racing and chasing,
And fastly they hurried away;
They feared at those husbands and fathers,
And dared not stand boldly at bay;
And in front of his men, Kiskepila,
Ran slightly the fastest they say.

And well for the lives of the wretches
They fly from the brunt of the fight;
And well for their lives that around them
Are falling the shadows of night;
For life is in distance and darkness,
And death in the nearness and light.

But deep was the woe of the hunters,
And dark was the cloud o'er their life;
For some had been riven of children,
And some of both children and wife;
And woe to the barbarous Mingo,
If either should meet him in strife.

John Lewis said calmly and coldly,
When gazing that eve on the slain
"We will bury our dead on the morrow;
But let the red rascals remain;
And the wandering wolves and the buzzards
Will not of our kindness complain."

Years after when men called John Lewis
As brave as a brave man could be,
He lit him his pipe made of corn-cob,
And drawing a draught long and free
"The red rascals kept me quite busy
With pulling the trigger,"—said he.

"And though I got slightly the better
Of insolent foes in the strife,
I may as well own that my triumph
Was due unto Maggie, my wife;
For had she not loaded expertly,
The Mingos had reft me of life.

"And through all that terrible combat
She never was scared at the din;
But carefully loaded each rifle,
And prophesied that we would win—
Yet why should she tremble? her fathers
Were the terrible lords of Loch Lynn." (e)

* * * * * * *

John Lewis commanded the fortress;
John Lewis was army as well;
John Lewis was master of ordnance;
John Lewis he fought as I tell;
And, gathered long since to his fathers,
John Lewis lies low in the dell.

But a braver old man or a better
Was never known to exist;
Not even in olden Augusta,
Where good men who died were not missed,
For the very particular reason—
Good men then were plenty, I wist.

(e) His wife's maiden name was Lynn, and she was descended from the chief of an extinct Scottish clan—Loch Linn [Lochlin?] who it is said, was distinguished in the border wars.

THE FACE IN THE MOON.

BY GRAEME MURDOCK.

We had all observed for some time that Tom Eaton had been unlike himself. Originally a good-natured sort of a chap, without much facility in painting, to be sure, but with any amount of ambition, he had pleased us all. The one or two sharp criticisms on his pictures that had been accepted by the hanging committees and the innumerable rejections he had sustained at their hands, seemed at last to have really turned his temper. He grew blue, somber, now and again gruff, and singularly loquacious on the subject of his art. He would orate by the hour on theories of painting, and was sometimes ingenious, if obscure. I was talking to Gleason Tower about him one day, and Gleason, who deals in caustic speeches, said: "Sum up Tom Eaton, and he is a good example of a limited man with an unlimited ambition. He was supposed to have great talent and started out in life under the impression that he was a genius. He lived in this dream for awhile; now he is waking to find he is only an ordinary sort of man like the rest of us. It makes him mad, or if he is 'not mad, he soon will be,' if he goes about with his notions and talk."

A week or so later, Eaton monopolized an evening at the Kit-Kat club by giving us his new views on art. Art meant only portraiture. Everything else, from still life up to landscape, was a mere accessory. He really dawdled on with his thought, though his words flew fast enough, and I felt as if he were killing his friendships as I glanced about the room and saw numerous indications of suppressed yawns.

It was so. Gleason Tower said: "Eaton has rung his own death-knell. He belongs in an insane asylum, not in an art club."

"I really think his brain is cracked," suggested Bob Langley. "They say he has an uncle who—"

But some one broke in with tidings of a new model, and we dropped Tom Eaton.

* * * * * * *

I do not believe I gave the fellow thought again until he chanced upon me the next summer while I was staying in an out-of-the-way village in Maine, on a sketching excursion. One day, in July, I stumbled upon Eaton sitting under his umbrella, painting.

"Hello, old man! give up portraits!" I called, remembering by the association of ideas his talk the last time I saw him.

"No, this is a portrait," and he turned his easel toward me to display a most indifferent figure of an Irish woman with a basket in her hand.

He held his brush idly for a moment, and then looked up at me quickly.

"I have come to see you," he said abruptly. "I heard you were here. Will you go rowing with me to-night? I have something to say to you—a secret. I have come all this distance to find you, for say it I must."

I will confess to a vague remembrance of Eaton's queer ways, but I am not half as bad a fellow, and was, moreover, a trifle flattered at this proof of confidence and friendship, so I consented.

"At 8?" he asked.

