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Staunton Spectator.

RICHARD MAUZY,
Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The subscription price of the SPECTATOR is
$2.00 A YEAR,
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

☞ When payments are not made strictly in advance Three Dollars will be charged.

☞ Any one sending us FIVE new subscribers and $10, will receive a copy of the paper for one year, *gratis*.

Staunton Spectator.

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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.

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Address—"Staunton Spectator," Staunton, Va.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

MEADE F. WHITE. A. C. GORDON.
WHITE & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
STAUNTON, VA.
COURTS.—Augusta and adjoining counties, Federal Court at Harrisonburg, Court of Appeals of Virginia, at Staunton. feb21-tf

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Office in Stout Building, Court-house Alley

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Special attention given to the collection of claims, and prompt returns made.
COURTS—Augusta and Rockingham.
OFFICE—No. 2 Law Building. oct7

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Will practice in the Courts of Augusta and adjoining counties. Special attention paid to collections. feb12-tf

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practice regularly in the Courts of Greenbrier, Monroe, Pocahontas and Nicholas counties, W. Va., the Court of Appeals, and the Federal Courts for the District of W. Va.
☞ Particular attention paid to Collections and to special cases anywhere in their State.
may 17—1y

THOMAS D. RANSON,
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STAUNTON, VA.
offers his professional services in the County and Circuit Courts of Augusta, and in the Hustings Court and the Court of Appeals held in Staunton. Will also prosecute claims elsewhere through legal correspondents in this and other States. may 30—1y.

PRESTON A BAYLOR,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
And Solicitor in Chancery, STAUNTON, VA.,
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

WM. M. McALLISTER,
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WARM SPRINGS, VA.
Courts—Alleghany, Bath and Highland, Va., and Pocahontas, West Virginia.
☞ Special attention given to collection of claims and proceeds promptly accounted for.
dec 23—tf

DR. JAMES JOHNSTON,
DENTIST,
MAIN STREET, STAUNTON, VA.
OFFICE:—Over Turner & Harman's Grocery store. dec 21—tf

T. C. ELDER. WM. J. NELSON.
ELDER & NELSON,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and Real Estate Agents,
may 5 STAUNTON, VA.

TAILORING.

J. A. HUTCHESON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
109 E. Main St., Staunton, Va.

I desire to call the attention of my friends and the public to the fact that I have just received a most beautiful line of—
DRESS GOODS
FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR.
I am prepared to furnish Gentlemen's suits, of the very best materials, made up in the latest styles and in the most workmanlike manner, at low prices, and satisfaction guaranteed. I also keep a full line of **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** ☞ Give me a call before making your purchases. Respectfully,
oct14-tf J. A. HUTCHESON.

MERCHANT TAILORING
HEADQUARTERS,
M. F. McNAMARA,
No. 10 NEW ST.,
STAUNTON, VA.
My Merchant Tailoring Establishment has just been fitted up with a new and fine assortment of
Suitings, Cloths, Cassimeres, &c.,
FOR FALL AND WINTER,
of the latest styles and best manufacture.
☞ Perfect fits guaranteed and orders promptly executed.
Call and examine goods and prices. jy2-tf

MARBLE WORKS.

VALLEY MARBLE WORKS,
STAUNTON, VA.
To the People of Augusta and the Valley counties:
Keep your money at Home is to prosper,
Send it away is to become impoverished.

Everything is at very low prices, and I am selling Monuments, Head and Foot Stones, as low for cash as any local or traveling agent, or any Marble dealer in the United States. Don't believe anything to the contrary, till you come and see.
J. C. MARQUIS.
P. S.—I also call attention to my Catalogue of Designs of the Wonderful White Bronze Monuments and Head Stones. au27-tf

LIVERY STABLES.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
THE BEST LIVERY IN THE STATE.

AMERICAN HOTEL
Livery Stables.
S. T. THORNBURG,..............Proprietor.
Having refitted my stables and added a number of fine horses and vehicles to my stock, I am prepared to accommodate the summer travel in the most elegant and handsome style at reasonable prices.
☞ Hunting, Fishing and Pleasure Parties generally will be supplied with any kind of vehicle desired, at low prices.
I respectfully invite my former customers and the public generally to give me a call.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
may18-tf S. T. THORNBURG.

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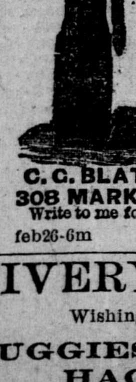
Successor to
ROBERT HILL, Jr.,
Manufacturer and Bottler of
GINGER ALE,
Lemon Soda,
AND
SARSAPARILLA.
Bottled Beer & Porter
ALWAYS IN STOCK.
NEW STREET,
oct23 '83-1y Staunton, Va.

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP!