"At 8," I answered.

"Meet me here at this point if you will. I shall be busy until then, and do not care to see you and idly chat over nothing while my secret chokes in my throat."

He laughed uneasily.

"In love," thought I; "and I shall lie in a boat and listen to descriptions of her beauties and her charms all night. Hello-ho!"

At 8 o'clock precisely I had reached the point, but Eaton was there before me sitting in the boat, oars in hand, paddling about uneasily. He had pulled off his coat, and as he was a fine, brawny fellow, I looked at him with some admiration.

"What a Hercules you are!" I cried.

"And what a crab, a turtle, are you! Get in."

As I jumped into the boat, annoyed by his tone, which was almost savage, I stumbled against his paint-box and a big bit of canvas.

"What are these things doing here?" I querried, as I sat down in the stern of the boat.

"They go where I go," he replied. "They are my tools."

We did not speak for some time. Eaton pulled hard and fast, and I lay back with my hands under my head and looked up at the sky. It was just before moonrise, and the heavens were in their golden glorious expectancy. I did not care to break the silence. The secret of the night was grander and more interesting than any pretty human confidence could be. Eaton spoke first.

"You are not curious?"

"I beg your pardon; I am ready."

He was silent again for a few moments.

"I am going to be a great painter," he said abruptly.

Ah! It was a love secret then!

"But to accomplish my end I must take terrible means. I must condemn myself to years of agony. I must condemn also another being to a briefer but very horrible torture."

Then it must be a love story after all!

"Yes?" I replied, as he paused, putting as much expression as I could into the words.

My mind curiously enough, rambled back to another moonlit night when I was quite a lad, and when I sat in the stern of the boat with such a beautiful little girl. Anita Grayson by name, a child of 12, perhaps. Some one sitting by had said, "Anita looks like the moon," and I had watched her during the rest of the evening and wondered why, and gone home to dream that I saw the moon in the water and that it had Anita's face in it. While I was dimly recalling this, and half listening to my friend, I became suddenly quite roused from my dream. Eaton had been saying something about his incapacity to catch a likeness.

"I cannot make the people I paint impress me. One face follows another swiftly, and my model flits away with these specters. Now, only one thing can impress a face upon my mind, I feel sure—impress it so that it will stay by me and haunt me by day and print itself on my soul at night. There is but one way.

God help me! I must commit a crime. I must kill some one! That face—his face—will haunt me. I shall see only that, and I can paint it. You see, I am quite calm in this matter.

I have reasoned the thing out. I am a good man; my bitterness of spirit will harass me into work. I shall hold my brush with remorse. I shall paint a great, a terrible picture!"

Great heavens! Gleason was right. This is a mad-man, I thought, and glanced about with my mental eye to take in the situation. It must be strategy versus strength. I saw that at a glance. I must not betray the slightest fear. His plan was settled. I must plot to defeat it. In the first place I must gain time. This might be only wild talk.

"Whom do you propose to kill?" I inquired nonchalantly, although my heart seemed to stand still as I waited for his answer. He lifted his oars, and I could hear them drip, drip in the moment's silence.

"I propose to drown a man," he said. "Then I will tie him to my boat—this, my boat, that you and I are in—and let him float. I shall in the sight of that floating face in the dark water, with the moonlight about it, and the world that has scorned me will hold its breath."

"An original plan, indeed," I replied. "Have you chosen your man?"

"I have chosen you."

"You should have selected a handsomer face, or at least have made him shave before starting. A bearded face in the water is—pshaw! very bad. Don't you see?"

My voice sounded steady, and I was lost in admiration of myself as a man of nerve. "Don't you see?" I repeated.

"I shall see, for I shall paint it! You take it coolly," he continued, eyeing me wearily.

My thoughts were flying about in confusion. I could not swim. Eaton knew it. I am a slight man, a mere nothing to this Hercules. No help, indeed, but my wits. If I was cool, so was he. I must try a new tack, unsettle the fixed idea that anchored his wild fancy and gave him this terrible strength of purpose.

"A woman's face would have been better," I suggested. "Something really poetic about that, now! Ah, look there!" I cried, an idea striking me, and pointing as I cried out to the moon mirrored in the water. She had risen, but had been cut off from us in the heavens by a ledge of rock at our left, just beyond this her counterfeit presentment shone round and full in the water. "Look there!"

"What do you see?" cried Eaton, his voice trembling with excitement, his whole body eagerly bent forward.

"A woman's face in the moon in the waves!" I called, gazing fixedly as if at a vision. "What a brooding face! What shadowy hair! What a slow smile! And her eyes! Ah! do you see her eyes? She has opened them! Have you killed her?"

"I swear to you, no!" cried Eaton; "I swear to you no! I know no such woman! I have never killed her! I have not even broken her heart! Tell me more about her!"

"She is young, very mystical, yet very real, with a smile at one side of her mouth while the other looks quite grave."

This was a characteristic of Anita's mouth, and it was she I was describing—Anita as I fancied her grown older, for I had not seen her, scarcely indeed thought of her, since that day when we were children.

"It's a pity you can't paint her for me," said Eaton impetuously, as he gazed at the moon. "I don't quite see her, but she sounds great."

"I might try to paint her to-morrow," I suggested, taking a cigarette from my pocket, and relapsing into my calm manner again.

"You forget—to-morrow will be too late. But you shall paint her to-night—now, before I kill you."

He put up his oars as he spoke and came toward me, drawing a rope through his heavy hands. He was in a state of wild excitement, and I felt my light, airy manner slipping away as he approached. I was chilly as—as my watery grave was like to be. Yet I let him bind me hand and instinctively counted his deep breaths the while by way of something to do. A lurch, a struggle, and I should have been overboard and lost. Now that there seemed a chance for life, I was in terror, and I was more than half out of my senses as I watched my Charon lay me on the hither side of his stream. He took me from the boat as if I had been a child. Then he built a fire.

"I can mix my colors by fire-light," he cried, and unfastening my hands set his easel before me, gave me brush and bade me begin.

For the life of me, and in spite of the threatened death so near at hand, I could but feel an interest in the freak.

"I must do it in grays or browns. It must be a monochrome, or we shall ruin it." I spoke impatiently, So I did it in grays. The jet black rock, the moon resting on the waves, and little Anita's face with the half-solemn, half-smiling look upon it.

The strange scene, the maniac beside me, my own former fear and present excitement and the stirring of my fancy gave me a certain fictitious strength. In less than an hour, as I should think, I had finished my sketch. It was certainly weird and, as it seemed to me, strong. In the distance I half suggested the boat, and two men in it, one gazing eagerly toward the moon and the face, and the other lying in the stern, his arms over his head, his eyes towards the heavens. The boat and the men were small and well in the shadow.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Eaton.

"Don't touch it again! Give me the brush! Here!" and snatching it from my fingers wrote his name, "Thomas Eaton," in bold black letters under the boat. "This is my work, remember—mine, not yours. It will be a great success, and you"—he paused and looked at me—"you have saved your life." Saying which he jumped into his boat with my sketch, laughed a harsh, bleak sort of laugh, and rowed away around the ledge of rock.

For a few moments, I sat still thinking it over—the strange ridiculous, yet almost tragic scenes. "I am not sure that little Anita didn't save my life after all," I thought to myself.

It did not take me long to get out of my close quarters, but the walk home over the dreary, rough coast was long, and it was late before I reached the village. What a strange, eerie walk it was, with the sea charging the moist air, and the moon contracting and expanding before my eyes through the mist that had risen. Anita shared the walk with me.

I found a telegram telling me of my father's very serious illness at Baden Baden, and I was busy packing and driving through the chill, early morning toward the nearest railway station, so that I had no chance to look up Eaton. I remember that I told my driver something about an artist, a friend of mine who had turned up, who seemed wrong in his mind, and ought to be looked after. I believe I wrote a line to the same effect to Gleason. I know I meant to do so. But the anxious voyage and more anxious weeks in Europe put all other thoughts from my mind.

* * * * * *

It was after my father's death late in the fall that I sailed for home. Taking up a paper that came out on the pilot-boat I saw the notice of the Salmagundi exhibition. Coupled with it was the announcement of the death of poor Tom Eaton, who had died in the mad-house the week before. "An unsuccessful but painstaking artist," the review went on to say, "it is somewhat surprising that the only work he has left of any strength should now be hung at the black and white exhibition. This sketch was made after the madness was fairly upon him. This picture is in grays, oddly colored, but in composition and drawing quite full of certain weird power. Not to be funny at the dead man's expense, this gives the poor fellow a good send-off at any rate, as a friend of his remarked the other day. The picture taken in connection with the tragic death of the artist, has created some little stir, more particularly as the face in the sketch is strikingly like that of a young Boston beauty who is making her debut in New York."