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TRIPLE ENAMEL
PORCELAIN-LINED
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SEAMLESS TUBE
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PUMP
Do not be argued into buying inferior Goods. For sale by the best houses in the Trade.
C. C. BLATCHLEY, Manuf'r,
308 MARKET ST., Philad'a.
Write to me for name of nearest Agent.
feb26-6m

LIVERY. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
Wishing FIRST-CLASS
BUGGIES,
HACKS, and
PHÆTONS,
can be accommodated, at all times, by calling on S. T. THORNBURG,
Telephone Connection. AUGUSTA ST.,
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Why don't you buy my shirts ready-made? What's the use of wearing your eyes out over fine needle work, and breaking your back trying to save a few cents! I don't see the savin' of it. Why, you can buy shirts now-a-days for very little more than the cost of material. Look at this "DIAMOND" I've just bought. I say, Maria, I am going to buy a *dozen* more right away.

WAMSUTTA 2100 LINEN.
Manufactured with Clarks
REINFORCED
DANIEL MILLER & Co
THE DIAMOND SHIRT
BALTIMORE.
O.N.T. 6 Cord Spool Cotton

If your dealer does not keep it, send his address to Daniel Miller & Co., sole manufacturers, Baltimore, Md.
apr15-3m

$11,950 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

Premiums No. 4 to 25
$500
$450
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$275
$250
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$200
$175
$150
$125
$100
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$80
$70
$60
$50
$40
$30
$20
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Smokers of Blackwell's Genuine Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco will receive Premiums as follows on terms and conditions here specified:
1st PREMIUM, $5,000
2d " $2,000
3d " $1,000
22 other Premiums as here shown.
The 25 premiums will be awarded December 22, 1884. 1st Premium goes to the person from whom we receive the largest number of our empty tobacco bags *prior to Dec. 15*. 2d will be given for the next largest number and thus, in the order of the number of empty bags received from each, to the twenty-five successful contestants. Each bag must bear our original Bull Durham label, U. S. Revenue stamp, and Caution Notice. Bags must be done up securely in a package, with name and address of sender, and number of bags contained, plainly marked on the outside, and must be sent, charges prepaid, to **Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.**, DURHAM, N. C. Every genuine package has picture of Bull.
See our next announcement.
feb26 '84-1y

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

TUTT'S PILLS
TORPID BOWELS,
DISORDERED LIVER,
and MALARIA.
From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUTT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "**scavengers of the system,**" producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. **TUTT'S PILLS** cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect
ANTIDOTE TO MALARIA
HE FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.
"I have had Dyspepsia, with Constipation, two years, and have tried ten different kinds of pills, and **TUTT'S** are the first that have done me any good. They have cleaned me out nicely. My appetite is splendid, food digests readily, and I now have natural passages. I feel like a new man." W. D. EDWARDS, Palmyra, O.
Sold everywhere, 25c. Office, 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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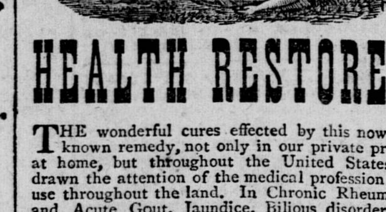
DR. FAHRNEY'S



HEALTH RESTORER.

THE wonderful cures effected by this now well-known remedy, not only in our private practice at home, but throughout the United States, has drawn the attention of the medical profession to its use throughout the land. In Chronic Rheumatism and Acute Gout, Jaundice, Bilious disorders and Liver Complaint, Pimples and Eruptions on the face, Erysipelas, Dropsical Troubles, Painful and difficult Menstruation, Nervous or Sick Headache, Costiveness or Constipation, Milk Leg, Scald Head, Skin Diseases, Ulcers and Boils, Kidney and Urinary weakness, Female weaknesses and Tetter affections.

A large proportion of the CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES that afflict MANKIND have their origin in an impure state of the BLOOD and a depraved condition of the LIVER, and poisons the very fountain of Life; and no better remedy can be used than **Health Restorer.** A SINGLE BOTTLE will produce such a change of feeling as often to ASTONISH the SUFFERER. Be ADVISED and give it a trial. ALL DRUGGISTS AND STOREKEEPERS sell it.

$1.00 PER BOTTLE.
PREPARED BY
DR. D. FAHRNEY & SON,
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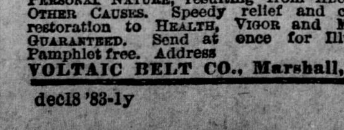
apr15 '84-1y

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S



ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.
dec18 '83-1y

POETRY.

IN MEMORY OF OUR HEROIC DEAD.

At the memorial ceremonies in Norfolk on Wednesday, June 18th, Captain James Barron Hope recited the following eloquent poem, the latest of his works of genius:—

I.

A King once said of a Prince struck down,
"Taller he seems in death,"
And this speech holds truth, for now as then
'Tis after death that we measure men.
And as mists of the past are rolled away,
Our heroes, who died in their tattered gray,
Grow "taller" and greater in all their parts
Till they fill our minds as they fill our hearts.
And for those who lament them there's this relief—
That Glory sits by the side of Grief.
Yes, they grow "taller" as the years pass by
And the World learns how they could do and die.

II.