So poor Eaton was dead, and his picture—my picture—was a success, and Anita had lived in Boston when she was 12!

I hurried to the black and white that very afternoon, and found quite a group collected about my picture—Eaton's picture. I laughed somewhat nervously as I stood before it. Some one behind me spoke. It was Gleason. "You needn't laugh, man, I am glad to see you back, by the way. There is some force in that, and I am glad for poor Tom's sake that he has left this sketch behind him. I give you my word and I had no idea he could do so well. He couldn't have while he was sane. Every one is surprised. How are you? You look pale. Have you come back to stay?" etc., etc. I lingered around for awhile and found myself back again, and again before my picture (Eaton's picture), the picture never to be claimed as his now. It chanced I had told the story to no one. There had been no opportunity. Now, of course, I never must. As I stood looking at it, and somewhat moved, perhaps, more by the remembrance of that night than by anything actually before my eyes, two girls and an elderly woman approached and stopped.

"It certainly is like her, mamma; I wonder if she will see it herself. It is quite time she were here, by-the-by. She promised to meet us at 3, you know."

"I don't think it does her justice," replied the elder lady, looking through her glasses critically. "She is a very beautiful creature, and this face is less so," she added rather indefinitely, and with no hesitation in her voice, so that I fancied the picture grew on as she looked; and that she might yet reverse her decision.

The other girl spoke now. She had a discerning face, as I could see, and that long upper lip that goes with speech-faculty. "It is like," she said, "more like her soul than her body. It is like the way she will look to her guardian angel—her lover." She turned abruptly to greet some people who were walking toward us.

I was singularly excited. The maniac in the boat had no such a paralyzing power over me as this potentiality in a soft grey gown, with a long gray glove outstretched. My heart beat and the picture swam before my eyes, for this might be, might it not, Anita herself? I heard a voice exclaim. "This is the picture!" A lady in black with the gray girl began an apology; "We are late. As usual Signor Boldini had some new music. Ah!" interrupting herself; it is like—why, yes, very. Don't you think so yourself?" —the name at last, surely—but no—"don't you think so yourself, dear?"

"Yes, do tell us what you think. Isn't she weird? and can you look like that?" cried the girls.

"Ah, the other me!" said a new voice softly, a voice with a low thrill in it. "It is like what I might have been, I'm sure. Some one told me once when I was a child, I remember, that I was like the moon, but having lived eight years since then in a flood of sunshine"—and the gray hand touched the black glove near hers, a grateful touch, I felt sure—"why, I am not so much like it now as I was."

"In spite of the smile that you always will and always won't smile outright. That is in the face in the moon, too, you see. Did you ever meet Mr. Eaton?"

"And do you think the girl very beautiful, and very like a maniac's dream?" broke in the shorter girl. "Do tell us, Anita."

So then it was Anita. I turned, and as I walked away faced the blue-gray eyes, like violets, and the hair like shaded moonbeams, and the smile. Not the little 12-year-old Anita this, but a beautiful, sunny creature, with the other Anita somehow suggested, and yet not there. This one more of the world, with a *savoire faire* lying over the moonshine. I had meant, if it were she, to speak to her at once and boldly. As it was I simply gazed, and when her eyes met mine I fear it was I, not she, who blushed. But she recognized me. My identity was all in my face, I was sure. I saw a puzzled look in her eyes, and I seized my chance. I bowed; I spoke:

"Years ago you knew me, Miss Grayson, when I was a boy in Boston, and when you were like the moon."

I was introduced to the aunt in black.—My father had been one of the old family friends. So in a few moments I was talking like an old friend myself. Mrs. Grayson touched on my recent loss, and then, as I turned to leave, said:

"I should be glad to know your father's son. Can you dine with us on Sunday next?"

* * * * * * *

So the golden gates were opened for me, and Sundays came and Sundays went and I was fathoms deep in love. I could not paint, I could not talk. I heard a good deal of music, and I suppose—alack and alas—read poetry. Fatal habit of lovers. And so at last it came to the point when I must tell her. Armed with a shield of violets I met her in her aunt's drawing-room one Sunday again toward twilight. A day in April it was, and spring was in the air.

The aunt was out on an errand of charity; would soon be at home, Anita hoped. I said nothing. Talk flagged in consequence.

"If those violets are for this house, why do you hold them?" asked Anita; "why do you not give them to me?"