A Nation respects them. The East and West,
The far-off slope of the Golden Coast,
The stricken South and the North agree
That the heroes who died for you and me—
Each valiant man, in his own degree,
Whether he fell on the shore or sea,
Did deeds of which
This land, though rich
In histories, may boast.
And the Sage's Book and the Poet's Lay
Are full of the deeds of the Men in Gray.

III.

No lion cleft from the rock is ours,
Such as Lucerne displays,
Our only wealth is in tears and flowers,
And words of reverend praise.
And the Roses brought to this Silent Yard
And Red and White. Behold!

They tell how wars for a kingly crown,
In the blood of England's best writ down,
Left Britain a story whose moral old
Is fit to be graven in text of gold;
The moral is, that when battles cease
The ramparts smile in the blooms of peace.

And flowers to-day were hither brought
From the gallant men who against us fought;
York and Lancaster!—Gray and Blue!
Each to itself and the other true!
And I say
Our Men in Gray
Have left to the South and North a tale
Which none of the glories of Earth can pale.

IV.

Norfolk has names in the sleeping host
Which fill us with mournful pride—
Taylor and Newton we well may boast,
McPhail, and Walke, and Seldén, too,
Brave as the bravest, as truest true.
And Grandy struck down ere his May became June,
A battle-flag folded away too soon.
And Williams, than whom not a man stood higher,
'Mid the host of heroes baptized in fire.
And Mallory, whose sires aforetime died
When Freedom and Danger stood side by side.
McIntosh, too, with his boarders slain,
Saunders and Jackson, the unripe grain.
And Taliaferro, stately as knight of old,
A blade of steel with a sheath of gold.
And Wright, who fell on the Crater's red sod,
Gave his life to the Cause, his soul to God.
These are random shots at the field of Fame,
But each rings out on a noble name.
Yes, names like bayonet points, when massed,
Blaze out as we gaze on the splendid past.

V.

The past is now like an Arctic Sea
Where the living currents have ceased to run,
But over that past the fame of Lee,
Shines out as the "Midnight Sun;"
And that glorious orb, in its march sublime,
Shall gild our graves till the end of time!

RESTORED TO HER LOVER.

Being about to lose my faithful cook, I took a friend's advice and went to Castle Garden to secure a capable emigrant girl.

I found one who had brought with her flattering testimonials from her former mistress—a lady of title.

She was a tall finely-built young woman, and would have been attractive-looking had it not been for a peculiar gloom which slumbered within the depths of her great black eyes, and dwelt in the sombre curves of her full red lips.

She rarely met your glance, and if she did so, would exert her eyes as though she had received a shock. But if not a sunbeam in the kitchen, she proved to be a treasure of neatness and dfficiency, and I congratulated myself on having securing her.

After a while, however, symptoms of dissatisfaction showed themselves in the manner of my faithful Katy, the waitress, who had been with me since I had commenced housekeeping.

"Mrs. Freeland," she said hesitatingly, "I'm sorry to trouble you, but I really can't stand such carryings-on no longer. Either Frederika must leave, or I must."

"Why, Katy, what is the matter? I thought everything was going on all right. What fault have you to find with Frederika?"

"Oh, don't ask me, ma'am," answered Katy with a shudder. "I don't want to hurt anybody, and horses couldn't make me tell what I think of that dreadful girl. The way she goes on in her sleep is enough to make one's hair stand straight up."

"Why didn't you tell me she was an unpleasant companion for you at night, Katy? I will do away with that. You shall have a separate room."

Katy's face cleared.

"I don't want to put you to any trouble, Mrs. Freeland."

"It won't be half as troublesome to fix up a room for you Katy, as it would be to lose you. But you mustn't think badly of poor Frederika because she has bad dreams. The best of us have them. They are caused by indigestion."

Katy looked unconvinced, but she was too mindful of her proper place to argue with "her lady," as she was fond of calling me in talking to her "comrades," as she designated her mates.

So I had a bedroom fitted up for her on the side of the house most remote from Frederika's room—which was only accessible by the back stairway.

For if Katy had such a feeling about being near her it was best for her to feel entirely at ease about receiving a chance visit from her.

After making this change everything went on smoothly again for a while.

But one day I had occasion to go into the kitchen to concoct Fred's favorite pudding, and just as I had stirred in the last ingredient, a step sounded outside the door, followed by a brisk rap.

I saw Frederika give a glance at the new comer through the window, and then, with a face as white as the towel with which she was polishing the glass she held in her hand, she started for the stairway.

Katy just then came in.

"Go to the door, Katy," I said, feeling sure that we were on the verge of a catastrophe.

For Frederika's blanched cheeks and her sudden flight told a story of their own.

A deep-toned voice with a foreign accent in it asked:

"Does a girl named Frederika live here?"

I did not wait for Katy to reply. An impulse to stand between Frederika and the trouble which I saw was coming to her, prompted me to go forward and meet the man whose appearance had so alarmed her.

But he was far from looking like a dangerous person. He was tall and of muscular build; but his blue eyes were full of kindly light, and his ruddy cheeks were as smooth as a girl's. He could not have been more than eighteen.

He bowed respectfully as I answered his question.

"Frederika lives here," I said, "but I think she is not feeling well. Will you leave your message with me and call again another day?"

"I wish to ask after Zintha Ricker. She is my promised wife, and she came over in the same ship with Frederika. I have been to Castle Garden, and they think that no such a girl came across the sea. But Frederika will know. I have the letter from Zintha's brother. They know each other in the old country."

"I will ask Frederika about her. Will you come again to-morrow?"

"Yes, I will wait until then. But it will seem very long until I get tidings from my Zintha!"

I felt pained to keep the honest fellow from hearing from Frederika's lips the assurance for which his heart longed; but the thought of Frederika's face as she had fled away, made me certain that I had best send him away until I had first talked with her.

After he had gone, I went to Frederika's room. She sat swaying herself to and fro upon the edge of a chair. Her face, no longer white, but looking as though the blood was ready to burst from her crimson cheeks, was full of anxious expectation, and her eyes looked as though they belonged to some animal at bay.

She clasped her hands and exclaimed, with wild vehemence:

"Don't tell him I am here! He has come for her! Oh, what shall I tell him?"

"The truth, Frederika," I said, trying to speak lightly. "It isn't anything so hard, is it, to tell a young man where to find his sweetheart?"

"O, if I could tell him—if I could only send him to her! But that can only be when the sea gives up its dead!" and her voice rose into a wild scream, which made the blood curdle in my veins.

"Calm yourself, Frederika. It is a sad thing to tell him if his promised wife has been buried at sea, but you are not responsible for it."

"That is all you know about it!" she began with savage earnestness. Then, with a sudden furtive look at me she said: "But of course he cannot blame me unless I had killed her——"

But here she broke down and threw herself upon the bed, sobbing and moaning as though her heart would break.

"Hadn't you best send for the priest, ma'am?" whispered Katy in my ear. She had, unperceived, followed on after me, thinking, she said afterwards, that I was putting myself in danger by going near Frederika. "I don't like to tell tales on her, but she runs on that way all the night, and it's myself thinks she needs to confess to the priest."

"Is she a Catholic, Katy?"

"Yes, ma'am, that she is. But she's a mighty bad one, notwithstanding she tells her beads by the hour. She never goes to confession."

"Then go at once for your own priest, Katy," I whispered.

"Not for the world, till the master comes. She might go crazy and kill you dead at her feet! and sure it's best to have her alone entirely the while. She'll get over the turn all the sooner if no one is with her. I've seen her worse than this."

Convinced that Katy's advice was sensible, I went down stairs again. But my peace of mind had been exercised for the day, and as to that, for many days. For Frederika went raving mad, and had to be carried from the house in a strait-jacket.

Fortunately she did no harm to any of us in her frenzy. But we all sympathised so deeply in her affliction that it cast a shadow over our hitherto sunny household.

Zintha's betrothed husband came again for news of her, and was much troubled by what I told him.

"I should think my Zintha had come to some harm through Frederika," he said, after a few moments' thought, "but she was so good and winning that no one could have felt angry at her! And as to Frederika, though she was always a little strange and moody, I don't believe she would have hurt a chicken, far less one who had never done her any harm."

"Could Zintha have made her jealous by her beauty and gentleness?" I asked.

Herrman flushed to the roots of his curly flaxen hair.

"Our families once made some talk of marrying Frederika to me," he said. "But I was in love with Zintha. So the proposition fell through."

This was the key to the mystery. Frederika had been scorned by her handsome young countryman, and, perhaps, finding her rival in her power, had taken swift revenge.

Poor Zintha! trusted to cross the wide ocean with a woman who knew her to be the cause of her blighted hopes! What had been her fate?

I went with Herrman to Castle Garden, thinking to ease his mind by making enquiries myself.

I was met with the intelligence that they knew nothing whatever about a person of that name. But while talking with the gentlemanly superintendent, a group of new comers made their appearance from a ship which had just come into port.

Herrman, looking downcast enough, had stood beside me and had heard the discouraging reply to my question. He glanced up mechanically as the strangers entered, and then with a wild exclamation of joy, darted towards a young girl who formed one of the group.

"Oh, my Zintha! I thought to never, never see you more! Where is it you have been?"

"I have been near my death, Herrman!" was Zintha's answer. "But for the good God, and for these kind people, I should now be lying white and still at the bottom of the ocean! Ah, I have such a dreadful thing to tell you. Frederika pushed me over the side of the vessel. She meant to drown me!"

"The wicked Frederika!" exclaimed Herrman, stamping his foot. "I will take the law on her!"

"Her sin has already found her out," I said solemnly. "She is in a mad-house. I did not tell you all she said, Herrman, because I thought it best to learn the truth about Zintha, before alarming you about the wild talks of having committed a crime."

"It is now clear to me why the once kind Frederika tried to kill me! She was not in her right mind, and I have always heard that a crazy one turns against those she has best loved."