"I hold them because you will soon touch them yourself"—which was an asinine speech. Wasn't it?

"That is stupid," she laughed frankly, "and like other men, and not like you."

"But I am like other men," I answered, abruptly, "for I—" Then I paused, gave her the violets, and conversation flagged again. We tried various subjects—Russian dynamite, Scalchi; all failed.

"How good Aunt Emily is!" cried Anita at last in enthusiasm—"so full of thought for the poor and needy. I wish I had ever done any one any good."

"You saved my life once," I said. I must have said it very earnestly, for Anita flushed and then paled.

"Why must you jest with me in this way to-day? You are breaking our friendship."

"I want no friendship from you. I am glad to break it. I will tell you how you saved my life if you will say Yes to a question I am going to ask. But you must look at me and not at the violets."

* * * * * * *

And so all the debut went for nothing, and the swells and lordlings that had hung about got their *conge*, and I got my moonlight; for the girl with the long upper lip—who, by the way, is now my cousin—was right, and Anita was the moon Anita to her lover.

In the course of time we married. Such a bald statement of an idylic fact! But that is all that words can do—only half tell any tale. Our secret and our love and how she looks to me still are told to us silently by a picture that hangs over the fire-place in our nursery, for there is a nursery as well as a studio, and the picture is the picture of a moon with a face in it, and in bold black letters the name of the artist—Thomas Eaton.

A certain brown-haired baby boy, on being held up to warm his wee toes by the open fire, always stretches his hands toward the face in the moon and calls: "My mamma! my mamma!"—*Our Continent.*

Jim Keene's Failure.

"Jim Keene has failed." Such was the announcement that sped along the telegraph wires yesterday morning. These few words presented a picture of a restless, nervous man whose wealth ran into the millions, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of luxury and elegance that such vast riches could give, the world itself hardly large enough for the reaching, grasping, sensational career of the great speculator, and a sudden plunge downward, the view changes—and a poor broken old man with a helpless family clinging about him stands out in the foreground. A careful study of this picture brings with it lessons of value.

The time was when Jim Keene was the proprietor of a common gambling den in the city of San Francisco. The keen witted, handsome young Irishman was brought in contact with a Virginia girl who had gone from her home under the shadow of the Alleghany mountains to teach a school in the family of a wealthy gentleman on the Pacific Coast. She loved the dashing ways of the Irish gambler, and notwithstanding his position beyond the pale of society and the earnest entreaties of friends, she linked her destinies with his. That was the beginning of his reformation and subsequent success. Her influence raised him from the common gambler to the position of banker and peer with Gould and Astor and Vanderbilt. When he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars, at the earnest solicitation of his wife, he laid aside dice and cards forever. Then commenced his career of speculation—still gambling, but of that species that the world for some unknown reason has clothed with respectability. Ventures in mining stocks realized him in the course of time the sum of five millions of dollars.—With that amount in cash he went to New York, and with his characteristic dash entered the field against the bulls of Wall street. His career in that city since 1872 is fresh in the minds of our readers.

Three years ago this summer Jim Keene took his family down to the Warm Springs in Virginia to spend the summer. He found the people of his wife's family in indigent circumstances. The war had bereft them of even a comfortable living. With the generosity of a true Irishman he went over into the Valley of Virginia and bought the finest farm in Augusta county, with elegant buildings on it, and had it conveyed in *fee-simple* to the brothers and sisters of his faithful wife. This home may yet prove an asylum for the broken man whose generous nature prompted him to provide for his friends.

Keene had a fondness for horses and kept a fine stud at Sheepshead Bay. His celebrated race horse Foxhall was named in honor of his wife's family. He was also a lover of fine pictures, and was the owner of Rosa Bonheur's most famous painting.

But horses, pictures, lands, home, and all are gone—except the faithful wife, who doubtless stands by his side to-day with a more beautiful devotion than ever.