This explanation came from Zintha, and as it was as satisfactory to Herrman as it was to herself, I thought it best to let them remain undeceived as to Frederika's true motive, or, at least, what I thought it to be.

Herrman was well-to-do, and he was married to Zintha within the month. I felt a great interest in the two so nearly lost to each other, and went with them to select their furniture for the neat home they were to dwell in, and where they have lived happily ever since.

Poor Frederika regained her senses, but she was in a dying condition. She sent for me to come to her, and made a full confession.

As I had expected, love and jealously had driven her to it, and not being naturally a wicked girl, the thought of what she had done in that moment of passionate impulse had so preyed upon her mind as to craze her.

I shall never forget the look of peace which came to her when I told her of Zintha's almost miraculous rescue at the hands of some sailors who had been obliged to abandon their sinking ship, and whose boat had chanced to be drifting near the spot where she had been pushed overboard.

"God has been good to me, a sinner. I can die in peace," she said. "These hands are no longer stained with blood."

"The dynamite of civilization" is what ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, calls whiskey.

One of the Brightest Charms

Of a fair face is a fine set of teeth. The ladies being fully alive to this fact patronize SOZODONT in preference to any other dentifrice, since they know by experience that it preserves like no other the pristine whiteness and cleanliness of the teeth, and makes a naturally sweet breath additionally fragrant. It is one of the privileges of the *beaux sex* to look lovely and that proportion of it which uses SOZODONT has learned that the article contributes in no small degree to the end in view. All druggists sell it.

The Haunted Corridor.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of the night, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore.

"I don't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it Violet," said young Hazlewood.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, "only years ago, long before my great grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house, but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecce, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of superstition."

"What are you looking for aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterward coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement."

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazlewood; "by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly-lighted library.

"I wish Captain Hazlewood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides—"

"Besides what Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat; that's a good girl, I think I shall go to bed.

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night! It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver! At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood. But then Charles Hazlewood was in love.

The tall old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand. Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and 18-year-old style of dress was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk hankerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two. Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidly past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! What is that! The ghost! the ghost!"

Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat. The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked—"all in while with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing in the ghost's corridor at this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme staring at his sister.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there, with Violet and Captain Hazlewood standing by; and so—and so—"

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman 50 years old."

"Only 49, James," interrupted Miss Rebecca with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost? inquirred young Hazlewood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air. Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influence of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentleman were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged Eau de Cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Colonel Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well I'm glad of it, I'm sure" said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands, "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hilloa! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? *You* haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet; "but—"

"Suppose we three adjourn into that library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation," interrupted Charles Hazlewood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered Colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light. Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shivering away,"

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed the young lady, 'I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and—"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask you, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she would'nt marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said 'Yes'—that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well?"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer laughingly detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Colonel Orme, "That your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now: but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that—"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret, but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Almwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strenuously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

Alcoholic Consumption.

Dr. Richardson, F. R. S., of England, was the first to discover that while consumption, in the majority of cases, is due to a hereditary taint, or to impure air and bad surroundings, in a certain proportion of cases it is due solely to the drinking of alcoholic liquors.

He gathered his views from the careful study of two thousand cases in a hospital of which he was the physician. His discovery published by him in 1864 has been confirmed by other observers since.

The victims are in middle life, of great natural endurance, often models of organic symmetry and power, and active in mind and body. The very perfection of their organization makes them feel wholly safe in their indulgence. Though they can drink hard, they are not, in the ordinary sense, drunkards.

They look the picture of manly strength and robust health. Says Dr. Richardson: "More than half of those whom I have seen stricken down with alcholic phthisis have said they had never had a day's illness in their lives, but when closely questioned, it was found that none had recently been quite well."

The ailments, however, were such as the alcohol had already induced, an additional quantity of which had seemed to set them right again.

The countenance of the alcholic consumptive differs as much from that of the ordinary consumptive, as it does from that of the confirmed sot. His face to the last seems full of health. Says our authority, "I rememmber being actually taken back on finding, in a man who seemed from his face in perfect health, a complete destruction of the lungs."

The disease is often developed after the person has for some time abandoned excessive indulgence—a point having been reached in which the excreting organs had exhausted their power to eliminate the poison from the system, and, as a consequence, the desire for the liquor had largely ceased.

The symptoms of the approaching consumption are pains in the side; then real pleurisy; after that, difficulty of filling the chest with air, the lungs having grown to the side; and at length, hemorrhage of the lungs, the walls of the engorged blood-vessels giving way. The result is often fatal.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE PEACEFULNESS OF DEATH.—How peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead! They need no antidote for care; no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall, until the last great day. At most a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old neglected tomb—a stranger visitor, that stays not long. And there all sleep, the holy ones with their arms crossed upon their breast, or lying motionless by their sides—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They heed no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we need them. And yet they silently await our coming.

Beautiful is that season of life when we can say, in the language of Scripture: "Thou hast the dew of thy youth." But of these flowers death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land. Yes, death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not long delay. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the foot-prints of angels.—*Longfellow.*

The *Examiner* makes the following uncomfortable statements about business men in New York, which may be true of the same class of men in other places: "The habit of drinking frequently during the day, and of the strongest liquors, has become common among that great army of well-dressed and well-behaved people who live uptown and come down below Canal street every day to their work—brokers, merchants, clerks, editors, lawyers, reporters, and so on. Two reasons impel them to this course. The first is the supposed need of a stimulant to sustain the flagging energies under the hard brain-and-body-taxing labors of the day; the second, the pernicious habit of 'treating,' which makes it imperative upon every man who drinks at all to drink with his friends whenever they meet. Thousands of men are compelled to drink wine or brandy when they do not want it, and would rather let it alone, simply out of a foolish deference to this absurd custom of treating, or, as they persuade themselves, on account of the fatigue resulting from overwork. They are not drunkards—perhaps never become so, in the ordinary sense of the term; but every day of their lives they drink enough, not always to intoxicate, but certainly to make serious inroads upon their bodily and mental vigor, and to pave the way to permanent ill-health, if not to a drunkard's grave."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN ENGLAND.—We find that even among the "upper classes" of England total abstinence, once almost unknown, has become frequent. "Enthusiastic supporters of the movement," the London *Daily News* tells us, "have been disposing of their wine cellars." The statistics of the consumption of both distilled and fermented liquors show that the total amount of them drunk has declined very considerably during the last few years. The consumption of imported wine was nearly eight per cent. less in 1882 than in 1881, and nine per cent. less than in 1880. Of imported spirits the consumption was less in 1882 than in 1881 by one and one-half per cent., and of domestic spirits by one per cent. Slightly more beer was drunk in 1882 than in 1881. At the same time there has been a remarkable growth of the consumption of tea and of cocoa. Three per cent. more tea and eight per cent., more cocoa were drunk in 1882 than in 1881 and the increase for the last year as compared with 1880 was large.

All in the Line of Nature,

There is nothing in the line of magic or mystery about that wonderful and popular medicine, Parker's Tonic. It is simply the best and most scientific combination possible of the essential principles of those vegetable curatives which act powerfully and directly on the stomach, liver, kidneys and blood. But there neither is, nor will be, any successful imitation of it. It is all the time curing those who had despaired of ever getting well. For yourself, your wife and children.

THE OBVIOUS RESULT.—Since the repeal of the Connecticut prohibitory liquor law, while the population of the State has increased 15 per cent., commitments for crime have increased 67 per cent., and for drunkenness 112 per cent.—*Ex.*

Scientific Miscellany.

DIETING.—At every period of life, and at all seasons of the year, and from the tropics to the poles, in every clime and country, the temperature of the human body in health is the same to a degree, that is, ninety-eight of Fahrehenheit; hence, we should eat in winter mainly of warm food, such as meats, fats, oils, sugar and all the grains, farinas, and starches; in summer, the fruits and berries and melons and vegetables of the field, the garden and the orchard, which cool and open and ventilate the system.

ARTIFICIAL SLEEP.—Chloral and bromide of potassium are given as a remedy for sleeplessness. It is like knocking a man down in order to have the pleasure of picking him up again. Why narcotize the brain because of a slight disturbance? There are more than a score and a half of known causes or forms of sleeplessness, each one requiring direct and specific treatment; and yet, as by common consent, the medical profession sanctions the abuse of such drugs of chloral and bromide as "poisoned sleep" producers.

A PRETTY TABLE COVER.—For the sitting room table a pretty cover can be made at small expense. Get a square of cardinal flannel of good quality, and that which is commonly called double width, around this put a broad band of velveteen of the same color, but of a darker shade, then put flannel around this to the depth of four inches. This may be pinked around the edge. As for ornamentation, it may be indulged in to any extent, but it is a pretty spread with the plain band, or with feather stitching on either side of the band.

SOFT SOAP FOR FLESH BURNS.—A free application of soft soap to a flesh burn almost instantly removes the fire from the flesh, according to a medical man who had been burned repeatedly himself. If the injury is very severe, as soon as the pain ceases apply linseed oil and then dust over with fine flour When this last covering dries hard, repeat the oil and flour dressing until a good coating is obtained. When the latter dries, allow it to stand until it cracks and falls off, as it will do in a day or two, and a new skin will be found to have formed where the skin was burned.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.—Eggs may be preserved by covering them with a little oil or butter, or with a thin coating of collodion dissolved in ether; but the most common method of preserving them is by puttting them, when quite fresh, into milk of lime, made from recently burnt lime, rejecting those which do not readily sink in the lime water or which are cracked. The preservative action is no doubt due to the formation of carbonate of lime within the pores of the shell, whereby the exclusion of atmospheric oxygen is secured. Some time ago, when a sacristy was pulled down in Italy, eggs quite fresh were found embedded in the mortar, which had, perhaps, existed for three hundred years. This proves the antiseptic power of lime.