The picture changes again, and we see the once restless, over-worked millionaire, whose energies were only bounded by the limits of the globe he inhabitated, quietly resting in a little cottage home in the mountains of Virginia while she who has been his star in all the storms of his phenomenal career tenderly clears the shadows from his pathway, and smooths the wrinkles from his brow.—While the world is startled and the financial centres are shaken, and loud lamentations go up over the fall of Wall street's reckless broker, we venture the assertion that Jim Keene is happier to-day than ever in his life before.—*Wheeling Register.*

A New Remedy for Diphtheria.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN LEGATION, WASHINGTON, November 16, 1879.—*To the Editor of the New York Herald:* In view of the increase of diphtheria in several places of the State of New York, I hasten to communicate to you for publicity a very simple remedy, which, having been used in Russia and Germany, may prove effective here. Out of several others Dr. Letzerich, who made extensive experiments in the application of this remedy, has used it in twenty-seven cases, eight of which were of a very serious nature, all of which had a favorable result except in one case, when the child died from a complication of diseases. For children of one year he prescribes the remedy for internal use every one or two hours, as follows:

Natr. benzoic, pur. 5.0 solv. in aq. distillat aq. menth. piper, ana 40.00 syr. cort. aur. 10.0

For children from one to three years old he prescribed it from seven to eight grammes for 100 grammes of distilled water, with some syrup; for children from three to seven years old he prescribed ten to fifteen grammes, and for grown persons from fifteen to twenty-five grammes for each 100 grammes.

Besides this he uses also, with great success, the insufflation on the diphtherial membrane through a glass tube in serious cases every three hours, in light cases three times a day of the natr. benzoic pulver.—For grown people he prescribes for gargling a dilution of ten grammes of this pulver for 200 grammes of water.

The effect of the remedy is rapid. After twenty-four or thirty-six hours the feverish symptons disappear completely and the temperature and pulse become normal. This remedy was also used with the same success by Dr. Braham Braun and Prof. Klebs, in Prague; Dr. Senator, in Cassel, and several others in Russia and Germany.

Hoping that the publication, through your widely-spread paper, will prove beneficial in the United States, I remain, yours very truly, N. SHISHKIN,
Minister of Russia to the United States.

AN ALPHABET OF GOOD COUNSEL.—Attend carefully to the details of your business:

Be prompt in all things.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Dare to do right, fear to do wrong.
Endure your trials patiently.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Go not in the society of the vicious.
Hold your integrity sacred.
Injure not another's reputation on business.
Join hands only with the virtuous.
Keep your mind from evil thoughts.
Lie not for any consideration.
Make few acquaintances.
Never try to appear what you are not.
Observe the Sabbath day.
Pay your honest debts promptly.
Question not the veracity of a friend.
Respect the counsel of your parents.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxicating drinks.
Use your leisure time for improvement.
Venture not upon the threshold of sin.
Watch carefully over your passions.
'Xtend to every one a kind salutation.
Yield not to discouragements.
Zealously labor for the right.
And success is certain.

The curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass.—"How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.

Address by Mr. Heber Kerr.

We publish below the address made by Mr. Heber Kerr, at the recent celebration of the 65th Anniversary of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, held at their Hall in this city:—

Mr. Chairman—We can not boast of as many years as the Order which to-night celebrates the 65th Anniversary, nor can we lay claim to as many years as most of the Orders here represented to-night. But I trust, sir, we shall fall behind none in earnestness of purpose, in fidelity to the trust committed to us, and in eminent success, in our efforts to relieve our distressed brethren, and their helpless families.

The Knights of Honor have been in existence 10 years, and in that time nearly $11,000,000 have been paid to the widows and orphans of our deceased brothers, by the Supreme Treasurer of the Supreme Lodge of the United States. The Grand Lodge of Virginia was organized in 1876—since that time there has been paid to widows and orphans in this grand jurisdiction, $323,000—deducting the amount collected from the members of the Order in this State, leaves a balance of $39,500, as paid to widows and orphans, over and above the total sum collected from our State Lodge. We take no account here of the large sum paid on account of sick benefits.

I think we can point to this record with just pride, and while we have to mourn the loss of those with whom we associate in fraternal union, we are comforted in the knowledge, that those whom they leave behind, will, by the beneficent plans of our Order, not be left in want; nor dependent upon charity, nor the tardy relief of either friends or strangers. This duty to the families of our deceased brothers has ever been faithfully performed—the relief has been prompt and cheerful—and the willing testimony of hundreds, who have felt the blessings of our Order in their sore need and distress, will ever be given as a monument to its great worth. The Supreme Dictator of the Universe in infinite wisdom, has constituted us, each, our brother's keeper, and to the extent that we fulfill this plan in the divine economy, to that extent shall we be blessed in this life; and in the great assembly of all orders of men, in the last day, these acts of kindness and love shall not be lost in the account that shall be rendered against us. Our field is the world, and our efforts should extend wherever humanity is found—thus ever pressing on in this Heavenly mission of "good will on earth"—those who come after us shall rise up and call us blessed—and our noble Orders shall exert an influence for good which shall pass down to the remotest boundary of time. I take it as another link in the chain which binds us as willing helpers in humanity's cause, that around this festive board to-night, we have assembled representatives from all the benevolent Orders of our city. So far as I know, this is the first time such a meeting has taken place here; and I look upon it as an advance step in the great cause of brotherhood. I trust, sir, it may be profitable to us as individuals, and result in the rapid increase in strength, and influence, of our noble Orders.