BAKED MILK FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—"Baked milk is an admirable food for consumptive people and for most invalids. It is made in this manner:—Put a quart of good milk into a stone jar; cover with writing paper, tied down. Leave in a moderately hot oven for eight or ten hours, till it has the consistence of cream. The amount of nourishment to be derived from it is marvelous." It most closely resembles milk, and does not differ much from a milk-rice pudding, the rice being a nice and digestible addition. This reminds us to say to many anxious inquirers that the perfect cure for the most inveterate habit of constipation is simply to live on wheaten groats and any kind of fruit. We have never known a case which this diet failed to cure.—*Dr. Nichols.*

TELEPHONES.—To make a good and serviceable telephone, good from one farm house to another, only requires enough wire and two cigar boxes, and make a hole about half an inch in diameter in the centre of the bottom of each, and then place one in each of the houses you wish to connect; then get five pounds of common iron stove pipe wire and make a loup in one end, and put it through the hole of your cigar box and fasten it with a nail; and draw it tight to the other box, supporting when necessary with a stout cord. You can easily run your line into the house by boring a hole through the glass. Support your boxes with slats nailed across the window and your telephone is complete. The writer has one that is 200 yards long and cost forty-five cents, that will carry music when the organ is played thirty feet away in another room.

A DUEL IN A CHURCH—HOW THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER ASSISTED HER LOVER TO SLAY HIS RIVAL.—A Hot Springs (Ark.) special of the 16th says: A desperate shooting affray between two members broke up the services at a church of a settlement six miles east of here yesterday. Two young men named Lem Dishowan and Peter Lewis, attended church with the avowed purpose of taking home the minister's young daughter, and when Lewis moved from his own into the minister's family pew while the sermon was in progress, Dishowan drew his revolver and opened fire upon him. Lewis returned the fire, and the congregation made rapid exit by way of doors and windows. Neither was hurt, and, both being disarmed, they agreed to go into the woods and fight it out with fists. Before they started, the girl, who was the cause of the fight, desired to speak privately with Lewis for a moment, which was granted. While the congregation were awaiting the result of the fist-fight, a pistol-shot was heard from the direction of the scene of conflict. The congregation hurried to the spot and found Dishowan lying on the ground dying from a shot through the lungs. He said that he was getting the better of Lewis, when the latter drew a Derringer quickly from his boot-leg and shot him. The girl had placed the weapon there during her brief conference with Lewis just before the fight. Lewis may be lynched.

A MEXICAN PYRAMID.—Fresh proofs are reported to have been discovered of the existence of an ancient civilization in Mexico. In Sonora, about sixty miles southeast of the town of Madeline, some explorers have found in the heart of a virgin forest a pyramid, which is 4,350 feet around the base and 750 feet high—that is to say, nearly double the size of the great pyramid of Cheops. From the base to the summit there is a roadway on which vehicles can travel round the vast erection in a spiral. The outside walls are built of granite blocks carefully topled and bedded. A little further off is a hillock, with hundreds of caverns or chambers cut in it, from five to fifteen feet wide and ten to fifteen feet long. They have no windows, and are entered by the roof. The walls are covered with hieroglyphics and curious pictures with the feet and hands of men. Stone utensils have also been found there. Who the builders of these ancient monuments are is still unsettled, bat according to El Liberal, they probably belong to Mayos, who formerly inhabited Sonora, and were a different race from the Indians, having blue eyes, a white skin, and blonde hair.

MANGE IN A DOG.—Mange is a common disease in dogs. It is much like the itch in mankind, and is contagious. It consists of a parasitic insect or plant which lives and grows in the skin and produces violent irritation and itching. There are two kinds, but both similar in effect. The remedy is to wash the dog in warm water; then apply to the skin the following ointment, well rubbed in, viz: One pint of sweet oil, a quarter of a pint of kerosene oil, and one teaspoonful of creosote. This is rubbed in with a brush, and a cloth is tied around the animal all over the body except the head. The washing and anointing should be renewed every day.

HUNT'S [Liver and Kidney] REMEDY is no "hit or miss" compound or old woman's mixture. It is prepared by a celebrated pharmacist, with a full knowledge of the powers and virtues of each ingredient in the class of diseases which it cures. It is purely vegetable and can not harm the youngest child or the most feeble invalid.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY A. M. S.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow—
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

For the SPECTATOR.

The "Huffer"—a Remarkable Family.

MR. EDITOR:—Jacob Huffer, the first, we are not sure, was born in Pennsylvania or Germany. After the Revolution, in which he was a soldier, he found a home about three miles north of the village of Mt. Solon, and in the bounds of one of the oldest Lutheran congregations in this county, "Emanuel," of which Jacob Rheimmenschneider and Philip Moyerheiffer, in the beginning of this century, were pastors. The latter, a talented, fine-looking man, was a candidate for Congress.