I thank you, sir, and your committee, on the part of the Knights of Honor, for the opportunity to meet the representative of the various Lodges of our city. It is a good thing for brethren to "dwell together in unity;" and a healthy emulation which produces not bitterness, in striving for good and noble ends, must be promotive of great benefit to the individual who makes the cause of the distressed and afflicted his own; and give a manly growth, and effectiveness in action to the organization to which he belongs. If, then, we would secure these blessings individually, and promote the active work of our respective Orders, let us ever be ready to give our time, our talent, and our energy, to the work our hands shall find to do in upbuilding our noble Orders.

Poultry.

With this month the vermin commence in earnest. The warmer the weather gets the greater they increase. Eternal vigilance will now be strictly necessary, and the interior of the hen house should be well washed with water *strongly* impregnated with carbolic acid. Use a common white-wash brush and see that every portion is gone over and well-wetted, then after it is dry a good coat of white-wash should follow. There are three kinds of lice that prey upon poultry, and they are sure to *swarm* where there is an accumulation of droppings, or where cleanliness is not the rule of the day. The minute red louse, called by some the spider louse, that makes nocturnal depredations, is a most annoying pest, and exceedingly difficult to dislodge and exterminate. During the day they may readily be found clustered in countless numbers *under the joints of the roosts*, and they are so very small that an experienced person will often overlook them. A good way to manage them is to have a strong solution of carbolic acid and water, and with a stick to which is tied at one end a good swab of rags wash them off into the bucket; then close up the crevices, doors and windows, and fumigate thoroughly with sulphur (brimstone stick is the best to use) for an hour; then open the doors and windows and give the house a good airing before allowing the fowls to remain inside. If the flocks are infested with the regular chicken louse every bird should be annointed under the wings, and immediately over the vent with lard and sulphur—mixed to the consistency of ointment. This is best done at night for various reasons. The louse that is found on the heads of chicks as soon as they are dry in the nest, is claimed by some to be the gape louse; but if the heads of the chicks are rubbed on top with the lard and sulphur, as soon as they are removed with the hen from the nest, and the hen anointed as mentioned above, the broods will thrive. Fowls that are still confined on account of the garden, as it is just in the height of the "egg season," it will be necessary to feed liberally, not forgetting to furnish plenty of green food if the yards are bare. The weeds from the garden, especially pursley and lambs' quarter, the fowls are very fond of. If they can be let out an hour before sun-down, they will go for the greens lively. Don't neglect plenty of fresh water. Proper care and liberal feeding will be well paid for in eggs. Only the meal and middlings need now be fed, as the green food can be secured *ad libitum.*

OUR PRINTED BIBLE.—The first printed Bible was by Guttenberg in 1456. It was a demy folio of two vols. of 1,282 pages, each page having two columns of 42 lines. Coverdale's Bible, the first Bible in English, is supposed to have been printed in Zurich by Christopher Fraschover, and published October 4, 1535. The Bishops' Bible, so called because eight of the fourteen translators were Bishops, was printed by Richard Jugge, London, 1568. The Breeches Bible was so called from its rendering of breeches for [Gen. iii, 7,] and was printed in London by Christopher Barker, 1578. The first anthorized Roman Catholic Version of the New Testament was printed at Rheims in 1582—the Old at Donay, 1709-10. King James' Bible, the present accepted Protestant Version, was printed by Robert Barker, London, 1611. The first Polyglott Bible was printed at Genoa, in 1516, under the supervision of Peter Porrus. It contained Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Greek and Latin.—*Irish Church Advocate.*

A little child becoming wearied with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of fighting forever over that milk? There's a whole cowful out in the barn."

Professor (to class in history)—"Why more an Indian usually make up his mind boy quickly than a white man?" Small boy (near the foot)—"Because he mostly has less mind to make up."

A duel is the quickest kind of an encounter, because it only takes two seconds.