Here, he had three sons, Jacob, Henry, and Sam., and one daughter, Catharine, Mrs. Jonas Michael. Jacob, the second, I find enrolled on Capt. James Kirk's roll, with James Huffner and one hundred and forty-four others of his neighbors, the largest number in any company from the county in the war of 1812. He married Susan, a daughter of Jacob Karricoff, a son of one of the Hessians, captured at Saratoga. Here, it is proper to say, that a great many of our worthiest and most respectable citizens of German descent, all over the United States, are descendants of these prisoners. Many of them were sent to Staunton and Charlottesville, and had we time, we could give you an interesting chapter, illustrative of their bravery and fidelity as soldiers on *our* side before the close of the Revolution. The descendants of Jacob Karricoff (as with the Coyners, the K and C are both used) are now numerous here, in West Virginia and in the West. The student, "Eugene Russell Carricoff," of Highland county, who took the highest honors at Washington and Lee at the session just closed, is one.

Jacob Huffer and Susan Karricoff had John,* Jacob (the third), Abram,* Samuel,* Barbara Ann (Mrs. Christian Daggy), Henry, Catherine (Mrs. Martin Teaford), David, Daniel,* Alexander, Elizabeth (single), Susan (do.), Sally (do.), Eliza (Mrs. Jacob Harman), and Margaret (single), fifteen, and what is very astonishing, all living, although those marked thus * were in the Confederate army. John, the oldest, four years our junior, married Hannah, the youngest of a large family of children of Daniel Shaffer, the old gunsmith of North River Gap, plump, rosy-cheeked, pretty, and they have ten children, as we believe, all living. Her brother William (gunsmith) is now over 80 years old. John Huffer, as a young man, left the paternal roof and found a home with the late Jacob Kinney Sillings, on Moffett's Branch, named after the genial old Jacob Kinney, successor to John Madison as County Clerk. Mr. Sillings had no children, and, at his death, left his estate to John and his family. He owns, besides, the farm of the late Wm. H. Thompson, for many years the worthy elder of Union church, connected with which, as we believe, are some of John Huffer's family. An interesting little volume could be made up of what we recall of the German families of Emanuel church congregation, the Daggys, Huffners, Michaels, Rusmisells, Shulls, Spitlers, Sheets, Simmonses, Swansons, Shues, Sandys, Switzers, Stanforths, Nebergauls, Bittles, Bears, Currys, Cromers, Danners, Fairburns, Moyers, Nairs, McNairs, Lamberts, Hesses, Myners, and many, many others. OCCASIONAL.

For the SPECTATOR.

Rev. Wm. A. Bartlett, D. D.

MR. EDITOR:—This comparatively young man, who has acquired national reputation, was in our town the 20th of June a few hours. Immediately, on leaving the train, he sought the residence of Maj. Jed. Hotchkiss, who, in 1856 or 1857, brought him from his native county, Broome, N. Y., as his assistant in Mossy Creek Academy. Meeting him unexpectedly, though his genial, sunshiny face, as we said to him, was photographed on memory, an interval of nearly or quite twenty years had passed since we met. Recalling him, we said to him and our friend, Robert M. Guy, who was chaperoning him, we had gone over one morning from New York to Brooklyn, in 1866 perhaps, to see him and hear him preach, which he had been doing a year or two. Spending some time in his study, we walked down towards his church, when he said to us, "You will be much more edified in hearing Mr. Beecher," and pointed out "Plymouth." We heard Beecher. In a few days after reaching home, we had his invitation to accompany him to Milwaukee to see him married. We could not accept. He soon became pastor of one of its churches. One of his prominent pupils at Mossy Creek, Dr. John E. Lockridge, had become a resident of Indianapolis. The Presbyterian church, of which his relatives, the Bradshaws, were members, was vacant. His influence induced the call of Mr. Bartlett there. Presently, he lost his life, and, after some time, married in Western New York.

Two years ago he was called to Washington City. We reminded him that we had the sesston-book of Mossy Creek church in hand a few days ago, (and it was then in twenty yards of us,) on which his name, under the Rev. John Pinkerton, pastor, was enrolled. We did not catch his reply accurately, but it was, "that it was the only church-roll in which it could be found." Presently, meeting Mr. Tucker, he said to us he had just met Dr. Bartlett, who told him "he wished to meet him, because his father and mother were found occupying a pew in his church every Sabbath." Few men, at his time of life, have attained higher reputation. A FRIEND.

Dr. Buckley, of the *Christian Advocate*, writes to his paper that the methodists while in Philadelphia at the Conference were much given to sobriety. He says:—

"Two transient guests in no way connected with the General Conference were heard talking near the close of the month of May. One said to the other, 'There has been a tremendous crowd here all the month.' 'Yes,' said the other, 'the hotel has done well, but the bar has had a mighty slim time.' That, I think, is a pretty high compliment, but only a natural one, to the body. They tell a story in England of a caterer who had a contract to prepare an entertainment for seventy-five clergymen of the Church of England, and he said to the gentleman who was making the arrangements, 'Are your friends High-church or Low-church?' 'Well, what has that got to do with it?' said the minister. 'O! a great deal. If they are High-church I must provide more wine, and if Low-church more wittles.' It is certainly necessary to provide plenty of food for Methodists, and I am thankful to say there is very little demand on the bar—none at all where Methodism is practised, except for the harmless lemonade or the sparkling Apollinaris."